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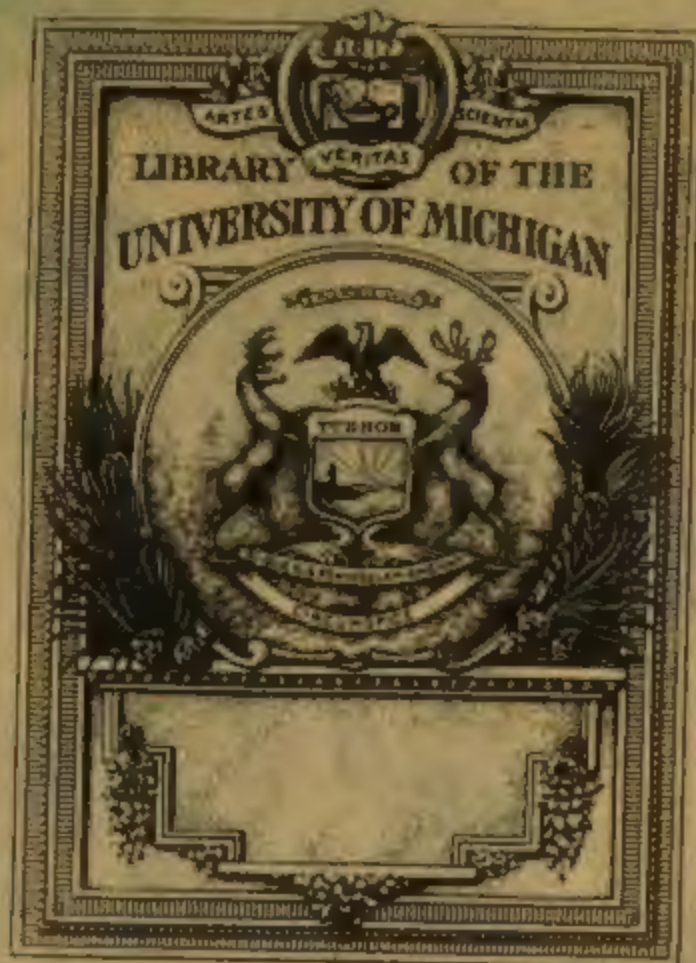
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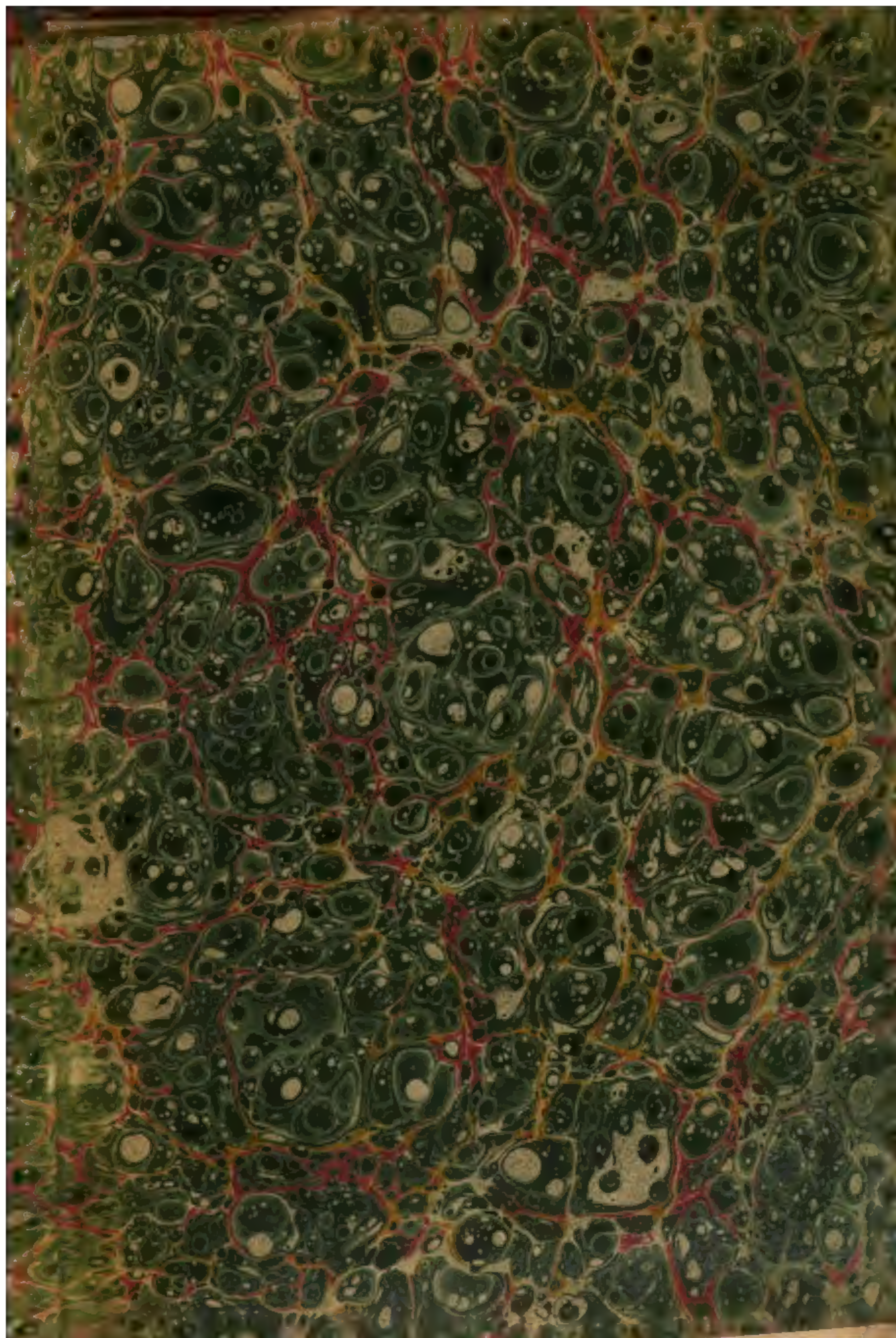
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MAY TO AUGUST, 1838.

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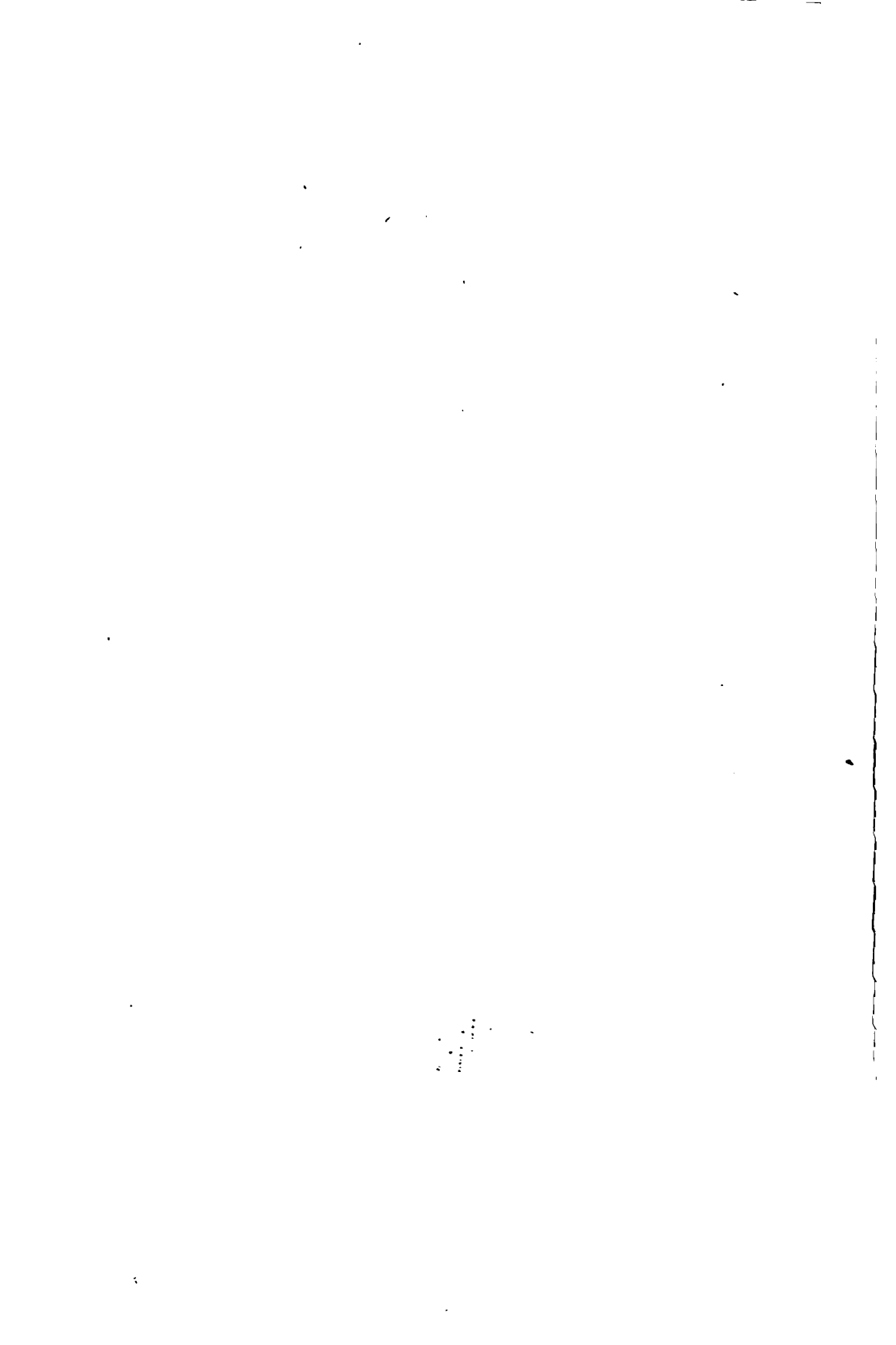
PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL & CO.;

AND BY G. & C. CARVILL & CO., NEW YORK; OTIS, BROADERS & CO., BOSTON;

N. HICKMAN, BALTIMORE.

1838.



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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

MAY, 1838.

From the Quarterly Review (Tory).

CANADA.

1. *Remarks on the Proceedings as to Canada in the present Session of Parliament.* By one of the Commissioners. 10th April, 1837.
2. *Plain Statement of the Quarrel with Canada, in which is considered who first infringed the Constitution of the Colony.* London, 1838.
3. *Hints on the Case of Canada, for the Consideration of Members of Parliament.* London, 1838.
4. *The Canadian Controversy; its Origin, Nature, and Merits.* London, 1838.

The whigs have opened their new parliament in the same spirit, but under still darker auspices than they had closed the old. There is the same system of low and tricky expedients—the same shabby abandonment of all public principle—the same pusillanimous dereliction of all public duty, and the same disgraceful oblivion of everything but the three great watchwords of the Whigs—*place, power, and party.* To keep place—to retain power—to favour party—are the main objects of every wily cabinet of the morning, and every manœuvring debate of the evening. Greece and Spain, Russia and Turkey, Ireland and Canada—Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures—the rights of the rich—the welfare of the poor—public Justice—the Prerogatives of the Crown—the existence of a national Church, and an Established Religion—nay, the very integrity of the British Empire itself—are all pondered and debated in this wretched make-shift Cabinet by no other practical weights and measures than how to stay the stomach of Mr. O'Connell—how to parry the thrusts of Mr. Harvey—how to stifle the growls of Mr. Hume—and how to retain within the narrow pale of their majority the splendid names and talents of Mr. Pease and Mr. Potter, Mr. Pryme and Mr. Poulter; for at the mercy of some half-dozen such people this mighty Reform Ministry pants at this moment—in an atmosphere of its own composition, for its asthmatic existence.

———'Tis the sport to have the Engineer
Hoist in his own petar———'

and if the gravest interests of the country were not perilled by their monstrous imbecility, it would really have been *sport* to see the at once contemptible and ridiculous figures made by Lord John Russell and his colleagues in the late short session of their new parliament.

In the extreme verbal detail in which the debates are reported, much of the spirit evaporates—and all the pantomime is lost. The last session—three weeks by the calendar—three hours by the measure of business—three ages by the feelings of the ministers—could only have been adequately *reported* not by the pen but the pencil—not by shorthand but by sketches. The smirking conservatism of the Treasury Bench on the first night—the wry faces of its palinodes on the next—the hoity-toity triumph in the dawn of the debate on the Spottiswoode fund; the sneaking confusion during its progress, and the woe-begone despair at its conclusion! Lord John—the chief performer—was like a schoolboy getting through Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, but reversing the order; for he began with *Cheerfulness* and *Hope*; then ran back the gamut to *Anger* and *Despair*; and at last, like the personification of Fear—

'He started back, he knew not why—
Even at the sound himself had made!'

and absolutely ran out of the House, followed by the whole Treasury Bench. The scene reminded us of Papirius Cursor's droll cross-reading of the newspaper—'*Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—but it missed fire and the villains made off.*' some of them (the *ministers*, we mean) escaped by one of the doors, but Lord John Russell was a moment too late at the other, and with a couple of downcast colleagues was sent back to the House to vote, and to vote, *infandum*, against the motion to which he had originally given his countenance—to which his followers had pledged their support, and on which the best hopes of the ministerial majority rested.

Then came the Civil List, the ostensible motive of the session. The Civil List had been settled, after a full consideration, by these very men, on the accession of King William. The only point of the Civil List on which any real difference of opinion had existed in 1830 was the Pension List, and that had been settled so much on the side of public economy—by diminishing the future amount by nearly one half—from 120,000*l.* to 75,000*l.*—and by the passing so recently as 1834 certain resolutions of the House of Commons controlling and limiting the power of the Crown in granting pensions—that no expectation could be entertained that an arrangement so economical, not to say parsimonious, and so recently and so solemnly settled, was now likely to be disturbed. Accordingly, Lord John Russell, on the first night of the session, expressed the determination of the government to abide by that settlement, and to resist any attempt at a revision of the list.

But Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey gave notice of a motion for a committee to inquire into the individual grounds of each of these pensions, and the weather-cock ministry suddenly shifted right round. As long as they are fixed on the pivot of place, they care not which way they point, nor with what breeze they veer about. They now resolved to take the matter out of Mr. Harvey's hands, by proposing the committee *themselves*. This ridiculous change of purpose was as mischievous as ridiculous. An inquiry into the grounds and motives of the pensions, and of the individual services of particular pensioners, was a complete solecism. The pension fund was granted to the monarch for the exercise of royal *grace and favour*. Public services were always considered as belonging to another class, and were rewarded from time to time by public grants; but the Civil List pension fund was professedly placed at the disposal of the Crown, not merely for the reward of public claims, but also for its own *irresponsible* charity and bounty: to inquire, by a committee of the House of Commons, into the disposal of *such a fund*, with any view to the *public* merits of the recipients, is a positive contravention of the compact on which the fund was granted by Parliament to the monarch on the surrender of the hereditary revenue, and is, in fact, neither more nor less than an absolute and direct surrender of the *principle* of the grant.

Much better would it be, as we have seen remarked in an able journal, to have *no pension list at all*, than to have one which should bring the Crown into direct debate and constant collision with the House of Commons on every item of an expenditure *nominally* intrusted to the sole *discretion* of the sovereign. The monarchy could not survive a series of such litigation.

It might be very well for a member professing radical opinions to moot such a question: but by taking the matter out of Mr. Harvey's hands, and themselves

moving the committee, the Ministers gave to this unprecedented inquiry the sanction of the *Crown* and of the *Government*; the principle on which the Pension List had been placed by the constitution was virtually abandoned—abandoned by the very parties who were most bound to defend it; and the royal authority was, in this additional instance, employed against the royal prerogative. We have heard it rumoured that all this arose from some juggle behind the scenes between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Harvey. We know not how that may be, but this we know, that with our best attention, we could not discover any difference, either *theoretical* or practical, between the speeches in which Mr. Harvey supported his motion and that in which Mr. Rice opposed it. Mr. Rice was, we have no doubt, anxious to do his duty to the Crown, and he professed his strong opinion to be against the revision of the list. Why, then, did he not adhere to the first resolution of the Cabinet, which, besides its intrinsic propriety, rested on the recent settlement of the question by the first reform ministry, and by the resolutions of the House of Commons in 1834? No two opinions could, we suppose, be more opposite to each other than those of Mr. Rice and Mr. Harvey, but judging by their speeches, they seemed to us to travel by the same road and to have arrived at the same end.

This would seem to exhaust inconsistency:—not so; contrary to all precedent, the member who proposed the Committee was, on some pretence, excluded from it, and by this ill-judged and invidious distinction the ministers have contrived to lose even the small advantage they might have promised themselves from the Committee; because, assuredly, Mr. Harvey will not be propitiated by such an inquiry, and those—few in number, but loud in clamour—who participate in Mr. Harvey's opinions on the subject, will be additionally vociferous when they see, or fancy they see, that the government was too timid to refuse an inquiry, and too conscious to grant a *bonâ fide* one. We hesitate not to say that in the whole of this miserable juggle the Ministers have betrayed their duty to the constitutional rights of the sovereign; and when we recollect the extreme youth and inexperience of the Queen, and the extent of restriction and sacrifice to which this ledger-dam seems likely to expose the probably long life of her Majesty, we feel something higher than mere *political* indignation at such, as it seems to us, tergiversation and treachery.

But a more urgent and important instance of their incapacity and cowardice has burst upon the astonished public in the case of Canada. We shall not attempt to go through the long series of facts and reasonings on this subject which are to be found in the various works, the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article. We are not now about to discuss the details of the Canadian question as between this country and the

colony, but as between this country and the ministry, which, by its characteristic and systematic alternation of advance and retreat, of bluster and sneaking, has been the main cause, beyond all other causes, of this deplorable rebellion. Lord John Russell made, on the 16th of January, a long speech (six columns of the 'Times') on the subject of Canada—one of the most unstatesmanlike, narrow-minded, and inconsistent expositions and exposures we have ever read from a British minister; a speech which, affecting a certain historical tone, details every possible cause of the difference between the parties—except the *real* one; and elaborately examines every point of the case—except *that* on which the whole turns. That real cause is neither more nor less than *the determination of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada to throw off the BRITISH AUTHORITY, and to erect the province into an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, after the manner and model of the UNITED STATES.*

That such would probably have been the result of a successful rebellion, whatever were its cause, any one might guess; but in the present case 'the wish was father to the thought,' and the real grievance of the Canadians, and the real source of their dissatisfaction, may be told in one word—the *monarchical sovereignty of England*. To throw off this—the lightest yoke and the easiest burden that ever colony bore—is the sole principle of the Canadian revolt, and they are *egregiously mistaken who attribute it to any minor causes.*

It may be asked, what can have altered, within so comparatively short a period, the loyalty of one of the happiest and, we believe, best governed (as far as England is concerned) provinces in the world? The Canadian advocates have a theory that every colony must, as soon as it thinks itself strong enough to walk alone, throw off the trammels of the mother country: they allege that Canada has reached that point;—nor do we doubt that the great and growing prosperity of the colony, and the neighbouring example of the United States, afforded the revolutionists plausible topics of seduction; but every thinking man in Canada was aware that the country was not ripe for nationality, and that its prosperity was essentially dependent on its connexion with England. In point of political feeling also, there had been really the reverse of any fondness for *American* institutions; and, in short, the real and immediate cause of the revulsion of public opinion in Canada was, the recent triumphs of the revolutionary principle in Europe, the success of the July barricades in France, and above all, the subversive doctrines and practices of the English Whig Ministry. These have concurred to remind the French Roman Catholic Canadians of their foreign origin and difference of religion, and given them at once the desire and the hope of making themselves an independent people; while the growth of the British interest

amongst them, and particularly in Upper Canada, has given additional umbrage to the French population, and the intrigues of factious demagogues in London, who trade in disorganization, have afforded them encouragement and supplied them with excuses. These are the causes which have led to the extension of the republican principle in Lower Canada, and that principle has led to five or six years of paper war, and now to a revolt in the field.

Of this, the clear, certain, and almost avowed motive of the insurrection, Lord John Russell does not, according to the long report which we have read of his speech, take any notice. Instead of seizing the leading thread of the maze, he bewilders himself and his hearers (or at least his readers) with a detail of alleged grievances on minor subjects, and of a series of what he seems to consider as *individual* acts of perverseness and obstinacy on the part of the Canadians: which is just as rational and as fair as if some historian of Lord John's last advent to office should, on the occasion of the opening of the new parliament in 1835, enter into a disquisition as to whether Mr. Abercrombie or Mr. Manners Sutton had the stronger claims to the chair of the House of Commons—or whether it was or was not wise to grant a charter to the London University—or whether it would have been a good bargain for the Protestant parsons of Ireland to receive 70*l.* per cent. on their income; and should detail and comment upon the right and the wrong of all these topics, without saying a syllable of Sir Robert Peel's administration, or of the real and single design of all the aforesaid propositions, namely, the overthrow of that ministry.

Without having any great respect for the scope of Lord John Russell's mind, we are convinced that he could not but have seen the imperfection, nay, the absurdity, of this mode of treating the subject; but his *evasion* of the real question was another instance of the ministerial system of shift and subterfuge which characterizes all their policy and constitutes their only talent: by the elaborate enumeration of the *successive* and *distinct* features of the discussions, the ministers hoped to account for their own vacillation and negligence. 'How,' Lord John Russell's speech seems to suggest, 'could we foresee a civil war arising out of a judge's salary—or an assertion of national independence on a mere question of the law of tenures?' But a wise minister in considering, and an able statesman in explaining these matters, should and would have seen that those were not *insulated* and *accidental* questions but parts of *one continuous system of encroachment and aggression on British authority.*

'These things, indeed they have articulated,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour.'

But the dullest eye might have detected the '*rogue's*'

yarn' throughout the whole patchwork of pretended grievances.

In the best governed colony or country, current circumstances will, in course of time, outgrow early legislation, as children outgrow their clothes, and these partial anomalies constitute what it is now the fashion to call *grievances*, though, in general, they would be better described as inconveniences. Of these it is not denied that some—fewer indeed than might have been naturally expected—had grown up in Canada; but was England to blame for their growth? or did she either neglect or protect them? Quite the reverse. Under the Duke of Wellington's government in 1826, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed, on a petition from the colony, to inquire into the whole state of Canada. With the report of that committee, the House of Assembly, by its address of November, 1826, expressed its grateful and *entire* satisfaction, and accepted it as a kind of Canadian *Magna Charta*; while the government, notwithstanding the difficulties of affairs at home, proceeded to carry all the recommendations of the committee into effect; so that—to use the words of the author who has given the best historical detail of the matter—

'In 1832, the time had arrived when the government could confidently say, that there was *not one* of the recommendations of the Canada Committee, depending on the power of the Crown, which was *not fulfilled*; that there was *not one* depending on the British Parliament which was *not accomplished*, and *more than accomplished*; and that so far as any of the recommendations required the co-operation of the Provincial Legislature, the assent of the Government had been freely promised to any measures they would adopt for the purpose. Strange to say, however, several of this last class of recommendations remain unexecuted. *So long as grievances afforded a topic of declamation against the Government, they were pursued with all eagerness and impetuosity*; when no more could be done with them than relieve the people from an alleged evil, the Assembly suddenly became quite lukewarm and indifferent to the subject.'—*Canadian Controversy*, p. 11.

Thus it was that, when *all real grievances were redressed and extinguished*, the House of Assembly began a new course of agitation on the theory of *national independence*.

On the 21st February, 1834, the House of Assembly passed ninety-two resolutions, which Lord John Russell thus characterizes:

'The course which the House of Assembly had taken was to pass ninety-two resolutions, some of them of grievance, some of them of violence, some of them of vituperation, some of them against individuals, some of them against the governor of the province, some of them against the government at home, but all of them amounting to a long and vehement remonstrance, and in framing that remonstrance they consumed the whole session, and separated without passing a single vote of supply at all.' *Times*, 17th January, 1838.

These resolutions were certainly all that Lord John says of them, but they were a great deal more, as Lord John and his colleagues well knew; and as it was

therefore his Lordship's duty, in common fairness, to have told his audience. We have said that we do not intend to enter at length into the details of the Canadian question, which, indeed, would be idle, for the details are only the '*facings*' of the real '*garment of rebellion*,' but a few preliminary words will be necessary to explain the conduct of the ministry.

At present the Canadian provinces have a constitution conferred upon them in 1791 by a British Act of Parliament—that celebrated *Canada Bill*, which was the immediate occasion of the public rupture between Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, and the debate on which affords an additional proof of the philosophical pre-science of Burke, and of the democratic and subversive principles of Fox. Indeed, from Mr. Fox's speech on that occasion, the Canadians now draw the main pretences of their rebellion.

In that constitution the King is represented by the Governor and an *Executive Council*, the House of Lords by a *Legislative Council* named by the Crown for life, and the House of Commons by an *Assembly* of the representatives of the people.

The Bill of 1791 gave the House of Assembly the control over almost all the colonial revenues—reserving however to the Crown one small class of the ordinary revenues, which at the desire of the Canadians themselves had been appropriated, by an act passed in 1774, to defray the expense of the civil government, in lieu of some old and onerous feudal revenues of which the colony complained—and reserving also, of course, the whole of the territorial revenue and possessions which attach to sovereignty. For the management of the *whole* of the colonial revenues the House of Assembly became year after year more and more urgent, and at length Lord Grey's government were over-persuaded to accede to the demand, on the condition that the House of Assembly should vote a civil list for the maintenance of the civil government, which had been hitherto defrayed out of the surrendered revenues;—but that concession only encouraged instead of allaying the discontent—they never passed the promised civil list, and they then, as now, demanded, 'as their undeniable right, as representatives of the people,' all the territorial revenues and rights of the Crown within the province, without any corresponding engagement on their part to defray the necessary expenses of the colony—in short, the *practical sovereignty of an independent state*; and this demand, and some others of the same tendency, not having been complied with—they adopted Lord Chancellor Brougham's celebrated hint of *stopping the supplies*, and depriving all the servants of the Crown, and all the functionaries of the State (even the judges) of the means of existence, and have persevered ever since in doing so.

After these observations, our readers will the better understand some of the *ninety-two* resolutions which

we think it right to lay before the public, as Lord John not only did not allude to them, but seems to have endeavoured to turn our attention in another and less important direction. Our readers will see that, throughout a long web of inconsistency and rigmorale, there may be traced the *rogue's yarn* of a design to establish the American constitution in lieu of British connexion:

'Resolved, That this House is nowise disposed to admit the excellence of the present Constitution of Canada, although his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies has unreasonably and erroneously asserted, that it has conferred on the two Canadas the institutions of Great Britain; nor to reject the principle of extending the system of frequent elections much further than it is at present carried; and this system ought especially to be extended to the Legislative Council, although it may be considered by the Colonial Secretary incompatible with the British Government, which he calls a Monarchical Government, or too analogous to the institutions which the several States, composing the industrious, moral, and prosperous confederation of the United States of America, have adopted for themselves.'—*Resolutions*, 21 Feb. 1834, § 14.

We pause here for a moment to observe, that throughout these discussions the disrespectful and hostile tone of the House of Assembly against the two Secretaries of State under Lord Grey's administration—Lord Ripon and Lord Stanley—but particularly against Lord Stanley—are the highest testimony to the official merits—towards the British empire—of these two noblemen.

A proposition had been made before these resolutions (March, 1833), by the Assembly, conceding that if the legislative council should be made *elective*, a high property qualification of eligibility should be added—that poor concession they now retract:

'Resolved, That in requiring the possession of *real property* as a condition of eligibility to a *Legislative Council*, chosen by the people, (which most wisely and happily has not been made a condition of eligibility to the House of Assembly,) this House seems rather to have sought to avoid shocking received opinions in Europe, where custom and the law have given so many artificial privileges and advantages to birth, and rank, and fortune, than to consult the opinions generally received in America, &c.—*ibid.* p. 42, § 13.

'Resolved, That the Parliament of the United Kingdom, in granting to his Majesty's Canadian subjects the power of revising the constitution under which they hold their dearest rights, should adopt a liberal policy, free from all considerations of former interests and of existing prejudices; and that by this measure, equally consistent with a wise and sound policy, and with the most liberal and extended views, the Parliament of the United Kingdom would enter into a noble rivalry with the United States of America, would prevent his Majesty's subjects from seeing any thing to envy there;—and would preserve a friendly intercourse between Great Britain and this province, as her colony so long as the tie between us shall continue, and as her ally whenever the course of events may change our relative position!—*ibid.* p. 44, § 21.

'As a colony' forsooth!—why, if these propositions were granted, she would have been no more a colony of ours than New York or Pennsylvania. She would have been in every possible view as independent as they; unless, indeed, out of her great bounty she might still vouchsafe to us the expense, risk, and responsibility of

her external defences against the encroachments or aggressions of America or France. She would leave us the pleasing chance of a couple of wars for her protection, but not a jot more.

'Resolved, That the neighbouring States have a form of government very fit to prevent abuses of power, and very effective in repressing them; that the reverse of this order of things has always prevailed in Canada under the present form of government; that there exists in the neighbouring States a stronger and more general attachment to the national institutions than in any other country, and that there exists also in those States a guarantee for the progressive advance of their political institutions towards perfection, in the revision of the same at short and determinate intervals, by conventions of the people, in order that they may without any shock or violence be adapted to the actual state of things.'—*ibid.* p. 54, § 41.

'Resolved, That the constitution and form of government which would best suit this colony are not to be sought solely in the analogies offered by the institutions of Great Britain, where the state of society is altogether different from our own; and that it would be wise to turn to profit the information to be gained by observing the effects produced by the different and infinitely varied constitutions which the Kings and Parliament of England have granted to the several Plantations and Colonies in America, and by studying the way in which virtuous and enlightened men have modified such colonial institutions when it could be done with the assent of the parties interested.'—*ibid.* p. 51, § 43.

'Resolved, That the unanimous consent with which all the AMERICAN STATES have adopted and extended the ELECTIVE system, shows that it is adapted to the wishes, manners, and social state of the inhabitants of THIS CONTINENT.'—*ibid.* p. 51, § 44.

Here, we think, are pretty pregnant instances of a very different and much higher kind of pretension than could be gathered from the expressions (however just in minor respects) with which Lord John Russell so inadequately characterized these Resolutions.

When the Canadians found that these first theories of treason were received without reproof, they grew bolder; and in the next year, enforced them in the following paragraph of an address to the King:

'When we solemnly repeat, that the principal object of the political reforms, which this House and the people of this province have for a great number of years used every effort to obtain, and which have frequently been detailed to your Majesty, is to extend the elective principle to the Legislative Council, a branch of the Provincial Legislature which, by its opposition to the people, and by reason of its imperfect and vicious constitution, has proved insufficient to perform the functions for which it was originally created; to render the Executive Council directly responsible to the representatives of the people [of Canada], conformably to the principles and practice of the British Constitution as established in the United Kingdom;—to place under the wholesome and constitutional control of this House the whole public revenue raised in this province, from whatever source derived;—to obtain the repeal of certain Acts passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, in which the people of this province are not represented, with regard to the internal affairs of this province, making its territory and best resources the subject of unfair speculation and monopoly, and which we hold to be a violation of the rights of the Legislature and of the people of this Province. . . . When we say we respectfully repeat to your Majesty these our demands, and to declare our firm intention to persevere in asking them, as being alone calculated to ensure the liberty, peace, and welfare of this Province, and the confidence of the people in the Government, and to cement their political

union with the United Empire, we can scarcely fear that we should not be understood by your Majesty.'—Address, 1836, pp. 25, 26.

Certainly the fear that this language should be misunderstood, might seem superfluous; but whatever his Majesty may have done, his ministers have either greatly misunderstood or grossly misrepresented it. But they proceed—

'At the head of the reforms which we persist in considering as essential, is the introduction of the principle of popular election into the constitution of the Legislative Council. . . . Any partial reform which shall stop short of the introduction of the elective principle, will be altogether insufficient. . . . We would respectfully pray your Majesty to remark, that the influence which prevailed in the Councils of the Empire, at the period when the Act of 1791 was passed, was calculated to give an undue preponderance to the aristocratic principle, while in America, the independent state and the progress of society repelled any doctrine of this nature, and demanded the extension of the CONTRARY principle.'—Address, 1831, p. 27.

And lest this should run any risk of being misunderstood, another address to Lord Gosford of the 3d of October, 1836, urges the same claims in language equally determined:

'We still believe it to be our duty, as well as for the advantage of the people, to persist in the same demands, in the same declarations, and particularly in the demand of an *Elective Legislative Council*.'—p. 19.

They then proceed to demand the '*pure and simple repeal*' by the British legislature of the *Tenures Act*, and of an Act for establishing a Canadian Land Company, against which latter they make a very significant objection:

'We shall merely add, that every day convinces us the more that the principal tendency of that Company is to maintain that *division of people against people*, amongst the different classes of His Majesty's subjects, which has, in common with all the evils resulting therefrom, been fostered in times past, with too much success, by corrupt administrations.'—p. 21.

That is, the Canadian Land Company will introduce a fresh supply of *British* settlers, who will, as the Assembly very naturally suppose, increase the influence of the mother-country, and will help to counterpoise what Lord John Russell now assumes the small courage of abusing as '*the Papineau faction*.' They conclude by reiterating their *determination to accept of nothing short of their demands*, and they announce to the Governor that they have *resolved to suspend all their own proper public duties* (that is to suspend the constitution under which alone they have any existence) till their demands, and, above all, the *organic change in the Upper House* shall have been conceded. (*Address of the 3d of October, 1836, passim.*)

That our construction of all these minatory passages is not strained, and that they all meant and were understood to mean nothing short of the assertion of national independence, is further proved by a letter of Mr. Joseph Hume's to Mr. Mackenzie so early as

March, 1834, and communicated to the public in the *Times* of the 16th July following:

'Your triumphant election on the 16th, and ejection from the Assembly on the 17th, must hasten that crisis which is fast approaching in the affairs of the Canadas, and which will terminate in *freedom and independence from the RANEFUL DOMINATION OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY, and the tyrannical conduct of a small and despicable faction in the colony.*'

And we have further the direct assertion of the author of the *Canadian Controversy*, who evidently writes from Downing Street, under official countenance, and with official information, that the Address of February, 1836, had brought the quarrel to '*an incurable pass.*' (*Can. Con.* p. 26.)

We will now take the liberty of asking our readers if they can recollect to have heard or read of any man pretending to the name of a minister of this country who could have made a speech of six columns—such speeches are best measured by space—without any allusion to those hints—those warnings—those menaces of an imitation of the American example! If Lord John's speech were anything like a just statement of the case, we should say at once that the proposition by these modern Whigs of stifling local and administrative grievances by a Dictatorial Revolution, was the most absurd and monstrous that these wholesale dealers in absurdity and monstrosity had ever exhibited to a wondering world. What!—because there has been a difference between two parties—Protestant and Popish—a scuffle of authorities—and a rescue of prisoners—the constitution framed by Mr. Pitt and signed by George III. is to be suspended as too liberal, and a *dictator*—the first since Julius Cæsar—created in the person of Lord Durham! Lord John Russell's speech affords but poor pretexts for such an extreme measure; but the common sense of the House of Commons and the public filled up the ministerial leader's feeble outline—he talked of '*remonstrance*' where they saw a *manifesto*—he pattered about '*grievances*' when they saw treasonable *pretences*—he prattled of '*tenures and land companies*' when they saw a *rebellion* against British Sovereignty—and at the conclusion of a speech which might have been a judicious explanation of an O. P. row, or a fit introduction for a New Police Bill, they helped the minister to the conclusion at which his premises never could have arrived, and Canada, accused of ill-temper, was convicted of rebellion, and a constitution—which, as the case was stated, would have deserved at most Lord John's habitual punishment of a *reform*—was sentenced to annihilation! temporary annihilation, we are told—as if these state jugglers (like Mr. Ingleby), after appearing to destroy the *Knave of Clubs*, could produce him at the next moment as whole and sound as if nothing had happened. What miserable pusillanimity and falsehood!—because a few shots are fired by an excited mob in an attempt to rescue two prisoners,

these gigantic measures are produced, while the solemn and reiterated manifestoes of *rebellion* by the House of Assembly, an authorized and authoritative power, are for several years wholly neglected, and at last slurred over as if they had been only such a peevish exhibition of folly and nonsense as the Queen's minister himself made last autumn!—When Lord John Russell accuses the leader of the Canadian House of Commons of making charges, 'some of them of violence—some of them of vituperation—some of them against individuals—some of them against governors—some of them against government in general;' he seems to forget his own speech at Stroud, of which this description of Mr. Papineau's resolutions is but a faint sketch, and which would just as much have justified the suspension of the constitution of England and the appointment of a dictator, as—according to his lordship's version—the proceedings in Canada.

We trust we may not be misunderstood—we are so far from denying the right of this country to interfere with a high hand, that we think the right—the duty of doing so, occurred long ago—that the right accrued in 1839, when the House of Assembly refused to perform its constitutional functions of providing for the government of the province—but that it became the *imperative duty* of ministers, when the House of Assembly informed the Governor by its address of the 3d of October, 1836, that it would adjourn its deliberations till its unconstitutional demands were complied with. These—the *overt acts* of the theories of treason by which they were preceded and accompanied—are the real grounds of our interference, and not the smaller and ancillary circumstances on which the ministers now rest their measures.

Why then this long apathy? Why, when ministers saw the mine a-digging—why, when they saw the train a-laying—why when they saw Guy Fawkes preparing his matches and lighting his lantern, they were perfectly quiescent—not to say acquiescent! but when an unlucky accident caused a partial explosion, they cry out 'gunpowder plot!' and punish not only a whole class, but a whole country for conniving at a treason, at which they themselves for half-a-dozen years appear to have connived—why was this? Why, when it was openly declared that the American constitution was the object of the malcontents—an object which could not be attained without an insurrection—why were not the British forces adequately increased, and the loyal Canadians adequately encouraged? Why, when the House of Assembly had annulled the Constitution by suspending its proper functions and disorganizing the government,—why were not measures immediately taken to restore the Constitution and to restore the government? Was there ever a case in which the general maxim were more just—'*si vis pacem, para bellum*'?—True in all wars, it is to a civil war that it is

peculiarly applicable, and most peculiarly when that civil war is announced by progressive symptoms, which symptoms are certain to become, by neglect, the substantial disease. A sudden outbreak, caused by practical grievances, cannot be guarded against; but the *fermentation of theoretic treason* would have been corrected by an early display of determination and power on the part of the government. Two regiments—one regiment—a gunboat—anything that would have convinced the Canadians that England *saw their design, and was resolved to defeat it*, would have dissipated that design and averted the lamentable consequences which have followed the contrary policy. We entirely concur in the Duke of Wellington's admirable aphorism—'*A great country cannot make a little war*'—but we think his Grace would also agree with us that small but early indications of resolution and strength, will often avert great calamities. Prevention is better than punishment; and, by shutting their eyes and ears to the hostile menaces of the Canadians, the Government only encouraged the poor wretches to precipitate themselves on destruction. Why then, we ask again, this incomprehensible apathy? It may be very well for Lord Brougham to say that '*Lord Glenelg was asleep*,'—but if he was, the sleep was infectious, and extended itself to both the Cabinet, and the Senate; Lord Melbourne had fallen asleep over the petitions to the English Treasury from the starving functionaries of the colony—and Lord Palmerston over a *précis* of the Boundary-line discussion;—Lord Minto was asleep over the purser's accounts of the *single sloop* of war in Halifax Harbour; and Lord Howick over the *non-effective* returns of the *garrisons* in Neva Sootia—Lord John Russell and the House of Commons were dozing away a speech of Mr. Hume's on the reduction of our forces by sea and land; and, most wonderful of all, that mercurial magistrate, the Lord High Chancellor of the day—must himself have been—*somno, vinoque sepultus*—fast asleep by the side of his noble 'FRIEND'—the Colonial Secretary—in short—

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
'While the long solemn unison went round:—
Wide and more wide it spread through all the realm;
Even *Palinurus* nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each *Committee* crept;
Unfinished Treaties in the office slept;
The *chiefless Armies* dozed out the campaign;
And *Navies* yawned for orders on the main!"

This would be bad enough; but we heartily wish we had so comparatively innocent an excuse for ministers as to believe their *sleep, real*. It was, we are convinced, only a *fox's sleep*, to conceal their incapacity and pusillanimity: for here is the true solution of the enigma. The 92 resolutions conclude with the following passages:

'Resolved, That this House learned, with gratitude, that *Daniel O'Connell, Esq.*, had given notice in the House of Commons in July last, that during the present

Session of the Imperial Parliament, he would call its attention to the necessity of reforming the Legislative and Executive Councils in the two Canadas; and that the interest thus shown for our own fate by him whom the gratitude and blessings of his countrymen have, with the *applause of the whole civilized world*, proclaimed GREAT and LIBERATOR, and of whom our fellow countrymen entertain corresponding sentiments, keeps alive in us the hope that, through the goodness of our cause and the services of such a friend, the British parliament will not permit a minister,' &c.—*Address*, p. 66.

'Resolved, That this House has the same confidence in *Joseph Hume, Esq.*, and feels the same gratitude for the anxiety which he has repeatedly shown for the good government of these colonies, and the amelioration of their laws and constitutions, and calls upon the said Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume, Esqs., whose constant devotedness was, even under a Tory ministry, and before the reform of Parliament, partially successful in the emancipation of Ireland from the same bondage and the same political inferiority which menace the people of Lower Canada.'—*ibid.*

The old pagan and popish doctrine of *sanctuary* is, it seems, in full force at Downing Street; and those who could touch the sacred images of *St. Daniel* and *St. Joseph*, were allowed the immunities and impunity of asylum, while the poor wretches who put their trust in *St. George* or *St. Dennis* are made the victims of their erroneous confidence in the *far-niente* consistency of her Majesty's—we should have said ridiculous—ministers, if the blood stain did not obliterate ridicule.

But that blood! Whose consciences ought that scalding blood to blister? Mackenzie's? Papineau's? Would that we could think so! Sir Hussey Vivian, the Master-General of the Ordnance, in a gallant and soldierlike speech, on the 16th January—the more gallant from the badness and hopelessness of the general cause for which he fought—told Mr. Joseph Hume, 'that his conduct in this affair reminded him of the case of a certain Mr. Martin, who prophesied, that in seven days York minster would be burned down; and well might he prophecy—for he was detected in setting fire to the sacred edifice at the appointed time.' The cut was admirable, and inflicted with the nerve and edge of one of the Duke of Wellington's *beaux sabreurs*, but in the *mêlée*, Sir Hussey unluckily mistook his man—he cut down a poor busybody of a surgeon, instead of one of the general officers, who, if he had had time to look about him, he would have seen to be within an easier reach of his blow.

To explain all this more fully, we must revert to some proceedings of the government at home, by which it will appear that on every occasion Lord Melbourne's Cabinet were—with as great and as *opportune* an effect as if it had been designed—playing the game of the disaffected, and strengthening Mr. Papineau's hand. Before Lord Stanley had left the Colonial office, his vigorous mind saw and determined to meet the danger. He introduced into the House of Commons a bill for repealing the act of 1831, which had granted the entire control of the Colonial revenues

to the Assembly, and which grant they had so shamefully abused. The reluctance of his colleagues to support him in this just and politic measure, obliged Lord Stanley to suspend the progress of the bill, which, on the succession of Mr. Spring Rice to the Colonial seals, was finally abandoned, 'on an *understanding*,' says the author of the *Canadian Controversy* (p. 24), 'that a supply bill should be passed for the *two years that were due*.' This miserable attempt at a compromise had the success it deserved. Lord Stanley's bill was given up; but instead of the promised bill of supply, the House of Assembly reiterated its insulting resolutions—of which no further notice seems to have been taken by Lord Melbourne's first administration; but, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power, Lord Aberdeen, to whom the Colonial seals were most judiciously entrusted, lost no time in adopting a course of policy at once discreet, conciliatory, and effective. The peculiar circumstances of that administration—its defeat on the first meeting of Parliament—and the factious arts by which its short existence was harassed, would have perfectly justified Lord Aberdeen in declining to enter on so complicated a question, which it was clear he would not be permitted to adjust and in leaving so delicate a matter altogether to the hands which had begun, and were destined so soon to resume it. But that administration were determined to shrink from no duty, however hopeless they were of being allowed to perfect it—Lord Aberdeen accordingly prepared instructions, which, without proceeding so far as the case (which had not yet attained its height) might have warranted, recorded the principles on which a government, *capable of governing*, should have looked at the transactions—and for their execution he selected as Governor-general, Lord Amherst, a nobleman who, although voting with the Melbourne ministry, was chosen by Lord Aberdeen as a person of acknowledged fitness for an office requiring manners, temper, experience, and firmness—and the Colonial minister prepared for him instructions which were, in sum, to redress anything that could be complained of as a *grievance*, but to resist and put down everything that should look like *rebellion*. But before Lord Amherst could sail, the *Lichfield-House compact* restored the Whigs to power—Lord Amherst's commission was superseded—his instructions cancelled—and a Commission of *Inquiry* was issued—at the head of which was placed the Earl of Gosford—a person wholly inexperienced in public affairs, and only known in political life by the silent votes which he gave to the Whig ministries. With Lord Gosford were joined Sir Charles Grey, late Chief-Justice of Calcutta, and an officer of engineers. Sir Charles Grey's would have been in every respect a fit appointment, if the Commission of Inquiry had been a fit proceeding; nay, if he had been sent out alone as a governor, with powers to

act, he would have been worth twenty Lord Gosfords—but as it was, he made the voyage—opened his commission—saw its absurdity—experienced its nullity—and returned not merely *re infecta*, but *re multo ingravescente*, to publish the '*Remarks*'* quoted at the head of the article, and to record his valuable opinion of the erroneous policy of the ministry. Of that policy, as contrasted with his own intentions, Lord Aberdeen gave his opinion in the House of Lords so early as the 12th of June, 1835:

'He would not enter into a detail of the nature and form of Lord Amherst's instructions—it was sufficient to say they were in strict conformity with the declarations he had formerly made in the House, and embraced the largest possible measure of conciliation, consistent with what was indispensable for the maintenance of the King's dominion in the province. Short of that point, the instructions proceeded on a principle of the utmost liberality. When he talked of large and liberal concessions, their Lordships were not to presume that sacrifices were to be made by this country, for it would be unjust to infer that what was conceded to Canada was lost to England. He could not conceive what interest this country could have in refusing large and liberal concessions,—legislative assemblies were not to be treated as children and entirely directed from this country, but should be left to the enjoyment of the utmost freedom, consistent with the maintenance of the King's dominion.'

This was, it will be admitted, sufficiently conciliatory—what follows is prophetic:

'He heard a commission was to be sent out—a course which appeared to him not only useless, but worse than useless.—[Hear, hear.]—It might be a fit thing in this country in moments of timidity, in order to get rid of a difficulty, to appoint a commission of inquiry, which he understood the new commission was to be, but in this case a commissioner ought to go out *ready to act*, and a *commission of inquiry was worse* than useless. It was competent to and incumbent on the government to decide *at once* on all important matters now at issue in Canada; there were but few, and those trifling matters, on which further inquiry was required—the time was now come for *prompt and immediate action*.'

This warning voice was disregarded, the commission of inquiry was sped, and Downing Street relapsed into its fox's sleep.

At length, however, the destitution of the public servants absolutely starving in the Colony—the rapid disorganization of all the authorities, and the bewildered impotence of Lord Gosford to meet the exigency, awoke her Majesty's ministers from their slumbers, whether real or feigned, and forced them to try to do *something*. Sounding, no doubt, as deeply as the small plummets of their brains enabled them, the increasing depths of the Canada question, they prepared ten resolutions, which, on the 6th of March, 1837, Lord John Russell proposed to the House of Commons. These resolutions have turned out to be so mere a nullity, and were framed in a spirit so wholly inadequate to the exigencies of the occasion,—that it would be an idle waste of time and space to insert them; they died still-born, like so many others of—

'The unaccomplished works of Russell's hand,
Abortive—monstrous—or untimely mixed.'

Suffice it to say, that, like the recent ministerial speeches, they kept the real objects of the Canadians, as much as possible, out of sight: and that in fact they were all, except the 8th, concessions to the democratic clamour—and even that *eighth* resolution professed to do *no more* than apply certain monies—which had been previously and unconstitutionally *empounded* by the House of Assembly—to the *legal purposes for which the said monies had been originally levied*.

On the first night the debate was lengthened out and adjourned till the 8th, but not until it had been ascertained that there would be a large majority to support the ministers. On the 8th, the first three or four of these mawkish resolutions, to which the Canadian Assembly would hardly have objected, were passed by large, and what would have been to any other ministers, encouraging majorities; but when the necessary logical and political conclusions from the premises were to be assented to, the advocates of the Canadians insisted on a postponement—Colonel Thompson stated, that 'he would purchase *delay at a guinea a minute*.' This honest warning would of course urge and stimulate the government to allow, not one hour, not *one guinea's worth* of delay! No such thing—the motion for delay was beaten successively by large majorities—but nothing terrifies the weak like the appearance of their own strength. The ministers gave way—the delay was obtained—the eighth resolution was adjourned—on the appointed day Lord John Russell was unable to attend the House—*indisposed*—another day was named—some prior and paltry notice intervened—another day was named—a like obstacle—and at length the resolutions seemed postponed *sine die*. On the 10th of April, Sir Charles Grey published his '*Remarks*,' showing the fatal effects that would probably ensue from the hesitation of the ministers to pass these resolutions—particularly the 8th. This or some other stimulus again goaded the ministers into momentary exertion—the other resolutions were passed in the Commons, transmitted to the Lords, and then passed, with the single dissent of Lord Brougham. But all this apparent facility and success was incapable of inspiring courage or even consistency into the ministers—the resolutions thus tardily passed were virtually abandoned—no bill was introduced on them—and the Canadians, after having been exasperated by their production, were encouraged by the evident fear of the Government to carry them into effect. What was—what could be the result—the only possible result? The 'Papineau faction' saw that the ministers were bewildered, 'perplexed in the extreme,'—that in their whole conduct there was but one thing certain, namely, that they were alike incapable of conciliation or of repression, and that if ever there was a time for success—

* Sir Charles's name is not on the title-page, but it is clear that he is the author.

ful insurrection, it was while the Government was in such rash, timid, and incapable hands—now or never!

But this was not the whole of the encouragement given by the Government to the incipient rebels. While these Resolutions had been thus hung up for above three months, the late King died, and a general election took place. It happened that one of the candidates for Westminster was Sir George Murray, late Secretary of State for the Colonies, whose administration of them, and particularly of Canada, had been (as that of Lord Aberdeen subsequently was) so wise and just, so temperate and firm, that it is now admitted, even by the advocates of the insurgents, that had Sir George or his Lordship continued in office, the rebellion would not have broken out. It happened also that a Mr. Leader, almost unknown as a public man, except by the violence with which he advocated the Papineau cause against Lord John Russell's Resolutions, was another candidate for Westminster—the seat—as the poor Canadians would be reminded—of *government*. What did the Government? Why, it exhausted every engine of power—nay, it abused in the most flagrant manner the sacred name of the young Queen—to enable Mr. Leader—already the advocate, and now the agent, of what Lord John Russell calls the 'Papineau faction'—to defeat Sir George Murray, the, at once, loyal and popular Secretary of State. We believe that we may further assert that every other member who had taken a decided part *against* the Government on the Canada resolutions, was the *government candidate* at the general election. Of the declarations in the House of Commons made by some of those gentlemen, of pleasure at the defeat of her Majesty's forces, and the hints of others about bringing the Queen's sacred head to the block, we shall say no more than that all those gentlemen are or were, on general subjects, stanch supporters of that Queen's ministers! and—as Sir Robert Peel pungently told them, in a tone of good humour, which from any other man would have been that of indignation—they were among the most zealous of the Lichfield-House majority which had turned out that very administration on whose conduct they now found it convenient to bestow their suspicious and unwelcome eulogium.

The debate in the House of Lords on the 19th January showed, in its strongest light, the difference, on which we have more than once insisted, between the Whigs and Tories in and out of office. In that debate we saw Lord Broughman 'emptying,' to use Lord Glenelg's own expression, 'all the vials of his wrath' on the heads of his quondam colleagues, in whose neglect concerning Canada, that learned Lord was, as he himself would say, a *particeps criminis*; while on the other hand the Duke of Wellington—(to whom nothing could be reproached—who, with his colleagues Sir George Murray and Lord Aberdeen, was arrested

in the course of their not merely blameless but most meritorious service to the public by the Lichfield-House conspiracy)—instead of condescending even to criticism, lest it should look like retaliation, overlooked the minister in his respect to the Queen, and forgot party feelings in his duty to his country. The height and grandeur of his Grace's station that night warmed even the sullen mediocrity of Lord Lansdowne, who said that—

'after what had fallen in such candid terms from the noble duke opposite, who had spoken upon this question in a manner which did him infinite honour (hear, hear), and in a spirit which he *had always consistently displayed in similar circumstances*—a spirit of anxiety to yield his cordial support to her Majesty's government whenever an emergency like this arose—he would not trouble their lordships with any further observations.'—*Times*, Jan 20.

Lord Glenelg made the contrast still more prominent—

'My, lords, I need not point out to you the contrast presented by the conduct of the noble and learned lord (Brougham), and the conduct of the noble and illustrious duke who followed him in this debate. In the speech of the noble and illustrious duke I recognise—in his presence I do not like to express all I think upon the subject—the *magnanimity* and candour, which is consistent with his character, and which has marked the line of conduct which he has taken on *this and all other great public occasions* (great cheering). In that speech was shown the application of a great mind to the public business of the country. It was a speech proceeding from a mind which scorned to throw its bolts at random to the right and to the left, with an utter recklessness of the mischiefs they inflicted (hear, hear)—which disdained to hint vituperations which it dared not express (hear, hear), and which was anxious to do justice to the great cause of the country (hear, hear), and even to the merits of a political opponent (hear, hear). It was a proof that the genius which had exerted itself with such immortal honour in rescuing the country from the most imminent danger on another theatre, was equally *anxious to exert itself in rescuing the empire from the danger of a civil war* (hear, hear). I will not, in the absence of the noble and learned lord (Brougham), who, like his Canadian friends, has fled from the impending conflict, enter further into this contrast—for I am sure that the less I say, the more it will strike all your lordships who now hear me.'—*Ibid*.

When, even in the most awful national calamities, did any Whig deserve from a Tory administration such a tribute as is here paid to the patriotism, the magnanimity of the Duke of Wellington? When could it be said that it is to the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses that the ministry owes the power of carrying on the government even for a week, or can entertain any hope of their own extrication from a culpable and personally embarrassing dilemma? His quondam colleagues, in repelling the attacks of Lord Brougham, seemed to forget that he did no more than they had always done, and would at this hour have done again had the Tories been in power and they in opposition, and that they applauded in the Duke of Wellington a nobleness of conduct of which they themselves had, during their long political life, given no example, and which they in truth would have been incapable of appreciating, if it had not happened to

come so opportunely to their personal rescue.* Lord Brougham's speech was full of what in any other man's mouth would have been truth and justice, but from a prizefighter of his class—from one who as Lord High Chancellor—the keeper of the king's conscience, and the first guardian of the law—was responsible even above his colleagues for the culpable neglect, evasions, and juggle with which Canadian affairs were conducted from 1831 to 1835—his clever, amusing, and in many points undeniable statements, can have no other effect than to convince the public that it is fortunate that he is no longer a minister, and that it would be equally desirable that his old associates should become, as soon as possible, companions of his official exile.

But it is out of our present scope to consider any events subsequent to the revolt, else we should have much to say on the appointment of Lord Durham, and the absurdities and contradictions of the bill (as presented to the house) under which he is to act. This mission of Lord Durham to assuage faction seems to us a second attempt—Mr. O'Connell's administration of Ireland was the first—of introducing the *homœopathic system* into politics. Spirits of turpentine to extinguish a conflagration! We read lately of a fire at one of the Southwark wharfs, where, from the quantities of oil which were spilled in the streets, the fire-engines were pumping oil on the flames. The cabinet seem to be trying the same experiment; and we must add that the selection of such a man—so headstrong, so wayward, so impracticable, that they could not keep him in their own cabinet—for duties of such distant, such complicated responsibility—is undoubtedly the strongest trial that the ministers could make of Tory patience, and of the dutiful respect of the Tory leaders for the Queen's name and for the constitutional principle of leaving to those who are responsible for measures the unfettered choice of their instruments. Lord Durham said a few words in the House of Lords with propriety and good sense on the spirit in which he accepted and would execute the office. We wish he may maintain that temper. He has advantages that Lord Amherst would not have enjoyed. Lord Amherst would have had, loud and violent against him, not merely 'the Papineau faction,' but the *Lichfield-House faction*—before he sailed parliamentary obloquy would have tainted his mission—after his arrival every artifice of misrepresentation would have disfigured his acts, and calumniated his motives—his powers would have been limited within the narrowest circle of constitutional jealousy, and the minister who would have dared to propose for him anything like my Lord Dur-

ham's *dictatorship* would have been *impeached* by Lord John Russell, seconded by Sir John Cam Hobhouse. There is an old proverb, which, in these times of altering everything that is old, is capable by a slight change of considerable improvement; and in future one should say—'A *Whig* may steal a horse, when a *Tory* would be hanged for looking over the hedge.' Lord Durham, on the contrary, receives nothing but encouragement—he hopes that his own friends will stick by him *per fas et nefas*, or, even if they should fail him, he calculates on the gentleman-like indulgence to his personal defects, and the constitutional support of his public character which he is sure to receive from the Conservative leaders. With the tranquillising confidence which such a position should give to himself and to the loyal Canadians, if Lord Durham shall contrive to mismanage this great trust, awful indeed will be the responsibility of those who chose him!—a choice which seems to have been made somewhat in the spirit of Henry VIII., who when he was told that 'all Ireland could not rule the Earl of Kildare, peremptorily exclaimed, 'Well, then, that Earl shall rule all Ireland.' We, however, venture to suggest whether this excellent precedent might not have been more exactly followed. We who remember Lord Durham as Mr. Lambton, and who have not forgotten his whole political life prior to 1830, cannot but think that, if Mr. Papineau were to be created an *Earl*, decorated with *stars and ribbons*, and invested with the *highest dignities* of the state, it might have a very tranquillising effect on his temper and principles; and that he would probably make a more effective and much cheaper *Dictator* for the conciliation of Canada than His—*Excellency* is it or *Highness*—John George Earl of Durham, G. C. B., &c. &c. &c.

But this is beyond the bounds of our present duty. Our business was an inquiry into the share which the present ministry, by their long-enduring apathy, and chiefly Lord John Russell, by his incomprehensible abandonment of the Resolutions of March, 1837, have had in provoking the contest which they are now so anxious to subdue. Can there be any reasonable doubt that inflammatory advice from England, accredited amongst an ignorant and credulous people by the supineness of the government at home, has encouraged the 'Papineau faction' in the ascending steps of their audacity, till it burst out into the violence of actual insurrection, and could only be extinguished—if extinguished it has been—by the necessary but terrible chastisement of blood and fire?

We ask again, whose consciences ought that fire and blood to blister? It cannot give the ministry and their associates greater pleasure than it will to us—zealous of the honour of our country and our Queen—if further discussion shall be more successful than their advocates have hitherto been, in fixing all, or

* This does not personally apply to Lord Glenelg, who never was a Whig, and whose interval of opposition was too short to afford him an opportunity, even if he had the wish, of imitating the very bad company into which he has latterly fallen: but it is abundantly true of all *Whigs proper*.

even the greater part of the guilt, on Papineau and Mackenzie.

We have exhausted our limits, but not this painful and disgraceful subject—painful to every one—disgraceful to the ministry—and even, we fear, in the eyes of the world—to the country itself—which can submit to be endangered and degraded by a cabinet, whose mediocrity and perversity of intellect would be hardly trust-worthy for the petty duties of one of their own town-councils—whose policy is a vibration between selfish apathy and splanetic rashness, and who seem, as *he*—their old colleague—who *knows them best*, told them the other night—the most perfect and practical illustration of the Swedish statesman's melancholy view of the 'small quantity of wisdom or talents by which mankind will occasionally submit to be governed!'

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

Account of a Visit to the Falls on the Shirdwati River in Canara. By the Rev. Dr. WILSON of the General Assembly's Mission, and Dr. SMYTTAN of the Medical Board, Bombay. Communicated by Dr. Wilson to the Rev. Dr. Brunton, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, F.R.S.E., &c.

On the afternoon of the 15th February 1837, we sailed from Honáwar* in a light native boat, our baggage following us in another, to Garsapa, which is about sixteen miles due east. The scenery on the banks is most beautiful, and in some places grand. Hills, generally of a considerable size, with their superior rock of laterite, which prevails, more or less, in the low part of the country, approach the edge of the water; and they are covered with vegetation, luxuriant and varied, except where the common bambu (*Bambusa arundinacea*) predominates. It was late when we reached our destination: and it was later still when our horses, which had been led by a circuitous route through the jungle, arrived. Their keepers and the guides maintained that they had been greatly alarmed by the appearance of wild beasts on the way. The sepoys in charge of the travellers' bungalow informed us that they are numerous in the more open parts of the forest, which is not unlikely. Mr. Mattley, of the Civil Service, afterwards shewed us the last annual government returns connected with the ferine warfare carried on in the Nagar districts above the gháts. Ninety-two men and 901 cattle had been reported as carried off and destroyed, while rewards had been given for the skins of 100 tigers, 136 chitás, four wolves, and twenty-six bears, which had been killed by the natives. In some

parts of the forest wild oxen and *sámbáras* abound. We started one of the latter. It seemed to me, from its great size and dark colour, to be the *Cervus Aristotelis* of Bengal, and not the *Cervus equinus*, which, as mentioned by Colonel Sykes, abounds in the Dakhan. Its antlers, a pair of which we had examined at Honáwar, are very large and heavy.

Near Garsapa are the ruins of an ancient town, which our time did not permit us to examine. We started early next morning, and commenced the ascent of the Malikalí Ghat, which, except in a few places, we did not find so difficult as we expected. The forest, which consists of the most lofty trees, on which we observed many troops of monkeys, of the species *entellus*, sporting themselves, is on each side of the path dense and impervious. From an eminence, where, for a few yards, there is an open space, and where travellers generally halt for a little, the view is so magnificent, that a description of it in the plainest prose would have all the effect of the most elevated poetry.

The rocks which we noticed on our way were principally of mica-slate and unmixed hornblende, as at Halfálí, at which we concluded our march for the day, of sixteen miles. On the trees and bushes near the bungalow in which we were sheltered, we observed many birds, principally of the passerine order, which were new to us. Among these, the *Planicornis princeps* particularly attracted our attention, by its glossy black and brilliant scarlet colours, and its dazzling glittering in the sun. In our neighbourhood there were some gardens of a considerable size, and well watered, for the rearing of betel-nut trees and pepper vines, to which they afford support, and which twist around them. They yield a good produce, and belong to Háiga Brahmans, the most important agricultural class of men in that part of the country. They seem to me to correspond with the Bhátelás of Gujarát, who, though probably not originally of the priestly order, had their present status conferred upon them as an inducement to their acceptance of Hinduism. Those with whom we conversed have the Canarese language vernacular to them, and only a slight knowledge of Hindustaní. The only character which they read, is the Devanágari.

On the morning of the 16th February we started for the Falls. Our road was in a south-east direction, and lay through a beautiful country, containing many cultivated fields, and correctly described by Dr. Christie* as "combining the majestic appearance of a tropical forest with the softer character of an English park," and noticed by my intelligent companion as not unlike some parts of the summits of the Nilgiris. We arrived at the bungalow of the Jog, the native name of the Falls, at nine o'clock; and, under the impression that they were not far distant, we repaired to them before we took breakfast, having a walk of three miles.

* Corrupted by the English and Portuguese into Onnore.

* Jameson's Journal for September 1828.

Before describing our impressions connected with them, I shall quote in full the only printed account of them which I have read, and of the existence of which we were not aware till our return to Bombay. It will be observed that, though it is generally correct, we were enabled to extend our observation somewhat beyond that of the able writer.

"Upon approaching the Falls," says Dr. Christie, "you emerge from a thick wood, and come suddenly upon the river, gliding gently among confused masses of rock. A few steps more, over huge blocks of granite, bring you to the brink of a fearful chasm, rocky, bare, and black; down into which you look to the depth of a thousand feet! Over its sides rush the different branches of the river, the largest stretching in one huge curling pillar of white foam, without interruption to the bottom. The waters are at the bottom, by the force of their fall, projected far out in straight lines; and, at some distance below the falls, form a thin cloud of white vapour, which rises high above the surrounding forest. The sides of the chasm are formed by slanting strata of rock, the regularity of which forms a striking contrast to the disorder of the tumultuous waters, the broken detached masses of stone, and the soft tint of the crowning woods.

"The effect of all these objects rushing at once upon the sight, is awfully sublime. The spectator is generally forced to retire after the first view of them, in order gradually to familiarize himself with their features; for the feeling which he experiences upon their sudden contemplation, amounts almost to pain. After their first impression has somewhat subsided, and he has become accustomed to their view, he can then leisurely analyze their parts, and become acquainted with their details.

"The chasm is somewhat of an elliptical form. At its narrowest and deepest part is the principal fall; and over its sides smaller branches of the river and little rills are precipitated, and are almost all dissipated in spray before they reach the bottom. The principal branch of the river is much contracted in breadth before it reaches the brink of the precipice, where it probably does not exceed fifty or sixty feet, but it contains a very large body of water.

"The falls can only be seen from above, for the precipices on both sides of the river afford no path to admit of a descent. Some gentlemen have attempted to reach the bottom by having themselves lowered by ropes; but no one, to my knowledge, has hitherto succeeded. A view of the falls from below would, I am convinced, exceed in grandeur every thing of the kind in the world. The spectator can, very easily, and with great safety, look down into the chasm to its very bottom. Some large plates of gneiss project, in an inclined position, from its edge; so that, by laying himself flat upon one of these, he can stretch his head considerably beyond the brink of the precipice.

"No accurate measurement has yet been made of the height of these falls. Some who have seen them declare, that their height reaches at least 1100 feet; others, that it does not reach 1000. I prepared a rope 900 feet long, attached a stone to one end of it, and let it slip over the edge of a rock, which projects several feet beyond the side of the precipice. When 500 feet of rope had been let out, the stone was forcibly drawn towards the principal cascade, which soon involved it among its waters, and snapped the rope. The stone at this time appeared to be about 200 feet from a small ledge of rock, which might be between 200 and 300 feet from the bottom. It is not improbable, therefore, that the height of the fall is not much short of 1000 feet."

I had determined to look upon the Falls, in the first instance, with the greatest philosophical coolness imaginable; and then, after taking a survey of the whole

scene, to allow my feelings to run riot as they might please. When, after stepping over some forty or fifty yards of rough and misshapen rocks, I had approached the perpendicular cliffs over which the torrents of water are precipitated, as I was essaying to direct my curious vision into the tremendous abyss below, my eye caught my fellow-traveller prostrate upon the very edge of the rocks, with his head protruded beyond them; and I was so suddenly awe-struck, that I instinctively recoiled some yards from my position, and with difficulty would my nerves allow me to resume it. They were again violently agitated by one of our guides,—in a fool-hardiness which he intended should gain our applause, but which we did not commend,—walking upright for several yards along the margin, and tossing up his body, as if threatening to precipitate himself, along with the rushing waters. The dip of the gneiss, however, about five degrees landward, was no sooner observed by me, than I concluded that my centre of gravity would have a safe inclination, and, in the exercise of all my courage, I began to survey the awful chasm. My impressions it is utterly impossible to describe. I gazed in silent wonder, and not, I trust, without adoration of Him who "putteth forth his hand upon the rock, who overturneth the mountains by the roots, who cutteth out rivers among the rocks, and whose eye seeth every precious thing."

Owing to the advanced season of the year, we did not find much water in the bed of the river. At the point of the amphitheatre nearest us, there is a streamlet exactly of a yard in depth and width. It rushes to the termination of the rocks with great velocity, and meeting with not the slightest obstacle in its descent from it, it seems to shoot off like a rocket, and is apparently completely dissipated in vapour long before it has passed through its appointed space. The centre fall has a much larger body of water. In the first instance, it rushes for about three hundred feet over an inclined plane of about forty-five degrees, in a beautiful snow-white foam, and it afterwards descends perpendicularly into the basin below, with a thundering noise. The fall on the southern side, with about the same quantity of water as the preceding, is, about a hundred feet from its commencement, split into two by a projecting rock, but it meets with no other obstruction. It can be viewed in its whole descent with great advantage.

The report of a mass of stone which we threw over, was exactly *nine* seconds in reaching us; but it struck a ledge of rock before arriving at the bottom. We had no means of making for ourselves an accurate estimate of the depth of the fall. It has been lately ascertained by an officer of the Madras Engineers to be 1150 feet, nearly eight times that of Niagara! It does not appear to the eye to be of that extent. The bed of the river is more than a quarter of a mile in the direct line

across; and about half a mile, when measured along the margin of the ellipse. In the monsoon the water rushes in every part over this, as we saw from marks on the banks, with a depth of at least thirty feet. The fall is consequently at this season unequalled in the world.

Our desire to descend to the bottom was intense; and though our guides dissuaded us from making the attempt, on account of its great difficulty, they admitted its practicability, of which we had been assured by several friends. After we had taken breakfast, and reclined for a little, our wishes changed themselves into a determination. We crossed the bed of the river, stepping over the rushing floods from rock to rock, not far from the edge of the cliff. On reaching the south bank, we passed through a few small rice fields and topes of jungle, and then commenced our steep descent not many yards distant from the fall, with a sight of which we were occasionally indulged as we proceeded. We had a flight of steps rudely laid in some parts of our journey. In other parts we had to pass over the surface of almost perpendicular rocks, laying hold, for support, of the roots and branches of large creepers. We began to fear that our strength, much of which had been expended in the early part of the day, would really fail us; but, though ready to expire with fatigue, we reached the bottom. Here we rested for a little, and, after dispensing with the greater part of our dress, which was completely soaked with perspiration, we directed our course to the principle basin, scrambling over huge and shapeless masses of rock, which lay scattered in all directions. When we reached our destination, we found the reflected heat almost intolerable, and our thirst excessive. Before our muscles suffered any collapse, however, we entered the water, which proved most refreshing. After bathing, we treated ourselves to a new light dress, and we found ourselves comparatively comfortable, and prepared to enjoy the sublimities which we had descended to witness. Such a scene of wild ruin was never beheld by us. The disrupted rocks piled around us; the dark, frowning, and perpendicular sides of the mountains, which our eye, from our position, could scarcely scale; the boiling, deep, and roaring torrents at our feet; the clouds of spray and vapour in which we were enveloped; the western breeze reverberating in the hollow caverns which obstructed its progress; and the thunder of the falls; all seemed to proclaim that the elements of nature had conspired against us, and filled us with terrific awe! Their voice was, "Hast thou an arm like God, and canst thou thunder with a voice like him? Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath, and behold every one that is proud, and abase him. Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low: and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together, and bind their

faces in secret. Then will I confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee." An undying and beautiful rainbow in the perpetual clouds above us, was, nevertheless, the bow of promise, and might have reminded us of covenanted fidelity and love.

Our ascent was most arduous; and I thought I should never have been able to accomplish it. Our guides procured for us specimens of the granite rocks, which they struck off at different heights, according to our directions. From the bed of the river we ourselves procured several specimens of the superincumbent gneiss, which is finely stratified. From the banks we cut down some branches from cinnamon trees, the first which we had seen. We were grateful when we reached the bungalow in safety; and we were able next day to prosecute our journey to the ancient Banawási, by way of the celebrated Chandragupti. The mountain on which the fort at this latter place stands is noticed particularly by Dr. Francis Buchanan. Banawási is mentioned by Ptolemy, and has a very ancient temple. Not far from it, we noticed a species of *Buceros*, which, as far as I am aware, is undescribed. It is called by the natives *Danahidi*. We heard the cry of the bird at a great distance, the large hollow excrecence above the beak acting as a sounding-board. We employed two natives to procure for us a specimen, but they were unsuccessful in their attempt to kill one. They gave us, however, two heads which they had in their houses. This bird, they said, lives principally upon fruit, and it is much relished as an article of food.

JOHN WILSON.

BOMBAY, 16th August, 1837.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A SKETCH OF THE CANADAS.

We now propose to give, from the works of Montgomery Martin, and M'Gregor, and from other sources, a brief sketch of those great provinces, or rather empires, which England, after having conquered by her arms, and attempted to conquer by her civilization, must now conquer still more thoroughly by her laws, by her habits, and, above all, by the language and religion of England.

The surface of Lower Canada is about a quarter of a million of square miles, or a hundred and sixty millions of acres. But from this we must exclude a surface of three thousand two hundred square miles covered by the lakes and rivers of the province, and fifty-two thousand covered by the St. Lawrence and part of the Gulf.

Commencing our view of the province with the seacoast, the first land which is seen is mountainous, and covered with forests to the very banks of the river. On

the north side, the mountains run up as far as Quebec; on the left, the range, at sixty miles distance from Quebec, runs to the south, and enters the United States, where they form the Alleghanies, the well-known mountains which, rising from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, divide the Atlantic coast from the valley of the Ohio. The country between these two ranges of mountains is now the seat of war. The whole portion of the banks of the St. Lawrence, from the coast to the boundary of Upper Canada, is divided into three portions, the first part swampy, wild, and but thinly inhabited; the second more fertile and better peopled, with a picturesque landscape, and many fine rivers; the third and most important portion lies between the St. Maurice river and the Ottawa, where the provinces join. The country from five to fifteen miles from the river is slightly elevated into table ridges. The St. Lawrence in this portion contains the three islands of Montreal, Jesus, and Perrot. Montreal is a fine island, thirty-two miles long by five broad; the isle Jesus is twenty-one miles long by six broad, is level and fertile. Isle Perrot, lying near Montreal, is seven miles long by three broad, level, but sandy. The southern side of the St. Lawrence forms a vast province, in some parts ninety miles wide, and with the sea-coast extending three hundred and fifty miles. This territory is but little peopled and little known. It is, however, ascertained to be deeply wooded, and capable of singular fertility.

The third section of Lower Canada on this side is a fine district, having in its front the St. Lawrence, and having in its rear the high lands of Connecticut, and the boundary which divides Lower Canada from the United States. A portion of the country along the banks is remarkably bold, as at Quebec and Point Levi. But higher up the river the shore sinks into the plain. On the advance towards Montreal the southern side exhibits new figures of beauty, and its pastoral loveliness emulates the finest scenes of England, with the still superior effect to be derived from a background of noble mountains.

But the great canal, artery, and life-giver of the country is the St. Lawrence itself, a river which throws all our European conceptions into the background, nearly equalling in point of length, and surpassing in point of magnificence and picturesque beauty, perhaps every other river in the world, with an entrance extending from Nova Scotia to Labrador, 106 leagues, running a course of nearly *three thousand miles*, varying from one to ninety miles broad, 2000 of those miles navigable by large ships, and the rest by vessels up to sixty tons burden.

But it has the still more characteristic features of forming a succession of the largest and most important lakes in the world, a chain of fresh water seas passing through the north and west of the mighty region,

which, unless the evil fates of England predominate, will yet form the noblest appanage of the British empire. This noble river frequently changes its name. From the sea to Montreal it is called the St. Lawrence; thence to Kingston in Upper Canada the *Cataragui*, or *Troquois*; between Lake Ontario and Erie the *Niagara*; between lakes Erie and St. Clair the *Detroit*; between lakes St. Clair and Huron the *St. Clair*; and between lakes Huron and Superior the distance is called the *Narrows*, or falls of *St. Mary*.

The scenery of this river from its mouth to Quebec is unrivalled in the whole Western Continent. From the high grounds above the river, the landscape expands in sudden bursts of the most singular beauty, a succession of deep bays, bold headlands, pastoral settlements, rocky islets, powerful rivers, some gliding through the valleys in broad and quiet channels, some rolling over precipices, some bursting through perpendicular chasms in the granite chain, as if an earthquake had but just cleft the mountain; and moving in broad and quiet grandeur through the centre of this fine view, the St. Lawrence, covered with ships of war and trade, foreign commerce, and the active and animated navigation of the country.

As the voyageur ascends the river he sees the land thoroughly take the shape of a lofty promontory, and the river narrow to little more than a thousand yards. Here the scene becomes more imposing. On the left, Point Levi, with its romantic church, and cottages; on the right the isle of Orleans, strongly resembling the coast of Devonshire. Beyond this the mainland opens to view, and the falls of Montmorency are seen, a cataract two hundred and fifty feet high; again, beyond this, a country rising amphitheatrically, with the battlements of Quebec cresting the ridge of Cape Diamond, and looking down on a vast extent of country, the natural capital of a transatlantic empire. And in front of Quebec, the grand basin formed by the St. Charles river, between three and four miles long, and two broad. The population of Quebec, in 1831, was 25,916. Quebec has been pronounced impregnable, the Gibraltar of the New World, and if defended by British troops, and sufficiently provisioned, would probably be equal to resist the assault of any transatlantic army. The citadel stands on an eminence 350 feet high, and with its strongly constructed works, extends over an area of forty acres. The approach to it from the lower town is steep, and enfiladed by heavy cannon. A redoubt of great strength commands the harbour. The works altogether are of the most massive order, and seem calculated to bid defiance to all regular attack, yet no fortress, however powerful, is proof against surprise.

The United States, always thirsting for new territory, in addition to the almost boundless realm of which they have never been able to people a thou-

sandth part, and which they will be unable to people for a thousand years to come, have accustomed themselves to look with an eye of rapine towards Canada. A want of vigilance on the part of the garrison, or want of common sense in the Government at home, might leave it destitute in the commencement of a new war, and a rapid rush even of thirty or forty thousand of the American militia, might achieve an enterprise which European discipline might attempt in vain.

Beyond Quebec, the St. Lawrence widens again, and the scenery on the right hand, the Quebec side of the river, is finely varied with groves, orchards, and corn fields, for nearly fifty miles. From this point to Montreal, nearly 100 miles, the general landscape owes little to the hand of man, yet some parts are highly cultivated, and in some portions the villages are so numerous, as apparently to form one continued mass of population. Montreal at length bursts upon the eye in the southernmost point of its island. The island is level, with the exception of one fine feature, which instantly strikes the eye, and gives the whole an air of magnificence; an isolated hill on its western extremity, rising 800 feet above the level of the river, and covered with the gardens, orchards, and villas, of the opulent citizens. Montreal is French in its buildings, in its fashions, and in its finery. In all matters of display, and even of trade and population, it exceeds the acknowledged metropolis. It has increased greatly in opulence since the war. Its population in 1825, was 22,000. Since then it has increased upwards of fifty per cent., and is now at least 35,000.

One of the most striking natural features of this fine country is the Cataract of the Montmorency. The river, about the breadth of the Thames at Windsor, rushes over a marble ridge, a hundred feet higher than the great Niagara fall. A slight declination of the bed of the river before it reaches the precipices gives a great velocity to the stream, which plunges from that vast height in an extended sheet of foam. A perpetual spray rises from the bottom, displaying all the variety of the prismatic colours, and, when the sun shines strongly, completing the various beauties of this most picturesque of waterfalls. One of the most singular rivers of the Continent, and tributary to the St. Lawrence, is the Saguenay. Its course is interrupted by rocks, through which it foams with irresistible violence. The depth at its mouth has never yet been ascertained; it is probably the deepest of rivers. It has been tried in vain with 330 fathoms of line. Two miles higher, the soundings have been 140 fathoms. The height of the banks is as extraordinary as the depth of the stream, rising from 200 to 2000 feet high.

Lower Canada is a vast province, and if fully peopled, will be equal to the largest European empire, excepting Russia. No country in the world would be

a finer deposit for population; or afford more adequate means for putting the whole of its surface at the disposal of its population. Extending for nearly 1000 miles along the St. Lawrence, it has that vast river for its central communication for bringing down the wealth of Upper Canada and the American Continent, and by its sea-coast opening to the ocean and the commerce of Europe. The only drawback upon this facility of communication is the freezing of the St. Lawrence in the winter; but this, though an obstacle to a communication with Europe, would probably impede but little the internal communication of an active, commercial, and fully peopled country. In Russia, winter is the chief period of intercourse between the remote provinces. Lower Canada abounds with rivers in magnitude and number altogether unequalled by the general irrigation of Europe. Those rivers which in summer are canals, in winter would be high-roads, and unless popular convulsion should destroy the prosperity of this great settlement, the next quarter of a century would probably see the colonists achieving every thing that can be accomplished by vivid and vigorous enterprise. The extent of solid soil, even within the boundaries of the province, is immense, upwards of 200,000 square miles, about three times and a half the size of Great Britain; but to the north extends a territory which may literally be called boundless, a region wild and wintry, but capable of supporting life, and offering to the energies of Englishmen a noble space for that industry and intelligence which are made to master the difficulties of Nature.

Upper Canada, which is more completely in the hands of British settlers, is also a province of great promise, nearly twice the size of Great Britain; in its inhabited parts along the river chiefly level, finely undulated, and towards the North rising into ranges of mountains. Beyond its northern boundary, this country, too, is unlimited, or limited only by the Polar Ocean. Upper Canada, though receiving perpetual accessions from England, is still but beginning to be peopled. Vast districts are still a wilderness, yet the soil is singularly fertile, the climate comparatively mild. Villages are rapidly planting where but a few years since was forest; schools, mills, and churches, sure sign of civilization, are erecting; villages are growing into towns; the Colonists are branching out in all directions; and the foundation is already laid of a permanent empire.

But the most extraordinary feature of Upper Canada is the chain of lakes. In this it differs altogether from any European country. It is scarcely going too far to assert, that the lakes exhibit a peculiar provision of nature, for the double purpose of tempering the severity of the climate, and of securing general communication. The great unbroken mass of North America scarcely penetrated in any part by the ocean, would be

almost wholly destitute of inland navigation except for those great lakes. Of course, we speak of inland navigation on a large scale, as the smaller rivers amply supply the communication between the several districts of each province; but the great lakes supply this communication to a vast and unexampled extent.

Following the course of the St. Lawrence upwards, we first come to Lake Ontario, a magnificent sheet of water, nearly five hundred miles in circumference. The shores of this noble lake exhibit great diversity; on the north, bold, on the American shore, low, on the Canada side, well wooded, with thriving settlements, and with the picturesque town of Toronto overhanging the waters. Still ascending the stream, where it changes its name to the Niagara, we meet the famous cataract, too famous for any description here, or for any other mention than as the great outlet of the upper lakes, discharging at the rate of a hundred and two million tons of water in the hour. Still ascending, we come to Lake Erie, about six hundred and fifty-eight miles in circumference. The southern shore of the lake, which belongs to the United States, is low; the northern shore, which belongs to Canada, is generally abrupt and bold; but the Erie is still more remarkable as forming the head of the most extensive navigation in the world, and enabling vessels to visit the Atlantic, north and south. The great American Erie Canal connects the waters of the lake with those of the Hudson; this is an achievement of which human industry may be proud. It is three hundred and sixty-three miles long, and occupied eight years in making, at a cost, including the Champlain Canal, of eleven millions of dollars. Its annual tolls are now upwards of a million of dollars. Another great canal, the Oswego, connects the Erie canal with Lake Ontario. Other canals, more obscure, yet scarcely less important, connect the principal lakes and rivers, and, within a short period, it is expected that the steam-boats from New Orleans will reach the lake. On the British side, the efforts are scarcely less vigorous. The ships from Quebec will soon pass into Erie through Ontario; thence the Ohio and Pennsylvania canals will open a communication through the Ohio river to the Mississippi, and even the Gulf of Mexico will be reached by the way of the upper lakes. In fact, the whole country lies open, a great theatre for all the triumphs of inland navigation; and it is remarked, that as in the Alps, a person without changing place, may drink of water which flows into the Mediterranean, the Rhine, and the German Ocean; so the point will probably yet be fixed in this region, from which the individual may find his way, either by canal or by river, to the Atlantic, to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific, or to Hudson's Bay.

Still ascending the St. Lawrence, which now takes the name of the Detroit River, we reach Lake St. Clair,

the smallest of the lakes, oval, and rather less than a hundred miles in circumference. Passing the lake, we again reach the St. Lawrence, under the name of the St. Clair, and enter the Lake Huron; its shape irregular, its length two hundred and fifty miles long, by a hundred and ninety miles broad, and covering an area of five million acres. Still passing upwards from the head of the Huron, where the river takes the name of the St. Mary's Strait, the great rapids are entered, a low cataract, three-quarters of a mile long, by half a mile broad, where the water rushes down with prodigious velocity from slope to slope, till it enters the Huron. We then approach the greatest of all the lakes, Lake Superior, an irregular oblong of about 1255 miles in circumference, and with an average depth of 1000 feet, its waters extremely cold, and singularly pure, but exposed to storms, and rising into waves that rival those of the ocean. This may be fairly called a fresh water Mediterranean, its Canadian coast being estimated at 1200 miles long. One remarkable peculiarity in the chief lakes is their extreme depth, and the probable object in this seems to be, that at no future period those lakes should cease to exist. It is the opinion of the engineers who have examined the face of the country, that there is a gradual diminution of the waters of all the lakes, from the widening of their outlets into the St. Lawrence, and from the St. Lawrence into the ocean. As the lakes are on a succession of plateaus constantly ascending, until the surface of the Lake Superior is 617 feet above the surface of the Atlantic, the consequence if they were shallow would be, that they would be all drained into the ocean in process of time. But this is guarded against in the instance of Lake Superior, by its bed being certainly more than 500 feet below the level of the Atlantic, and it is remarkable, that the lakes, as they descend in succession, are not merely successively of smaller dimensions, but of inferior depth, the extreme depth becoming less necessary as the plateaus descend nearer to the ocean.

We shall now give a general sketch of the history of this great country. The name of Canada itself has been long a matter of dispute among the etymologists. It has been supposed to have arisen from an exclamation of some of the early Portuguese navigators, who, observing the desolation of the country, either cried out or wrote on their maps, *Aca-Nada—aca-Nada*. It has also been supposed to have taken its name from the Spanish, *Canada*, a canal, from the shape of the country, forming the blank banks of the St. Lawrence, but the more received explanation is the Indian one, *Canata*, a collection of huts.

The splendid discoveries of the Spaniards in equinoctial America had turned the attention of the European sovereigns to the West. England, though scarcely recovered from the wars of the Roses, fol-

lowed the general track, but the grand object of discovery in that age was less the New World than the Old, less the fertility and beauty of the Western Continent, than the opulence of India. The voyage of Columbus himself was to find a way across the ocean to India. When it was ascertained that the New World lay in the path, the object was to discover a north-west passage. Henry VII., in 1497, sent out John Cabot, the Italian, with six ships to the north. Newfoundland was the first discovery, whence they reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but returned to England, having formed no settlement. Some abortive attempts were subsequently made by English merchants to colonize, but the first actual fixture on the soil was made by France.

Francis I. of France, sent Giovanni Varazano, a Florentine, with an expedition, which discovered Florida, and thence sailing back to the 50° of latitude, took formal possession of the country, and called it La Nouvelle France. The battle of Pavia in 1525, and the capture of Francis, paralyzed French discovery, but the cod fishery at Newfoundland, which so early as 1517 had ships engaged in it from the chief naval powers of Europe, naturally fixed the European eye on the Canadian shore. Jacques Cartier, a fisherman of St. Maloes, after traversing the Gulf of St. Lawrence, returned in 1545, with a Royal commission, three large vessels, and a number of volunteers. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, so called, from its being discovered on that Saint's day, the 10th of August, anchored off Quebec, then called Stada Cona. He then went up the river in his pinnace and boats, until, on the 3d of October, he reached the island, which, from its hill, he called Mont Royal, now Montreal. In 1540, the French sent out an expedition with the Signor de Robeval, commissioned by Francis as Viceroy in Canada. The French are bad colonists, and the chief result of their settlement on the coast was to teach the use of fire-arms to the Indians in the north,—a fatal present, which resulted in the almost total extinction of those unfortunate barbarians. Quebec was founded in 1608. In fourteen years after, its population had not amounted to fifty souls.

France has been alternately the support and the scourge of Rome. At this period she was governed by Richelieu. He formed a company of clergy and laity, called the Company, composed of a hundred partners. The leading object was the conversion of the Indians to Popery; the second the fur trade, and the old dream of a passage to China. This was the most liberal of all donatives, if the King had known what he was giving away; for it conveyed the soil of Canada, with the monopoly of its trade, to the Company, on the simple acknowledgment of fealty to the sovereign, and the presentation of a crown of gold at each new accession to the throne. Under the new system,

the principles of Popery were exhibited to their usual extent, in the perpetual exclusion of *Protestants* and other heretics, and all Jews from the colony. By the peace of 1632 between England and France, a peace which as strongly marked British ignorance as French inactivity, the great provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, were ceded to France. In 1663, from the feebleness and misgovernment of the Company, the French King, by the advice of Colbert, erected the Canadas into a Royal Government, encouraged his disbanded soldiers to make settlements, and gave estates to their officers, with land under the feudal tenure to the soldiers, a form of property which still subsists. The cruelties perpetrated on the Indians, produced desperate retaliation; and to prevent surprises, the government ordered that the settlements should be concentrated; no lands being allowed to be cultivated, but such as were near each other. This accounts for the peculiar military style of the French Canadian townships, and is one of the causes why the south-west frontier has been nearly deserted, and as such constantly exposed to the encroachments of that most encroaching of all powers, the United States. In 1682, the Mississippi was descended to the sea by the French, who took nominal possession of all the countries watered by that great river, and in honour of Louis XIV., called it *Lonisiana*. For half a century the jealousies of the French and English colonists produced frequent hostilities, hostilities as obscure as they were criminal, and as worthless as they were either. But it is remarkable, as an instance of the important consequences which may arise from slight events, that those attacks on the British produced the Convention at Albany, in July, 1754, when Franklin proposed a plan for the union of the States, and the levy of men and money to resist the French. This plan was finally the basis of the Federal Union. The Seven Years' War fixed the attention of Europe once more upon Canada. In 1756, the Marquis de Montcalm, a major-general in the service, and an officer of high character, was sent out with large reinforcements. He fell on the British forts, feebly garrisoned, and unprepared to resist so powerful a force. The troops and colonists were defeated, and they returned with nearly 2000 prisoners. The French can be remarkably courteous on occasion, yet no soldiery have ever exhibited more startling instances of a sudden change from courtesy to massacre. Whether Montcalm felt himself embarrassed by the number of his prisoners, or was determined to strike terror by bloody execution, he suffered his Indian allies to fall upon those brave men, unarmed as they were, and on the faith of capitulation. The whole 2000 were murdered in cold blood. Perhaps no act of national barbarity was ever unvisited by judicial vengeance. This act cost Montcalm his life; his army, the loss of their honour, and France the loss of the Canadas for ever.

Its first fruits were to direct the eye of British Council to Canada, to rouse the national indignation to second the Government, and to enable the great Lord Chatham, then Prime Minister, to achieve the conquest of the whole of the French Colonies in North America.

In 1759, Canada was invaded in three quarters. Eight thousand men, destined for the attack on Quebec, were put under the command of the memorable Wolfe. Montcalm had about thirteen thousand men, including militia and Indians. The first attack of the British on his intrenchments at Montmorency failed, with the loss of upwards of six hundred men killed and wounded. The second daring attempt was to throw the army on the heights of Abraham above the city. The soldiers had to climb up the precipice by the shrubs and roots of trees growing amongst the rocks, and on the morning of the 13th of December, 1759, the French General was astonished by seeing the British line drawn up within sight of Quebec. Montcalm instantly advanced to the attack; he has been charged with rashness in encountering this hazard, but he was a brave soldier with a high reputation at stake, and it may be fairly questioned, if suffering himself to be enclosed within his own walls, and insulted by an inferior force, would not have tarnished his character with the suspicious and haughty Court of Versailles. He marched out instantly, without waiting for a corps of two thousand men which he had detached on observation. It is remarkable to us, who have lived in an age where artillery formed the great arm of war, that this battle was fought almost wholly without artillery, the French having but two guns, and the English but one of small calibre, which the sailors had dragged up the precipice with ropes. But the British weapon is the bayonet, and with that in their hands they never have been beaten on fair ground. Both generals exposed themselves gallantly, and both fell; Montcalm advancing at the head of a column; Wolfe advancing at the head of his grenadiers, receiving three successive wounds in the wrist, in the groin, and the mortal one in his breast. As he lay on the ground, he heard the cry, "they run, they run." "Who run?" he asked. "The French," was the answer. "Then I die contented," were his words as he expired. The battle cost the English six hundred in killed and wounded, the French fifteen hundred. This victory was followed by the capitulation of Quebec. The Peace of 1763 extinguished all the pretensions of France to Canada and Nova Scotia.

The Government of the British Colonies and Conquests has always been gentle; every privilege consistent with public quiet has been uniformly granted, and large contributions from England, in support of the local expenditure, have habitually relieved the Colonists of the heavier taxation. But in Canada this lenity was pushed to a length which has finally resulted in aliena-

tion. The first policy of any country should be to make its conquests a part of itself, to put an end to all recollections of their former state, and to make them feel that they are to be separated no more; this effect is to be produced only by a connexion in language, religion, and constitution. The British Government neglected the whole three, and the Canadians remain, French, Papists, and feudalists, to this hour. By these means they have always continued a separate people, still regarding themselves as connected with the country of the original settlers, imbibing French politics from the cradle, and retaining the hereditary antipathy to England. Violence, of course, is bad policy. But it ought to have been the part of the British Government, at the period of their conquest, to have insisted on making British law, language, and religion, paramount in the country; and all this would have been accomplished within a generation by the simple adoption of our language in all public proceedings, encouraging its use among the rising population, planting Protestant churches in the principal districts, and enuring the people to the safe, clear, and powerful operation of British law.

The British conquest was of infinite importance to the Canadas. As in every country where Britain has obtained the unquestioned supremacy, commerce, cultivation, justice, and security followed. The Canadas, while under the French government, had been proverbial for misfortune. Nothing prospered with them. France, harshly, haughtily, and ignorantly governed at home, was always the worst mother of colonies. Spain, though equally harsh, haughty, and ignorant, in some degree corrected those vices by her indolence. She left her colonies to a sleepy "Council of the Indies," who left the colonies to themselves, and requiring to know little of their condition further than they paid their annual tribute from their mines, suffered them to escape that most vexatious of all public sufferings, the vexation of perpetual experiments. But, with France, all was pernicious activity. Every new reign produced a new Minister, who had a Panacea for every State disease, who began by changing all that had been done before him, threw every thing into confusion, and left the confusion to be still more confused by his successor. One instance is equivalent to a volume. At the moment when common policy would have dictated to France the absolute necessity of supporting the credit of the colony, when the British troops were actually on their way to attack the Canadas, the provinces were left at the mercy of a Royal Intendant, named Bigot, who notoriously plundered them to the most astonishing amount; a plunder which the Court of Versailles, as if double insanity ruled the hour, actually retaliated by dishonouring the Intendant's bills, thus ruining the holders of the bills to the sum of half a million ster-

ing, and also destroying the paper currency to the amount of four millions sterling, of which four per cent. alone was ever recovered.

In 1775, a new era commenced. The American war broke out, in which the Canadas were suddenly involved. At the close of its first year, Montgomery, with a large body of the insurgents, invaded Lower Canada. The small towns, wholly unprotected and unprovided with means of defence, speedily fell into his hands, and Montreal was captured, with the chief stores and provisions of the province. A second division moved against Quebec, under Arnold. On the 8th of November he had reached Point Levi, opposite the town. If he had been enabled to cross the river in the first surprise, he must have overpowered the few troops there, and been master of Canada! But the British had, in the person of General Carleton the governor, one of those true military geniuses who are made to strike brilliant strokes in war. Carleton, while struggling with the American forces near Montreal, was informed of the extreme peril of Quebec. He knew that it was defenceless, and that the probability was that it would fall before his arrival. But he adopted the bold decision to save it if possible. He followed up the decision with masterly skill; deceived Montgomery by a movement to the rear; evaded Arnold's army, which had now passed the river; and, to the utter astonishment of the enemy and the joy of Quebec, entered the city without the loss of a man.

This exploit, and its consequences, deserve to be dwelt on as among the instances where gallantry compensates for want of force, and where the mightiest interests often turn upon the talent of the individual. With all Carleton's exertions, the state of the city seemed all but hopeless. He had but 350 regular troops, which, with 450 seamen, and volunteers from the people, made up but 1800 men. Arnold and Montgomery then joined their forces, and as capture by surprise was hopeless, commenced the siege. But the means of besieging were few among the native armies, and the siege was soon turned into a blockade. An American blockade in the month of December was too trying to the human frame to be patiently borne by men exposed to the terrible severity of the winter, and Montgomery, a daring soldier, determined to put an end to the enterprise at once, by either defeat or victory. On the morning of the 31st of December he advanced in silence, at the head of a column, to attempt the citadel by assault. Darkness and a heavy snow-storm concealed his approach. He reached the passage leading to the gate of the fortress unobserved. But there he was challenged by a sentinel, the alarm was instantly spread through the garrison. They crowded to the scene of conflict, and a tremendous fire was opened from the heavy guns, which completely commanded the passage, where the Americans stood thick and

crowding, without being able either to advance or retreat. The groans and cries of those unfortunate men told how heavily they suffered. At length the groans sunk, the cannon and musquetry ceased to fire, and the garrison waited under arms for the dawn to show them with what enemy they had been contending in the darkness of this dreadful night, and what other enemy they had still to encounter. At the tardy day-break of the Canadian Christmas, they could see nothing but an expanse of snow; the storm had continued to fall during the night, and the dead were covered by this one vast winding sheet. On removing the snow, the fallen Americans were found, and among them Montgomery, who had died sword in hand. This failure finished the siege. The Americans withdrew to some distance, kept up the semblance of a blockade, and finally, in May, withdrew.

The Americans for two years made repeated attacks on Canada; they almost universally returned with disgrace. A frontier of 1300 miles long could not be protected by the handful of British troops in the Canadas, amounting to scarcely 4000 men, nor by the Canadian militia, scattered among the little towns of a wilderness, extending as far as from Paris to Moscow, and as unpeopled as a Russian desert. The Americans, of course, took some of the defenceless towns, but all their invasions finally concluded in defeat, and in a glad escape across the St. Lawrence. It was the misfortune of the Canadas that at this period they were put into the hands of General Sir George Prevost, an officer who seemed to think that no battle should be fought where there was a chance of opposition, and that to carry his troops safe off the field was the chief business of a general. Sir George Prevost's last display, where, at the head of eleven thousand men,—troops trained under Wellington, and accustomed to see the veterans of France fly before them,—he retreated from the front of an American post, garrisoned by but fifteen hundred regulars, settled the public opinion upon the subject. Sir George was shortly after ordered to return home, but before the affairs of his governorship could be brought before the public he died. The naval war in its commencement was unlucky on the part of England. By the most singular oversight no preparation was made by the British naval authorities to blockade the American harbours on the breaking out of hostilities. In consequence, their cruisers escaped to make havoc amongst the British merchantmen. Several of the British frigates were taken, but the wonder was at an end when the inequality of force was known, the Americans habitually rating their vessels below the truth. Thus, the nominal thirty gun frigate generally carried ten or a dozen guns above the number, while the forty-eight gun frigate, in size, strength, and guns was little less than a British sixty-four. But when this most disingenuous contrivance was discovered

the natural remedy was applied. Heavier frigates were sent from the British ports, the American cruisers were chased into their harbours, and the action of the Shannon and Chesapeake, in which the former captured her antagonist in eleven minutes, and captured her by boarding, settled the question of the true superiority.

In touching on this great subject, some slight notice of the soil and climate may naturally be expected. So far as it is ascertained, the geological structure of Upper Canada exhibits a granite country, accompanied with calcareous rocks of a soft texture, and in horizontal strata. That the whole country has been subjected to violent physical convulsions, it is evident from the singular contortions of the rivers, and the immense chasms found in the mountains, from the indications of volcanic eruptions, and the vast masses of rocks on the surface having the appearance of vitrification. Earthquakes are rare, but have been terrible. An earthquake, in 1663, convulsed Quebec and the surrounding country to an extent of 600 miles by 300. Thus an extent of 180,000 square miles, or about three times the size of Great Britain was heaved up at once; such are the measureless powers of nature. The quantity of good soil in Canada is proportionate to that of any other country of the globe, and it is remarkable, that the best lands are those on which the hardest pieces of timber are found, such as the oak and maple, &c. The soil in some places is singularly fertile. Fifty bushels of wheat an acre are a frequent produce. In some instances even a hundred bushels have been produced. The country to the west of Lake Superior, which has been called the *fag end* of the world, has been yet nearly untried. It is supposed to be dreary and wild, an alternation of swamp and sand, the winter excessive; strong whiskey is frozen to the consistence of honey. But the summers, like those of all northern regions are often intensely hot. When man is once settled there, the wilderness itself will undergo a change, the swamps will be drained, the sands covered with corn. With these changes the climate itself will be changed. With iron, coals, and man, all things may be accomplished in any country of the globe. The soil of Upper Canada is chiefly composed of brown clay and loam, intermixed with marl; iron, copper, and coal, are to be found, with all the other common minerals of Europe. It is conceived that the entire of Upper Canada has, subsequently to the deluge, been one great lake, in which the mountains were islands. The waters of the lakes themselves have been evidently subsiding within human memory, and though there seems to be a provision, as has been already remarked, for their perpetual existence, yet there seems to be also a provision for the future increase of the population, in the increase of dry land. The climate of the Canadas, of course, varies as the country ranges from the south to

the north. As a whole, it is cold, but the sky is clear, the sun bright even in winter, and the air healthy. In the north of Lower Canada, snow begins in November, but seldom continues long on the ground till December, when the actual winter begins, and the snow, several feet deep, remains on the ground nearly till May. The degree of frost, during this period is starting to our European ears. Its usual range for the four months from December, is from 25 to 32 *below zero*, or 64 below the freezing point. Twenty is the average. In 1790, Mercury froze at Quebec. The lime-stone rocks are often split by the frost. During the peculiarly cold nights, the forests groan and crack with the expansion of their vessels, as if they were cutting down by innumerable axes. But on a change of wind to the southward, the weather is overcast, the atmosphere becomes damp, fog and snow follow, and the thermometer rises. Yet such is the elasticity of man, that this season, which would seem to put an end to all human occupation, and even to be fatal to human life, is the grand holiday of Canada. Every man prepares his sleigh or cariole; all business is at an end, and amusement, or rather amusements of every kind, become the great business of life. Friends who have not seen each other for the half-year before, now renew their intercourse. Balls and dinners follow in rapid succession. Pic-nic parties are given in all directions. The snow-storm may block them up, but it renews the face of the country with a fresh covering, and those sons and daughters of gaiety fly at full speed over an unobstructed landscape, with a delight actually enhanced by the severity of the season. But travelling over the rivers and lakes is sometimes hazardous. Even in the severest frost, there are weak places to be occasionally found in the ice, which the moment they are touched by the sleigh give way, and carry down the horse, the vehicle, and all that it contains. In general, however, those weak places are of small size, and if a moment is allowed, the driver jumps on the strong ice, seizes the rope, which, in contemplation of such accidents, is round every horse's neck, and drags him from the water. It is a curious fact, that the established way of escape on those occasions, is to begin by strangling the horse. As soon as the noose is drawn tight and his windpipe thus stopped, the horse becomes motionless, floats on his side, and is easily dragged to the solid ice, where, on the noose being opened, respiration soon returns, and the horse in a few minutes is galloping away as spiritedly as ever, while if he had been suffered to struggle, he would only have exhausted himself and finally sunk. This accident and this recovery has been known to occur so much as three times a day to the same horse. But travelling on the frozen lakes is more dangerous still, from vast rifts which run from side to side, from one to six feet broad. The drivers,

when they see no other mode of passing, sometimes make the desperate attempt to bring up the horse at full gallop, and leap across, sleigh and all. A slip here is all but inevitable ruin. A still more formidable danger, however, arises from the snow-storm. A snow-fall is often accompanied by a furious gale of wind, which, while the air is filled with the snow, covers all tracks, obliterates all land marks, and leaves the traveller helpless and bewildered in the midst of a new formed desert.

About once in ten years the St. Lawrence is completely frozen across at Quebec. This is an event of peculiar rejoicing. Booths are erected, a fair is held, sleigh races are established, and the country people bring their frozen provisions across the *pont* or ice bridge, as it is termed, in great abundance.

Provisions in the Canadas are easily preserved by the help of the frost. At the first setting in of winter, the farmer houses all his cattle, sheep and poultry, and kills all those that are for use during the ensuing six months. They are exposed to the frost for a short time, and then packed in casks with snow to preserve them from the air. When required for use, they are thawed with cold water; salt is entirely dispensed with. During April, the coming of the summer begins to be felt, and by the first week in May the snow has all disappeared in the country round Quebec. At Montreal, the disappearance is nearly three weeks earlier. From Quebec downwards, the St. Lawrence is not frozen over, but is choked with vast fragments of ice. The summer begins about the middle of May, ushered in by moderate rains; but in June, July, and August the heat suddenly increases, and at intervals becomes oppressive, the thermometer ranging from 80 to 95 in the shade; the average heat is 75. But the clearing of the country since 1818, partial as it has been, is said to have already produced a visible change in the climate in shortening the winters. On the whole, the climate is favourable to life. The air is so dry that metals rust but slightly, even on board the vessels in the lakes. Thus iron bolts are used in ship-building instead of copper. As the country becomes more populous the climate becomes milder. With the draining of the swamps, the agues naturally disappear. The peasantry are generally active, robust, and healthy; their cheeks exhibit the rose, which is so seldom to be seen out of England, and their whole appearance forms a striking contrast to the sickly physiognomy of the man of the States.

The population of Lower Canada, by the census of 1831, was for the Quebec district, 151,985; for the Montreal district, 290,050; for the Three Rivers district, 56,570. The population of Upper Canada in 1833 was 296,544, having made an increase of nearly 150,000 in ten years, an increase which is now rapid-

ly progressive by annual emigrations from England and Ireland.

The tenures of land in Lower Canada form an important feature in the general description of the country. The first French settlers brought with them the habits of the feudal law. When the King adopted the settlement, he, as the feudal lord, granted to nobles, respectable families, and officers of his army, large tracts of land, as seignories to be held immediately from the King as fiefs, on condition of the seignors rendering homage on accession to their property. On the decease of the seignor, his eldest son takes the chateau, and if there are more than two sons, half the lands. Where there are but two, the eldest takes the chateau with two-thirds of the land. He has a portion, also, of all the fisheries on the estate, receives fines on all transfers of property, is empowered to sell timber, and in return, is generally bound to open roads for the people through his estate, and to provide mills for grinding the corn. Custom is every thing, and the *habitans*, as the French Canadians call themselves, are so much attached to this species of patriarchal dependence, that they have seldom availed themselves of the free soccage tenure, which leaves the farmer unshackled by any conditions whatever, but those of obedience to the King, and allegiance to the laws. The soccage tenure was introduced by the British conquest in 1759, from which period the British grants in Canada have amounted to seven millions of acres, while the old feudal grants amounted to the vast number of nearly eleven millions. By the Militia Act of Lower Canada, every man from 18 to 60 is liable to serve in the militia, with the usual exceptions of the clergy, physicians, schoolmasters, &c. The officers are appointed by Government. In 1827, the return of the militia was 93,000 in Lower Canada. The regular troops in both the Canadas at the commencement of the late revolt were unfortunately less than 4000 men. The return of the enrolled militia in Upper Canada was sixty regiments, amounting to about 50,000 men. The taxes are singularly light in the Canadas.

The whole revenue raised in both is about 300,000*l.* a-year, and as the population already amount to 900,000, the taxation is less than seven and six-pence a-head. The Englishman may fairly wish that he could exchange burdens with a people, who yet are pictured by their demagogues as groaning under all kinds of grievances. In addition to this, the British Government pays directly more than 200,000*l.* a-year for troops and public works in Canada. Again, in addition to this, she taxes herself to the amount of a million and a-half a-year, in the purchase of Canadian timber, in preference to the cheaper and better material from the Baltic, for the express purpose of sustaining the com-

merce of the Canadian population. Yet all these boons go for nothing with faction. The insolence of the demagogues excited by the indolence of the most contemptible, unlucky, and un-English Cabinet that the Country has ever seen, urges the colonies into the mad attempt to separate from the mother country. The attempt has to all appearance failed, but it will be renewed, and nothing but the restoration of a vigorous government, that disdains alike to be bearded by treason and to desert loyalty, will secure the prosperity of our transatlantic empire.

The religious establishment of Canada gives a painful evidence of the national neglect of an interest, in its own nature the highest of all, and on which, even in a political point of view, the allegiance of the colonies will finally depend. The population of Lower Canada consists, by the last returns, of about 600,000 souls. Of these, about 160,000 are English and Protestants, a number increasing every hour, while that of the French Canadians makes no progress by emigration from Europe. Will it be believed that the Church of England has left all this growing population to the care, or rather to the negligence of a Bishop of Quebec, a lately appointed Bishop of Montreal, and forty clergymen, the number of churches being little more than thirty! In Upper Canada, where the population is almost wholly English and Protestant, the established clergy are also little more than forty, with two Archdeacons of Toronto and Kingston. But there are scattered through the provinces, ministers of the Presbyterian Church, with various sectarian preachers. The incomes of the established clergy are miserable, scarcely exceeding from 50*l.* to 130*l.* each. The two archdeacons have 300*l.* each, about the earnings of a thriving carpenter. The Romish Establishment stands in striking contrast, whether as to number or revenue. The Romish Bishop of Lower Canada has two coadjutor-bishops under him, four vicars-general, and about two hundred rectors and vicars. The Romish clergy receive the twenty-sixth part of all the grain raised by the Roman Catholics. Their incomes average 300*l.* a year, which, when we are to remember that they have no families to maintain, no widows to provide for, and no children to educate, places them at full six times the income of the Protestant clergyman. The bishop's income arises from some lands, and from 1000*l.* a-year actually paid by the English Government; in fact, a direct premium upon what that Government pronounces and believes to be a corrupt and unscriptural religion. In Upper Canada the same extraordinary principle is pursued. The Romish priesthood are salaried to the amount of 50*l.* each; and their bishop at Toronto receives a pension of 500*l.* a year! We can scarcely wonder that Protestantism, thus neglected, should suffer, or that the Government which, for political objects, thus short-sightedly and criminally lends its aid to the

support of what in all its most solemn acts it declares to be a superstition, should see its vigour thrown away, its best intentions repelled, and all its efforts to sustain the rights and interests of England in those vast regions met by ill-success, discontent, and rebellion. We would not hurt a hair of the head of any man for his religion, but it is the first duty of an enlightened government, as of an honest one, to scorn the false aid that may be given to policy by the compromise of truth. Let the Romish priesthood receive the tithes, and the dues which their congregations are in the habit of paying to them. But a British Protestant Government *cannot* contribute to the religion of Rome without a great national crime.

The constitution of the colonies, at all times a matter of high consideration, becomes now doubly so, from its forming the direct ground of charge against the British Government. The original French constitution was that of France, despotic; the Governor and his Council were the disposers of every thing. Soon after the British conquest a constitution was given, in 1774, fixing the boundaries of Canada, and appointing a Governor, with a Council of not less than seventeen, with power to frame laws, but *not* to lay on taxes. The English criminal law was introduced, providing, however, that in all controverted matters, recourse should be had to the old French Canadian law, and securing all its privileges to the Romish religion in the province. By an improvement of this constitution in 1791, called Lord Grenville's Act, the Canadas were divided into the Upper and Lower provinces. Lower Canada was subjected to a Governor, and *Executive* Council of eleven members, appointed by the Crown, similar to the British Privy Council—a *Legislative* Council, appointed by mandamus from the Crown, forming the Second Estate, and now amounting to thirty-four—and a *Representative* Assembly, or Third Estate, consisting of members for the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the counties. Thus, the Provincial Legislature consists of the Sovereign, acting by the Governor and Council, of the Legislative Council of thirty-four, and the House of Assembly of eighty-eight persons, elected for four years by electors possessing property to the value of forty shillings sterling, in the towns to the yearly value of 5*l.*, or paying rent to the amount of 10*l.* Among the eighty electors about nine-tenths are proprietors of the soil. The Governor, in the name of the Sovereign, has the right of assembling, proroguing, and dissolving the two Houses; which must be called together at least once a year. The Assembly is empowered to make laws for the order and peace of the provinces. He gives the royal sanction to the bills of the two Houses, or withholds it for the sanction of the Sovereign.

In Upper Canada the Government since 1791 has been also administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, Exe-

cutive and Legislative Councils, and a House of Representatives. The Executive consisting of six members chosen by the crown. The Governor of Lower Canada is Governor-general of the British colonies in North America, and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces.

Of the source of the late disturbances but little now requires to be said. The leaders have shown that their claims for additional privileges, and their complaints of British injuries, were nothing more than the common pretexts of a gang of scoundrels for rebellion. They were determined to make the experiment of a separation from England, that they might make themselves the holders of all power, raise fortunes out of the plunder of Government and people, and establish their own gross, insolent, and criminal authority as robbers, governors, and *presidents* of the new Union. The recklessness and villany of this design encountered without hesitation the certainty of a vast effusion of civil blood; the ruin of thousands of families; and the more than probable seizure of the whole country, in the moment of its exhaustion, by that most grasping of all governments, the United States. But what was all this hideous prospect to the glory of Mr. Papineau, a patriot, who has shown himself a poltroon on the first occasion; has deserted the wretched people whom he inflamed into revolt, and if not already seized by tardy justice, and hanging one th first tree as a warning to his fellow-traitors, is probably skulking in the United States. The history of agitation in Canada is the counterpart of agitation in Ireland. Every day fabricated its grievance. Conciliation was foolishly practised, until grievance-making was an established trade. Every characterless vagabond, every bankrupt, every briefless barrister out of a population overloaded with lawyers,—for in the Canadas there are no less than nearly 500,—endeavouring to live by litigation when they can, and by patriotism when they cannot, started in the trade. They obtained a factious majority in the House of Assembly. Their first grievance was the independence of the Legislative Council. This, which had been, like the House of Peers, intended as a check on the hasty misrule of the Lower House, they insisted on making *elective*; just as the Radicals insist on making the House of Peers elective, and for the same purpose of revolution. They next demanded an unconditional control over the revenues, a part of which was originally Crown property. This demand was giddily conceded, without providing for the salaries of public functionaries, the Governor, the judges, and others essential to public order. The fruit of this folly was, that, immediately after, the Government was compelled to pay those persons by a loan from the military chest, a loan which the Papineau party of course laughed at, and refused to discharge.

But the greater evil was in the increased insolence

of the pretended patriots, who, finding that the more they asked, the more they got, commenced a constant system of demand, until the Government was actually rendered a cipher, and M. Papineau was the virtual master of Lower Canada. The true difficulty, at last, was to find a plausible grievance. But falsehood was no longer required. With the inflation of conscious power, the insolence of the conspirators became boundless, and it was publicly and universally declared that the subjection of the Canadas to the mother country was altogether an intolerable burden, that the model of the Republic within sight was the one thing desirable, and that England herself was the *grievance*.

How was it that this language was endured at home! that the ruffians who used it were not brought to trial and punished, and that the equal ruffians who abetted it in England were not thrown into the hands of the Attorney-General for the same purpose? Is it possible to conceive that men calling themselves British Ministers should have endured this gross and infamous language, alike indecent to the feelings and hazardous to the rights of England? And all this merely to secure the assistance of a faction, whose offal ought to have long since fattened the dogs and kites. But this language has been heard, remains unpunished, and is repeated in great tumultuous assemblages of ruffians, who boast of bearding the Government. In the very hour when the Queen's Governors in the Canadas are offering rewards for the punishment of Papineau, Brown, and others, their partisans in this country are proclaiming them patriots. In the moment when General Brown, a fugitive and a scoundrel like the rest, issues his manifesto, distinctly stating that the object of Papineau and his tribe is to throw off the sovereignty of England, we have his partisans here talking afresh of his *grievances*, the "lawful demands" of the armed populace, and the "peaceful agitation" of the conspiracy. Nay, at the moment when the rebellion is up in arms, when the loyal troops are fired on, and the loyal subjects of the Queen are assassinated in cold blood, we have a pampered faction, in total and criminal defiance of the laws, spouting treason before the nation.

And are we not entitled also to demand, why the revolt, so fully known to have been in preparation, was so little prepared for? Why, in the immediate prospect of rebellion, the two vast provinces of the Canadas were left to a handful of troops scarcely sufficient for the garrison of Quebec? Why, in short, the royal authority in this great colony, and with it the lives and properties of so many thousand British settlers, was left to the merest chance of instant ruin? The meeting of Parliament will give our representatives the opportunity of asking those questions. Lord Glenelg must be compelled to give a reason for a conduct which has all the appearance of the most measureless, unaccountable, and unjustifiable neglect. But whatever may be the weak-

chained us; and with something of the like satisfaction and indolence of this most inactive of all ministers, the evil and the punishment too must be followed higher. What must be the spirit of a Cabinet to which the despatches of Lord Gosford, garbled as they are, coloured by the feebleness of that noble Radical and contemptible Governor, and evidently taking but the shallowest possible view of the subject, could not stir to at least the semblance of decision? Lord John Russell's declarations and resolutions were, in effect, declaratory of nothing but the frivolity of a Cabinet perplexed by the necessity of disavowing a cause while they flattered its supporters. But why were not those grave resolutions sent to Canada in the same fleet with the troops which were to see them obeyed? Why was the legislature to be pledged to formal declarations, which were to be laughed at by the rebels, and laughed at with impunity? These are questions which, if the representatives of the nation will ask with firmness, must be answered; or if those representatives will not ask, will be asked of the representatives themselves. But are the Canadas saved yet? Perhaps for the moment, by the single accident of having two vigorous soldiers in the Canadas. But if Sir John Colborne and Sir Francis Head had been killed in the first outbreak, and the Government had devolved on the energies (!) of a Lord Gosford, or any one of that trifling, temporizing, and *liberalizing* school, where would the standard of rebellion be waving now? This system *must* be borne no longer. We must, at last, have a Cabinet which has some other notions of duty than court dinners, and of dignity than the receipt of wages. Let the Melbournes and Russells lament over their lost salaries as they will, we must have neither a Papineau Cabinet in the colonies, nor an O'Connell Cabinet at home.

From the Monthly Review.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. VI.
London: Murray. 1837.

Some of our remarkably wise contemporaries have, in the course of the issue of these volumes, complained of a want of philosophic generalization on Mr. Lockhart's part; and said, that unless he supplies this defect—unless he extracts from the vast mass of elucidatory particulars which have been entrusted to him, or of which he has been personally cognizant, some grand, leading, and instructive principles, illustrative of genius, as well as to constitute within a narrow space a looking-glass, as it were, to Scott's entire character, a true key to his history, his failure as a biographer will be signal. Now, without tarrying to inquire what may be intended by the pompous terms used by those who

lay claim to profound discrimination of character, or who would indicate to others the course that should be adopted in treating of such an illustrious subject as Sir Walter Scott, it appears to us, that plain, correct, and modest thinkers deem it sufficient if the written history of a celebrated man disclose, in natural and regular, but condensed succession, a fair and full assemblage of his sayings, doings, and habits—showing, at the same time, in what manner circumstances, both public and private, affected him, or were affected by him, how the age set its stamp upon him, and how he, on the other hand, impressed his image upon his age, so that when his life has been accurately and widely promulgated, it may be calculated to effect the great purposes which examples and models are destined to accomplish. According to the view thus taken, we hold that the work, of which the Sixth Volume is before us, has never been excelled—whether the multitude of illustrative facts and documents be considered, or the individual emphasis of each be weighed. In saying this, the share which the biographer has performed may, in one sense, be termed of secondary importance; because if ever there was a subject so self-illustrative, or who has bequeathed a magnificent cabinet of personal archives to posterity, it has been the Great Magician of the North. So multifarious and multitudinous, indeed, have been his works, his autobiographical notices, his interchanges of social communications with mankind, the anecdotes and the facts promulgated concerning him, that the greatest difficulty, perhaps, which Mr. Lockhart has had to encounter has arisen from the very abundance of materials referred to. It is easy to conceive that a deep anxiety to perform the duties which the memory of Scott imposed, as well as those required by the world and posterity at the hands of Mr. Lockhart, have frequently perplexed his judgment in regard to selection of facts and of evidence; not that these facts or this evidence were ever contradictory, but lest he should not do the most perfect justice to the parties who so solemnly pressed their claims upon him. Without, however, affecting to decide how much has been owing to the biographer's talent and judgment, or to the unparalleled fund of which he has had the command, we pronounce his *Life of Scott* as one of the most satisfactory, interesting, and instructive biographies that has ever been published: and if this conclusion has been deliberately arrived at, previous to the appearance of the present volume, with redoubted confidence and heartiness of feeling do we pronounce the sentence now. Never, indeed, in reading the most animating, exalting, or affecting of Scott's tales have we been more deeply absorbed and impressed than after the perusal of this the Sixth Volume. In truth, it has been with something like the same engrossing anxiety, admiration, and breathless emotion that a grand tragedy has created, that the present drama of actual life has

that we would receive the prolongation of such a represented tragedy by first-rate performers on the boards of a theatrical stage, and the postponement of its denouement, have we received the prefixed notice to the present portion of the Life, that every succeeding month has brought the biographer some accession of materials, so that one volume more than was originally contemplated, forming the Seventh, will be requisite to complete the work.

We feel that it is impossible by any preliminary observations to convey any tolerable idea of the varied and absorbing interest which the contents of the present volume are capable of communicating. Nay, we find it difficult to fix on any principle of analysis or selection to impart a proper conception of any one of the diversified traits of character, or of the numerous vicissitudes which are here explained and represented. It is true that an immense deal has been made publicly known heretofore concerning Scott and the eventful period embraced by the volume now under consideration; but regarding no other part of his life has Mr. Lockhart's publication so greatly surpassed the testimonies previously existing as in this, chiefly because a diary kept and left by Sir Walter himself has been copiously introduced and illustrated. In fact, but for the revelations of this diary it would never have been known to his most intimate friends, or even to his own children, what struggles it cost him, what hopes, fears, agonies, consolations, and triumphs, crowded a portion of his life—the triumphs over disaster, over his own temper, to the attainment of a lofty serenity of mind, constituting one of the grandest, most impressive, and gratifying spectacles that ever has been displayed. How nobly does his good common sense, his honour and his genius stand out in their united and inseparable form from the whole of this volume!—and how gratefully, we may almost exclaim, should we regard the darkest and most disastrous periods of Scott's fate; for without these passages never would posterity have appreciated the nobility of his character, or had such a rare example of perseverance, integrity, and achievement bequeathed to it! To be sure, as Lockhart has it, "He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect:

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

The marriage of Sir Walter's eldest son, took place early in 1825. At this period all was externally promising and splendid, although danger and ruin were near. We quote a letter quite characteristic of its writer, which refers to the time in question.

"Edinburg, 24th January, 1825.

"My dear Lady Davy,

"As I know the kind interest which you take in your very sincere friend and Scotch cousin, I think you will like to hear that my eldest hope, who, not many years ago, was too bashful to accept your offered salute, and procured me the happiness of a kiss on his account,

besides that which I always claim on my own, has, as he has grown older, learned a little better how such favours are to be estimated. In a word, Walter, then an awkward boy, has now turned out a smart young fellow, with good manners, and a fine figure, if a father may judge, standing well with the Horse-Guards, and much master of the scientific part of his profession, retaining at the same time much of the simple honesty of his original character, though now travelled and acquainted with courts and camps. Some one of these good qualities, I know not which, or whether it were the united force of the whole, and particularly his proficiency in the attack of strong places, has acquired him the affection and hand of a very sweet and pretty Mrs. Anne Page, who is here as yet known by the name of Miss Jobson of Lochore, which she exchanges next week for that of Mrs. Scott of Abbotsford. It would seem some old flirtation betwixt Walter and her had hung on both their minds, for at the conclusion of a Christmas party we learned the pretty heiress had determined to sing the old tune of—

'Mount and go—mount and make you ready,
Mount and go, and be a soldier's lady.'

Though her fortune be considerable, the favours of the public will enable me to make such settlements as her friends think very adequate. The only impediment has been the poor mother (a highland lady of great worth and integrity), who could not brook parting with the sole object of her care and attention, to resign her to the vicissitudes of a military life, while I necessarily refused to let my son sink into a mere fox-hunting, muirfowl-shooting squire. She has at length been obliged to acquiesce rather than consent—her friends and counsellors being clear-sighted enough to see that her daughter's happiness could scarce be promoted by compelling the girl to break off a mutual attachment, and a match with a young lieutenant of hussars, sure of having a troop very soon, with a good estate in reversion, and as handsome a fellow as ever put his foot in a stirrup. So they succeeded in bringing matters to a bearing, although old Papa has practised the 'profane and unprofitable art of poem-making'—and the younger wears a pair of formidable mustachios. They are to be quiet at Abbotsford for a few days, and then they go to town to make their necessary purchases of carriage, and so forth; they are to be at my old friend, Miss Dumergue's, and will scarcely see any one; but as I think you will like to call on my dear little Jane. I am sure she will see you, and I know you will be kind and indulgent to her. Here is a long letter when I only meant a line. I think they will be in London about the end of February, or beginning of March. and go from thence to Ireland, Walter's leave of absence being short. My kindest compliments to Sir Humphry, and pray acquaint him of this change in our family, which opens to me another vista in the dark distance of futurity, which, unless the lady had what Sir Hugh Evans calls *good gifts*, could scarce other wise have happened during my lifetime—at least without either imprudence on Walter's part, or restriction of habits of hospitality and comfort on my own.—Al ways, dear Lady Davy, your affectionate and respectful friend and cousin,

WALTER SCOTT."

We must hurry over a great number of curious particulars connected with the progress of several of Scott's literary labours, and among these the history of the project of Constable's Miscellany, the origin of

a style of publication and a genus of works that will figure in the records of civilization and popular knowledge. Scott's excursions to Ireland, of which his biographer has preserved some elegant as well as amusing notes, would of itself deserve the consideration of an entire volume. The numerous letters everywhere interspersed, the anecdotes, and the accounts of very many interviews with distinguished persons, are as playful, shrewd or touching as any that the world ever saw. But how awakened to fear and sorrow does the heart become as the commercial crisis of 1825 is approached, when, in consequence of having dealt in sheaves of Accommodation Bills, the house of Constable, as well that of Ballantyne and Co., were crushed, Scott all along entrusting his interests and name almost blindfolded to adventurers or those who proceeded on an unsafe principle of trade; and in a manner miraculous for a man of such sound sense, knowledge of mankind, and punctual habits—hardly ever setting his mind firmly to the task and duty of obtaining a thorough acquaintance with the condition of those with whose fortunes his own were inseparable.

Passing over much that is arresting, we come to that part of the present volume where the Diary first appears, and from which the biographer has, in the exercise of a considerate discretion, extracted what must form the principal source of what we are about to quote. A more precious autobiographical record surely has never been read—the manliness, the candour, the virtue, which pervade the whole being beyond measure beautiful. We quote part of the very first entry.

"*Edinburgh—November 20, 1825.*—I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting; and I have deprived my family of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such memorandum-book, by throwing out all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's Album. *Nota bene*, John Lockhart, and Anne, and I are to raise a Society for the Suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicacy. Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence!—Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment."

For the following day we read thus—"I am enamoured of my journal. I wish the zeal may last;" and soon after—"Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and

harangues about an author's works in his own house." The commercial atmosphere was beginning to become murky and troubled, so that on the 25th of November we find the following sage resolutions set down:

"I here register my purpose to practise economics. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property; so I resolve—

"No more building;

"No purchases of land, till times are quite safe;

"No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean to any extent; and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour;

"Which resolutions, with health, and my habits of industry, will make me 'sleep in spite of thunder.'"

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like Hurst and Robinson. It is just like a set of pickpockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks are knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage safely in the midst of the confusion they have excited."

Every sentence in the diary is striking and, in some respect or other, illustrative; and what is also remarkable, Scott seems through joy and sorrow, good and evil, to have persevered in noting down for every day that which was uppermost in his mind. On November 30th, he begins thus—"I am come to the time when 'those that look out of the windows shall be darkened.'" He speaks also of his lameness becoming more inconvenient, and says his "mental vestments are none of the newest." But he consoles himself by adding that his sons and Mr. Lockhart, whom we once heard him mention as a son also, "though of later birth, yet not less endeared," are so active and handsome, that while they enjoy these blessings, he can hardly be said to want them. Lockhart, about the very period we are now speaking of, removed to London; for on the 5th of December an entry in the Diary says—"This morning Lockhart and Sophia left us early, and without leave-taking; when I rose at eight o'clock, they were *gone*. This was very right. I hate red eyes and blowing of noses."

Family happiness and the ties of relationship were finely appreciated by Sir Walter. Change of domestic circumstances, and the events inseparable from the advance of years, one may be sure were frequent themes of reflection to him. Here is a specimen of his solitary thoughts in regard to such points.

"Dined quiet with Lady S—— and Anne. Anne is practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as her's leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, made, and always have made the most pleasing impression upon me. And so if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God bless her."

"I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family. My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife—and of good hopes in his profession;—my second, with a good deal of talent, and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose. Anne, an honest, downright, good Scots lass, in whom I could only wish to correct a spirit of satire; and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him, and whom he has chosen. But my dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes is, I fear, frail in health—though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on—it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which, before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor Major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men, save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness of the powers of retention which now annoys me, and he, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and good-night Sir Walter about sixty.—I care not, if I leave my name unstained, and my family properly settled—*Sat est vicisse.*"

As was the case throughout Scott's life, we find him, at the critical period upon which we are now dwelling, liberal with his purse and influence in behalf of the destitute and the deserving. He appears to have been heavily taxed by the impudent as well as the unfortunate. Here are some notices that show some of the annoyances of the sort alluded to, which, no doubt, he was, for many years, subjected to.

"Answered two letters—one answer to a schoolboy, who writes himself Captain of Giggleswick School (a most imposing title), entreating the youngster not to commence editor of a magazine to be entitled the Yorkshire Muffin, I think, at seventeen years old—second, to a soldier of the 79th, showing why I cannot oblige him by getting his discharge, and exhorting him rather to bear with the wickedness and profanity of the service, than take the very precarious step of desertion. This is the old receipt of Durandarte—*Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards;* and I suppose the correspondents will think I have been too busy in offering my counsel where I was asked for assistance.

"A third rogue writes to tell me—rather of the latest, if the matter was of consequence—that he approves of the first three volumes of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, but totally condemns the fourth. Doubtless he thinks his opinion worth the sevenpence sterling which his letter costs. However, an author should be reasonably well pleased when three-fourths of his work are acceptable to the reader. The knave demands of me, in a postscript, to get back the sword of Sir William Wallace from England, where it was carried from Dumbarton Castle. I am not Master-General of the Ordnance, that I know. It was wrong, however, to take away that, and Mons. Meg. If I go to London this spring, I will renew my negotiation with the Great Duke for recovery of Mons. Meg."

"How to make a critic.—A sly rogue, sheltering himself under the generic name of Mr. Campbell, requested of me, through the penny-post, the loan of 50*l.* for two years, having an impulse, as he said, to make this demand. As I felt no corresponding impulse, I begged

to decline a demand which might have been as reasonably made by any Campbell on earth; and another impulse has determined the man of fifty pounds to send me anonymous abuse of my works, and temper, and selfish disposition. The severity of the joke lies in 14*d.* for postage, to avoid which, his next epistle shall go back to the clerks of the Post-Office, as not for Sir W.—S.—. How the severe rogue would be disappointed, if he knew I never looked at more than the first and last lines of his satirical effusion! When I first saw that a literary profession was to be my fate, I endeavoured by all efforts of stoicism to divest myself of that irritable degree of sensibility—or, to speak plainly, of vanity—which makes the poetical race miserable and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for praise and for compliments I have always endeavoured to keep down."

On the 15th of December, he says,—"I am determined not to stand mine host to all Scotland and England, as I have done." He begins also to complain of forgetfulness overtaking him in regard to little appointments connected with social life; and utters some touching sentiments about a tremor of the head, "the pulsation of which becomes painfully sensible—a disposition to causeless alarm." Were there not some inscrutable forebodings of evil allied to all this? Let us see what is said on the 18th December.

"Poor T. S. called again yesterday. Through his incoherent, miserable tale, I could see that he had exhausted each access to credit, and yet fondly imagines that, bereft of all his accustomed indulgences, he can work with a literary zeal unknown to his happier days. I hope he may labour enough to gain the mere support of his family. For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such scours, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

'Fountain heads, and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves.'

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, i. e. write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation:

'While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side
goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.'

It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

"What a life mine has been!—half-educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pierced again; but the crack will remain

till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pith of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news shall come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends would look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all, all is in the balance."

"All is in the balance." But hopes revived once or twice after this. On the 22nd of the same month, we find him upon Woodstock, and saying,—"I wrote six of my close pages yesterday, which is about twenty-four pages in print. What is more, I think it comes off twangingly." Scott must have husbanded his paper well. The sir of *Bonnie Dundee* running in his head, was soon written out, which also served to show the elasticity of his mind, as well as the buoyancy of his fitful hopes. Even when he knew, early in 1836, that his pecuniary loss to a considerable amount, by the pressure and disarrangement of the times, was certain, he seems to have remained undisturbed, or at least,

without any manifest struggle, to have instantly accommodated his mind to the alteration in his circumstances, for he says on the 3d of January—"All is for the best. When I returned, signed a bond for 10,000*l.* which will disencumber me of all pressing claims; when I get forward Woodstock and Nap. there will be 12,000*l.* and upwards, and I hope to add 3,000*l.* against this time next year, or the devil must hold the dice." The sacrifice which had been made by signing the above-mentioned bond, was however but as a drop in the bucket, which was to deluge the most popular author of the age.

"*Edinburgh, January 16.*—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see. Dined with the Skenes.

"*January 17.*—James Ballantyne this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologised for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the *preses*. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrario digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum cæteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not not feel despondent. I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth; all advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations; so does John Gibson, and so I resolve to do. My wife and daughter are gloomy, but yet patient.

"*January 18.*—He that sleeps too long in the morning let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were over; but the worst is over. The Bank of Scotland has behaved very well; expressing a resolution to serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost; but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but linger it out."

The house of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., for some time longer persisted in saying that they would pay everybody in full. We need not detail how different was the result, nor how Constable and Ballantyne were affected by that result. It is to the wonderful picture which Scott, from the moment that he found himself penniless and deep in debt, in consequence of his engagements with those parties, exhibits to the world that we have to call attention.

At the very time that tidings of the most calamitous nature, in a pecuniary point of view, were coming in thick succession upon Sir Walter, he was daily at his pen, and performing many active offices of public and private life. We find him on the 19th of January recording that he had finished what would amount to about twenty printed pages of Woodstock—that "a

painful scene after dinner, and another after supper," had occurred, "endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures (his wife and daughter, of course,) that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour." He, in the same entry ejaculates "Heigho!"—at which one can the less wonder, when it is mentioned that to satisfy a friend he had to give a sitting to a portrait-painter, a species of endurance which, in a former part of the volume, he describes as having been always exceedingly irksome to him. How well he disguised his own sufferings, how great those sufferings of mind were, how magnanimously he accommodated himself to his new lot, must ever engage admiration.

On January 20th he writes—"Indifferent night—very bilious." On the 21st—"Susannah, in Tristram Shandy, thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure trouble and vexation are not. The watches of the night press wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations." And more at length on the 22nd—

"I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad—news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!—There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill luck: *i. e.*—If I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Bony may both go to the paper maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad,

'And lay my bones far from the *Twined*.'

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was—neither low-spirited nor *distrailed*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

"Poor Mr. Pole, the harper, sent to offer me 500*l.* or 600*l.*, probably his all. There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

"I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching, which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine; those would have been mourners indeed.

"Well—exertion—exertion. O, Invention, rouse thy-

self! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he too might be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public. I have a funeral letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society, when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill at the meeting, and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never rose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place I shall appear at. He dead and I ruined.—This is what you call a meeting."

Scott felt and said that public favour was now his only lottery; and something told him that his evil genius would not overwhelm him if he stood by himself. He knew he had no enemies, and he found that he had many constant attached friends. The offers, indeed, that were made him in the way of pecuniary assistance were numerous, some of them magnificent. One anonymous munificent offer was made him of 30,000*l.* which, like every other, he rejected. "A penny," he declared, "I will not borrow from any one." An arrangement with his creditors, by which he might obtain time to pay to the uttermost farthing, the enormous sum that he was answerable for, was all that he asked, and which he was determined to fulfil, or die in the struggle. The thing was granted pretty much to his satisfaction. For on the 26th of January he writes:—

"Gibson comes with a joyful face, announcing that the creditors had unanimously agreed to a private trust. This is handsome and confidential, and must warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape. I will not doubt—to doubt is to lose. Sir William Forbes took the chair, and behaved, as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship. The House is more deeply concerned than most. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together—desperate and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, drinking matches, and finally, with the kindest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring manner within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. Down—down—a hundred thoughts.

"I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I remember some of the wild Buccaneers, in their impiety, succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches, and burning brimstone and assafoetida, to make a tolerable imitation of *hell*—but the pirate's *heaven* was a wretched affair. It is one of the worst things about this system of ours that it is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure."

On the 30th he says—"I laboured fairly yesterday. The stream rose fast—if clearly is another question."

but there is bulk for it, at least—about thirty printed pages.

‘And now again, boys, to the oar.’”

On the 31st of the same month he writes,—

“There being nothing in the roll this morning, I stay at home from the Court, and add another day’s perfect labour to Woodstock, which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose by a succession of petty interruptions. I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich indeed, but always more a burden than a comfort. I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. I sleep and eat, and work as I was wont; and if I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, Time must save that sore, and to Time I trust it.

“Since the 14th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house, save G. H. Gordon one morning at breakfast. This happened never before since I had a house of my own. But I have played Abou Hassan long enough, and if the Caliph comes I would turn him back again.”

This Mr. Gordon was at the time Scott’s amanuensis. The simplicity and self-encouraging manner with which he notes his gradual settling into a regular and comfortable state of feeling, are remarkable proofs of the resolution of his mind and the perfect mastery he had obtained over himself and many of the maxims prevalent in high life. How striking it is to hear him on the 3d of February saying—“This is the first time since my troubles that I felt at waking—

‘I had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.’”

Again February 5th—

“Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bile or any thing to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

‘I think the Romans call it stoicism.’

“Missie was in the drawing room, and overheard William Clerk and me laughing excessively at some bobery or other in the back room to her no small surprise, which she did not keep to herself. But do people suppose that he was less sorry for his poor sister, or for my lost fortune? If I have a very strong passion in the world, it is *pride*, and that never hinged upon world’s gear, which was always with me—Light come, light go.”

A letter written at a date somewhat prior to that referred to in our last extracts may conveniently be introduced now, to show in what manner Scott justified his

conduct in relation to his commercial dealings, and how calmly he resolved for the future.

“Edinburgh, January 20, 1836.

“My dear Lockhart,

“I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio furi*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements—(the better thing almost of the two)—to make good all claims upon Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst and Co. nor Constable and Co. ever pay me a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for 20,000*l.* more—or 2000*l.*—or 200*l.* I have advanced enough already to pay other people’s debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don’t hint this to him, poor fellow—it is an infirmity of nature.

“I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

“It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connexion with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better; excluded from the bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague’s prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but 600*l.* for the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and—it was a price that made men’s hair stand on end—1000*l.* for Marmion. I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable’s assurance of his own and his correspondent’s stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst and Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15*s.* in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable’s house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain: yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year’s income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

“I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own—for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *can*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of 30,000*l.*, which I rejected as I did every other. Unless I die, I

shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'éclat*; but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at Woodstock like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best—it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song, and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship.—Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT."

Still, circumstances in themselves trivial when compared with the first rush of ruin, were frequently occurring, which seem to have cost Scott severe pangs. One of these is noticed when he mentions that a ticket is affixed to his town house, intimating that it is for sale. All the furniture, too, was to go, and a "hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with all the happier years of my life." The day for leaving the same domicile arrives, which obtains this entry:

"I have hinted in these notes that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits, with a fluttering of the heart and depression of spirits, just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture, the stripping of walls of pictures, and rooms of ornaments; the leaving of a house we have so long called our home, is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind it, and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday, not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recusant spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces. There lie letters which made the heart throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting—as are perhaps their writers. Riddles which have been read—schemes which time has destroyed or brought to maturity—memorials of friendships and enmities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my Journal as poor Byron did to Moore—"D—n it, Tom, don't be poetical."

A darker species of distress than the loss of wealth begins to cloud the diary; his wife's last illness becoming alarming.

"May 4.—On visiting Lady Scott's sick-room this morning I found her suffering, and I doubt if she knew

me. Yet, after breakfast, she seemed serene and composed. The worst is, she will not speak out about the symptoms under which she labours. Sad, sad work; I am under the most melancholy apprehension, for what constitution can hold out under these continued and wasting attacks. My niece, Anne Scott, a prudent, sensible, and kind young woman, arrived to-day, having come down to assist us in our distress from so far as Cheltenham.

"May 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. I fear the disease is too deeply entwined with the principles of life. Still labouring at this Review, without heart or spirits to finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach to myself in vain.

'Are these things then necessities?

Then let us meet them like necessities.'

"She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but the yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look at it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. My mind goes back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolutions which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were her's for thirty years. I suspect they will be here yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze carmine and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

"May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes, as dead. Clarkson, however, has no fear of these afflictions.

"May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the eternal world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the

flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is penitent and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if any thing touches me, the choking sensation. I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me and said, with a sort of smile, ‘You all have such melancholy faces.’ These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said—when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

“They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of conjugal happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!”

The only other entry we can find room for has at its head—“Edinburgh—Mrs. Brown’s Lodgings, North St., David Street,” and runs in these terms:—

“I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

“Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, ‘When I was at home I was in a better place;’ I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie’s consolation—‘One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one.’ Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy—a clergyman; and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.”

The passages which we have now abruptly strung together, although taken from a comparatively restricted portion of the volume, must have impressed every one who reads them with a conviction that scarcely or never has there been laid open to public view a more noble and imperishable spectacle of human character. We miss only one trait, or rather, we wish it had been more prominently exhibited, which would have rendered the picture faultless. We wish that the hero, who was so great amid the storms and buffetings of adversity, had set us behold him firmly standing, and repeatedly

acknowledging that his footing was on the Rock of Ages.

After his wife’s death Scott rallied wonderfully and worked incessantly. He cheerfully undertook labour which, at one time, it would have been thought an insult to offer him, or to suppose he could stoop to. He gets 25*l.* from Blackwood for Malachi’s Letters, and 10*l.* from the same publisher for a Magazine article. To be sure, Scott says—“Time was I would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings; and I, with many depending on me, must do the best I can with my time; God help me.” Though the issue of his incessant labour is well known, we may mention that the present volume concludes not gloomily, but with an exceedingly amusing description of his visit to Paris, in search of matter for the Life of Napoleon. On his return to Edinburgh he resumed his arduous labours, in a furnished house superior to Mrs. Brown’s, where his daughter Anne was his inseparable companion.

From the Monthly Review.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Pringle. London: Moxon. 1837.

Many volumes have been filled with the records of lives that were not half so worthy of commemoration as that of Thomas Pringle; and many writers have assumed for their volumes some promising and dignified title, such as professes to communicate all that ought to be known concerning the lives of distinguished persons, which have not been half so well executed as the present effort which is modestly called a Sketch. We have been so deeply moved by the subject before us, and by the manner in which it is treated, that we are resolved to afford to our readers such a view as ought to induce many to gratify and improve themselves by a complete and frequent perusal of the whole.

Poor Pringle’s history is one indeed which in a singular degree exhibits the combination of literary talents and humanity, and the influence which the former of these excellences may be made to exert over the interests of civilization, and the glory of a great nation. At the same time seldom has there occurred a more beautiful instance of literature and moral purity lending to each other reciprocal charms, or of the extent to which a humble individual’s labours may reach when directed by high principles, and constantly towards the attainment of great and beneficent ends.

The subject of the present Sketch was born on the 5th of January, 1789, and was the third child of a numerous family. His ancestors were respectable farmers on the Scottish Border; and to all who are in

the least acquainted with the class so designated, it is unnecessary to say more for the purpose of conveying a very high idea of intelligence and moral worth. While but a few months old he was so unfortunate as to meet with an accident that dislocated the hip-joint of his right limb; and from the fact being concealed by the nurse for a length of time the injury was never reduced. He grew up, however, a resolute as well as a reflecting boy; as Mr. Ritchie says, the useless limb which he was destined to drag laboriously about for the rest of his life, serving as a check and a memento; and often when his youthful glee was at its highest, sending his thoughts back to himself. Even when but a boy his piety was remarkable, his old nurse saying, that she frequently found him, at that period of his years, on his knees engaged in fervent prayer.

In spite of the serious and permanent damage done to his limb, he became so accustomed to his crutches as to rival the activity of those who had no such defect to overcome, loving adventure and pursuing it with no ordinary success. To such a boy, however, the loss of an excellent mother, when he was only six years of age, must have been a peculiar calamity. Yet he ever retained a lively and most fond recollection of her, as may be gathered from the following lines in a poem called the "Autumnal Excursion," which we copy.

"And when that gentlest human friend
No more her anxious eye could bend
On me, by young affliction prest
More close to her maternal breast,
I deem'd she still beheld afar
My sorrows from some peaceful star;
In slumber heard her faintly speak,
And felt her kiss upon my cheek."

Pringle's earliest and favourite amusement, says the Memoir, were gardening, fishing, and working with mechanical tools. "In the last-mentioned employment he exhibited considerable dexterity; and the same natural turn which enabled him to construct a fishing-rod out of a crutch, found exercise, in after years, in supplying his lonely African hut with at least substitutes for the conveniences of civilized life. Books, however, were his grand resource—fairy tales, ghost stories, narratives of adventure and vicissitude, but especially of battles. 'O that I had a book full of battles!' cried he; and his old nurse, delighted that she could gratify the taste of her darling, and at the same time insinuate divinity, hastened to put into his hands Bunyan's 'Holy War.'

When about fourteen years of age he was sent to the grammar school of Kelso, and three years later to the University of Edinburgh. A boy of his own age, now the Rev. Robert Story, minister of Rosneath on the Clyde, was his fellow student and lodger while at college; where, in spite of the temptations of a great and gay city, they regularly performed those religious services which they had been accustomed to see ob-

served at home, taking the duty alternately, and on the Sabbath opening no book that was not of a religious character.

"Among the remembrances of the first evening we spent together," says Mr. Story,

"It may deserve notice, that, on comparing our attainments in literature, he mentioned with peculiar delight, Park's 'Travels' and Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' quoting that fine passage in the latter which ends with the line,

'And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuzko fell.'

It must have seemed very unlikely, at that time, that a young man suffering from incurable lameness should become a traveller; but the congenial enthusiasm which the adventures of the African traveller awakened in his mind, peculiarly fitted him for assisting in laying the foundations of a new colony in the wilds of Southern Africa; while, in his admiration of Campbell's verse, may be traced the germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression, which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life.

"My first impressions of his mind and heart," continues this same friend, "were deepened by every opportunity I had during a long friendship and confidential intercourse with him. His warmth of affection, his ingenuousness, and his integrity were, at the very commencement of our fellowship, as truly revealed to me in his sayings and doings, as if I had known him for years. There was such a reality in the beautiful *morale* of his nature, that conveyed to you at once the impression of his being worthy of confidence and love. When at college, he was of studious habits, and attended diligently to the duties of his different classes; and although he did not make a brilliant figure, his appearance was altogether respectable, when examined by the Professor. He did not, however, although studious, extend, as he might have done, his classical knowledge. His readings during the hours not engaged in the preparation of the lessons of the day, consisted chiefly in the belles lettres of his mother tongue. He was much more conversant with English poetry and criticism at the time than students of his standing generally were; and he had not been many months in town (Edinburgh), before he assisted in organizing a small weekly club, where his general attainments were available, either himself producing, or in criticising, an essay in prose or in verse, written by the members in turn."

We shall not follow Pringle's academical or literary history while in Edinburgh with any degree of minuteness. Suffice it to say that his intercourse with men of letters became extended, that he accustomed himself to composition in poetry as well as prose, that he wrote many fugitive pieces, and that before deciding upon a profession for life, a clerkship under his Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records of Scotland was obtained by him, which seemed to have superseded the thought of any other regular employment. The mechanical drudgery of such an office as that to which he had attainment could not however be congenial with the taste of a mind like that of Thomas Pringle. Accordingly, we find him filling up any leisure time he could command, devoting himself to the study of English elegant literature, or in gen-

fyng a passionate love of nature and rural scenery which the environs of Auld Reekie so abundantly offer. At length he became the editor of a newspaper, but first of one magazine and then another,—one of them afterwards falling into other hands, and becoming Blackwood's, a periodical that has since made no small stir. Neither of these undertakings proved profitable to Pringle, nor did his other small publications bring him much "solid pudding." His struggles and his irritations, were disheartening; nor did he behold anything that was cheering except what arose from his alliance to an excellent woman, the daughter of Mr. William Brown, an East Lothian farmer; the advantages of his marriage resided, however, as it would appear, in her virtues, not in her purse. His salary under the Record Commissioners was unequal to his demands which his situation imposed upon him; he was now a man of thirty years of age; and what was he to do? We find him in 1819 writing thus—"I have already incumbrances on my shoulders which threaten every day to become heavier, and at last to overwhelm me in hopeless debt. Now this is a state of life the most intolerable than can well be imagined, and which one must experience fully to estimate. It paralyses the very blood and heart of man; and I cannot and will not endure it, while a prospect remains of extricating myself by any exertion or sacrifice that can be made with honour and a good conscience." The memoir proceeds—

"The other members of his father's house were at this moment suffering, in like manner the vicissitudes of life; and it is no wonder that the thoughts of a man like Pringle, while meditating an escape for himself from so harassing a situation, should have been busy, at the same time, with the fate of those who were so dear to him. A plan at length suggested itself, which, as regarded himself, his fancy painted *coulour de rose*, and which was irresistibly tempting, from the means it offered of re-uniting in one society the scattered members of the family. This was emigration. Southern Africa was fixed upon as their new country; application made, through Scott, to Lord Melville for a grant of land for his father and brother; and, with a promptitude which characterized all his operations, the affair was brought to a conclusion, and the party prepared to cross the ocean in search of that competence and independence which adverse circumstances had denied to them at home.

"It may be proper here to notice, that I had two distinct objects in view in emigrating to the Cape. One of these was to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, my father's family, which untoward circumstances had broken up and begun to scatter over the world. To accomplish this, emigration to a new colony was indispensable. My father had been a respectable Roxburgshire farmer; and all his sons (five in number) had been bred to the same profession, except myself. The change of times, however, and the loss of capital, had completely overclouded their prospects in our native country; and, therefore, when the Government scheme of colonizing the unoccupied territory at the Cape was promulgated,

I called their attention to that colony, and offered to accompany them, should they determine to proceed there as settlers. After maturely weighing the advantages of the Cape, as compared with other British colonies, they made their election, and empowered me to apply on their behalf to the Colonial Department. As it was required by the Government plan that every party should comprise at least ten adult males, one family related to my wife, and two or three other respectable individuals, were associated with us. And thus our little band of twenty-four souls was made; consisting of twelve men, including three farm servants, six women and six children."

Pringle's views with respect to his new situation were different from those entertained by the rest of his relatives, who looked to agricultural pursuits. He trusted to obtain, through the recommendation of powerful friends, some colonial appointment for which his education and habits might be supposed suitable; and, therefore, invested with the direction of a most interesting little band of emigrants, he embarked in February, 1820, for the Cape of Good Hope.

Seldom have we perused anything more touching and instructive than the account which Mr. Ritchie has been enabled to collect of the progress of this little band after they set foot upon the African soil; but especially of the services, the exertions, the disappointments of the immediate subject of the Memoir. Happy for vast numbers of mankind, however, and signally conducive to the honour of this country, ought it ever to be pronounced, that Thomas Pringle, the Border farmer's son, the lame but enthusiastic adventurer, was destined to emigrate, to be unfortunate in another quarter of the globe, and to feel himself obliged to return to his native land in order to labour for his bread. But before tracing hastily his career when in Africa, let us quote some painful but just preliminary observations offered by the biographer.

"The Cape of Good Hope, at this period, was in a state which most colonies have had to pass through at one time or other. All civilized nations have possessed themselves of the country of uncivilized nations, in pretty nearly the same manner. Wherever christian foot has been planted on barbarous ground, there has been blood, and burning, and terror, and despair. To extend the moral, as well as physical dominion of the parent country, was never dreamed of. To introduce her language and her arts into two regions; to bring the wanderers of the desert into her towns and temples; to barter for territory the inestimable blessings of education; to turn the howling wilderness into a garden, and lure its savage inhabitants into the social pale, these were projects too mighty, and too noble, to enter into the thick skull, and turbid brain, of a conqueror. To win the land from its naked and almost unarmed masters by the treachery of a coward, or the violence of a ruffian, and to inspire these far Gentile nations with a hatred and horror of the very name of Christ—such has been the usual process of colonization. Its results have been in many cases the extirpation of the natives, either by the sword or the distilled poisons of civilized man; and the substitution in their stead of a European race

almost as ignorant and barbarous, loaded with the execrations of the just, and withering under the curse of the Almighty.

"But, in such colonies as the Cape, where from the vast extent of the country, and the number and force of the inhabitants, extirpation *cannot* take place, these consequences go a little further, or at least continue a little longer. A territorial line is drawn round the conquests of the white man, and the coloured men are forced, or swindled, into an acknowledgment of its authority. But this conventional line has the miraculous property of extending itself gradually as the power and number of the settlers increase; and hence many 'untoward events' arise. The natives, finding themselves elbowed further and further into the desert, by this enchanted boundary, turn round in fury; and the colonists, surprised and indignant, defend themselves from their unjustifiable attacks. From land, they come to quarrel about other kinds of property. They steal one another's cattle, and one another's wives and children. The coloured men, being turned out of their haunts, and chased away to the wilderness like wild beasts, acquire the habits of wild beasts. They spring upon the whites when they are able, or come down at night in wolfish packs upon their huts or villages; and the whites, on their part, hunt their coloured brethren with dogs and guns, and shoot them down like game. No further back, for instance, than November, 1829, an expedition returning unsuccessful in their search after a horde of Bushmen, near the Sack river, at the Cape, wreaked their ire upon a friendly tribe, of whom they shot seven individuals; and soon after, observing a Bushwoman lying asleep beside the path, their magnanimous captain fired at and killed her. 'And the party rode on, without considering the matter worthy even of a passing remark.'

"In this state of affairs, it may be conceived that the whites cast an anxious eye sometimes far beyond the ideal boundary. At the Cape, two dispossessed tribes of north-eastern Caffres, vanquished in their own savage wars, appeared for a moment within thirty or forty miles of the English frontier; but, turning away, established themselves on the solitary banks of the Umtata river, two hundred and fifty miles distant, where they built their huts and located their families. To this secluded spot, surrounded by deserts, they, the wandering Caffres, who had probably never seen a European face—were followed by BARRISH TROOPS, and *extirpated*; butchered in cold blood, without resistance it is said, and to the number of twenty thousand souls! But this, the reader will say, is a story of the olden time; of that iron age in which ignorance and barbarity prevailed to such an extent, that scarcely even a chronicle was produced to record the acted horrors of the period. He is mistaken. The white infant who was born on that day has scarcely yet learned to read his bible, and say his prayers at his mother's knee before going to bed. The massacre took place in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight."

It was Mr. Pringle, perhaps, beyond every other person who brought to light these horrors, and it was to him in a great degree that they were ordered by legislative enactments and government interference to be mitigated and avoided in future. But to the narrative. At the time when our emigrants landed at the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset was Governor, a man whose

conduct as such has been loudly and frequently condemned, and whom Mr. Ritchie inclines not to spare. It happened, however, that when the emigrants, arrived, this functionary had already sailed for England. Pringle had strong recommendations to him, obtained chiefly through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, but being marked "private," they could not be opened by a secretary.

The little party after having remained a few days at Cape Town sailed for Algoa Bay, where the settlers were to disembark to proceed to the interior. This second landing took place in the month of June. The route of the emigrants was long and exceedingly novel to such adventurers. Their vehicles were seven Dutch-African wagons, furnished by a government order, and in general driven by their owners, with a Hottentot boy running before, to conduct the leaders of the team of ten or twelve oxen. For eight days they continued to wander through the desert, guarded by large fires at night against wild beasts, whose cries they heard in the distance. After spending two agreeable days at a military post on the Great Fish River, they resumed their journey through a "howling wilderness," haunted by banditti as well as wild beasts. Their route lay through the valley of the River of Baboons; and in the upper part of this valley they were to find their location, consisting of lands forfeited by certain Dutch boers, who had risen in insurrection against the English government. Of the latter portion of their progress, Pringle writes thus—

"It were tedious to relate the difficulties, perils, and adventures, which we encountered in our toilsome march of *five days* up this African glen:—to tell of our pioneering labours with the hatchet, the pick-axe, the crowbar, and the sledge-hammer,—and the lashing of the poor oxen, to force them on (sometimes twenty or thirty in one team) through such a track as no English reader can form any adequate conception of. In the upper part of the valley we were occupied two entire days in thus hewing our way through a rugged defile now called Eildon-cleugh, scarcely three miles in extent. At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes—the breaking down of two wagons and the partial damage of others—we got through the last *poort* of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. 'And now, mynheer,' said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, '*daar leg uwe veld*.'—'there lies your country.'"

This secluded and distant spot received the name of Glen-Lynden, which is now its official designation, the paternity of which title will easily be traced. Here the Scottish settlers commenced the usual operations for such adventurers in such a situation. Poor Pringle, being physician, surgeon, religious instructor and officiating minister, as well as civil and military chief. He soon became sufficiently acquainted with Dutch to render himself useful to his Dutch-African neighbours—neighbours of thirty or forty miles; and the know-

ledge which he also obtained in the language spoken by the Hottentots enabled him to become familiar with many things concerning them, and to interest himself successfully in their behalf. But we must refer our readers to the "Narrative," which he himself published, for a full account of his residence in Africa, and to the Memoir before us; the former of which works having opened the eyes of Englishmen to the enormities which had been practised by the colonial government, and the latter not less strikingly showing how poor Pringle engaged in the service of humanity.

On the return of Lord Charles Somerset to the colony, towards the close of 1821, Pringle obtained the librarianship of the government library at Cape Town. He seems also to have contemplated certain literary undertakings, which might serve the interests of civilization, humanity, and intelligence; and the expected arrival of a commission of inquiry, which was to take cognizance of the moral and educational condition of the colony, as well as of its political and judicial features, could not fail to arouse his hopes and his benevolent purposes. But the publications which he originated, and the active measures which he pursued to diffuse useful knowledge and enlightened ideas, could not be endured by the Governor; and Pringle was in effect driven out of Africa, to push his fortune elsewhere, and even to endeavour to start anew in life. The following paragraphs will afford some striking notices concerning his services during the few years that he resided in the colony.

"He was one of the originators of the great measure next to the political emancipation of the Hottentots, namely, their establishment as independent occupiers of land. His paper, given in to the Commissioners in 1823, was entitled 'Hints of a plan for defending the Eastern frontier of the Colony by a settlement of Hottentots.'

"I may also state, that, while acting as secretary, in 1823-4, to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Settlers in Albany, he was one of the most active members of that meritorious body. His own party, however, although included in the district, neither applied for, nor consented to receive, any portion of the relief fund. I have more than once been struck, while writing these pages, with the important uses to which literary talents may be turned, when directed by good feelings; and on this occasion I find Pringle, although, perhaps, the very poorest of the Society, contributing the most important donation of the whole. This was in the form of a pamphlet, entitled 'Some account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa,' which he sent for publication to London. The result of these united efforts was the collection of 7000*l.* from England and India, besides 3000*l.* raised in the colony.

"'Ruined in circumstances and in prospects, but sound in conscience and in character,' says Mr. Conder, Mr. Pringle began to prepare seriously for returning to England; prior to which he resolved on an excursion to the eastern frontier, to see once more his relatives at Glen-Lynden. There he had the pure satisfaction of seeing the little colony he had assisted in planting, in

tolerably prosperous circumstances. 'Under the blessing of Providence,' he says, 'its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of health, competence, and peace.' Out of the twenty-three souls who had accompanied him to Glen-Lynden, he records, fourteen years after, that there had occurred only a single death, and that was owing to the accidental bursting of a gun; while by births alone, exclusive of new settlers, who had joined them, they had more than doubled their number. 'On the whole,' piously remarks Mr. Pringle, in concluding his interesting narrative, 'I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prosperity of my father's house, and in many respects as regards my own career in life, that His good providence directed our emigrant course fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa.'"

Pringle arrived in London in July of 1826, accompanied by his wife and her sister, Miss Brown, a faithful companion in all their wanderings and sufferings. His losses and consequent liabilities at the Cape amounted to one thousand pounds; but then he had made himself be known as the champion of the oppressed. Was it not reasonable to hope, that the clear claims he had to compensation on account of the tyranny of the Governor should in some measure be attended to? Such a hope, however, proved fallacious. Even independently of the usage he had sustained at the hands of a confidential minister of a great empire, his conduct, attested by the local magistrates, at the head of a band of respectable settlers, and the valuable and voluminous information which he had furnished to the Commissioners of Inquiry, and of which the government at home was sufficiently sensible, should have found for him due consideration. The reverse, as already hinted, was the case. His interference, however, in the affairs of the Cape, were not to be without its results; for it led to his being appointed Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, he as well as it having no slight hand in the Great Abolition Measure.

"To that cause his energies of body and mind were devoted; and here again is afforded a remarkable instance of the all-pervading influence of literature. Had he been a mere secretary, his efforts, however praiseworthy, would have been comparatively unimportant. But as it was, he contrived to introduce a portion of his own enthusiasm into the press. I well remember his zeal on this most important point; and I do not speak of it merely with reference to myself, the humblest of his literary friends. Yet let me not be supposed to underrate the power of even the most frivolous public writer. The influence of the press is by no means confined to politics and literature. The fugitive essay—the occasional poem—the 'novel of the season'—are each a powerful engine in the formation or direction of opinion, and not the less powerful that their operation is unnoticed or unseen."

This is a due tribute to the triumphs of pure literature, and it comes from one who has extensively and

in various shapes lent an efficient hand to such noble ends.

The present sketch contains a number of testimonies by such men as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, &c. of the character and importance of Pringle's services in the great question of Abolition. These we have not room for; neither can we find space for the account of the various personal labours which he used in behalf of individuals of the African race and others. We hasten towards the close of his career. It is remarkable that his death and the accomplishment of that which has been the main object of his life, may be said to have been coeval.

"On the 27th of June, 1834, a document was published signed 'Thomas Pringle,' reciting the Act of Abolition, ascribing the honour of the triumph to the Almighty, and calling upon all persons interested in the cause to devote the approaching first of August—the appointed day of manumission—to His service and praise. This was the conclusion of his labours. The best years of his life, the highest energies of his mind, had not been sacrificed in vain. Nature and humanity had triumphed; and he had himself been the organ of declaring to the people that, while rejoicing in their success, the labourers in the holy cause disclaimed the merit, laying down their human pride at the footstool of the God of mercy.

"On the following day he was seized with the illness which terminated his life."

Pringle's last illness was a lingering consumption, during which sanguine hopes were entertained that it would not be fatal; and he was still a poor man. In a letter dated July 29th, 1834, he writes to a friend in these terms:—

"I am sorry to say that my prospects for the future are more than ever dark and clouded. I have got within these few days an unfavourable reply from Mr. Spring Rice, in regard to my application for an appointment at the Cape. He says, that as great reductions are now making there, those reduced from the government service must have a preferable claim; so that that prospect seems to be shut. Many of the persons who will thus have a preference to me, were amongst the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice seems, even under a Whig administration, to operate rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise. In fact, how can it be otherwise—so long as the under-secretaries and clerks are still the persons who determine most of the Colonial appointments, who were put in office by Lord Bathurst, and who, to this hour, act as far as they can on the wretched system of his administration? Spring Rice with the best intentions, coming new into office, must necessarily draw his information from such prejudiced and polluted sources—and thus things go on year after year.

"If I had now a few hundred pounds I would go out to the Caffre frontier, and buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances for ever. Perfect quiet and happiness and leisure is not, I know, to be found

in this world; but if the choice must be between utter seclusion, and struggling for subsistence by the exhausting and precarious wages of literary labour, I have no hesitation in preferring the latter—if the latter were in my power—which unhappily it is not.

"But enough of self. After all, I have no doubt that what befalls us (if not by our own fault) is ever for the best; and in that belief, and in a firm trust of God's good providence, I will endeavour to find consolation."

Nothing could be done, or at least nothing was done by the liberal government for Pringle in regard to his plans and wishes about the Cape, either in the way of an appointment or grant of land. Still he prepared for his voyage thither, a measure which became like one between life and death, for his medical advisers declared it necessary for him to resort without delay to a milder climate. But this was not to be.

"The day of sailing was postponed from time to time till at length the severer symptoms of the disease manifested themselves, and he was advised to abide the issue at home. His work was done; his stewardship was expired; and the hour had come when he was to be called to his account. That hour, I most firmly believe, few men have ever been better prepared to meet.

"In addition to the other symptoms of his disease, diarrhoea now supervened, which his weakened constitution was unable to resist. The result soon became certain; and, with the same resolution, the same collectedness of spirit, which he had exhibited as the champion of humanity, and the defender of the rights of the press, he set himself to prepare for the great change. His good deeds, if he had ever prided himself upon them at all, he threw off, like a robe fit only to the present world; resting his 'sure and certain hope' upon the merits of the Saviour. The Bible was his companion by day and by night; and, when exhausted nature sunk into slumber, he would start in the midst, crying, 'Give me my book—I am losing time!'"

The Rev. J. Macdonald thus writes:—

"I happened to be in Scotland when the attack came on, and thus did not see him until the last week of his life, but it was a rich consolation for me to find the state of mind in which he lay. His soul seemed quite detached from all earthly things, and quite unwilling to think of them. He acknowledged the wisdom, righteousness, and grace of the Lord in so chastising him; and seemed happy to trace the various steps of that painful yet gracious process by which the Lord had humbled him. His strain was thanksgiving. Two nights before his death, though reduced to a ghastly skeleton, he desired to sing some verses of a psalm with me; and on my proposing to substitute a brief exposition of the 103d Psalm, as that we usually sing at our communion, I shall never forget the affectingly sweet expression with which he assented.

"He spoke much of Christ as his only hope, and seemed to have a peculiar pleasure in whatever I said about his glorious righteousness; and I do firmly believe that he fell asleep in the Lord. I held his hand as he expired, which he had held out to me, with the almost inaudible articulation of 'Farewell!' There were throbings, and a little restlessness, but no struggles—'he gently died.'"

We must add the following observations by his biographer:—

"The death of Thomas Pringle drew forth an expression of affectionate regret in every civilized country in the world, where the English language is spoken. In British India, in America, in Africa, the feeling was the same; and to the credit of human nature be it related, that even his adversaries joined in lamenting when dead the man they had striven against when living."

"One of the gentlest yet firmest, one of the humblest yet most high-minded of human beings, the character of Thomas Pringle was made up of qualities, which excite in equal proportions affection and respect. With him benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. He did not *indulge* in doing good; but his humanity, being under the strict control of his judgment, he refuted practically the doctrines of that philosophy which refers even our best actions to selfishness. He was warm and steady in his attachments; but though he would have risked his life for his friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious, but not of those devotees who 'crucify their countenances.' Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly, and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb,

"Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a *whiter* soul than thine!"

It should have been mentioned before, that Z. Macaulay, Buxton, and other affluent members of the Anti-Slavery Society, as soon as they became acquainted with poor Pringle's views relative to the Cape, and the narrowness of his circumstances, zealously set about raising an ample fund for his outfit and passage, together with that of his wife and her sister; and that attempts were contemplated for his advantage on a larger scale, after he should sail. We must, after alluding to these two ladies, insert a touching and tenderly handled subject, which does Mr. Ritchie much honour. We can hardly suppose that the appeal will be in vain.

"I trust it would be felt as an unpardonable omission by the reader, if I closed this chapter without saying some words on the present condition and prospects of the bereaved widow and her sister. There is no common grief, such as may be forgotten in a little time, or soothed by the consolation of friends. The wife did not merely lose her husband, or the sister her brother. At one blow the occupation of their minds was gone; their habits were broken off; their thoughts were choked up in their accustomed channel; the connexion was severed which bound them to the business of the world; or, thinking so long in his thoughts, feeling in his feelings, hoping in his hopes, sorrowing in his sorrows, living in his life, the earth became to them a new country when he died.

"The two ladies at present have an annuity between them, purchased chiefly by some anti-slavery friends, of twenty pounds a-year. It is a painful and a delicate subject, and I cannot dwell upon it; but this is the whole worldly fortune of these estimable women.

"At the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Delegates in London, a striking and affecting circumstance occurred. A want seemed to be felt—an association was broken off which had to be looked for. Where was that unwearied pen, which had prepared even the minutest details of business for examination? Where that

ready minister, who had been wont to prompt and anticipate their wishes? The thought of Pringle arose in every heart; and several of the Delegates stood up to pronounce the name of their lost Secretary. The widow, too, was mentioned—and the necessity, the duty of caring for her. These words, I trust, will not be lost. They will be repeated, I trust, in their own homes, in their own social circles, in their own provinces, and the words will ripen into deeds. But all this is uncertain; and the very subsistence of the objects of our solicitude depends upon a contingency.

"Pringle's claims were virtually allowed by Earl Bathurst; and they were distinctly admitted by Mr. Spring Rice, since he stated the reasons (unconnected with the merits of the application) *why* it was impossible to give him either a grant of land, or a public employment at the Cape. Pringle, however, is now no more; and, setting aside the whole question as it related to himself, can it be denied that the widow of such a man has still a claim upon the country? Would it not be an act worthy of our young and considerate sovereign—an act pleasing alike to God and man—a noble, beautiful, and holy act to bestow a small pension upon Mrs. Pringle, to secure the living representative of departed worth from those wordly deprivations and annoyances, which unalleviated, are calculated to add many bitters to the cup of her bereavement?"

Surely when our readers peruse the extracts which we have introduced from this elegant and interesting volume, and are informed that the profits that may accrue from its sale will be for the benefit of Thomas Pringle's widow and sister-in-law, a general anxiety will prevail amongst them to be possessed of such a precious record and such a monument of philanthropy. Besides the memoir upon which we have dwelt, the volume contains the poems of the deceased, which have previously appeared in separate publications, viz. both the "Ephemeries," and the "African Sketches." These poems are characterized by elegance rather than strength; simplicity and no small share of originality also belong to them; while, without an exception, they are evidently the offspring of the heart and its spontaneous feelings. We are sure that Mr. Ritchie speaks truly when he says not a few of these pieces "will continue to fascinate the popular ear in our southern colony, as long as the English language is known at the 'Cape of Storms.'" We quote a specimen from "Afar in the Desert," a poem that Coleridge so intensely admired as to do little else for some days but to read and recite it.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;

All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
 And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
 My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
 A weary of all that is under the sun,—
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing, and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 Away—away in the Wilderness vast,
 Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink:
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye:
 But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 'A still small voice' comes through the wild
 (Like a Father consoling his fretful Child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
 Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!"

From the Retrospective Review.

Characteristic Notices of Charles II., and certain Individuals of his Court, from contemporary journals. 1660-1668.

The character and manners of Charles II., being of a kind rarely to be found in a person of his elevated rank, and offering a singular contrast to the pompous etiquette which always surrounds a throne, have attracted an unusual degree of curiosity. At a period when it was doubted whether kings actually eat,

drank, and talked like ordinary men, this inquisitive turn was productive of useful effects. The discoveries to which it led dispelled the sublime notion which people were apt to form of persons raised so high above their own level. They were thus taught to regard their chief magistrate as nothing more than one of themselves, and subject to infirmities no fewer than their own.

This knowledge enabled them to conquer the delusion which had before prevailed, and which, investing the sovereign with something like divine attributes, either prohibited public censure altogether, or rendered him invulnerable to its attacks. They are now perfectly aware, that the sovereign is not exempted from the lot of humanity; and being led to expect that a regard of his own pleasures will influence him in common with the rest of mankind, they can make suitable provisions against the operation of this sinister interest. It is at this period, however, when intelligence is no longer wanted, that we have been furnished with the most copious stores of information relating to the practices of courts; and the privacy of kings. Individuals of their own sphere have turned informers, and exposed the vices and frivolities of the governors of men. Among these the Prussian Princess Wilhemina, daughter of Frederick William, edited the world with the domestic history of her illustrious parents. The numerous memoirs that have lately issued from the French press, particularly those of the Duchess of Orleans, have admitted us as freely into the sanctuary of the Bourbons. Our own press has within the last few years, supplied us, by the publication of sundry memoirs rescued from oblivion, with much authentic information, on the same subject; although the information be now no longer wanted, even to the observers of human nature, these works still have a value above the gratification of a merely gossiping curiosity. They permit the reader to take a closer view of the subject they describe, than the means of access, which he formerly enjoyed, could have procured for him. He may thus contemplate human nature, under the operation of circumstances singularly favourable to the development of its passions.

The study of man, always interesting, is fraught in this particular instance, with results the most beneficial. It may be of service, in our dealings with our neighbours, to know the course of human passions; but of how much greater service is it in our relation to the mighty of the land, in whose hands, principally, the welfare of the community is lodged; and who, as having the greatest trust reposed in them, ought to be the most thoroughly understood. He is no friend to society who would contribute to foster any delusion, which may prevent our forming a correct view of the characters of those, whom the com-

munity has, at any time, invested with power. The writer, who surrounds his story with graces not properly belonging to it, and palms upon the world the bright conceptions of his genius for the actual personages of the drama, is guilty of an outrage upon truth, and an injury to society. The *Memoires de Grammont* have done their part to adorn profligacy, and communicate the charm of elegance to that which was, in fact, mere heartless debauchery, and worse brutality. The author of *Waverley*, at this day, appears bent upon perpetuating and even augmenting the delusion. He has drawn a picture of Charles II. *en couleur de rose*; and discountenanced virtue by recommending vice. We contemplated a comparison in detail between the fictions of these writers, and the realities contained in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. But for this we have not space. We recommend the reader, who has taken his ideas of manners from the pictures above mentioned, or of characters from Hume, to contrast his former views with those which these contemporary works will suggest. We shall content ourselves with gleanings a few characteristic notices of the most celebrated individuals of the period, without venturing too deeply into the gulf of vice and iniquity that opens to our view.

Charles II.—The character of this person is marked by peculiarities so striking, that, like his harsh ill-favoured physiognomy, it is recognised at once in every attempt at a portraiture. If, however, the additional information recently afforded us, throws no new light upon the subject, it at least enables us to inspect it more closely, and discriminate its shades more nicely. It must be remembered that the period, during which these incidental notices respecting him were registered, was the most auspicious of his life and reign. Age had not yet deprived him of the zest for enjoyment; opposition had not yet fretted his temper; loyalty was still the order of the day; and in the licentiousness of his court, men beheld only a pleasing contrast to the austerity, which had recently prevailed in the seat of government. We can easily conceive the impression his first appearance must have made upon the hearts of a people predisposed to excessive loyalty; relieved as the gaiety and airiness of his demeanour were by the gloom and solemnity of the late republican rulers. No one ever knew so well, or practised so gracefully, those little attentions that are apt to delight, beyond measure, all who are unhacknied in the ways of courts, and to inspire them with ardent attachment to the person of the monarch. It is usually held to be a prerogative of royalty, to be raised above the necessity of shewing deference or respect to the feelings of others. In this kind of consideration for his subjects Charles was not deficient, though it was respect which extended not to their persons, or their interests. His courtesy was the result neither of art, nor of benevolence. It flowed from a total freedom from kingliness, or any other description of pride or hauteur, from an easy companionable temper, and a sensitiveness of disposition, which made him almost instinctively to feel, and, feeling, to be distressed at any constraint, or unpleasant sensations, on the part of others—a tenderness strangely contrasted with his callous and cold-blooded heart. The lives of kings, who happen fortunately to be dead to the pleasures of ambition, are in general of a uniform insipidity, monotonous by reason of an established etiquette, and unfavourable to the sincere enjoyment of social pleasures. But this king's had been a life of jeopardy and adventures. He had known the extremities of good and bad fortune. He had seen various countries, and communicated with a great variety of characters. He had much to reflect upon and much to relate. The recollection of all this—the sour faces, and long prayers, and watchful jealousy of the Covenanters—the narrow escapes at Worcester—the privations and distresses of his exile—must have rendered his return to power not only a political triumph, but a source of personal enjoyment, altogether without a parallel in the history of princes. His naturally courteous deportment, rendered doubly gracious by the policy of cultivating popularity, as well as by the sun-shiny mood of mind in which he may be supposed to have been at a period of prosperity so unlooked for, were seen to advantage in his intercourse with those who flocked in shoals to his presence. Heart-expanding smiles, kind and familiar inquiries, good-natured nods of pretended recognition, and kisses of the hand repaid by cordial embraces, were, to all who partook of them, sure pledges of an auspicious reign. "They two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the king, who kissed the child very affectionately." The sight of a king at his meals has always been considered worth something; but what must have been the delight of every loyal subject then and there present, after the long privation under which the good people of England had laboured of spectacles so truly gratifying, to behold his majesty at breakfast on ship-board, eating pease, pork, and boiled beef, with a heartiness, which shewed that his preference of those marine dainties was not feigned but sincere. How many a bosom, that morning, must have been dilated with the swelling emotions of loyalty, and how many an inspiration of unalterable devotion breathed by the by-standers, as they beheld the savoury viands disappearing down his royal throat.

His alertness, too, gave great satisfaction to those who had been led to expect in him the idle habits of self-indulgence. He walked up and down the vessel, active and stirring, with a quick step, that betokened alacrity of mind and soundness of body; chatted first with this person, and then with that; and told stories

on the quarter-deck, of his adventures. At this time, his stories had an advantage, which, of course, they did not long retain, of being quite new; for it was the misfortune of Charles, as well as of his friends, that they grew old long before he grew weary of telling them. The subject of his present discourse was his escape from Worcester; and the gentle audience were disposed almost to weep at the narrative. He related, how he had travelled four days and three nights, on foot, every step up to the knees in dirt, dressed in a green coat and a pair of country breeches, with hob-nailed shoes, which lamed him so, that he was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other:—how, at one public-house, a soldier of his own regiment at Worcester made him drink the king's health; and how, at another, they made him undergo the like ceremony, in order that they might know he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was:—finally, how, when he had at length effected his passage over into France, the people of the inn at Rouen, so beggarly was his appearance, came into the room before he left it, to be sure that he had not stolen something or other.

The merit of affability and courtesy he never lost; indeed, his graver subjects were disposed to think him but too condescending. At first, he seems to have assumed a kind of gravity, as becoming the exalted state to which he had been called. Thus, he touched people for the evil, in compliance with the humour of our wise ancestors, and evinced neither nausea, nor any inclination to mirth. Afterwards, he seems to have neglected this important business of state. Another of his duties was to wash the feet of the poor, on what was called Maundy Thursday; but he generally deputed a bishop to act for him in that honourable office. On the most solemn state occasions, he could not play the king with any thing like effect. When he delivered his speeches to parliament, he seldom or never looked off the paper from which he read; and even his style of reading was hesitating and imperfect, with a frequent school-boy-like repetition of his words. If he ever attempted an extempore oration, it was invariably short, ill-expressed, and silly; often saying one thing and meaning another; then recollecting himself, and correcting what he had previously said. One day, a justice of peace repaired to Whitehall, on the occasion of a riot, which had for its object the pulling down those places. He reported his proceedings; and, speaking of the brothels, added, they were one of the grievances of the nation. To this the king answered, coldly, and with insipidity, "Why, why, do they go to them, then?" This was said like Charles; but not, to use the words of Sir W. Temple, on another occasion, "like a king." At church or chapel, he could never preserve his gravity, when the sermon happened to afford subject for merriment. He would laugh outright there, as well as elsewhere; and would dally with Madame Palmer through the curtains

that divided the royal box from that in which the ladies sat. If he saw an acquaintance, at play, in the park, or even in a state procession, he would nod to him with the easy familiarity of an equal; and if the gentleman happened to have his wife with him, and she were handsome, he would cast on the husband a glance of significant meaning.

If he could not preserve the formal solemnity, which the rules of etiquette dictated, in public, it was still less to be expected that he should observe them in private. Thus, after he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to conduct him to the park, or wherever else the gay world happened to be assembled, perhaps, if the whim took possession of him, he would call for a sculler and a pair of oars, and row himself down to Somerset House, to visit the Duchess of Richmond; and, on these occasions, if he did not find the garden door open, he would clamber over the wall. When that lady was only Mrs. Stewart, it constituted one of his prime amusements to get her, even in public, into a corner, and toy with her there, to the observation of all the company.

"Is the king below?" meaning in Mrs. Stewart's apartment, during the period of her residence at court, was the usual query of his brother and his other intimates, when they wanted to see him.

He was often met of a morning trudging home alone, and on foot, to Whitehall, on his return from some assignation, which he had been keeping on the previous night. The sentries, stationed on their various posts, used to jest upon his outgoings and in-coming to one another; and the man of business, early in his attendance at Whitehall, was often surprised to encounter his majesty, apparently a riser as early as himself.

A gay unconcern and *insouciance* distinguished his deportment on all occasions alike. At the council, he would jest instead of minding business, and play with his dog, if there happened to be nobody to jest with, or nothing to cut a joke upon. His ordinary amusements were playing at tennis, and weighing himself afterwards, to ascertain how much he had lost in weight—sauntering in the Mall, or idling away the mornings at the toilette of his favourites—dancing whole nights, and, occasionally, getting very drunk—hearing anthems in his chapel, and keeping time to the music with his head and hand—visiting the Tower of water, to inspect the arms; and the docks, to enjoy the sight of a vessel built upon a new model, or with some improvement, perhaps, of his own suggestion—going to the play, and ogling the handsome women—sitting in lack of all other amusements, gossiping with everybody and every body, telling long stories of the French and Spanish courts, and, like good old Kent, "marvelling at a curious tale in telling it."

Lady Castlemaine.—Lord Sandwich once extolled

his house-keeper's cakes, observed they were so good, that they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. The charms of her person appear to have been sensibly felt by her contemporaries. To look upon her, was a treat that compensated even for a dull play and bad performers. The dress, which she at any time wore, seemed always that which became her best. Standing one day in the open air, to see a procession of barges on the Thames, anon, says our observer, there came up to her one booted and spurred, with whom she talked awhile. And, by and by, the wind discomposing her tresses, she put on his hat, which, though but an ordinary one, became her mightily, as, indeed, every thing else did that she wore. It was strange to see her lord and her on the same spot, walking up and down, without taking the least notice of each other; only, at first entry, he put off his hat to her, which she acknowledged by a civil salute. On this occasion, there occurred an incident which betokened in her some goodness of heart. A scaffold, crowded with people, gave way, and it was feared some were injured. She alone, of all the great ladies, ran down into the throng, to see what harm had been sustained; and there she took under her protection a child that had received a slight hurt. The high spirit of this woman discovered itself at first only in amusing eccentricities. One night, the king being with her at Bath, the cook came to announce that supper could not be served up, because the chine of beef could not be roasted, the tide having risen and flooded the kitchen,—“Zounds!” exclaimed she, “set the house on fire, so it be roasted.” The Duke of Buckingham had made a private entertainment for the king and queen, to which she was not invited. “Well, much good may it do them,” said she, “and, for all that, I will be as merry as they;” and immediately she caused a great supper to be prepared. Afterwards, when her sway over the king had become despotical, and the royal slave began to grow restive, and evince symptoms of a disposition to rebel, we are treated with bursts of insolence, ebullitions of passion, and a desperate defiance of decorum and propriety. “Many brave ladies in the park to-day; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back, in her coach, asleep, with her mouth open.” Her disputes with the king, and their mutual infidelities, became, in the latter part of their intercourse, open and avowed. He would sometimes give her foul words—call her jade, that meddled with things she had no business with; a compliment she returned, by terming him a fool that allowed himself to be governed by fools. People observed to one another, how imperious this woman was; how she hectorated the king into doing whatever she pleased, and that her influence over him was not that of a mistress, for she evidently scorned him, but of a tyrant. Sometimes, he taxed her with her infidelities; to which she vouch-

safed no other answer than a slighting *puh!* with her mouth, or a threat, that she would print his letters, and expose him to the world. Her custom, on these occasions, was to leave the palace, and retire into lodgings; whence his majesty, in the course of a day or two, would prevail upon her, by some act of self-abasement, as going on his knees and acknowledging his fault, to return to Court. The very people in the streets would exclaim, “the king cannot leave town till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to go along with him.” When her women happened to quarrel, she would cause the king to interfere, and make them friends again. The Duke of York, his amours, and the subjection in which his wife held him, appear to have been standing jests with the king. Reflecting upon his brother's matrimonial servitude, he observed once to some of his intimates, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter (meaning the duke) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, who was present, said, “Sir, pray what is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or his *mistress?*” Indeed, the king had grown heartily weary of Castlemaine, and her caprices, long before he could assume courage to break the chains, with which she had bound him.

Queen Catherine—In the midst of all this courtship and gallantry passing under her very eye, the queen appears to have led an easy careless life, without troubling her head very much about the vagaries of her partner. He was civil to her; and, in the ordinary observances of the matrimonial life, an exemplary husband. She, in return, after her first disappointment had been digested at finding herself a mere appendage to the court, became discreet and tractable. She would bid Castlemaine not detain the king so long at her house, for the weather was severe, and the distance from Whitehall considerable, and his majesty was already troubled with a cold. At the period when Charles was solely occupied with courting Mrs. Stewart, she would pause a moment, before entering the apartment of the latter, who was one of her maids of honour, and by some slight cough, or other signal, make them aware of her approach. She had once, it is said, broken in upon them somewhat unseasonably. To take the air with her ladies, sit finely dressed on great occasions, dance eternally, and pay her devotions—she was a great devotee—were the ordinary amusements of Catherine of Braganza. Like the lady of Commodore Truncheon, to fancy herself about to become a mother, and amuse herself with vain hopes, was another of her recreations. The poor lady fell ill—was thought to be at the last extremity—pigeons were applied to the soles of her feet, and extreme unction administered. All the court was on tip-toe with expectations—the little Stewart's heart beat with unusual violence, and the duke's friends prayed with more than ordinary fervour, for “the queen, and all the

royal family." The crisis, however, passed over. She fell into a gentle delirium, and it was observed by those around her, how the wishes of her heart were expressed in the wanderings of her distempered fancy. She would talk of having one, two—nay, three children; only she was sorry that the boy should be so ugly. "Yet, his majesty said, no, it was a very pretty boy; and, indeed, if it was so like himself, as people said, it would be pretty, &c." On awaking, she would start, and inquire, with eagerness, "how are the children?"

The following extract presents a lively idea of the court of Charles II. in its glory; and we give it in this place, because the persons, whose characters we have been discussing, are the principal figures of the piece. There is a reality in the few descriptive touches that occur, which gives this rough sketch a value that does not always belong to delineations much more elaborate. In our opinion, it is worth a chapter of De Grammont.

"July 13th, 1663. Walking in the Pall Mall, I met the queen-mother, led by my lord St. Alban's, and hearing that the king and queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see her return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by, the king and queen, who looked in this dress (a white-laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed à la negligence) mighty pretty; and the king rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor, when she did light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, (which all took notice of,) and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's, by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which, I verily believe, is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

Lord Sandwich.—This nobleman, of a weak, and not very high principled, but amiable character, seems to have aimed at uniting, in his person, the man of pleasure and the man of business, and serving his majesty in both capacities alike. The miserable anxiety of a courtier's life is well exemplified in his history:—"O! how wretched is that poor man, who hangs on princes' favours!" He moved, apparently, up and down the court like one walking on slippery ground, and constantly in apprehension of a fall. Dependent entirely on the hold which he was able to keep of the king's mutable favour,

a smile or a frown was life or death to his hopes. To be sent for by his majesty to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, was happiness; and he professed himself glad at any time to lose fifty pounds to be so invited. We find him always calculating the chance of this person rising, or that person falling; and considering to whom he ought to adhere, whom it was his interest to abandon; with whom he stood well or ill, and upon whose friendship he would reckon on an emergency. His kindness to Lady Castlemaine, he apprehended, had brought upon him the queen's displeasure; but then, why should he fall for the sake of one, who had neither wit, management, nor interest, to hold up any one? He had brought her over from Portugal, and had, doubtless, employed his opportunity of paying court to her to advantage. But when it turned out, that she, poor lady, instead of being able to afford countenance, stood in need of some one to countenance her, my lord thought himself no longer under any obligation to stand by her against his own interests. How anxious, too, he shews himself, to fasten an obligation upon any one whom he considered a person likely to rise at court—sorry, for example, that Sir H. Bennet had declined his present of a gold cup, because that would have given him some claim upon his kind offices; whereas it was to be feared, that Sir H. had refused his gift in order to avoid any such claim. Then, there was the risk of having to reconcile opposite interests and friendships, and the difficulty of steering safely between parties to whom he was under equal obligation. Thus, when the faction of Bennet and of Lord Bristol were driving so furiously against the Chancellor, that his downfall began to be apprehended, Lord Sandwich found himself in a dilemma of the nature above described. He acknowledged that Clarendon had been his greatest friend; and, therefore, he would not join in any active measures against him; but keep aloof from both parties alike, and "passively carry himself even." For the rest of his character, he was always needy, because he never lived with compass; in religion, a lover of uniformity in church-service and discipline—otherwise, "wholly sceptical" and a gambler.

The Duke of Albemarle.—This individual retained his influence at court, for whose meridian his coarse and vulgar manners and conversation might otherwise have disqualified him, solely on the ground of his services at the Restoration. It was in this style that he would talk:—De Ruyter was bearing down upon his ship, with an evident design of giving him a broadside. "Now," says he (chewing tobacco the while,) "will this fellow come, and give me two broadsides, and then he shall run." On the contrary, De Ruyter held his to it two hours, till the duke himself was forced to retreat, and he towed off, the Dutchman staying till he had refitted his vessel. One on board observed to the

duke, "Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides." "Well," rejoined the duke, "but you shall find him run by and by." And so, indeed, he did; but not till Albemarle himself had first been made to retreat. That paragon of beauty and virtue, his wife, was equally notorious for selling every office that she could lay her hands upon, as for giving nasty dirty dinners. Albemarle fell, latterly, as low in the estimation of people, as he had once stood undeservedly high; and received one or two slights from the king, which affected him more than the loss of credit. However, he consoled himself with his bottle. "He is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with." There was a story abroad, at the time, that these two worthies being at their cups, Albemarle expressed his wonder that "Nan Hyde should have come to be Duchess of York;" "Nay," returned Troutbecke, "ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle, I will tell you a greater miracle." And what was that, but that "our dirty Bess (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle!"

Lord Chancellor Clarendon.—*Clarum et venerabile nomen*; but only one more example of the truth of that Scripture, which saith, "every man is but vanity, and a great man is a lie." His authority in government may be considered as having been quite absolute, during the first years of his administration. But it was the king's belief, that he could not dispense with his policy and services, that alone preserved his ascendancy so long. He loved the chancellor neither as a companion, nor as a friend; and grew at length, from the latter's domineering spirit, to hate him inveterately. This overweening pride on the part of Clarendon, and his assumption of superiority, together with a contempt for the judgment of others, which he was at no pains to conceal, more than all his other failings together, recommended that minister to the hearty dislike of his contemporaries. At the council board, and elsewhere, he always intimated plainly enough what he has clearly felt, that the rest of the persons present were immeasurably below him. His manner of speaking was rather that of one informing his company of something which he knew well enough himself, but of which they were entirely ignorant, than of a cabinet minister in consultation with his colleagues. The king evidently submitted to him, as a school boy to his master. Thus, when that feather-brained nobleman, Lord Bristol, was playing off some of his stage-tricks in the house of lords, and his majesty was under some apprehensions in consequence, he is described as running up and down, and to and from, the chancellor's, like a boy. Another circumstance, that excited the sinister remarks of the malevolent, was his making the king trot every day to him, when he himself, though too ill to come to council, was well enough to go a much greater dis-

tance to visit his cousin, the chief justice. Of the thralldom under which his majesty lay, we may form some conception from the ecstasy into which the court was thrown when the great seal was, at length, returned by the hands of secretary Morrice. As soon as it was brought, Baptist May, keeper of the privy purse, fell upon his knees before the king, caught him about the legs, gave him joy, and said that this was the first day they could call him King of England, now that he was freed from this great man.

Some busy meddling peer, once told the king, that the chancellor had openly declared his majesty to be a "lazy person, and unfit to govern." "Why," returned Charles, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so." Though the king replied to these, and similar intimations, which the courtiers were not backward in giving him, with his usual *sang-froid*, they did not the less rankle in his breast. The evil day at length fell upon Clarendon, and the king was at liberty to discharge his bosom of the gall, that had been so long engendering. He then spoke of him to every body, as "that insolent fellow," who would not let him have a voice at his own council-board; and he sought his ruin with such eager avidity, that every one, who was not seen to promote the same end, was openly discountenanced and marked as an enemy. That while the chancellor was so great, there was no liberty to propose any remedy to what was amiss, nor room to bring any measure about for the good of the kingdom, was a complaint universally urged against Clarendon.

Whilst the chancellor, by his lofty bearing, thus gave general and deep-rooted offence, he does not appear to have been in another respect sufficiently careful to fortify himself against the malice of those who sought his destruction. It was the opinion even of unprejudiced persons at the time, that of the numerous charges brought against Clarendon, two, but no more, were capable of being substantiated;—one, that he had taken money for several bargains that had been made with the crown, of which one instance was particularly specified; and next, that he had uttered before the king, and others, words calculated to breed in his majesty an ill opinion of parliament—that they were factious, and so forth. The notes of Mr. Pepys, to which we owe these new lights upon the characters of Clarendon and of his contemporaries, furnish us with a curious instance of that minister's grasping propensities. The narrative is highly characteristic of all the persons concerned. Lord Sandwich, to whom Mr. Pepys was a kind of humble friend, had sent for that gentleman, to have some conversation with him:

"He did begin a most solema profession of the same love and confidence in me that he ever had, and then told me what a misfortune was fallen upon him and me; in me, by a displeasure which my Lord Chancellor did shew to him last night against me, in the highest and

most passionate manner that ever man did speak, &c. And what should the business be, but that I should be forward to have the trees in Clarendon Park marked and cut down; when, God knows! I am the most innocent man in the world in it, and did nothing of myself, but barely obeyed my Lord Treasurer's warrant for the doing thereof. And said that I did most ungentlemanly-like with him, and had justified the rogues in cutting down a tree of his; and that I had sent the veriest fanatic that is in England, on purpose to nose him. All which, I did assure my Lord, was most properly false, and nothing like it true. My Lord do seem most nearly affected; partly, I believe, for me, and partly for himself. So he advised me to wait presently upon my Lord, and clear myself in the most perfect manner I can, with all submission and assurance, that I am his creature, both in this and all other things; and that I do own, that all I have is derived through my Lord Sandwich from his lordship. So, full of horror, I went and found him busy in trials of law, in his great room; and, it being sitting day, durst not stay; but went to my Lord, and told him so; whereupon he directed me to take him after dinner; and so away I home, leaving my lord mightily concerned for me. So I to my Lord Chancellor's, and there coming out, after dinner, I accosted him, telling him that I was the unhappy Pepys that had fallen into his high displeasure, and came to desire him to give me leave to make myself better understood to his lordship, assuring him of my duty and service. He answered me very pleasantly, that he was confident on the score of Lord Sandwich's character of me, &c. After all done, he himself called, "Come, Mr. Pepys, you and I will take a turn in the garden." So he was led down stairs, having the gout, and there walked with me, I think, above an hour, talking most friendly yet most cunningly. I think I did thoroughly appease him, till he thanked me for my desire and pains to satisfy him. He told me he would not direct me in any thing, that it might not be said the Lord Chancellor did labour to abuse the king; but I see what he means, and will make it my work to do him service in it. He did plainly say, that he would not direct me in any thing, for he would not put himself into the power of any man to say he did so and so; but plainly told me as if he would be glad I did something. Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the king service, for fear of the greatness of these men."

Mr. Pepys kept his promise so faithfully, and served the chancellor so ably, and yet so *discreetly*, that he won Clarendon's high regard; which that minister testified on various occasions; and particularly by *stroking him complacently on the head*, one day after a meeting of council. What a choice piece of biography is that which we have just extracted! Were all lives and all histories written with equal truth, we should know better what to think of many more Clarendons, who have been handed down to us as the most "virtuous and upright of ministers." The whole history of Clarendon's administration, as written by David Hume, teaches not so much as this single passage of an obscure and ill-written diary.

From the Retrospective Review.

The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal: divided into three parts; his Aspiring, Triumph, and Death. By Thomas Storer, Student in Christchurch. Oxford. 1599.

We hope, that the very interesting extracts from *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, which graced our last number,* have left an impression on the minds of our readers so agreeable, as to render a recurrence to the subject far from being unacceptable. The private history of every man who, during life, has fixed the eyes of the world upon his public actions, can never fail to attract the notice and rivet the attention of the curious observer of mankind. It is from Cavendish and from similar works, alone, that a true idea of the "great Cardinal" can be formed; for, during his life and after his life, so various and powerful were the interests which, on either side, distorted every truth respecting him, that it is not surprising that, up to this time, there should be much of error connected with the popular opinions of both himself and his master. The however, is matter of history, and the number of facts and details to be taken into consideration too numerous to be discussed here. The character of Wolsey is a noble subject for biography, and we regret to say, that it has not been taken up by abler hands than some of those who have already been employed upon it. The bulky life of Fiddes is a dry detail, interspersed with dull and trite remarks. Wolsey has since been much more fortunate in Mr. Galt, who, in 1812, published a quarto volume on *The Life and Administration of Wolsey*. But our business is at present with Storer's Poetry, in the time of Storer, still retained many marks of its original destination, for, when applied to matters of fact, the poet seems to have thought his duty was rather to record than to embellish; that his verse was rather intended for an assistance to the memory, than a pleasure to the imagination. We are not inclined to quarrel with this adherence to truth, but we have a right to find fault with the poet for choosing a subject in which such adherence is necessary. To write a life in verse, is merely to say that in rhyme which has much better be said in prose. The real poetry which a man can introduce into such a subject must be small, and we conceive it no recommendation of a fact, to find it wrapped up in smooth lines, which depend upon expletives for their ease; or rugged metre, which mangles the story it would relate. These poems, however, when of ancient date, and nearly contemporary composition, acquire an adacitious value; and though the lover of poetry may turn from their uncorrect measures, and coarse and even ludicrous expressions with disgust, the antiquarian and historian find their valuable assistants. They sometimes convey the feel

*Museum, Vol. III. pp. 106 and 308.

ing of the times, and, at any rate, that of a single contemporary individual; they supply new facts, or confirm old ones; and when the historian has given them up, the antiquarian hunts them for ancient customs, and the grammarian for obsolete words. We are inclined to treat the little work before us in none of these characters. In this volume, as in many others, equally neglected, we discover indications of poetical feeling, rudiments of noble images, and occasional rays of imagination. For those who, whether lovers or writers of poetry, view the world with a poetical eye, our extracts will not be without their interest. We should premise, that Storer appears to have taken all his facts from Cavendish, and this serves as a proof, if proof were wanting, of the authenticity of that work. The whole poem is divided into three parts; the first describes the rise of Wolsey, the second his prosperity, the third his fall;—Wolsey himself is supposed to be speaking from first to last.

"To thee, first sister of the learned nine,
Historian's goddess, patronesse of fame,
Entombing worthies in a living shrine,
Celestiall Clio! Clio, peerlesse dame,
My storie's truth and triumph I will frame;
My storie's simple truth, if ought remaine,
Enrich my legend with thy sacred veine.
The sad discourse of my untimely fall,
O tragique Muse, shall pierce thy sullen eares,
Melpomene! though nothing can appall
Thy heart, obdurate in contempt of feares;
My, my laments shall make thee write in teares,
If, 'mong thy scrolles of antique majestie
Thou deigne to place a Prelate's tragedie.
Perchance, the tenor of thy mourning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my toomblesse grave,
Where neither marble monument nor hearse
The passenger's attentive view may crave;
Which honors now the meanest persons have:
But well is me, where e're my ashes lie,
If one teare drop from some religious eie."

He then commences his narrative, and thus commemorates the founder of his college, Wainfleet.

"Thrice sweete remembrance of that holy man,
Reverend erector of those stately tow'nes,
That worthy college where my youth beganne
In humane artes to spend the watchfull houres,
That fruitful nursery, where heav'nly show'rs
To me, poore country-plant, such grace did yeelde,
As soon as I proved the fairest of the field."

He gives an account of the motives which led him to aspire to greatness, among which occurs that of the power of eloquence with which he found himself endowed.

"This silver tongue, me thought, was never made
With rhetoricke skill to teach each common swaine,
These deep conceits were never taught to wade
In shallow brookes, nor this aspiring vaine,
Fit to converse among the shepherd's traine:
Could not girt me, like a worthless groomme,
In courser garment woven of country loome.
First cause I saw my titles to advance—
Vertue my gentry, priesthood my descent,
Aints my allies, the Crosse my cognisance,
Angells my guard, that watcht about my tent,
Wisdomme that usher'd me where ere I went;

These are our honors, though the world withstand;
Our lands and wealth are in another land.

Yet, as through Tagus' faire transparent streames
The wandring marchant sees the sandy gold;
Or, like as Cynthia's halfe obscured beames
In silent night the pilot doth behold,
Through misty cloudes and vapors manifold;
So, through a mirror of my hop't-for gaine
I saw the treasure which I should obtaine."

When he has determined upon plunging into the world, he still finds his spirit fluctuate between his hopes and fears.

"Wolsey, are these the hopes of thy desarts?
Are these the fruits of wis? is this to know?
O vaine philosophie, and bootless artes,
Such seedes of learned ignorance to sow,
Where skilles disgrace, and wisdoms folly grow!
Grow where you list, in me your roots unknit,
A settled braine is worth a world of wit."

He contrasts the blessings of the humble life of a country clergyman, with the hollow and precarious greatness of a courtier.

"O, rather yet embrace thy private lot
With honest fame, and riches purely got.
Each perfect sense must things repugnant do:
Thy eyes must watch, but never seeme to see;
Thy tongue must brave, but learn to flatter too;
Thy eares must heare, yet deaf and carelesse be;
Affection fast and loose, thoughts bond and free;
Vaine, yet precise; chaste, but to maidens kinde;
A saint in sight, a Machivel in minde.
Thy present calmes these stormy waves surpasse
As pearles indeede the things which precious seeme;
Thy glebe brings corn, thy pasture plenteous grasse;
For thee thy toiling oxen join in teeme,
And after, with their death, thy life redeeme:
Thy sheepe (a pleasant flocke) their fleeces vaile,
And from their dugges yeeld nectar to thy paille.
At home, what duty neighbors yeeld to thee,
Creeping to others, now thou must resigne;
Attend their diet, ever waiting be,
When with lesse plentie in a shadie vine,
But greater pleasure, thou wer't wont to dine:
Nature hath pow'r'd enough in each man's lappe,
Could each man learn to use his private happe."

He arrives at the court of Henry VII., and gives this fine character of the favourite old minister of the king,*
Fox, bishop of Winchester:

"A man made old to teach the worth of age,
Patriarke-like, and grave in all designs;
One that had finish'd a long pilgrimage;
Sparing in diet, abstinent from wines,
His sinews small as threads or slender lines;
Lord of the city, where, with solemne rites,
The old Prince Arthur feasted with his knights."
"He saw my gifts were such as might deserve,
He knew his life were drawing to an end,
He thought no means so likely to preserve
His fame, with time and envy to contend,
As to advance some faithful-serving friend,

* Mr. Park, in his notes to the reprint of this poem, assigns this character to Sir John Nafont; and says, of the city, "probably Calais," where Sir John held the treasurership. The "city" is clearly Winchester, and he, whom Wolsey has just mentioned as

"The pillar of his state,
That next in council to his sovereign sat,"
was undoubtedly Fox, who, at that time, held the privy seal, and who first raised Wolsey at Court.

That, living, might in time to come record
Th' immortal praise of his deceased lord."

At court he soon learns the art of rising; and the poet gives an ingenious description of that peculiar kind of conduct which there pleases most and longest, where it is dangerous to please too much; where, to raise a passing shade of disgust is to be ruined;—where tediousness is a crime, and the successful candidate for favour must preserve himself in a state of perpetual equilibrium between pleasing his master and offending his rivals.

"Tis not huge heapes of figurative devises,
Nor luxury of metaphors or phrases,
Nor fineness of connexion that intices
Court-learned eares, and all the world amazes;
But depth with pleasure craving all the graces
Of art and nature curiously precize,
Serenely modest, excellently wise.

"It is not learning, for the courtiers know it;
Nor folly, but for counsellors most fit;
Nor grave demeanor, for we must bestow it
On ladies toyes; nor untesse of wit,
For that is most unstaide; nor doth it sit
With courtiers majestie to be reputed
Too learn'd, too grave, too fine, or too conceited.

"A skill transcendent over every art,
Yet subject or essentiall unto none,
Unperfect too, yet having every part,
And thus, though strange, unperfect and but one;
Yet all admire and reverence it alone,
Unknowne and undefin'de, save in discerning;
By practise to be got, but not by learning."

The poet, tired of drily recording the successive steps of Wolsey's promotion, indulges himself and his hero in a dream. Theology, personified, passed as a vision before him:

"Pearles may be foild, and gold be turn'd to drosse,
The sun obscur'd, the moon be turn'd to bloud,
The world may sorrow for Astrea's losse,
The heav'ns be darkened like a dusky wood,
Waste deserts lie where watry fountaines stood;
But faire Theologie (for so she hight)
Shall never lose one sparkle of her light.

"Such one she was, as in his Hebrew song
The wisest King for fairest creature proves;
Embracing her the cedar-trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to doves,
Preferring her before all other loves;
Such one she was, and every whit as faire;
Beside these two was never such a paire.

"Her handmaids, in Amazon-like attire,
Went chaste and modest, like Dianæ's traine;
One, by her gazing looks, seem'd to aspire
Beyond the moone, and in a high disdain
To deeme the world and worldly treasures vaine:
She hight Astrology, on whose bright lawne
Spheres, astrolabes, and skillful globes are drawne."

Again:

"The third, a quick-ey'd dame of piercing sight,
That reason's worth in equall balance way'd;
The truth she lov'd above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love; but what she saide
Was certain true, and she a perfect maide:
Her garment short tuckt up, to worke prepar'd,
And she call'd Logicke, without welt or gard.

"Next these, whose outward looks I knew aright,
And had some portion of their endlesse treasure,
Faire Algebra, with figures richly dight,

Sweete Musicke! foundresse of delightsome pleasure,
Earth-scanning nimph, directresse of all measure:
These humbly did her soveraigne highnesse greeke,
And meekely laid their garlands at her feete.

"From every one she pluckt a speciall flower,
And laid each flower upon a severall part;
Then from her owne, a stemme of wondrous power,
Whose leaves were beames, whose stalke a fiery dar.
And that she laid upon my trembling heart:
Those were the buds of art, this plant of blisse,
This gave them life, they yielded grace to this."

From the second and third part, which are call'd
Wolseius Triumphans and *Wolseius Moriens*, there is
little to extract. In the second canto he thus fac-
tiously describes the long vacation:

"Now at such times as lawyers walke the streets,
Without long rowles of papers in their hands;
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false challenge to each others lands,
The counsellor without his client stands!
When that large capitoll lies voide and waste,
Where senators and judges late were plac't."

In the third part, Wolsey mourns his fall. The
occurs a beautiful idea in the following stanza:

"All as my chrysom, so my winding-sheete,
None joy'de my birth, none mourn'd my death to see
The short parenthesis of life was sweete,
But short; what was before unknown to me,
And what must follow, is the Lord's decree:
The period of my glory is exprest;
Now of my death; and then my muse take rest."

The second of these two stanzas contains an im-
agist as fine as any to be found in poetry:

"I did not meane, with predecessors' pride,
To walke on cloth, as custome did require;
More fit that cloth were hung on either side
In mourning wise, or make the poor attire;
More fit the dirige of a mournfull quire
In dull sad notes all sorrowes to exceede,
For him in whom the prince's love is dead.

"I am the tombe where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept:
Yet wise men say, affection never dies;—
No, but it turnes; and when it long hath slept,
Looks heavy, like the eie that long hath wept.
O could it die, that were a restfull state;
But living, it converts to deadly hate."

Such is the life and death of the great Card-
inal, which, though we cannot recommend to any of
readers to read, we trust that our extracts will be
valuable—some of them beautiful: if, on no other
count, yet certainly as a specimen of a poem which
appeared before the play of Shakspeare, in which
Cardinal occurs as a character, and who, perhaps, is
indebted to our author for the idea of moulding
part of history into a drama. With the exception of
a few lines, and some single expressions, which we
cannot quote, we think we have exhausted the poem
of all that a reader of taste would wish to peruse.
Before we close, we beg leave to direct the reader's
attention to the versification, which appears to be
remarkably easy, smooth, and felicitous, for the time
which it was composed; and to do justice to a pompous
solemnity of thought which well befits the poet's sub-

From the London Review.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet.
Vol. i.—vi. Cadell. Edinburgh, 1837.

AMERICAN Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished." True, surely; as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify! Why do men crowd towards the improved drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-fies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thoroughfares, Whither so fast? To see dear Mrs. Rigmorole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmorole, the distinguished male! Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilization, a *soirée* of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well lighted, thronged; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces; for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished: oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see; whom it is worth while to go and see: look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-*soirée* admits not of speech; there lies the speciality of it. A meeting together of human creatures; and yet (so high has civilization gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not: nay, there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none. For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such lion-*soirées*, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanters are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you lift his label, and read it, with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. O Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that has become distinguished;" and, moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together! A tendency, we say, of manifold results: of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime;—which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, "as dim-eyed animals do, towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary," or even, "sheep-like, to run and crowd because many *have* already run!" It is, indeed, curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously

huzzahs and venerates as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jostle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright; and do not there lie, of the self-same pewter, whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheep-like quality, but something better, and indeed best; what has been called "the perpetual fact of hero-worship;" our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blesseddest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, "it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has nature ordered it, *that whatsoever man ought to obey he cannot but obey*. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest feather-head, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship." So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of "hero-worship" was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary, and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; whereon politics, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of great men!—In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance—cheerfully wish even lion-*soirées*, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at least, is proof that guineas exist; that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetite can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilized countries; and to the last, included and do still include a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the observed of all observers; a great man, or only a considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singularly circumstance, is a "distinguished" man! In regard to whom, therefore, the "instinctive tendency" on other men's part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected "Life by his Son-in-law

and literary executor" again summons the whole world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things—why should not this periodical publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish; at least to wait till the work were finished: for the six promised volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. It will tell us, say they, little new and nothing pleasing to know. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory; and declare that, finished or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by the seventh volume; the prior six have altered it but little;—as, indeed, a man who has written some two hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the "Life" itself. Mr Lockhart's known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict in general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, "There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott's appearance and transit on this earth; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us;" this was by no manner of means Mr Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection from that of the "Odyssey" down to "Thomas Ellwood" or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one; are so much easier to write than one. The "Odyssey," for instance, what were the value of the "Odyssey," sold per sheet! One paper of "Pickwick;" or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation: "Odyssey" equal to "Pickwick," divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they do not write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterranean element it sprang from and emblemized forth, determines value. Under all speech that is good for any

thing there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time. Paradoxical does it seem? Wo for the age, wo for the man, quack-ridden, bespelled, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange!—Such we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless! One thinks, had but the hogshead of this wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been *distilled*, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one *Natty Leatherstocking*, one melodious synopsis of man and nature in the West, (for it lay in him to do it) almost as a Saint Pierre did for the islands of the East; and the hundred incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse-writing, of diffuse-acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work *not* visibly done!—Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect and other-wise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air, and shout *Io Pœan*, the Devil is conquered; and in the *mean*-while study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at; or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligibly bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents, and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the "Life and Correspondence of Hannah More," for instance, up to this "Life of Scott," there is a wide range indeed! Let us take the seven volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other would have shown little policy in an author. Had Mr Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in England are better qualified to do, there can be no doubt that his readers for the time had been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity he denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have: Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary,

by whosoever has call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat, the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense: these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations, statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely without interest, are copiously given; copiously, but with selection; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have "received pain;" nay, the very hero of the biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence "personality," "indiscretion," or worse, "sanctities of private life," &c. &c. How delicate, decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs for ever over the poor English life-writer, (as it does over poor English life in general,) and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, "there are no English lives worth reading except those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden *Respectability* good day." The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down any thing that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum*, as we say, and wind and shadow—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit, (or call it with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit,) that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians,) is a series of *falls*.

To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a Biography, let the Damocles' sword of *Respectability* (which after all is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve, that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public; we joyfully accept the omen.

Perhaps then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of, having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified ghost condition. Let it be so. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires, may, sometimes very fairly, get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination: natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is fit that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that they be not written at all; to produce not things but ghosts of things, can never be the duty of man. The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do it, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will of course keep all his charities about him, but also all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue*; nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting—*having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay, be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the inaccuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected; if the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment

for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise, the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at nought, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the feeblest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for its own force would not carry it far: That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence, "that there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this, that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye; that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldliness are solid prudences, proprieties; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not the patient biographer dwell on his *Abbots*, *Pirates*, and hasty theatrical scene-paintings; affectionately analyzing them, as if they were Raphael pictures, time-defying *Hamlets*, *Othellos*? The novel-manufacture, with its £15,000 a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time; an object spreading out before him like a sea without shore. Of that astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to "Lockhart's Life of Scott," readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision, and insight wrote it; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written life: we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed *great*, who were vastly smaller than he: as little doubt moreover that of the specially *good* a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At

the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances, but may or may not indicate any thing great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration kindled round a man; *showing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*! And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your "series of years," quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels, and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane princesses cried out, "One God, one Farinelli!"—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced! In literature too, there have been series of popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities: Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out, or plays at best, in the eyes of some few, as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his *Don Quixote* in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again. Or coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular! Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating civilized Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtschatka; his own "astonishing genius," meanwhile producing two tragedies or so per month: he on the whole blazed high enough: he too has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether, and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects

of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name "great." It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing these things too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius in *extenso*, as we may say, not in *intenso*. In action, in speculation, broad as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, "no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted." Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great mystery of existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no "dark region to slay monsters for us," did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in any thing; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities: the false, the semi-false, and the true, were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion;" but surely it is a double wo to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men!

Brother Ringlebub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, he had *fire enough in his belly* to burn up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great—that he *have* fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepened, become a "friend of humanity;" nay, that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatallest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and naught. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon himself, not the su-

perfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself "the armed soldier of Democracy;" and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea, that, namely, of "*la carriere ouverte aux talens*, the tools to him that can handle them;" really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend any whither, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realize this idea of his, being being forced to fight for himself the while: before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack and was hurled out, leaving his idea to be realized, in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men: children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner-man of Scott.

Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion, dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress, knowing no discouragement, Sainson-like, carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace, laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had, all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy, and withal, very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men. Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the highborn, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing that to the healthy: coronetted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net-total, as shown by experiment, of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is a most meritorious product of nature, so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all

others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable,) the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic, diseased incrustations are impossible—as Walker the *Original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *could* not by much abstinence from soap and water, attain to a dirty face! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, "all this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress." Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Now all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent,—if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay, there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other sentimentalism, tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal *wind*) Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, 'These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!' It is one of the cheerful sights, tell the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.—Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birthland of his! In the saddle, with the forayspear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout *Beardie* of Harden's time, he could have played *Beardie's* part; and been the stalwart buff-belted *terræ filius* he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout self-help was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed sound-hearted man, of joyous robust temper, looking to the main chance,

and fighting direct thitherward: *valde stalwartus homo*! How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign. But indeed, who knows how much slumbers in many men. Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocal are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal. It is even a question whether, had not want, discomfort, and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerundgrinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich: those two eggs that thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century; here, and not there, lay his business. *Beardie* of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element; how he helps himself along in it, makes it to do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to: this is the history of the life and achievements of our Sir Walter Scott, Baronet;—whereat we are now to glance for a little! It is a thing remarkable; a thing substantial; of joyful, victorious sort; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently: there is more to wonder at than admire; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unincumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy: nothing eminent in place, in faculty, or culture, yet nothing deficient; all around is methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kind-heartedness; an element of warmth and light of affection, industry, and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature had said withal, "Let it be a health to express itself by mind not by body," a lameness is added in childhood; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books, and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The

miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organization; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. "Nature gives healthy children much; how much! Wise education is a wise unfolding of this; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord."

Add one other circumstance: the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream in at every pore. "There is a country accent," says La Rochefoucault, "not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character, and manner of existing, which never forsakes a man." Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter. Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott can doubt but Presbyterianism, too, had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has "made a step from which it cannot retrograde. Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a universe, creature of an eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a heavenly behest, of duty god-commanded, overcanopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people; one may say in a more special sense, "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Honour to all the brave and true; everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, "Let the people be taught:" this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, "Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these; no, in no wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites; but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained *majority*; thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms: the form of hard-fisted, money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there; it may utter itself, one day, as the colossal skepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too, though painful, wrestling, Titan-like, through doubt and inquiry towards new belief;) and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired melody of a Burns: in a word, it is and continues in the voice and the work of a nation of hardy, endeavouring, considering men, with whatever that may bear in it, or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and

beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and, on some sides, not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school-days, college-days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. "So lived an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century," may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if any where, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good-humour had free scope:

"An odd incident is worth recording. It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and, as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection, for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any further temptation, at least as far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

"It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies resorted to to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys,) with a small cocked-hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The

benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheep-skin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774,) for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period."—Vol. i. pp. 15-17.

We will glance next into the "*Liddesdale raids*." Scott has grown up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and advocate: in vacation time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory debateable land,—over Flodden and other fields and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours under this eternal Sky; and gives and takes, in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whiskey not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has perhaps been aggravated for effect's sake:

"During seven successive years," writes Mr. Lockhart (for the autobiography has long since left us,) "Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district;—the first indeed was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the home-stead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity,—even such a 'routh of auld nick-nackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his '*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*;' and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. 'He was *makin' himself* a' the time,' said Mr. Shortreed; 'but he didna ken may be what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little I dare say but the queerness and the fun.'

"In those days," says the memorandum before me, 'advocates were not so plenty, at least about Liddesdale; and the worthy sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited (Willie Elliott's, of Millburnholm,) when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however, and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, 'out by the edge of the door-check,' whispered, 'weel Robin, deil hae me if I see be a fit feared for him now; he's just a chield like our-

sels, I think.' Half a dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round the advocate, and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliott at once at his ease.

"According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont." "They dined at Millburnholm; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliott's punch-bowl until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were 'half glowering,' mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliott's at Cloughhead, where the two travellers ('for,' says the memorandum, 'folk were not very nice in those days,') slept in the one and the same bed,—as indeed seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliott, a clergyman, had already a large MS. collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of." "Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one 'auld Thomas of Tuzzilhope,' another Elliott, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lik o' Dick o' the Cowie*. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad hunters had taken, 'just to lay the stomach,' a devilled duck or two, and some London porter. Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for 'breakfast' on their arrival at Tuzzilhope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all the specimens of 'riding-music;' and moreover with considerable libations of whiskey-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milk-pail, which he called 'wisdom,' because it 'made only a few spoonfuls of liquor,'—though he had had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to wisdom, they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. 'Ah me,' says Shortreed, 'sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawly he suited himself to every body! He aye did as the rest did; never made himself the great man or took any airs in company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk (this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare;) but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude humour."

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, where, in the element of whiskey plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it is questionable, and not exemplary, whiskey mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed charity hopes and conjectures, here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

"On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced; a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fash-

ion of 'Burns' Saturday Night,' and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good man of the farm, whose 'tendency,' as Mr. Mitchell says, 'was soporific,' scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of 'By —, here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious exercise of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot of Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic, with infinite humour, the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg; the consternation of the dame; and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book."—Vol. i. pp. 195-9.

From which Liddesdale *raids*, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days young advocates, and Scott, like the rest of them, were *alive* and alert,—whiskey sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbled a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of 'Goethe's Götz with the Iron Hand';—and we have arrived at the threshold of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by nature and circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality, and duty, legal or civic:—with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? 'The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part, a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulse*; he reaches down to the infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and can do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest, being also by nature our *quietest*, are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications, periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of common-place become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yeasty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired "taxes on knowledge" to allay it a little;—he com-

forted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent latent manner.* Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost, say a hundred thousand pounds sterling by literature; but he might have been a happy, and by no means a useless,—nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuller Walter! However, that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age,—an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at skepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabouts, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances,—had said to himself; What man shall be the temporary comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfort maker, of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little! So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, what man? and found him walking the dusty outer parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" proved to be a well, from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical romances (which in due time pass into prose romances;) the old life of men resuscitated for us; it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived; it was like a new discovered continent in literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado,—or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The *Lays*, the *Marmions*, the *Ladies* and *Lords* of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with everwidening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty, and more sometimes) were printed off then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown and apotheosis there was; all is recorded in these seven volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable; the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it. No blaze in his fancy is like to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. "Health, wealth, and wit to guide them" (as his vernacular proverb says,) all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself,—the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide

* Fichte; *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*.

circle of friends, personal loving admirers : warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can trueheartedly nestle down among them ; light of radiance and renown given only to a few : who would not call Scott happy ? But the happiest circumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things showed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure ; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic ; and then in the way of practice, they prove true or else not true : but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn out well ? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if, when set to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into holes ? They are untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these principles of his ; openly convicted of untruth ;—fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs ? We say not that ; but we do say that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*, is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success ; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy ! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it ; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil,—may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthiness showed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this : the way in which he took his fame ; the estimate he from the first formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth ; but the thing men call fame, what is it ? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much—except indeed as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life. Not necessary, now or ever ? Seemingly without much effort, but taught by nature, and the instinct which instructs the sound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this same emblazonry of reputation ; that he ought to put no trust in it ; but be ready at any time to see it pass away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he escaped in this manner ; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without a name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was easier to him. What a strange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men ! In thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey, in thy belly it shall be bitter as gall ! Some weakly-organized individual, we will say at the age of five-and-twenty, whose main or whole talent rests on some prurient susceptibility, and nothing under it but shallowness and vacuum, is clatched hold of by the general imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height ; and taught to believe the divine-seeming message that he is a great man : such individual seems the luckiest of men : and is he not the unluckiest ? Swallow not the Circe-draught, O weakly-organized individual ; it is fell poison ; it will dry up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched ; thou shalt be wretched under the sun ! Is there, for example, a sadder book than that

"Life of Byron," by Moore ? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vacuum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Situating there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created universe ; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitiful whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture—as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow ! Lamentable, despicable—one had rather be a kitten and cry mew ! O, son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art loveable those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest *not* with, is it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them ? It is not of moment ; in sober truth, not of any moment at all ! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely—from *one* soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough ; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee ! How is thy world become desert ; and thou for the sake of a little babblement of tongue, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent, not in purse, but in heart and mind. "The golden calf of self-love," says Jean Paul, "has grown into a burning Phalaris' bull, to consume its owner and worshipper." Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of sin in this world. The man of letters who sounds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named Satan, the Enemy,) and member of the Satanic school !—

It was in this poetic period that Scott formed his connexion with the Ballantynes ; and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *vates* to signify prophet as well as poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incoherent. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If, by any means, cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not ? Great things might be done ultimately ; great difficulties were at once got rid of—manifold higgling of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war-commissariat, in his time ; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. Saint George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object ; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago : Put money in thy purse.

Here indeed it is to be remarked, that, perhaps, no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense : not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon ; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever ; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to

the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at, and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantasist, this *vates* of ours! But so it was: In this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith, and terrified at skepticism! Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion! But, indeed, since Shakespeare's time there has been no greater speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking. Equally unconscious these two utterances; equally the sincere complete products of the minds they came from: and now if they were equally deep? Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unincumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakespeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise!—The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a universe as this of ours, have something to speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's—except to an age altogether languid, without either skepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary men; yet withal will recognize the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is something not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cant, fanaticisms, and "last infirmity of noble minds,"—full of misery, unrest, and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus, does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force, in them. This which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and sympathized with. Considering what wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping-up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome. Consider whether the *Loves of the Plants*, and even the

Loves of the Triangles, could be worth the loves and hates of men and women! Scott was as preferable to what he displaced, as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance. But, in the second place, we may say that the kind of worth which Scott manifested, was fitted especially for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at skepticism; reduced to live a stunted half-life, under strange new circumstances. Now vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein those maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without a reflex solacement: "O, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic-cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness; and been and felt myself alive among men alive!" Add lastly, that, in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had, exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of a Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings!" The reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down at his ease, and be ministered to. What the Turkish bath-keeper is said to aim at with his frictions, and shampoos, and fomentings, more or less effectually, that the patient in total idleness may have the delights of activity,—was here to a considerable extent realized. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, Be at ease, and let thy tepid element be comfortable to thee. "The rude man," says a critic, "requires only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect."

We named the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' the fountain from which flowed this great river of Metrical Romances; but according to some they can be traced to a still higher obscurer spring; to Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand,' of which, as we have seen, Scott in his earlier days executed a translation. Dated a good many years ago, the following words in a criticism on Goethe are found written; which probably are still new to most readers of this Review:

"The works just mentioned, 'Götz' and 'Werter,' though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author; his first fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens too, this same word once uttered was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all the notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Skeptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and dea-

peration, became the staple literary ware: and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it re-appeared with various modifications in other countries; and every where abundant traces of its good and its bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of 'Berlichingen with the Iron Hand,' though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country Götz, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of 'Götz von Berlichingen;' and if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake,' with all that has since followed from the same creative hand. Truly a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For, if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit."

How far 'Götz von Berlichingen' actually affected Scott's literary destination, and whether without it the rhymed romances, and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question; obscure, and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt but these two tendencies, which may be named *Götzism* and *Werterism*, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making, the tour of all Europe. In Germany too their was this affectionate half-regretful looking back into the past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it, before Scott began. Then as to *Werterism*, had not we English our Byron and his genius? No form of *Werterism* in any other country had half the potency: as our Scott carried chivalry literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron *Werterism*. France, busy with its Revolution and its Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for *Götzism* or *Werterism*; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole "Literature of Desperation" in our own days, the beggarliest form of *Werterism* yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a nobly-gifted Chateaubriand, Götz and Werter, both in one.—Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same country; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier;—and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication and boastful speech: which end in broken windows, damage, waste, and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure!

But, however, leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark, was that British *Werterism*, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a "class of feelings deeply important to modern minds; feelings which arise from *passion incapable of being converted into action*, which belong to an age as indolent, culti-

vated, and unbelieving as our own!" The "languid age without either faith or skepticism" turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar: here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery; an indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it,—which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication; an unpleasant business; which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life; Poetry had already yielded him much money; *this* at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official, commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this matter;—and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one; shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep! In the spring of 1814 appeared "Waverley;" an event memorable in the annals of British literature; in the annals of British bookselling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the 'Don-Juan' one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What "series" followed out of "Waverley," and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourites of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His "Waverley series," swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading, looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks in all European countries. A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first, most people suspected, and soon after the first, few intelligent persons much doubted, that the Author of 'Waverley' was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up; rather piquant to the public; doubtless very pleasant to the author, who saw it all; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-drawn "clear proof at last," that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So and so;—one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged author, it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine: he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the Wa-

verley Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the "Author of 'Waverley'" was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world.

How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit, and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due considerations of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them;—as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak perhaps even with himself in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince-Regentship itself; an almost official matter:

"On hearing from Mr. Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty, that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815,) the Prince said, 'Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him,' and after he had been presented and graciously received at the levee, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam, (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland,) who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam also as to the composition of the party. 'Let us have,' said he, 'just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;' and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly,) the Marquis of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth,) the Earl of Fife, and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. 'The Prince and Scott,' says Mr. Croker, 'were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with remarkable effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most(!) The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table.' The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes capped by ludicrous traits of certain ermined sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this:—Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying

at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, 'Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie over for the present;' and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery,) and his name stood on the *Portenus Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England,) and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms: 'To be hanged by the neck until you be dead: and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!' Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper, 'And now Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance.' The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and 'if faith, Walter,' said he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast,

'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post?'

"Towards midnight the Prince called for 'a bumper with all the honours to the Author of Waverley;' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment; but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats his Royal Highness, 'Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion,—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape." . . . "Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment if possible still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs."—Vol. iii. pp. 340—3.

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether unofficially and much better described. It is James Ballantyne, the printer and publisher's dinner, in St. John Street, Cannongate, Edinburgh, on the birth eve of a Waverley Novel:

"The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite phrases, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burley preses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of *Macbeth*—

'Fill full !

I drink to the general joy of the whole table !'

"This was followed by 'the King, God bless him !' and second came, 'Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine : I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three !' All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection for their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired—the bottle passed round twice or thrice in their usual way ; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended : his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but 'with bated breath,' in the sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery, '*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley.*' The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by a deep silence ; and then Ballantyne proceeded,

'In his Lord Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious'—

to lament the obscurity in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world ; to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received ; and to assure them that the Author of '*Waverley*' would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly gratified, 'the proudest hour of his life,' &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect ; and Erskine's attempts at a *gay nonchalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup ; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra, 'The Maid of Lodi,' or perhaps 'The Bay of Biscay, O,' or 'The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.' Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers ; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with 'The Moorland Wedding,' or 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut ;'—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch ; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming romance. 'One chapter,—one chapter only !' was the cry. After 'Nay, by'r lady, nay !' and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered the most striking dialogue they contained.

"The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyll, and Queen Caroline in Richmond Park ; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events the effect it produced was deep and memorable ; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's '*One bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham*' preceded his parting stave, which was uniformly 'The Last Words of Marmion,' executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham."—Vol. iv. p. 166—8.

Over at Abbotsford, things wear a still more pros-

perous aspect. Scott is building here, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed ; he has bought and is buying land there ; fast as the new gold comes in for a new *Waverley* Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood :

"About the middle of February (1820,)" says Mr. Lockhart, "it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring, I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in Court ; but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket, and so forth, under his clerk's gown."—"At noon when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament close ; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off ; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under way for Tweedside. As we proceeded," &c.

"Next morning there appeared at breakfast, John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable his guest ; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories ; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his '*Redgauntlet*.'—"He was perhaps sixty years old ; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet black hair was only grizzled, not whitened by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated ; and, though rather under-sized, he had very broad shoulders, was square made, thin-flanked and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity ; the last somewhat impaired perhaps by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance : eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair ; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait.' Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat, and drab trousers ; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort, and the honest consequence of a confidential *grieve*, had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a *black-fisher* ;—and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

"We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour ; and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked, that 'it was not every author who should lead him such a dance.' But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was task'd. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, 'This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!'—"You may say that, Sheriff," quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable,—'My certy,' he added, scratching his head, 'and I think

* Overseer ; German, *graf*.

it will be a grand season for *our buiks*, too.' But indeed Tom always talked of *our buiks* as if they had been as regular products of the soil as *our aits* and *our barks*.—Having threaded first at Hexilcleugh and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little further down the same famous book. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation, (named Chiefswood,) 'by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.' * * * "As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his *Sunday pony*, as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as he did with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe."—Vol. iv. p. 349—53.

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous; all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless miscellany of pilgrims.—As many as "sixteen parties" have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferny in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls "the flesh-flies;" buzzing swarms of blue-bottles, who never fail where any taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's *healthiness*, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere showed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his blue-bottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall, (in a very compressive state:)

"We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. They," &c.—"Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, 'welled out alway.'"—"Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;"—"came like a strain of poetry from his lips;"—"path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine."—"Impossible to touch on any theme but straitway he has an anecdote to fit it."—"Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story."—"In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read 'Christabel.'"—"Interspersed with these various readings, were some hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetic."—"At breakfast to-day we had, as usual, some 150 stories: God knows how they came in."—"In any man so gifted; so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!"—"For instance, he

never sits at any particular place at table, but takes," &c. &c.—Vol. v. p. 375—402.

Among such worshippers, arriving in "sixteen parties a-day," an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no blue-bottles approach here, to disturb a man in his work,—under pain of sugared *squash* (called *quassa*) and king's yellow!—The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course; enjoyed what was enjoyable in it: endured what could not well be helped; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of *romance-copy*, in preserving his composure of heart;—in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor, and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentablest way severed his internal life,—though he kept it well down; but it affected him *less* than it would have done almost any other man.—For his guests were not all of the blue-bottle sort; far from that. Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a British Ferny ever yielded, or is like to yield: and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:

"It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine; and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he too was there on his *shelly*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing net, and attended by his Hives, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bounded for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicksome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of the Scottish *belle-lettre*, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present, to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry Highlander yeleft *Hoddin Gray*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this: but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought; and his fisherman's costume, a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks; jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surcoat dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers, about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and

with his noble serene dignity of countenance, might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leather gaiters buttoned on his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntley Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns, had preceded us by a few hours, with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sybil Gray, barking for mere joy like a Spaniel puppy.

"The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under way, when the *Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet.' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the back-ground: Scott watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos, the first verse of an old pastoral song:—

'What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow but I was vogie!'

—the cheers were redoubled, and the squadron moved on.

"This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail*, along with the greyhounds and terriers; but indeed I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers; but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, 'to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird.'—Vol. v. p. 7—10."

* On this subject let us report an anecdote furnished by a correspondent of our own, whose accuracy we can depend on:—"I myself was acquainted with a little Blenheim cocker, one of the smallest, beautifullest, and wisest of lap-dogs, or dogs, which though Sir Walter knew it not, was very singular in its behaviour towards him. *Shandy*, so high this remarkable cocker, was extremely shy of strangers: promenading on Princes street, which in fine weather used to be crowded in those days, he seemed to live in perpetual fear of being stolen; if any one but looked at him admiringly, he would draw back with angry timidity, and crouch towards his own lady-mistress. One day a tall, irregular, busy-looking man came halting by; the little dog ran towards him, began fawning, frisking, licking at

"There (at Chiefswood) my wife and I, spent this summer and autumn of 1821,—the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly-varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new comers entailed upon all the family except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open house-keeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applause of learned dullness, the rapid raptures of painted and perriwigged dowagers, the horseleech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates.—When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sybil Gray's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillé*, under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day, to 'take his ease at his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and curs about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the

his feet: it was Sir Walter Scott! Had Shandy been the most extensive reader of Reviews, he could not have done better. Every time he saw Sir Walter afterwards, which was some three or four times in the course of visiting Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstrations, ran leaping, frisking, licking the Author of 'Waverley's' feet. The good Sir Walter endured it with good humour; looking down at the little wise face, at the silky shag-coat of snow-white and chestnut-brown; smiled, and avoided him as he went on,—till a new division of streets or some other obstacles, put an end to the interview. In fact, he was a strange little fellow this Shandy. He has been known to sit for hours looking out at the summer moon, with the saddest, wistfullest expression of countenance; altogether like a Werterean Poet. He would have been a Poet, I dare say, if he could have found a *publisher*. But his moral tact was the most amazing. Without reason shown, without word spoken or act done, he took his likings and dislikings; unalterable; really almost unerring. His chief aversion, I should say, was to the genus *quack*, above all, to the genus *acrid-quack*; these, though never so clear-starched, bland-smiling and beneficent, he absolutely would have no trade with. Their very sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with emphasis, as clearly as barking could say it: 'Acrid-quack, avaunt!' Would to Heaven, many a prime minister and high person in authority had such an invaluable talent! On the whole, there is more in this universe than our philosophy has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is a voice of Nature too; and farther, it has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always adhered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with fact.—We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buffon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the head, and so forth: but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught and imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb rude form; struggling to express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprisonment, and succeed very imperfectly!"

bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's-axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of the 'Pirate;' and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work, and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston,—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their literary arrangements on such occasions.—He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *bræe* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced; this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.” —Vol. v. pp. 123-4.

Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio: the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless, and despicable. Scott had some £2,000 a year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was infected; sick of the fearfulest malady, that of Ambition! To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour, and "sixteen parties a day," brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains with the trimmings of curtains, orange coloured or fawn-coloured: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers called the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scotch lairds. It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *and* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make £15,000 a year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ringleance, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your

vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!—

"The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cried
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who ne'er was said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub!"

Not he! And if, "looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude," Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, *what*, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which, once set it a-working, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these "Waverley Novels," so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men, here was the very perfection of literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, elight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and is a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy master-like coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, "round as the O of Giotto."* It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Furthermore, surely he was a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in nature and man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deane up to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul;

* "Venne a Firenze (il cortigiano del Papa,) e andato una mattina in bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di disegno per mandarlo a sua Santità. Giotto, che garbatissimo era, prese un foglio, ed in quello con un pennello tinto di rosso, fermato il braccio al fianco per farne compasso, e girato la mano fece un tondo sì pari di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una maraviglia. Cioffatto ghignando disse al cortigiano, Eccovi il disegno." . . . "Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conobbero per ciò, quanto Giotto avanzasse d'eccellenza tutti gli altri pittori del suo tempo. Divulgatasi poi questa cosa, ne nacque il proverbio, che ancora è in uso dirsi a gli uomini di grossa pasta: *Tu sei più rondo, che l'O di Giotto.*"—Vasari, *Vite* (Roma, 1759,) l. 46.

of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Bailie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion) do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, a Shakespeare, and a Goethe! Yet it is a difference literally immense: they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set became living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which it was once said Scott had "done Goethe the honour" to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates, in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew. To the same purport indeed we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind, there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting Waverley, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth, remaining true for ever, that literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men: or if literature have them not, then literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head, there is

little to be sought or found in the "Waverley Novels." Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones, not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly, with singular vividness, before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we too one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonderfulest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little—among the ordinary circulating library heroes, he might well pass for a demigod. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What then is the result of these Waverley romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more. As many generations as they can, but not all generations; ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse. Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one. Secondly, however, we may say, these historical novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the by-gone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies, and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this: inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of "philosophy teaching by expe-

rience" will have to exchange themselves every where for direct inspection and imbodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him; correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme, and the matter produced was excellent considering that: the circumstances under which some of his novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready writing; nay, farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly; and, round or not, be thrown off like Giotto's O. But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensable beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages by making it too tight. Too much pains taking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated. And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing, no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty! Let ready writers with any faculty in them, lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not with ease, that a man shall *do his best*, in any shape; above all, in this shape, justly named of "soul's travail," working in the deep places of thought, embodying the true out of the obscure and possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated false! Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready writers? The whole *Prophecies of Isaiah* are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a review article. Shakspeare we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes—though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakspeare's plan; no easy writer he, or he had never been a Shakspeare. Neither was Milton one of the

mob of gentlemen that write with ease; he did not attain Shakspeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast *after* long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he "had nothing sent him in his sleep;" no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, "*konnte nie fertig werden*, never could get done;" the noble genius of him struggled not wisely out too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily? Dante sees himself "growing grey" over his *Divine Comedy*; in stern solitary death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may: hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures for evermore among men. No: creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains and fire-flames in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth: why wilt thou brag of it to me? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue! "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is sometimes d—— hard reading." Sometimes; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed every body; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracles;—for which see his "journal," above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; "and as for the invention," says he, "it is known that this costs Scott nothing, but comes to him of its own accord." Convenient indeed!—But for us too Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it yet with measure. For observe always, there are two conditions in work: let me fix the quality, and you shall fix the quantity: Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; making his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with never such rapidity in a passable manner is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicability of mind, and in fine that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view, rapidity will betoken health of mind: much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy writing is attainable by man! The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser

even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural Rides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Paper-money,—seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive-principle; he flowed on for ever, a mighty tide of ditch-water; and even died flowing with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common editor of a Daily Newspaper. Considering his leading-articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane; how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it? It is a valuable consummation. Not without results;—results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown to be as Talk, then DEMOCRACY (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bugbear and probability, but a certainty, and event as good as come! “Inevitable seems it me.” But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; every where the ready-writer is found bragging strangely of his readiness. In a lately translated “Don Carlos,” one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, “The reader will possibly think it an excuse when I assure him that the whole piece was completed within the space of ten weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January and the eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of a fortnight’s interruption from over exertion;) that I often translated twenty pages a-day, and that the fifth act was the work of five days.”* O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades years! The only question is, How hast thou done it?—So, however, it stands; the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah’s deluges—of ditch-water! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene? That surely is an awful reflection, worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew; it is not Literature they are swimming away; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature before Printing or Faust of Menitz, and yet men wrote extempore? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore? Literature is the thought of thinking Souls; this, by the

blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott’s career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable’s bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? Where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writing must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and even, with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity overwrought and worn out, behoved to have been spoken;—such as can be spoken now without reluctance when they can pain the brave man’s heart no more. Who knows! Perhaps it was better ordered to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangour, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day, Scott’s high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world’s goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhere for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott’s course, or fashion of mind, to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules’ task, of removing rubbish-mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules’ task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength;—and it proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart! Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons*, *Demonologies*, and *Scotch Histories*, and the rest criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, *Wo* is me! The noble warhorse that once laughed at the

* “Don Carlos,” a Dramatic Poem from the German of Schiller. Mannheim and London, 1837.

shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down;—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless globe; that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, a hint from Byron's *Ravenna Journal*: copious sections of it render this sixth volume more interesting than any of the former ones:—

"May 11 (1826).— * * It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed,—and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille*. I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness that struggles to invade me.

"May 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering. Hogg was here yesterday; in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of 100*l.* from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow; being obliged to borrow myself.

"May 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

"Abbotsford, May 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days; easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger: what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family, all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Ever her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my own weary self-reflections.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte, my thirty-years' companion. There is

the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic;—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed; because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up if I could."

"May 18.— * * Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children; that will be laid in the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no."

"May 22.— * * Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking."

"May 26.— * * Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by heaven!"

"Edinburgh, May 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. * * I finished correcting the proofs for the 'Quarterly'; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.—This has been a melancholy day, most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence; a sort of throttling sensation; then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead."—Vol. vi. pp. 297–307.

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, "when he departed he took a Man's life along with him." No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell. C.

From the Spectator.

COOPER'S EXCURSION IN ITALY.

MR. COOPER has worked Italy and Switzerland.—He first made two novels out of his tours; he then published one, if not two books of travels; and lo! here is another—and that over a highway as often tra-

velled as the road from London to Edinburgh. His subjects and routes are as common as stage-coaches,—Milan; Florence; Leghorn; Pisa; Genoa; Naples, with its eight-seeing excursions, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Pæstum; then Rome; and lastly, Venice.

In the hands of the generality of men, all this would be insufferably tedious; for guide-books give us a catalogue of every thing that has been, or is to be seen; and numberless tourists have recorded their general impressions. But Mr. Cooper is not a general or commonplace man. He may be a harsh, searching, close, disparaging person; but he is clear, critical, and true; and, however unpleasant such a man's judgments may be, they are more easily carped at than set aside. That he is disposed to overvalue himself, and to undervalue others, is unquestionable; but there is character in Egomet—I myself; and there is a hardheaded kind of proof about him, which convinces the reason. In addition to this, he has natural faculties of observation trained by long exercise to a high degree of excellence; he has habits of analysis and reflection; and both these qualities enable him to see deeper into things than most other people. He has an expansion of mind, arising from habits of extensive speculation, which lifts him far above the vulgar absurdities or well-bred emptiness of the herd. Lastly, if not a poetical genius, he has at least the skill which arises from long practice; so that this matter, whatever it be, is always distinctly and effectively put before the reader. To all which may be added, his nativity, which gives him to see European usages with American eyes.

Hence, these *Excursions in Italy* contain much that interests; they throw a new light upon several questions of history, and set various matters of received opinion on manners, art, and nature, in a novel point of view. See how the romance of the battle of the Bridge of Lodi melts in the crucible of his critical mind.

"We were anxious, of course, to examine the celebrated bridge. I found, however, that the people on the spot did not deem the battle so serious an affair as it is usually imagined; and as I have heard, on pretty good authority, that several of Napoleon's battles were fought principally in the bulletins, I went doubting to the river. The stream, you know, is the Adda; it is straggling, and a good deal disfigured by sand-banks. The bridge, six or eight hundred feet in length, is narrow; and the land opposite the town is a low meadow. A few houses on that side mark the approach to the bridge, and the buildings of the town do the same thing on the other. As it would be physically impossible to cross this bridge under the fire of batteries of any force that were in the least well managed—and as the Austrian artillery, moreover, if not the very best, is considered among the best in Europe,—I was a good deal staggered with the appearance of things. The result of all my inquiries on the spot was as follows, and I presume it is not far from the truth.

"The Austrian army was in retreat, and had thrown the Adda between itself and its enemy. Napoleon arrived in pursuit. Ascertaining that the stream might be forded, he sent a detachment with that object towards a flank of his enemy; and the Austrians retired, leaving a force to protect their retreat at the bridge. Anxious to strike a blow, Napoleon decided to force this point immediately, and ordered the attack. My informant affirmed that most of the Austrian artillery

had commenced retiring before the assault was made; and this appears at least probable. Finding that his column paused under the fire of the few guns left, Napoleon and his generals cheered them on in person. The French did not get across until the Austrians were too far on their retreat to make the affair decisive, but soon enough to seize some of the guns in the rear; guns that the Austrians probably intended to sacrifice.

"I give you this account as it was given to me by one who affirmed he was an eye-witness. Certainly, after seeing the bridge, I shall not believe that one army crossed it in face of another that was not completely disorganized. *As resté*, it was sufficiently hazardous to attempt it in the face of a couple of efficient guns; and the personal intrepidity of the generals would be abundantly apparent even under such circumstances. It was probably a gallant thing, though by no means the thing we are accustomed to believe it."

We must leave a description of Florence, not so artistical and antiquarian as that of John Bell, but still graphic, and perhaps more lifelike from its contrast of the past and present; as well as on account of Mr. Cooper's interview with the Grand Duke, who seems to have tickled the Republican exceedingly. We must pass over to Leghorn, Genoa, and Pisa, with a rational disquisition as to whether the celebrated Leaning Tower of the latter was intended to lean or not. Leave me also Naples and its Lazzaroni; with the various artificial antique and natural attractions within its range. Let us get on to the first view of Rome. Mr. Cooper has no antiquarian prejudices about him, and perhaps is not exactly a scholar; but he has the spirit of scholarship, and evidently felt more, on his first approach to the Eternal City, than those who cant more. Here is his picture; he speaks, it will be seen, of the monumental ruins, to which allusion is made in another article.

"I was too impatient to await the slow movements of the *vetturno*, and hurried on alone, afoot, as soon as my breakfast was swallowed. Passing through a gateway, I soon found myself at a point whence I overlooked much of the surrounding scenery. Such a moment can occur but once in a whole life.

"The road ran down a long declivity, in a straight line, until it reached the plain, when it proceeded more diagonally, winding towards its destination. But that plain! Far and near it was a waste, treeless, almost shrubless, and with few buildings besides ruins. Long broken lines of arches, the remains of aqueducts, were visible in the distance; and here and there a tower rendered the solitude more eloquent, by irresistibly provoking a comparison between the days when they were built and tenanted, and the present hour. At the foot of the mountain, though the road diverged, there was a lane of smaller ruins that followed the line of the descent for miles in an air line. This line of ruins was broken at intervals, but there were still miles of it to be distinctly traced, and to show the continuity that had once existed from Albano to the very walls of Rome. This was the Appian Way; and the ruins were those of the tombs that once lined its sides—the 'stop traveller' of antiquity. These tombs were on a scale proportioned to the grandeur of the seat of empire, and they altogether threw those of Pompeii into the shade; although the latter, as a matter of course, are in much the best preservation. There were near Albano, several circular crumbling towers, large enough to form small habitations for the living; a change of destiny, as I afterwards discovered, that has actually befallen several of them nearer the city.

"Rome itself lay near the confines of the western view. The distance (fourteen or fifteen miles) and the even surface of the country rendered the town indistinct, but it still appeared regal and like a capital. Domes rose up above the plane of roofs in all directions; and that of St. Peter's, though less imposing than fancy had portrayed it, was comparatively grand and towering. It looked like the Invalides seen from Neuilly, the distinctness of the details and the gilding apart. Although I could discern nothing at that distance that denoted ruins, the place had not altogether the air of other towns. The deserted appearance of the surrounding country, the broken arches of the aqueducts, and perhaps the recollections, threw around it a character of sublime solitude. The town had not, in itself, an appearance of being deserted, but the environs caused it to seem cut off from the rest of the world."

St. Peter's has been often described, but it receives distinctness and certainty from Mr. Cooper's mode of handling.

"We drove to the Hôtel de Paris, entirely across the city, near the Porta del Popolo, and took lodgings. I ordered dinner; but, too impatient to restrain my curiosity, as there was still an hour of daylight, I called a *laquais de place*, and, holding little P— by the hand, sallied forth. 'Where will the signore go?' asked the *laquais*, as soon as we were in the street. 'To St. Peter's.'

"In my eagerness to proceed, I looked neither to the right nor to the left. We went through crooked and narrow streets, until we came to a bridge lined with statues. The stream beneath was the Tiber. It was full, turbid, swift, sinuous; and it might be three hundred feet wide, or perhaps not quite so wide as the Seine at Paris at the same season. The difference, however, is not material; and each is about half as wide as the Thames above London Bridge on a full tide, which is again three-fourths of the width of the Hudson at Albany. A large round castellated edifice, with flanking walls and military bastions, faced the bridge: this was the tomb of Adrian, converted into a citadel by the name of the Castle of St. Angelo, an angel in bronze surmounted the tower. Turning to the left, we followed the river until a street led us from its windings; and presently I found myself standing at the foot of a vast square, with colonnades on a gigantic scale sweeping in half circles on each side of me, two of the most beautiful fountains I had ever seen throwing their waters in sheets down their sides between these, and the façade of St. Peter's forming the background. A noble Egyptian obelisk occupied the centre of the area.

"Every one had told me I should be disappointed in the apparent magnitude of this church; but I was not. To me it seemed the thing it is, possibly because some pains had been taken to school the eye. Switzerland often misled me in both heights and distances, but a ship or an edifice rarely does so. Previously to seeing Switzerland, I had found nothing to compare with such a nature, and all regions previously known offered no rules to judge by; but I had now seen too many huge structures not to be at once satisfied that this was the largest of them all.

"The *laquais* would have me stop to admire some of Michael Angelo's sublime conceptions; but I pressed forward. Ascending the steps, I threw out my arms to embrace one of the huge half-columns of the façade, not in a fit of sentimentalism, but to ascertain its diameter, which was gigantic, and helped the pre-

vious impression. Pushing aside the door in common use, I found myself in the nave of the noblest temple in which any religious rites were ever celebrated.

"I walked unconsciously about a hundred feet up the nave, and stopped. From a habit of analyzing buildings, I counted the paces as I advanced, and knew how far I was within the pile. Still, men seemed dwindled into boys, seen at the further extremity. One who was cleaning a statue of St. Bruno at the height of an ordinary church-steeple, stood on the shoulder of the figure, whose size did not appear disproportioned, and could just rest his arm on the top of its head. Some marble cherubs, that looked like children, were in high relief against a pier near me; and laying my hand on the hand of one of them, I found it like that of an infant in comparison. All this aided the sense of vastness. The *baldachino*, or canopy of bronze, which is raised over the great altar, filled the eye no more than a pulpit in a common church; and yet I knew its summit was as lofty as half the height of the spire of Trinity, New York, or about a hundred and thirty feet, and essentially higher than the tower. I looked for a marble throne that was placed at the remotest extremity of the building, also as high as a common church tower, a sort of poetical chair for the Popes; and it seemed as distant as a cavern or mountain.

"To me there was no disappointment. Every thing appeared as vast as feet and inches could make it; and as I stood gazing at the glorious pile, the tears forced themselves from my eyes. Even little P— was oppressed with the sense of the vastness of the place; for he clung close to my side, though he had passed half his life in looking at sights, and kept murmuring, '*Qu'est-ce que c'est? qu'est-ce que c'est? Est-ce une église?*'"

EMPERORS AND REPUBLICS.

"An intelligent Swiss who is now here, and who frequently accompanies me in these morning rides, exclaimed triumphantly the other day, 'You will find, on examining Rome in detail, that all the works of luxury and of a ferocious barbarity, belonged to the Empire, and those of use to the Republic. The latter, moreover, are the only works that seem to be imperishable.' After allowing for the zeal of a Republican, there is some truth in this; though the works of the Republic, by their nature, being drains and aqueducts, &c. are more durable than those above ground. Still it is a good deal to have left an impression of lasting usefulness, to be contrasted with the memorials and barbarity of vain temples and bloody arenas."

The reader will take these only as *specimens*, not as *selections*. The book is full of passages equally distinguished for peculiarity, shrewdness, and reality.

From the Athenæum.

PRINTERS' WAGES.

The first paper read was "On the Wages of Printers," drawn up by Mr. Day, of the printing establishment of Messrs. Clowes.

The workmen employed in the business of printing, are—1. Compositors, or those who arrange the type from the author's MS.; 2. Pressmen—3. Machinemen, or those who actually *print* the paper from the arranged types. From the introduction of printing into this country, in 1456 to 1774, little is known of the rate of payment. In the latter year, it appears that compositors received 20s. for a week's labour. About this pe-

ried a system of paying per 1000 letters was first established: it soon became general, and, with some modifications relative to the size of the type, has continued to the present time. Previous to 1785, the price per 1000 letters was 4*d.*; on November 20 in that year, it was advanced to 4½*d.*; in 1793 an advantage was conceded to the compositor equal to about 2*s.* in 20*s.* In December, 1800, the price was increased to 5½*d.*; in 1810, the payment for 1000 letters was advanced to 6*d.* But in 1816 a distinction was made by the masters between manuscript and reprint works: after a severe and expensive struggle on the part of the journeymen, they were compelled to agree to a reduction on reprinted works of ¾*d.* per 1000; from this period reprint works have been paid 5½*d.*, and manuscript 6*d.* per 1000. Although payment by the 1000 letters after 1774 became the general practice of the trade, it was necessary, from the peculiar nature of the business, to employ many hands on day work. The following table shows the increase of this rate of payment, and the earnings of good compositors when fully employed,—day-work being regulated by the earnings of a good workman on the average description of work:—

In 1774 . . . 20 <i>s.</i> per week.	In 1805 . . . 33 <i>s.</i> per week.
1785 . . . 21 <i>s.</i> to 27 <i>s.</i>	1810 . . . 36 <i>s.</i>
1793 . . . 30 <i>s.</i>	1816 . . . 33 <i>s.</i> to 36 <i>s.</i>

Compositors on newspapers have always received higher wages than those engaged on other work. A corresponding advance has also taken place in the rate of labour, and at about the same periods.

Morning and Evening Papers.	Morning Papers.	Evening Papers.
Per week.	Per week.	Per week.
1785 . . . 1 7 0	1801 . . . 2 0 0	1 17 0
1786 . . . 1 11 6	1809 . . . 2 2 0	1 11 6
1793 . . . 1 16 0	1810 . . . 2 8 0	2 3 6

Although the compositor's weekly income on a newspaper is a fixed sum, it is so only on the condition that he produces a certain quantity of work,—a deficiency in quantity producing a corresponding deficit in income. Assistants on newspapers are paid by the hour. There is also a class of newspaper compositors called supernumeraries, who are paid by the 1000 letters; and who, although constantly employed, are not required to attend so many hours as those termed by the trade full hands.

Comparative Scale of the price per 1000 letters, and price per hour.

Per 1000.	Books.	Morning Paper.	Evening and Sunday Papers.
Long Primer* . . .	6 <i>d.</i>	9 <i>d.</i>	8½ <i>d.</i>
Minion	6½ <i>d.</i>	9	8½
Nonpareil	7	10	9½
Pearl	8	11	10½

Book-work	6 <i>d.</i> per hour.
Morning Paper	11½
Evening "	10½
Sunday "	10

There are only four different sized types employed on newspapers.

* To make this intelligible to the reader, we have used the several types here described; thus, Long Primer is printed in Long Primer, Nonpareil in Nonpareil, &c.

The actual working hours for those engaged on newspapers are as follows: Morning Papers, 12 hours; Evening Papers, 10 hours; when engaged beyond these periods, the workman is paid for every additional hour's attendance, according to the above rates. Morning Papers vary as to the time of commencing their labours, from 3, to 4, or 5 in the afternoon, the hour of commencing being regulated by the hour of leaving. Evening Papers commence at 5 in the morning, and terminate about 3 in the afternoon. The hours of attendance for Sunday newspapers are much the same as in book-houses—viz. from 8 to 8; except on Friday, when the day's labour seldom terminates before 12 o'clock at night.

Persons employed on Magazines and other periodicals are, on the eve of each publication, detained until a very late hour for two, three, and four nights together, and often during the whole night—many being occupied forty hours without intermission. Sundays are frequently devoted to this species of labour. This extra labour at the end of the month is counterbalanced by many of the compositors having little or nothing to occupy them for the first eight or ten days of the following month. Although the weekly earnings of many good compositors average from 35*s.* to 40*s.* by far the greater number do not earn, on the average, more than 20*s.* to 25*s.*; the average earnings of the whole trade, (not including newspapers) may be about 27*s.* per week.

In addition to the price per 1000 letters, there are many additional charges, such as for notes at the sides and bottoms of the pages, tabular statements, foreign languages, law works, parliamentary work, manuscripts badly written; for these an extra charge is usually allowed. All alterations are paid for according to the time they occupy.

Names of the various sized types commonly used in printing; the number of lines equal to 12 inches; and price per 1000 letters paid to the compositor.

	English*	Lines to a Foot.
100 letters of	Pica - - - - -	64
	Small Pica - - - - -	71½
	Long Primer - - - - -	83
	Bourgeois - - - - -	89
	Brevier - - - - -	102½
64 <i>d.</i>	Minion - - - - -	128
7	Nonpareil - - - - -	143
7½	Ruby - - - - -	166
8	Pearl - - - - -	178
10	Diamond - - - - -	205

Pressmen are usually paid piece-work, from 6*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* for every 250 impressions, according to the size of the paper, and the care required: if fully employed they may earn from 33*s.* to 35*s.* per week; yet, from the supply of labour being so much greater than the demand, their average cannot be taken at a higher rate than 23*s.* Men who attend the machines receive from 33*s.* to 40*s.* per week. They also have many opportunities of working extra hours, by which they earn on an average from 6*s.* to 10*s.* per week. This class of men are, perhaps, better off than either compositors or pressmen.

Number of Compositors in London	Journeymen.	Apprentices.
Pressmen - - - - -	3000	800
Machine-men - - - - -	1000	
	Not ascertained.	

From the Glasgow Magazine.

THE BROKEN SIXPENCE.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

Who, that has visited the village of Broomholm, on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, about thirty years ago, does not remember the only inn or rather "public" of which it boasted, and Mrs. Stewart, the landlady and proprietrix to boot? To me it is like a recollection of yesterday, to recall her stout figure and rosy face, surrounded by the staunchest of her partisans—among the fishermen and sailors that formed the population of the village—chatting with one, laughing with another, and evidently agreeable to all—while the light of the large kitchen fire, flashing waywardly on their weather-beaten countenances, was reflected from the shining rows of pewter and delf plates above the dresser, and made a "darkness visible" in the recesses of the smoky roof. But these days are gone by. The unpretending sign of the Cross Keys has given place to dashing establishments, in the shape of fashionable hotels; and a small stone slab in the churchyard, records the fate of Mrs. Stewart.

This was the appearance of the inn, however, in the year no matter what. It was at the close of autumn, and a stormy night had closed upon the village. The dash of the waves breaking upon a lee shore, mingled at intervals with the thunder, in a tone almost rivaling its own. The wind, loaded with rain, whistled among the cottages that lined the beach, and sweeping on, sent a loud and long lament through the woods and ravines of the neighbouring hills. It may be guessed, however, that the sounds of the night did not tend to diminish the comforts of the blazing fire and bien kitchen of the Cross Keys. The room was filled with the *élite* of village wit and humour, and the merriment was pitched in its highest key by the successful result of the fishing. The fire-light glanced on groups of bronzed faces, the clatter of the stoups was incessant, and the voices of the toppers, in every different tone of satire and solemnity, of mirth and extravagance, formed a sort of Babel in miniature. The hostess was for a time in her element: but as the night closed in, she seemed to tire a little in her exertions—though, to be sure, they were now greatly lessened—and committing the charge of the tap, in the meantime, to the care of a strapping wench, she went over to an elderly dounce-looking man, who with the joint assistance of a pair of spectacles, and a quiet glass of spirits, was engaged in spelling over an old newspaper, that had by some chance or other found its way to the Cross Keys. He looked up, laid aside the paper, and put his spectacles in his pocket, as the landlady approached.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Stewart, "hae ye heard the news?" "About the marriage?" responded the party addressed, who was neither more nor less than James Thompson, the principal shopkeeper in the village, and dealer in all sorts of articles, from a pin upwards. "About the marriage was't? On ay; I had the hail news frae Jeanie Steenson the day. It's to be on Thursday, and a fine hobbleshaw they'll hae. Set them up, atweel! it's no lang since they hadna a bawbee to bless themselves wi'."

"Deed ay; it's no sax years since David Johnston

got the letter frae abroad, about the death of their cousin, that left them a' the money. I mind it mair by token I had to lend him saxpence to pay the post. A puir weaver was Davie then, and noo see wha daur speak to him!—though, to be sure, naeboddy can say that siller has changed Mary; a sweet lassie she was aye, and will be, wi' a bonny face and a kind heart. But tell me, James, d'ye think she's quite willin' to tak' this nawbob?"

"What for no? he's as rich as a Jew, and a decent looking chiel foreby. It's a' settled." "Aweel, aweel," said the landlady, "I never thoct to see the day o' Mary Johnston's marriage, as lang as there was a chance of that *ane* casting up. It's nae use making a mystery o't noo, although there was few kent it foreby mysel. D'ye mind Charlie Maxwell, James?"

"John Maxwell's son? To be sure I do. A bauld bonnie wee chap he was, and mony a sweetie hae I gien him. Puir chieff! he was cast awa' and drowned on his voyage to India, about ten years sinesyne."

"I'm no sure about that," said Mrs. Stewart; "for altho' he was missed, there was nae certain news of his death. And see, there's Jock Watson sittin' yonder, fell oot o' the Bombay, and was gotten the next day by a wheen Turka, that took him into Algiers, and keepit him fifteen years, when at last he cam hame, and got his wife married to anither man. But, howsever, James —"

At this crisis a loud knocking at the door put a stop for a time to the gossip, which had now reached a period of deep interest. "Guid guide us!" cried the landlady, starting up, "that'll be drucken Sandie Knox, the smith; but he's no set his fit in my house the nicht, to break the glasses and smash the windows again." In this mood, and placing her arms akimbo upon her jolly sides, she marched to the door and demanded, in no very gentle tone, "wha was there at that time o' nicht?" The answer was given in an under tone, but seemed quite satisfactory, for the rump, good-humoured face of the landlady lost its assumed expression of angry discontent—which, to say the truth, always sat on it whimsically enough—the bolts of the door were quickly withdrawn, and Mrs. Stewart, calling to Jock, a gawky lad, a fisherman in his leisure hours, and also waiter, ostler, and boots, to the few strangers who sojourned in the Cross Keys of Broomholm, "gang oot and stable the gentleman's beast," ushered the new guest into the kitchen.

"Ye had better come ben here," said she, "for there's nae fire in the parlour, and it smokes a wee tae, till its fairly kennelled. But I'll get it ready in a jiffy. Jenny!" she called out—and the help aforesaid started up from a *tete-a-tete* with a brisk young fisher—"Jenny, gang up and licht a fire in number three. Will you just come ben, sir?"

The stranger came in, and advancing to the fireplace, disencumbered himself of his dripping cloak. In doing so, he displayed to the light a figure not much above the middle size, but formed with perfect symmetry, and indicating that kind of physical power which dwells in the compactness of muscle and nerve. His features corresponded with the manliness of his figure. In earliest youth, their expression would have earned from the gossips the endearing term of a "beautiful boy," but were now bronzed by exposure to the sun and the storm, and fixed into the stern line

of energy and command. The dress he wore partook of the military character; but the step, the attitude, the whole appearance, had that unnameable expression, which is independent of decorations, and at once marks to an observer the soldier of service. As our acquaintance, the grocer, afterwards observed, "he was a weel-faured gentleman, to my thoct a wee owre thin"—(our friend's circumference was none of the slimmest)—"wi' an e'e like a gled, and a ring on his finger that glanced like twenty cancles. It was a real diamond yon, for I used to ken a diamond frae a precious stane in my packman days." Mrs. Stewart, in the meantime, after a little bustle and some extension of voice, which the stranger was ignorant enough to think scolding, had laid before the latter what she styled a "touzie tea," to the discussion whereof he seriously inclined, with an appetite sharpened by a long ride, in the teeth of a fierce northwester. And having left him thus laudably employed, she returned to her acquaintance and her gossip.

"Weel, James, as I was saying, ye see Charlie and Mary Johnston were lad and lass langsyne; and they wad hae been married, had it no been for auld John—for John Maxwell was a sma' laird, and thoct his Charlie micht look a wee farrer up. Atweel he leaved to see things change. Mony a crack we had on the affair, and as often did I tell him to let things alane, for if it was ordained, all that he could do wadna prevent it. But na; he was determined on parting them, and at last pair Charlie was sent out in that weary ship to Calcutta." "I mind the thing," interrupted the grocer; "I wrote the letter frae John to the skipper."

"Nae doubt, James. Weel, on the night before he gaed awa—a mirk dreary night it was, just like this some—Charlie cam doon to ask me, for I was in the secret, if I wad let him and Mary meet in my house for an hour that night before they parted. I didna like the thing, but he was such a fine, frank, open hearted chield, that naeboddy could have refused him. Sae Mary and him met in my parlour, and ye ken there's only a wooden partition between it and my ain room, and there was a hole in the timmer, where a knot had come out—it wasna richt, but I couldna help it—I just looked through to them, and saw Mary was lying on Charlie's breast, sabbin' just as if her heart was breaking. And Charlie, he didna greet, nor he didna speak, but he looked sae wild and eerie, that I didna ken whether to pity him or her maist. Then Mary grew better in a while, and mony a wild word did Charlie say. And he declared that as sure as there was truth on earth, he would come back again, and a' would be richt. And then, just before they parted, Charlie took out a saxpence that he had broken in twa, and ilk aye took a half, and they were never to part wi't in life. The neist morning Charlie was aff to Ayr; and there was ae cheek in the town that was white for a while."

"But, oh! Mrs. Stewart," said the grocer, "how did she bear up when the news cam' o' his death?"

"Ye may ask that! It was keepit gay an' quiet, but they couldna weel hide it frae me; an' I can tell you that there was a hail week that Mary Johnston could hardly be said to be either dead or living. It was lang, lang or she got better; and deed to my thoct she's no the same lassie yet. Mony a crack hae we had on the chance of Charlie casting up; and aye I tell't her to keep up heart, but it seems noo she's

lost a' hope, or else (noo, James, ye needna mention this) she's no marrying wi' her ain guidwill.

"I'm no sure," said the grocer, "but that's may be true; it was a lang courtship, and Jeanie Steenson tells me —"

But the information, whatever it was, of Jeanie Steenson, must be lost to the reader, for just at this time the repeated call of the stranger to be shown to his apartment, struck the auditory nerve of the landlady. Mrs. Stewart, bustling up in all haste, marshalled him to the parlour, where, having taken up his position before a comfortable fire, and the wine he had now ordered being placed on the table, he turned to the landlady.

"Well, Mrs. Stewart," said he, "what news have you in the village?" "Deed, sir, there's naething gawn on in the town (an emphasis on the word) that ye would likely care about. Only, the hail countryside's ringing wi' the news o' a grand marriage between Miss Mary Johnston and —" "Mary Johnston!" interrupted the stranger; "not the daughter of David Johnston, the weaver here?"

"The very same, sir; he was once a weaver, but he had siller left frae abroad, and he bought Greenshaw, and is a big man in the country noo; his dochter's to be married on Thursday to Mr. Monteath, a gentleman just come frae India wi' lots o' money, and a weel-faured decent-like man into the bargain. It was only yesterday they passed in the gig, and she looked sae bonnie and — But, bless me, sir!" exclaimed the landlady, "what's the matter? Ye're be ill, sir?" "I am quite well," answered the stranger; "perfectly well; you may retire. Leave me," he added; "I wish to be alone."

After her departure, the stranger sat for some time on his chair, as if struck by sudden paralysis, and then starting up, he traversed the apartment with rapid and agitated strides, his brow contracted, his lips compressed, and almost bloodless, and his dark eyes flashed with the excitement of passion. He walked to the window, and looked out into the storm; it seemed as if the darkness before him had something in its sympathy of dreariness that exerted a soothing influence on his mind. His features gradually lost the expression they had assumed, and softened down into a character of hopeless melancholy. His lips quivered as if in the utterance of a mental soliloquy, which, as he proceeded, grew gradually audible, and at length he spoke unconsciously half aloud, "It is all over, then," he said, "and my worst forebodings are realised. And yet it is indeed singular, that in this very room—a room whose walls witnessed the last and fondest vow that lips could utter—I should for the first time be told that that pledge was broken! And yet I cannot blame Mary. It is my own fond credulity in the truth of a woman's love—my own folly in studying to excite effect, and I must now suffer the recoil of my ill-founded theories. And yet it is possible, although barely possible, that her heart may still be unchanged; other influences may have been used. I would that I could only see her without being recognized." He left the window as he spoke and advanced into the room.

On the table lay a printed handbill, announcing the sale of an estate in the neighbourhood, and in large letters appeared the name of David Johnston, Esq. of Greenshaw, as the person to whom intending purchasers were directed to apply for the particulars. The

name arrested his attention; and on glancing over the bill, he determined to call on the following day, ostensibly on business, and to endeavour to see at least once more the object of his early attachment. The chances of recognition were small. Time and exposure to the weather had completely altered the character of his features. His figure had assumed its full height and proportion. "The assumption of my mother's name, too," thought he; "will she recognise the boy Charles Maxwell, with his smooth cheek and bright complexion, in the sunburnt man who styles himself Colonel Charles Gordon?"

A day of much beauty succeeded the stormy evening we have described, and the slanting sunbeams of the early part of an autumn afternoon fell into an apartment in the stately mansion of Greenshaw, in which three persons differently occupied were assembled. The eldest and most conspicuous personage of the party was a man seemingly long past the middle period of life, who reclined, in the full shine of the sunlight, upon a sofa drawn across the breadth of the window, in the enjoyment of a quiet and comfortable doze. The newspapers, whose prosy columns were in all probability the opiate he had used, lay on the floor, and a pair of spectacles had dropped from their legitimate seat, and now straddled over the point of a nose evidently not the property of a member of the Temperance Society. At a table in the middle of the room sat a lady engaged in copying music; and a chair and magazine by the fireside were occupied by a gentleman of a certain age, if this term be applicable to the sex. With features dark, perfectly regular, and of a handsome and commanding cast, there was still something in the cold black eye, and finely cut but supercilious lip, that mingled doubt and distrust with your admiration.

At this juncture the door of the apartment opened, and a servant entering, presented a card, with the name of Colonel Gordon, to the occupant of the sofa. He started up, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Eh, John! What is this? Gordon—Colonel Gordon! Mary, that's the great East India chieft! Run, lassie, for guid sake, and see if ye hae ony thing decent for the dinner. Bring him ben, John. What can the man be wantin' wi' me, think ye?"

Gordon was now ushered in by the servant, and in a few words explained that, having some intention of settling in the neighbourhood, and seeing the advertisement of the sale of Sunnieholm, he had taken the liberty to call on Mr Johnston, to inspect the plans of the estate and learn the particulars of the sale.

"Deed, Colonel," said Johnston, "we canna do' this in sic a short time, and it's just close on the dinner hour; but if ye' hae nae objections to tak' a family check wi' us, we'll gang over the business then. And to say the truth, I really think this is the best plan, for business is dry enough ony way, and mair especially before dinner."

He ended with a laugh at his joke, and Gordon, apologising for his intrusion, (although we must not deny that he had chosen the time, and calculated on the request,) accepted the laird's invitation. The intervening period was spent with a sufficient allowance of dulness, in a straggling conversation on a few of the recent transactions in the colonies: and it was greatly to the relief of Gordon when dinner was announced, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. The heart of Gordon filled with a thousand electric

and indefinable feelings; there was a mist before his eyes, and a giddiness in his brain, when, on entering the room, the laird introduced him to his daughter—a needless ceremony to one who had never, through so long a course of years, dismissed her image from his mind. Mary Johnston received him with easy grace, but without the slightest sign of recognition; and prepared, as he had thought himself, for that reception, the proud spirit of Gordon swelled to think that he was indeed so totally forgotten. When sufficiently calm to make the observation, Gordon could not help confessing, that the years which had altered him in person and appearance, had not passed over Mary without leaving a trace of their footsteps. The springing step of seventeen, the fragile figure, the sprightly glance, and the ringing laugh, he remembered so well, had now disappeared, but their place was supplied by the gentle and dignified graces of womanhood.

The dinner passed as such a dinner might be supposed to do. Gordon indeed thought, but in all probability it was fancy, that on several occasions her eye rested on him with an expression of interest. At one time at least, when, in answer to a remark of hers, he alluded to some lines of an old, and then not very common song, which had been an early favourite of both, she evidently started at the quotation, and looked at him with a sad and earnest gaze. No suspicion of his real character, however, seemed to be excited; but when she left the table, Gordon was little able to take his part in the conversation that followed, and found as small a charm in the bottle, circulating as it did with great rapidity, under the direction of the laird and his friend. David Johnston observed his abstraction, and inquired with some sympathy if he was well enough. Glad of any excuse, and hoping that it might afford one interview with Mary, he pleaded a severe headache in answer to the inquiry.

"Weel, Colonel, I would just advise you to take my remedy, and that's a cup o' guid green tea. Gang you up stairs to the parlour, and my dochter will make it for you in less than nae time. It's the first door on your right hand at the stair head, and dinna be lang, and we'll get that business o' yours gane ower the night."

The sound of a voice, every note of which brought a volume of recollections into the mind of Gordon, was a better indication to him of the locality of the parlour than the direction of the laird. Mary was engaged in singing the very song he had quoted in the course of the dinner-table conversation, and as the full clear tones thrilled into melody, he stood still, afraid by a breath to dissolve the charm. The memories of boyhood, the bright hills and the bonnie burnsides in the deep noon, flashed upon his mind with the feeling of lightning. Well and beautifully has Mrs. Hemans said, on a strain of music—

Oh! joyously, triumphantly, sweet sounds, ye swell and float—

A breath of hope, of youth, of spring, is poured on every note;

And yet my full o'erburdened heart grows troubled by your power,

And ye seem to press the long-past years into one little hour.

If I have looked on lovely scenes that now I view no more—

A summer sea with glittering ships along a mountain shore—

A ruin girt with solemn woods, and a crimson evening's sky,
Ye bring me back those images swift as ye wander by.

The music ceased, and Gordon, half ashamed of the situation of a listener, now entered the apartment. Mary was bending over a scrap of old paper, but, at the sound of his entrance, she pushed it below the papers in the music portfolio; not, however, before Gordon had time to remark, that it was the very copy of the verses he had written out and given her in their early acquaintance. The sight did not at all tend to remove the confusion of ideas excited by the song itself; but before he knew very well what he was about, he had crossed the room, and requested Mary to oblige him by repeating the piece.

"It is an old song, Colonel, which I am not much in the practice of singing, and it was only your quotation that brought it into my recollection; but, to confer this very great obligation on you, I will attempt it again."

In proceeding with the music, one of those light tresses that Gordon had so often admired, fell from its band of pearls, and floated over the brow and eye of the singer. She hastily raised her hand from the instrument to remove it, and in doing so, unconsciously entangled her fingers in a ribbon, from which something depended into her bosom. The action brought it completely into the light. The dazzled eye of Gordon fell upon a broken sixpence! In a moment the astonished girl was in the arms of her lover.

"Mary—my own, own Mary!"

"Colonel Gordon—this insult!"

"Call me not Gordon, dearest Mary—I am Maxwell—your own Charles Maxwell!"

* * * * *

"Ay, Mrs. Stewart, so this has been a fine stir up by," said the grocer, next day, as he entered the public for his usual potation. "Think of Charlie Maxwell comin' into the room wi' his drawn sword, and crying he wud cut aff Mr. Monteath's head—and Miss Mary faintin'—and the auld laird creepin' below the sofa—and"

"Hout tont, James, what's this o't? Charlie Maxwell gaed into the room in a quiet peaceable manner, and tell't them a' wha he was. He was down at me the day, telling me no to send the carriage that was ordered for Mr. Monteath's waddin' till the week after the next, and then they're to gang for his ain."

"That may be your way o' tellin' the story—but mine's is the best, and the hail town has't—sae I'll just tell't that way yet."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN.

THERE is something, it appears to us, deeply and peculiarly affecting in the expression—applied to persons in distress—"they have seen better days." No claim upon our sympathy touches us so nearly as this. It at once brings before our minds the possibility of a change in our own circumstances, and no appeal—such is our nature—comes so home to our bosoms as that which suggests the chance of ourselves and those dear to us having one day to ask for such pity as is called for from us. When woman, in particular,

gentle, good, and unobtrusive, is the unfortunate object that has "seen better days," the case is still more strongly calculated to move our compassion; for we are usually inclined to presume, and with probability, that, though she is a participator in the sad reverse, she could not have had any blameable share in producing it. Of all objects of pity, indeed, under the sun, the woman who has undergone a change in her estate, and bears her fall with uncomplaining mildness and patience, is one of the most truly and profoundly interesting. Shoeless, garmentless, homeless poverty, poverty that sits by the wayside begging with its many wants obtruded on every hand, never touches the soul with a pang a hundredth part so acute, as does the shrinking, carefully concealed indigence of the Decayed Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Mellick of Westborough was so exactly the realization of this character, that, in describing her, we shall describe the class, an interesting and peculiar one, to which she belonged. In person she was above the middle size, but of a slender make; in middle life she looked much older than she really was, but she gained, as she advanced towards seventy, a well-preserved and comely look, which it was a pleasure to see. In fact, while the early troubles of her life made her old before her time, the quiet unruffled tenor of her later years had in some measure restored her original appearance, though her hour of bodily and mental ease came too late to save many traces of her youthful beauty.

About forty years before she reached the time of life referred to, Mrs. Mellick's evil day had come to pass, in the ruin and sudden death of her husband, the last of an old landed family in the neighbourhood of Westborough. But amid the wreck of her fortunes, she had found some individuals not unmindful of her conduct in her prosperity; and it is to the honour of our nature, that persons, who, like her, have fallen from their prosperous estate, do find, in general, some humble shelter, to which they are welcome in memory of the past. It is true, that, when she was received into the house of Mr. Mason, a cabinetmaker in Westborough, Mrs. Mellick sought nothing in charity, nor did she ever need to do so while she lived there. But then, Mr. and Mrs. Mason did not know that the case would turn out thus, and therefore they are entitled to praise for their conduct. A small parlour and bed room was all that Mrs. Mellick and her little boy required for their accommodation, and, indeed, the cabinetmaker had no more to give. Year after year went on, subsequently to this arrangement; Mrs. Mellick's little boy was put to school by her relations, and the Masons and their inmate found themselves so mutually agreeable, that neither ever thought of change. Mrs. Mason, indeed, was in the habit of remarking to her acquaintances, when her lodger first came, "that as to the money they received, it was a mere nothing; but then they had reason to think the poor lady had not much to spare; besides, whatever the world might say of Mr. Mellick, he had always behaved well to them, and paid honestly for what work was done for him, and *that* was more than could be said of many; and poor Mrs. Mellick was so quiet, and gave so little trouble, that, for her part, she was glad to have her;" and so on, always winding up her insinuations of small payment by a reclaiming clause to her lodger's advantage.

The circumstance of Mr. Mason being a cabinet-

maker, turned out greatly to Mrs. Mellick's comfort as regarded lodgement. As her worth became known to the good couple with whom she lived, they gave her the benefit of all the nice little pieces of furniture—the walnut bedstead, the mahogany chest of drawers, the oaken cupboard, inlaid with ivory and parti-coloured woods, and other articles—all manufactured by Mr. Mason at his leisure hours. Into the parlour where these things stood, and which was further decorated with shell-work and other ornaments, visitors were freely admitted; but into the bedroom beyond, Mrs. Mason only was privileged by her lodger with the right of entrance. This exclusion, it was supposed, had some connexion with the portrait of Mr. Mellick, painted in the heyday of his youth, which was known to hang within.

Visitors to Mrs. Mellick had to pass through her landlady's kitchen, and, then ascending by two steps into the parlour, at once the Decayed Gentlewoman was before them, a woman whose hand a duke might have kissed without derogating from his dignity, and yet who had less to live upon than the stipend he paid to his valet! She sat regularly in one place—in an ancient chair of faded damask—near the fire, out of the draught, and with her back to the window. She was always dressed in black, and a most respectable and interesting figure she was, in spite of her antique garments, dyed though they might have been. Her long satin cloak, well wadded, and trimmed with its enduring narrow fur, and her small but at one time costly ermine muff, and her quiet self-possessed air, established her at once for a lady born and bred. It was well for Mrs. Mellick that in the days of her full purse, silks and satins were made for wear, and that nobody wore any worse velvets than those of Genoa. But, in truth, the clothes of the Decayed Gentlewoman never *did* wear out, for with what care were they husbanded! Worn only, in their first estate, to go out in, or to grace the call of some especial visiter, never burnt brown by the fire; never exposed to the tumbling of disorderly children; never worn to carve great dinners in; worn with a sense of their value ever before the mind; invisibly darned and repaired if accident happened; turned if soiled, and re-turned when the first side had freshened; pinned up in a napkin, and put by without crease or false-fold, under secure lock and key. Well may the best gown wear for ever—wear till the heartless and the fastidious make a jest of it! Again, how wonderfully is the every-day dress kept in a visibly good condition! But, oh! the darts and joins and laboriously-kept-together parts which are needfully concealed under the nice muslin apron and the over-handkerchief! I could shed tears when I look at the decent appearance of the Decayed Gentlewoman in her every-day dress; for I know how every thin place has been anticipated, how the tatter that *would* come, in spite of prevention, has been subject of regret and anxiety! Not one corner of that handkerchief, artlessly as its folds may seem to be disposed, but has a purpose in its arrangement—has some little darn, or spot worn into visible network—to hide from the prying eye! And this garment, for which the dealer in cast-off apparel would not give you three groats, may be put off for one still more dilapidated, or for a cotton wrapper, when no one is expected to come, and yet even this shall have no observable rent or tatter about it! The poverty of the Decayed Gentlewoman is a respectable thing; it

has nothing squalid nor sordid about it; it can never make her an object of vulgar pity; on the contrary, it excites the esteem, nay, the very reverence, of good hearts!

The sombreness of Mrs. Mellick's dress was relieved by the white apron, always spotless, save for those pertinacious iron-moulds, which, spite of salt of lemons, *will* come in old muslin. The folds of the apron were always fresh; and a white India muslin handkerchief was laid in delicate plaits over her bosom. God help her! those very handkerchiefs were poor Mr. Mellick's cravats; and long was it before she could prevail upon herself to apply them to her own use; and when at length she did, compelled by her own store being exhausted, she had forcibly to put away the agonising consciousness, and assiduously to occupy her mind with other thoughts. But that is years since, and her heart has long beat quiescently under the fair folds of the muslin. A very nice rather high cap, but not of the widow's form, completed her costume; the clear-starching and making-up of which was always an object of her great attention, although nobody, except Mrs. Mason and her little maid, ever saw her about the first part of the operation.

Of Mrs. Mellick's little parlour, a word must be said: and the more so, because in its leading features the description will apply to the parlour of every Decayed Gentlewoman. Mrs. Mellick's room was small and low, but not unpleasant-looking; with two old-fashioned sash-windows, screened by white netted blinds, scrupulously clean. Within a recess or alcove were a few shelves decorated with half a dozen old china teacups and saucers, three jars, and certain nondescript vessels of an antique cast, and the grate was so bricked internally as to consume the least possible quantity of fuel, consistent with the retention of the character of a fire. An antiquated pier-glass and two good prints decorated the walls, which were covered with old-fashioned paper. The chairs were plain, but bright and polished, and in one corner, on a turn-down stand of Mr. Mason's making, stood a little glass, filled with flowers, the proceeds of the small garden attached to the house. On the table before the venerable inmate of the chamber, might always be seen her knitting or netting, and most commonly her Prayer-book. On one of the window seats, lay two or three volumes of the Ladies' Magazine, Young's Night Thoughts, Cowper's Poems, Hervey's Meditations, and a large Family Bible. In the latter book, Mrs. Mellick very frequently read, for she was devout, not only in seeming, but in sincerity. As if essential to the character in which we have presented her, she was a devout Church-of-England lady; and had indeed must the weather have been, when her well-preserved old silk umbrella was not seen, or the sound of her pattens heard, at the hour of service in the church of Westborough.

This portrait of a Decayed Gentlewoman will call up the recollection, we imagine, of some counterpart or other in the minds of many of our readers. The young will remember calling, it may be, with their mamma upon some ancient and venerable old lady, who presented them with a modicum of comfits taken from an old cupboard, where they were kept in the sugar bowl of a tea set of china. A canister of gingerbread nuts was the treasure Mrs. Mellick kept for this purpose. On an elderly person she occasionally bestowed a glass of wine; and as this was always re-

marked to be of a fine quality, it was conjectured that some rich relation now and then sent her a bottle or two as a present; for it was guessed that she could not herself afford it out of her small means. And what were these means? Thirty pounds a-year, the joint annuity of two relations. Small occasional presents she might receive in addition to this; but of a certainty they were like angel visits, "few and far between." One present which Mrs. Mellick regularly got, deserves mention. This was a barrel of oysters, which she received annually from her son in London, where he had commenced practice as a physician, and subsequently had married, and had a large family. In return, Mrs. Mellick devoted much of her time to the knitting of lambs'-wool stockings for her grandchildren. The London papers were also regularly sent to Mrs. Mellick by her son, and this deserves notice as being a characteristic feature of the old lady's caste. Decayed Gentlewomen in provincial situations always receive second-hand metropolitan papers; and this gives them no small superiority in a certain way, enabling them to oblige their news-loving neighbours, and to assume credit for the possession of rich friends far away. But this was not Mrs. Mellick's disposition or desire.

With thirty pounds a-year only, and every thing to find out of it, Mrs. Mellick could neither give parties nor indulge in luxurious living for herself. The Decayed Gentlewoman's eating, like her dress, was reduced to the very lowest possible scale of expenditure; and Mrs. Mason could tell, if she would, how short the commons of her inmate often were. She wondered with herself how the poor lady kept soul and body together on the modicum of victuals that she consumed; and many a time she added from her own more amply supplied table any savoury morsel which she thought could not be unpalatable to the lady, and yet might look rather like a polite attention than a gift out of pure charity. Ill as Mrs. Mellick, however, could afford to entertain company, she did nevertheless, to relieve her mind perhaps of a sense of obligation, invite now and then two or three quiet ladies to take a cup of tea with her. And then came out that little chased silver tea-pot, about the size and as round as a small melon, that dainty silver cream-jug, and that pair of silver candlesticks, which, together with a gold etui-case, and a most elaborate and delicately carved gold snuff-box, were, as she never failed to relate during tea, the legacy of her godmother, together with the history of the old lady, which it must be confessed was well worth hearing. But she did not tell how this legacy came to her on the very day of poor Mellick's funeral, and being put aside in the overwhelming agony of the time into her wardrobe, was, unknown to herself, saved among her clothes from the general wreck that followed. An incident like this, connected with that sad event, she could never have related. No allusion was ever made by her to the dark times of her ruined hopes and fortunes. And though people wondered at her settling for life in the neighbourhood of her former happiness and later misfortunes, and it perhaps might not be easy to account for such a choice, still her sense of suffering was so great, that, during forty years, she was never known to walk upon the road that led to her former residence, even though the house was soon taken down, the materials sold, the whole demesne ploughed, planted, and every way changed, so that she

could not have known the spot where it had stood. Her sensibilities towards the past were very acute: her study seemed to be to forget all connected with it. Mellick-field was as though it had never been, and she never alluded to it, except to her most intimate friends, and then only casually.

But though Mrs. Mellick, like all those of her class who are possessed of keen sensibilities, was unable to talk of the circumstances immediately and intimately connected with her former condition, she was not so unwilling to converse of the collateral affairs, as they may be called, relating to past times. She had some remote family connexion with two noble houses, and in the heyday of her prosperity, an earl, her cousin, had lunched at Mellick-field, as he passed through the county; this established the validity of her claim with the whole neighbourhood, and left a lasting interest in her own heart for every branch of his widely extended family. Laterally and collaterally she knew how they had branched out, and had a sort of maternal anxiety about the younger scions of the house; wondered how they were to be provided for; and if any of the name or connexion signalled themselves at home or abroad, she never failed to relate it. She had a feeling of strong regard for old George III. and his queen; thought they were good family people, and vastly superior to their successors. The fact was, when she was young she passed three years in London with relations who lived near the palace, and the princes and princesses, the old king and queen, were mixed up in her memory with many a bright young remembrance, that not even the troubles of her after-life could obliterate.

If Mrs. Mellick, as we have said, upon her thirty pounds a-year, could be no giver of parties, she still was often invited to many quiet family parties in Westborough. She was an excellent hand at a rubber of whist, and with some old gentlemen of the place was a favourite partner; and, moreover, as she had two tolerably handsome visiting gowns, and was a person of good presence, a lady, even scrupulous as to the appearance of her rooms, could never object to Mrs. Mellick on that score. But as no Decayed Gentlewoman may ever calculate on being sent home in the carriages of her friends, or on being attended by their liveried servants, and equally rarely may look to have the escort of any gentleman who would go out of his way to leave her at her own door, so dear Mrs. Mellick was always fetched home by Mrs. Mason's little maid, who came with a modest rap and a low voice, bringing lantern and cloak, as the night might be, to convoy home the lady at ten, or at farthest half an hour later.

Through the whole of her life, Mrs. Mellick was a proof how totally independent of large income is personal respectability. Its great secret is self-respect. Poverty could never degrade such as she, for she never degraded herself by pretence or duplicity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE 'GHOST AND THE BONE-SETTER.

In looking over the papers of my late valued and respected friend, Francis Purcell, who for nearly fifty years discharged the arduous duties of a parish priest

in the south of Ireland, I met with the following document. It is one of many such, for he was a curious and industrious collector of old local traditions—a commodity in which the quarter where he resided mightily abounded. The collection and arrangement of such legends was, as long as I can remember him, his *hobby*; but I had never learned that his love of the marvellous and whimsical had carried him so far as to prompt him to commit the results of his inquiries to writing, until, in the character of *residuary legatee*, his will put me in possession of all his manuscript papers. To such as may think the composing of such productions as these inconsistent with the character and habits of a country priest, it is necessary to observe, that there did exist a race of priests—those of the old school, a race now nearly extinct—whose habits were from many causes more refined, and whose tastes more literary than are those of the alumni of Maynooth.

It is perhaps necessary to add that the superstition illustrated by the following story, namely, that the corpse last buried is obliged, during his juniority of interment, to supply his brother tenants of the churchyard in which he lies, with fresh water to allay the burning thirst of purgatory, is prevalent throughout the south of Ireland. The writer can vouch for a case in which a respectable and wealthy farmer, on the borders of Tipperary, in tenderness to the corns of his departed helpmate, enclosed in her coffin two pair of brogues, a light and a heavy, the one for dry, the other for sloppy weather; seeking thus to mitigate the fatigues of her inevitable perambulations in procuring water, and administering it to the thirsty souls of purgatory. Fierce and desperate conflicts have ensued in the case of two funeral parties approaching the same church-yard together, each endeavouring to secure to his own dead priority of sepulture, and a consequent immunity from the tax levied upon the pedestrian powers of the last comer. An instance not long since occurred, in which one of two such parties, through fear of losing to their deceased friend this inestimable advantage, made their way to the churchyard by a *short cut*, and in violation of one of their strongest prejudices, actually threw the coffin over the wall, lest time should be lost in making their entrance through the gate. Innumerable instances of the same kind might be quoted, all tending to show how strongly, among the peasantry of the south, this superstition is entertained. However, I shall not detain the reader further, by any prefatory remarks, but shall proceed to lay before him the following:

EXTRACT FROM THE MS. PAPERS OF THE LATE REV.
FRANCIS PURCELL, OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

“I tell the following particulars, as nearly as I can recollect them, in the words of the narrator. It may be necessary to observe that he was what is termed a *well-spoken* man, having for a considerable time instructed the ingenious youth of his native parish in such of the liberal arts and sciences as he found it convenient to profess—a circumstance which may account for the occurrence of several big words, in the course of this narrative, more distinguished for euphonious effect, than for correctness of application. I proceed then, without further preface, to lay before you the wonderful adventures of Terry Neil.”

“Why, thin, ’tis a quare story, an’ as thrue as you’re sittin’ there; and I’d make bould to say there isn’t a boy in the seven parishes could tell it better nor crickther than myself, for ’twas my father himself it happened to, an’ manys the time I heerd it out iv his own mouth; an’ I can say, an’ I’m proud av that same, my father’s word was as incredible as any squire’s oath in the counthry; and so signs an’ if a poor man got into any unlucky throuble, he was the boy id go into the court an’ prove; but that dosen’t signify—he was as honest and as sober a man, barrin’ he was a little bit too partial to the glass, as you’d find in a day’s walk; an’ there wasn’t the likes of him in the counthry round for wate labourin’ and *baan* diggin’; and he was mighty handy entirely for carpenther’s work, and mendin’ ould spudethrers, an’ the likes i’ that. An’ so he tuck up with bone-setting, as was most nathural, for none of them could come up to him in mendin’ the leg iv a stool or a table; an’ sure, there never was a bone-setter got so much custom—man an’ child, young an’ ould—there never was such breakin’ and mendin’ of bones known in the memory of man. Well, Terry Neil, for that was my father’s name, began to feel his heart growin’ light, and his purse heavy; an’ he took a bit iv a farm in Squire Phelim’s ground, just undher the ould castle, an’ a pleasant little spot it was; an’ day an’ mornin’, poor crathurs not able to put a foot to the ground, with broken arms and broken legs, id be comin’ ramblin’ in from all quarters to have their bones spliced up. Well, yer honour, all this was as well as well could be; but it was customary when Sir Phelim id go any where out iv the country, for some iv the tinants to sit up to watch in the ould castle, just for a kind of a compliment to the ould family—an’ a mighty nopleasant compliment it was for the tinants, for there wasn’t a man of them but knew there was some thing quare about the ould castle. The neighbours had it, that the squire’s ould grandfather, as good a gentleman, God be with him, as I hear’d, as ever stood in shoe leather, used to keep walkin’ about in the middle iv the night, ever sinst he bursted a blood vessel pullin’ out a cork out iv a bottle, as you or I might be doin’, and will too, plase God; but that dosen’t signify. So, as I was sayin’, the ould squire used to come down out of the frame, where his pictur was hung up, and to brake the bottles and glasses, God be marcifal to us all, an’ dhrink all he could come at—an’ small blame to him for that same; and then if any of the family id be comin’ in, he id be up again in his place, looking as quite an’ innocent as if he didn’t know any thing about it—the mischievous ould chap.

“Well, your honour, as I was sayin’, one time the family up at the castle was stayin’ in Dublin for a week or two; and so as usual, some of the tenants had to sit up in the castle, and the third night it kem to my father’s turn. ‘Oh, tare an ouns,’ says he unto himself, ‘an’ must I sit up all night, and that ould vagabond of a sperit, glory be to God,’ says he, ‘serenading through the house, an’ doin’ all sorts iv mischief.’ However, there was no gettin’ aff, and so he put a bould face on it, an’ he went up at night-fall with a bottle of pottieen, and another of holy wather.

“It was rainin’ smart enough, an’ the evenin’ was darksome and gloomy, when my father got in; and what with the rain he got, and the holy wather he sprinkled on himself, it wasn’t long till he had to swallee a cup iv the pottieen, to keep the cowld out

iv his heart. It was the ould steward, Lawrence Connor, that opened the door—and he an' my father wor always very great. So when he seen who it was, an' my father tould him how it was his turn to watch in the castle, he offered to sit up along with him; and you may be sure my father wasn't sorry for that same. So says Larry.

" 'We'll have a bit iv fire in the parlour,' says he.

" 'An' why not in the hall?' says my father, for he knew that the squire's picthor was hung in the parlour.

" 'No fire can be lit in the hall,' says Lawrence, 'for there's an ould jackdaw's nest in the chimney.'

" 'Oh thin,' says my father, 'let us stop in the kitchen, for it's very umproper for the likes iv me to be sittin' in the parlour,' says he.

" 'Oh, Terry, that can't be,' says Lawrence; 'if we keep up the ould custom at all, we may as well keep it up properly,' says he.

" 'Divil sweep the ould custom,' says my father—to himself, do ye mind, for he didn't like to let Lawrence see that he was more afeard himself.

" 'Oh, very well,' says he. 'I'm agreeable, Lawrence,' says he; and so down they both went to the kitchen, until the fire id be lit in the parlour—an' that same wasn't long doin'.

" Well, your honour, they soon wint up again, an' sat down mighty comfortable by the parlour fire, and they beginn'd to talk, an' to smoke, an' to dbrink a small taste iv the pottieen; and, moreover, they had a good rousing fire of bogwood and turf, to warm their shins over.

" Well, sir, as I was sayin', they kep convarsin' and smokin' together most agreeable, until Lawrence beginn'd to get sleepy, as was but nathural for him, for he was an ould sarvint man, and was used to a great dale iv sleep.

" 'Sure it's impossible,' says my father, 'it's gettin' sleepy you are?'

" 'Oh, divil a taste,' says Larry, 'I'm only shuttin' my eyes,' says he, 'to keep out the parfume of the tibacky smoke, that's makin' them wather,' says he. 'So don't you mind other people's business,' says he, stiff enough, (for he had a mighty high stomach av his own, rest his soul,) 'and go on,' says he, 'with your story, for I'm listenin',' says he, shuttin' down his eyes.

" Well, when my father seen spakin' was no use, he went on with his story. By the same token, it was the story of Jim Soolivan and his ould goat he was tellin'—an' a pleasant story it is—an' there was so much divarsion in it, that it was enough to waken a dormouse, let alone to pervint a Christian goin' asleep. But, faix, the way my father tould it, I believe there never was the likes heerd sinst nor before, for he bawled out every word av it, as if the life was fairly leavin' him, thrying to keep ould Larry awake; but, faix, it was no use, for the hoorsness came an him, an' before he kem to the end of his story, Larry O'Connor beginn'd to snore like a bagpipes.

" 'Oh, blur an' agres,' says my father, 'isn't this a hard case,' says he, 'that ould villain, lettin' on to be my friend, and to go asleep this way, an' us both in the very room with a sperit,' says he. 'The crass o' Christ about us,' says he; and with that he was goin' to shake Lawrence to waken him, but he just remimbered if he roused him, that he'd surely go off to his bed, an' lave him complately alone, an' that id be by far worse.

" 'Oh thin,' says my father, 'I'll not disturb the poor boy. It id be neither friendly nor good-nathured,' says he, 'to tormint him while he is asleep,' says he; 'only I wish I was the same way myself,' says he.

" An' with that he begannd to walk up an' down, an' sayin' his prayers, until he worked himself into a sweat, savin' your presence. But it was all no good; so he dhrunk about a pint of sperits, to compose his mind.

" 'Oh,' says he, 'I wish to the Lord I was as asy in my mind as Larry there. Maybe,' says he, 'if I thried I could go asleep;' an' with that he pulled a big arm-chair close beside Lawrence, an' settled himself in it as well as he could.

" But there was one quare thing I forgot to tell you. He couldn't help, in spite av himself, lookin' now an' thin at the picthor, an' he immediately observed that the eyes av it was follyin' him about, an' starin' at him, an' winkin' at him, wherever he wint. 'Oh,' says he, when he seen that, 'it's a poor chance I have,' says he; 'an' bad luck was with me the day I kem into this unfortunat place,' says he; 'but any way there's no use in bein' freckened now,' says he; 'for if I am to die, I may as well parspire undaunted,' says he.

" Well, your honour, he thried to keep himself quite an' asy, an' he thought two or three times he might have wint asleep, but for the way the storm was groanin' and creekin' through the great heavy branches outside, an' whistlin' through the ould chimnies iv the castle. Well, afther one great roarin' blast iv the wind, you'd think the walls iv the castle was just goin' to fall, quite an' clane, with the shakin' iv it. All av a suddint the storm stopt, as silent an' as quite as if it was a July evenin'. Well, your honour, it wasn't stopped blowin' for three minnutes, before he thought he hard a sort iv a noise over the chimney-piece; an' with that my father just opened his eyes the smallest taste in life, an' sure enough he seen the ould squire gettin' out iv the picthor, for all the world as if he was throwin' aff his ridin' coat, until he step out clane an' complete, out av the chimly-piece, an' thrun himself down an the floor. Well, the slieveen ould chap—an' my father thought it was the dirtiest turn iv all—before he begannd to do anything out iv the way, he stopped, for a while, to listen wor they both asleep; an' as soon as he thought all was quite, he put out his hand, and tuck hold iv the whiskey bottle, an' dhrank at laste a pint iv it. Well, your honour, when he tuck his turn out iv it, he settled it back mighty cute intirely, in the very same spot it was in before. An' he begannd to walk up an' down the room, lookin' as sober an' as solid as if he never done the likes at all. An' whenever he went apast my father, he thought he felt a great scent of brimstone, an' it was that that freckened him entirely; for he knew it was brimstone that was burned in hell, savin' your presence. At any rate, he often heer'd it from Father Murphy, an' he had a right to know what belonged to it—he's dead since, God rest him. Well, your honour, my father was asy enough until the sperit kem past him; so close, God be marcifal to us all, that the smell iv the sulphur tuck the breath clane out iv him; an' with that he tuck such a fit iv coughin', that it al-a-most shuck him out iv the chair he was sittin' in.

" 'Ho, ho!' says the squire, stoppin' short about two steps aff, and turnin' round facin' my father, 'is

it you that's in it?—an' how's all with you, Terry Neil?

“ ‘At your honour's sarvice,’ says my father (as well as the fright id let him, for he was more dead than alive,) ‘an' it's proud I am to see your honour to-night,’ says he.

“ ‘Terence,’ says the squire, ‘you're a respectable man (an' it was thrue for him,) an' indushtrious, sober man, an' an example of inebriety to the whole parish,’ says he.

“ ‘Thank your honour,’ says my father, gettin' courage, ‘you were always a civil spoken gentleman, God rest your honour.’

“ ‘Rest my honour,’ says the sperit (fairly gettin' red in the face with the madness,) ‘Rest my honour?’ says he. ‘Why, you ignorant spalpeen,’ says he, ‘you maue, niggardly ignoramus,’ says he, ‘where did you lave your manners?’ says he. ‘If I am dead, it's no fault iv minè,’ says he; ‘an' it's not to be thrun in my teeth at every hand's turn, by the likes iv you,’ says he, stampin' his foot an' the flure, that you'd think the boards id smash undher him.

“ ‘Oh,’ says my father, ‘I'm only a foolish, ignorant, poor man,’ says he.

“ ‘You're nothing else,’ says the squire; ‘but any way,’ says he, ‘it's not to be listenin' to your goster, nor conversin' with the likes iv you, that I came up—down I mane,’ says he,—(an' as little as the mistake was, my father tuck notice iv it.) ‘Listen to me now, Terence Neil,’ says he, ‘I was always a good mashter to Pathrick Neil, your grandfather,’ says he.

“ ‘Tis thrue for your honour,’ says my father.

“ ‘And, moreover, I think I was always a sober, riglar gentleman,’ says the squire.

“ ‘That's your name, sure enough,’ says my father (though it was a big lie for him, but he could not help it.)

“ ‘Well,’ says the sperit, ‘although I was as sober as most men—at laste as most gentlemen’—says he; ‘an' though I was at different periods a most extempory Christian, and most charitable and inhuman to the poor,’ says he; ‘for all that I'm not as asy where I am now,’ says he, ‘as I had a right to expect,’ says he.

“ ‘An' more's the pity,’ says my father; ‘maybe your honour id wish to have a word with Father Murphy?’

“ ‘Hould your tongue, you misherable bliggard,’ says the squire; ‘it's not iv my sowl I'm thinkin'—an' I wondher you'd have the impitence to talk to a gentleman consarnin' his sowl;—and when I want that fixed,’ says he, slappin' his thigh, ‘I'll go to them that knows what belongs to the likes,’ says he. ‘It's not my sowl,’ says he, sittin' down opposite my father; ‘it's not my sowl that's annoyin' me most—I'm unasy on my right leg,’ says he, ‘that I bruck at Glenvarloch cover the day I killed black Barney.’

(“ My father found out afther, it was a favourite horse that fell undher him, afther leapin' the big fince that runs along by the glen.)

“ ‘I hope,’ says my father, ‘your honour's not unasy about the killin' iv him?’

“ ‘Hould your tongue, ye fool,’ said the squire, ‘an' I'll tell you why I'm anasy an my leg,’ says he. ‘In the place, where I spend most iv my time,’ says he, ‘except the little leisure I have for lookin' about me here,’ says he, ‘I have to walk a great dale more than I was ever used to,’ says he, ‘and by far more than is

good for me either,’ says he; ‘for I must tell you,’ says he, ‘the people where I am is uncommonly fond iv could wather, for there is nothin' betther to be had; an', moreover, the weather is hotter than is altogether plisint,’ says he; ‘and I'm appinted,’ says he, ‘to assait in carryin' the wather, an' gets a mighty poor share iv it mysell,’ says he, ‘an' a mighty throublesome, warin' job it is, I can tell you,’ says he; ‘for they're all of them surprisingly dhry, and drinks it as fast as my legs can carry it,’ says he; ‘but what kills me entirely,’ says he, ‘is the wakeness in my leg,’ says he, ‘an' I want you to give it a pull or two to bring it to shape,’ says he, ‘and that's the long an' the short iv it,’ says he.

“ ‘Oh, plase your honour,’ says my father. (for he didn't like to handle the sperit at all,) ‘I wouldn't have the impitence to do the likes to your honour,’ says he; ‘it's only to poor crathurs life myself I'd do it to,’ says he.

“ ‘None iv your blarney,’ says the squire, ‘Here's my leg,’ says he, cockin' it up to him, ‘pull it for the bare life,’ says he; an' if you don't, by the immortal powers I'll not lave a bone in your carcish I'll not powdher,’ says he.

“ When my father heerd that, he seen there was no use in purtendin', so he tuck hold iv the leg, an' he kep pullin' an' pullin', till the sweat, God bless us, began to pour down his face.”

“ ‘Pull, you divil,’ says the squire.

“ ‘At your sarvice, your honour,’ says my father.

“ ‘Pull harder,’ says the squire.

“ My father pulled like the divil.

“ ‘I'll take a little sup,’ says the squire, rachin' over his hand to the bottle, ‘to keep up my courage,’ says he, lettin' an' to be very wake in himself intirely. But as cute as he was, he was out here, for he tuck the wrong one. ‘Here's to your good health, Terence,’ says he, ‘an' now pull like the very divil,’ an' with that he lifted the bottle of holy wather, but it was hardly to his mouth, when he let a screech out, you'd think the room id fairly split with it, an' made one chuck that sent the leg clane aff his body in my father's hands; down wint the squire over the table, an' bang wint my father half way across the room on his back, upon the flure. Whin he kem to himself the cheerful mornin' sun was shinin' through the windy shutthers, an' he was lying flat an his back, with the leg iv one of the great ould chairs pulled clane out iv the socket an' tight in his hand, pintin' up to the ceilin', an' ould Larry fast asleep, an' snorin' as loud as ever. My father wint that mornin' to Father Murphy, an' from that to the day of his death, he never neglected confission nor mass, an' what he tould was betther believed that he spake av it but seldom. An', as for the squire, that is the sperit, whether it was that he did not like his liquor, or by rason iv the loss iv his leg, he was never known to walk again.”

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE INNKEEPER OF ANDERMATT.

SHORTLY after the general peace,—in common with troops of my compatriots, to whom the Continent had been so long closed,—I travelled to Switzerland. Little was then known of that country; the inns were

few and bad: not so now. The inhabitants, too, have, since the period of which I speak, lost much of their individuality. The attrition of foreigners, and the corrupting influence of their gold, have, I am sorry to say, worn off much of that simplicity of manners, and most of the rugged virtues, bequeathed to the mountaineer by his ancestors.

One of my first visits was to the Lake of the Four Cantons; that lake, the border of which gave birth to the heroes and patriots who shook off the yoke of foreign tyranny. The lakes of Switzerland have each a peculiar character of their own, and this owes its charm to its deep solitude and seclusion.

From Altorf I crossed the Mont St. Gothard, and, fortunately for me, saw it before the new road, in imitation of that of the Simplon, was begun. The mechanical arts and civilization are the death of sentiment, despair to the artist, but still more to the poet. There was then no hideous steam-boat, with its blackening column of smoke, to destroy the connexion of the present with the past. A *bateau*, of the same construction as that from which Tell, leaping on the rock,—where the chapel now stands to commemorate the exploit,—winged the arrow into the heart of Gesner, conveyed me to the foot of St. Gothard. It then afforded no practicable way for carriages, with their imperials, their couriers, and *femmes de chambre*, all packed together at the top. The pass that had been trodden for centuries, deep-worn and precipitous, admitted only of being traversed on foot, or *à mulet*; that pass, the most terrible in its sublimity of all the rest, with its deafening torrent, and its sides thick-set with giant pines, that yet gradually diminished into pigmies as they lost themselves among the clouds above our heads.

It was the month of April, and near ten o'clock at night, when, after a long march, I reached an inn in the outskirts of the small town that bears the same name of sonorous and musical sound,—Lugano. It was not the best hostel in the place; but, after the *chalets* in which I had been lodging, I had become very indifferent on the score of accommodation, and glad to find shelter anywhere. The landlord seemed to have little respect for foot-passengers, for he did not move from his chair to give me welcome as I entered his door. He was seated in the chimney corner with a traveller, who looked like an old soldier, to judge from his grey moustache and half-military costume; while a girl of eighteen or twenty was preparing his supper.

Our host's manners were certainly not prepossessing; and he seemed but little inclined to afford me that paid hospitality which Goldsmith so much vaunted. He told me sulkily that his house was full, that his guests had retired, and that the gentleman who had just arrived, and to whom he pointed, had engaged his last chamber.

The fire-place was one of that kind still common in farm-houses in England, and universal in Wales, with wooden benches on each side extending the length of the chimney. I told him, therefore, that if he would give me a couple of blankets, I would sleep *sur le dur*.

The stranger politely offered me half his bed; but, our host having acceded to my proposition, I declined to share it, with the best grace I could.

Some excellent vermicelli soup, delicious red trout,

and an *omelet aux herbes*, consoled me for the *modicum hospitium* in other ways. I sat down with a true Alpine appetite. Discovering that the cellar contained one excellent bottle of Bordeaux, the stranger and myself ordered a second.

My companion was an agreeable person. We communicated to each other whither we were bound and whence we had come. I spoke with raptures of St. Gothard, and of the green valley of Andermatt. At the name of Andermatt I saw a change come over the stranger's countenance, as though it were clouded by some painful retrospect; and, after drinking two bumpers of the claret in rapid succession, as if to give him courage, he thus began:

"You may have heard of Suwarrow, and the dreadful privations he and the Russians endured in that memorable retreat over St. Gothard. I was a conscript in the French army at that time, and being on the rear-guard, composed of a company of chasseurs, in charge of stores lately come up, we bivouacked for the night at Andermatt. You remember well—and who can forget!—that green valley, and the peaceable and quiet stream flowing through it, which by a strange caprice of Nature presents a startling contrast to the chaos of rocks and turbulence that marks the headlong course of the torrent till it mingles with the blue waters of the Lake of the Quatre Cantons.

"Well, there is, or was, at Andermatt a solitary inn."

The landlord, who had been half asleep for some time from the effects of intoxication, here gave a start, and threw down his glass. I had scarcely till then remarked the man or his countenance; but, as the fire-light flashed upon him, I wondered I had not done so before. He was fifty-five or sixty years of age. His person, short and thick-set, bespoke the mountaineer; his hair had been almost as flaxen as an Albino's, but grey now predominated; his eyes, too, like theirs, were of a bright grey, much inflamed with hard drinking; his cheek was pale with the leprosy of drunkenness; his features betrayed an habitual gloom, as though he were engaged in the continual contemplation of crime, or a prey to some deep and secret remorse,—at least, such was the impression he gave me; and I was possessed with an indefinable feeling that he was in some way connected with the tale to which he was listening.

There is in ourselves, if we did not repress it, an internal consciousness, a sense independent of our external senses, that gives us a prophetic insight into the truth of things, a secret power of divination that makes a look an interjection, a gesture eloquent: thus with the throwing down of that glass; it was an echo that responded to my mind. I determined to watch him narrowly.

Whilst I was thus reasoning with myself, the French officer had been going on to say,

"This solitary inn, or rather hostel, was at that time a mere *refuge*, such as we see on the Simplon and the other great passes, and had been built by the government for the shelter of travellers. We had bivouacked on the banks of the stream. The detachment being a very weak one, not exceeding twenty rank and file, under the charge of a young sub-lieutenant, and the mountains full of *fuyards* and marauders, it was necessary to keep a good look-out. The young assistant commissary-general in charge of the

stores, who had no military duties to perform, had taken up his quarters at the *châlet*, where, in the only room of which it consisted, they had prepared him a sort of bed, screened only by a blanket from that of the host and his wife. As he was sitting over a cheerful fire of pine-wood, there entered a *commis voyageur*, who had been detained for some time at Altorff by the presence of the enemy, and their occupation of the pass. As soon, therefore, as he heard of its being open, he had pushed forward on his way to Milan with the intention of prosecuting the rest of his journey under the guard of the troops, and proceeding with us the ensuing morning. His employers were great diamond merchants; and he, having partaken rather too freely of the *eau de cerise*,—the only liquor that the place supplied,—spoke rather indiscreetly of the value of the casket—one of the usual brass-bound shape—of which he was the bearer. I forgot to tell you that the commissary's name was Adolphe, and that he came from the same village in Burgundy as myself. We had been schoolfellows and friends from infancy; and our intimacy was still further strengthened by his affection for my sister, to whom he had been long betrothed, and was about to be married, when the decimation of the commune marked us on the same day as victims to the conscription. It was a melancholy moment for poor Adolphe when the hour of parting came; and a still more heart-rending one to his mother, whose husband had been killed in action at the breaking out of the revolutionary war. Adolphe was her only son, her only stay in the world, a staff to the feebleness of her age. The cottage they inhabited, and an orchard and meadow at the back, were her own property; and she looked forward to clasping on her knees the grand-children of her Adolphe and Gothon,—such was the name of her intended daughter-in-law. But all these dreams of happiness were doomed to be at once blighted! When she clasped him in her widowed arms, it was their last embrace.

"We joined the army on the same day, and were attached to the same corps; but in consequence of the services of Adolphe's father, who had been known to the colonel of the regiment, my friend was attached to the commissariat department,—a branch of the service that promised him the realization of a rapid fortune. But he was ill-calculated for a life of activity and enterprise; he was of a melancholy temperament, and his thoughts were constantly reverting to his home, and those who had endeared it. During the day's march he was frequently by my side. The frightful solitudes of the Alps, and the terrific grandeur of the Devil's Bridge, recalled more forcibly the green pastures and vineyards of his native plains; and a sombre pre-occupation of mind, a presentiment of evil, made him remark to me that St. Gothard was an eternal barrier between him and his hopes,—that he should never again cross it. I laughed at his fears, treated them as idle and chimerical, and endeavoured to cheer him; but in vain. Such was the mood in which I left him for bivouack.

"The *commis voyageur* and Adolphe having supped together, the latter offered the stranger,—as I have done you sir,—the half of his couch, which he gratefully accepted; and, having deposited his precious casket under his head as a pillow, soon sunk into a deep sleep, as his snoring revealed. The other inhabitants of the *châlet* had long before retired to their

grabats; but Adolphe's imagination was too active for slumber."

Here the host gave a deep sigh, which was however unobserved by the narrator; and, indeed, there seemed nothing as yet to occasion it. I eyed him attentively; his head was resting on his hand, the fingers of which clasped his forehead, and I could perceive a convulsion about his mouth, but it was momentary. The broken glass lay at his feet; and it seemed to me strange that he had not provided himself with another, as the bottle continued to circulate.

"The moon was at the full, and her rays streamed in a silver line through the middle of the *châlet*, steeping both sides of it in pitchy darkness. She seemed to invite Adolphe into the open air. He got up, and tried the door; but it was fastened by two bolts, and locked; and, fearful of disturbing the sleepers by unbarring it, he bethought him of the window. The hatch yielded almost without an effort; and climbing to the aperture by means of a wooden chair, which he lifted after him, he leapt with it into the road.

"What a glorious spectacle was that moonlight bright, among the Alps! How sweetly did that emerald valley slumber in its beams! How tremulously did they quiver on the bright and pellucid stream that wound through it like a silver snake! Every point of the crags, even to the far-off heights of the Grimsel, was tipped with silver; and the broad glance of the Rhone that lay between, distinguishable through its wide extent, glittered in the pure effulgence, and seemed like a fit pathway for spirits up to heaven! Not a breath stirred the grass. Such was the silence, that the measured step of the sentinels was distinctly heard as they paced the velvet turf; and the falls of the Reuss came at intervals on the ear, fainter and more faint in response, till they died away in the distance.

"Adolphe endeavoured to find a calm for the fever of his thoughts in that of Nature. He was soon challenged by the men on guard, among whom I was one. We recognised him; and it being contrary to the regulations of the service, we did not exchange a word. He passed in front of the stores, and my eye followed him along the course of the river till he was concealed by a projecting rock. How long he wandered, or how far, I know not, for I was almost immediately afterwards relieved.

"I have since questioned Adolphe as to the length of his walk; all he remembered of it was, that he had stood for some time on the Devil's Bridge, and, as he looked down upon the foaming torrent as it flashed through the arch, was tempted to throw himself over the parapet, and had great difficulty in resisting the impulse.

"At length, however, he found his way back to the *châlet*, and laid himself down in his clothes by the stranger, and fell into a heavy trance, which, like that produced by opium, was scarcely slumber; it was disturbed by frightful visions. The figure of the landlord of the inn seemed to stand palpably before him, his hands dabbled in blood."

Our host here groaned audibly; but the narrator, absorbed in his own reflections, or supposing that the groans arose from sympathy, scarcely noticed them.

"He thought," continued the officer, "that a death-cold corpse lay by his side; that he felt the very hand of a corpse grasped in his own! So like reality was

the dream, that he started up in the bed, and stared wildly around him; but all was silence, and the moon being down,—pitchy darkness,—he laid himself on the couch again, and soon fell asleep.

"We were to recommence our march at dawn. It was in the month of June; and in these Alpine heights the day breaks earlier than in the valley. It was scarcely three o'clock when I was awakened by a loud din of voices, among which that of the landlord rose above the rest. He was in his shirt, and dragging toward our guards a man; that man was Adolphe. He denounced him as having committed a murder in the inn, and called for an officer in charge. We left our mules half saddled, and rushed pell-mell into the *chalet*, where a horrid spectacle awaited us. The *commis voyageur*, yet warm and bleeding, was stretched on the bed, that bore the impress of another person; for a purple stream, yet welling from a wound in the dead man's side, had formed a puddle there. Beside him lay the sword of Adolphe stained with the recent wound.

"It must be confessed that his having left the inn before day break, and by the window,—as the chair on the outside revealed,—instead of the door; the disappearance of the casket, which it might be supposed he had gone to hide in some recess among the rocks, to be removed at a convenient opportunity; afforded strong circumstantial evidence to affix upon him the murder.

"A consciousness of the damning proofs that every where stared him in the face, and, above all, the faces of the officer and those around him, where he legibly read a full conviction of his guilt, and the certainty of the cruel fate—the ignominious death—that awaited him, so unnerved and unmanned him that he stood staring with the glassy eyes of idiotcy, and had not a word to urge in his defence. His countenance, too, was pale and ghastly from horror at the deed, and the dreadful night that he had passed. Never was there a more perfect picture of conscious guilt. In this state of despair he was handcuffed, and marched, together with the landlord of the inn, to Bellengina, where the head quarters of the army were established.

"Military trials, especially during a campaign, are very summary. The commandant was a Swiss; he entertained a high notion of the superior virtues of his countrymen, and scouted the idea of a suspicion attaching itself to a simple peasant, a mountaineer, who, he said, could have no use for diamonds or gold, even when he had obtained them.

"After a delay of only a few hours, a court-martial was appointed, and sate upon my poor, beloved, and innocent friend. It was with a prostration of all his energies, mental and physical, and almost an unconsciousness of what was passing, that Adolphe listened to the connected evidence—evidence that he had no power of rebutting. When called upon for his defence, he admitted the facts that had been adduced against him, all but that of the murder; related his wandering among the mountains, his dream, and finding when he awoke in the morning the dead body by his side, and the *aubergiste* standing over him: but all this in so hurried and confused a manner, and with so evident a perturbation of mind, that his whole demeanour seemed rather to confirm his judges in the conviction that he was the murderer. In short, he was unanimously found guilty, and condemned to be shot.

"Alas, for poor Adolphe! I had an interview with him an hour before the fatal event. Knowing him from a child,—knowing, as it were, all the secrets of his soul,—my heart acquitted him. Yet was I the only one in camp who believed in his innocence. Though young and unwilling to leave the world, it was the thought of infamy, of his mother, of his betrothed, that gave poignancy to his anguish, and made the bitterness of death more bitter. To me he consigned the task of making his last adieus to those so dear to him,—of rescuing his memory, at least to them, from the ignominy attached to it; and, having mingled our tears, he prepared to meet his Maker.

"Nothing is so imposing, so awful, as a military execution!—the muffled drum,—the firing party with their lowered arms,—the drawn-up line, round which the criminal marches, stript of his sword, and with bare head,—the deep silence that reigns, suggesting that of the grave, weigh upon the heart of the coldest and most insensible.

"Adolphe had summoned all his firmness for the occasion; his step was sure, his cheek had regained its natural hue, his eyes were raised to heaven, where he was about to be welcomed as a blessed spirit! I have him even now before me on his knees; the attitude in which he presented himself to the muskets of his comrades has never passed away! Methinks the fatal word of command to fire still rings in my ears; and *then*, transfixed with many wounds, he falls without a groan."

As the stranger concluded in these terms, deep and heavy groans and wild shrieks filled the room. The landlord of the inn lay struggling in strong convulsions on the floor. What had before seemed suspicion was now converted into certainty. The officer regarded him attentively; a sudden recollection flashed upon his mind; and, gnashing his teeth with concentrated vengeance as he hung over him and watched his distorted countenance, he muttered,

"Tis he! 'tis the bandit of the Alps! the innkeeper of Andermatt! the assassin of my friend!"

Shakspeare knew well the human heart when he makes Hamlet present to the eyes of his father's murderers the representation of the act in a play, so to self convict them of their crime. But, thus related, it came still more keenly to the breast of the hardened wretch before us, and struck his conscience as with a knife! Never shall I forget the countenance of that man, or his words! During his ravings he betrayed his secret. Some dreadful spectre seemed to haunt him; he waved his hand wildly as though to drive it away! Thus was he carried by his wife and daughter to his chamber.

We sate up during the remainder of the night; and, the next morning, instead of prosecuting our journey, applied for a warrant to the *juge de pays* of Lugano, and had him apprehended. Like many murderers, who at the eleventh hour have found remorse make existence a burthen,—and have thought that if death will not reconcile them to their God, it will at least be an atonement to the injured laws of their country in the eyes of man,—the innkeeper of Andermatt made an ample and voluntary confession, and paid the forfeit of his sins upon the scaffold.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

DARBY SYKES;

OR, THE BRIBED COBBLER.

WHEN or where the events I relate occurred, I have reasons why I do not choose to say. I am perfectly satisfied that many will recognize them as having taken place at least within the memory of man. How much later than that period, I pretend not to tell. With regard to the names, they are, of course, not real. I remember once to have heard of a country innkeeper, who sent up to some of his customers bottles of Cape wine, labelled as Madeira, as which, of course, they *figured* in the bill. When taxed with the fraud, he indignantly repelled the charge of dishonesty. "I am an honest dealer, gentlemen," he said. "I gave you the wine as I got it—exactly, gentlemen, as it came from the merchant's cellar—by —, gentlemen, *I changed nothing but the names.*" I give the events of my story exactly as they happened. I am not in the habit of swearing, even upon paper—but on my honour, gentlemen readers, I change nothing but the names.

In one of the richest and most picturesque valleys of the south of Ireland, lies the ancient town of Dukeborough, and in one of the narrowest lanes of the town of Dukeborough lives, or did live, Darby Sykes, the cobbler. The tenement he occupied was small—a kitchen and a room adjoining composed the entire of his premises, with the exception of a small shed which Darby had erected in front, where he sat all day long and plied at his trade of cobbling shoes. Darby was a Protestant—some went so far as to say an Orangeman—but Darby cobbled the shoes of his Roman Catholic neighbours with just as hearty a good will as he did those of his Protestant; and historical fidelity compels me, however reluctantly, to confess, that Darby would take a glass, or sometimes half a dozen, with a Roman Catholic crony, just as cheerfully as with a Protestant—except that in the one case both parties compromised the matter of toasts, by drinking "success to ould Ireland," in the other case Darby emptied a bumper to the "glorious memory."

Darby, however, enjoyed the reputation of being a staunch Protestant—one who would go through fire and water for "the cause." Darby's grandfather was an Enniskillener, and his great grandfather had certainly fought at the battle of the Boyne; and as long as Darby drank the Glorious Memory, and kept a little image of King William on a white horse, safely preserved in the penetralia of his abode, he believed that he proved himself worthy of such a glorious descent. The fame, however, of his staunch Protestantism did not do him any harm with his Roman Catholic neighbours, until "conciliation" began to be the order of the day, when, unquestionably, the intimacy between Darby and them began to be a little interrupted, and the cobbler, for want of a Protestant boon companion, was obliged sometimes to take his six glasses alone, taking care to drink the Glorious Memory in the first, and with the last to curse the system of "counsellation" that made neighbours two.

"God be with old times," Darby would say, "when a papist would drink the Glorious Memory as fast as

one of the right sort; but since the big wigs took into their heads to make us all friends through other, there is nothing but wars; and one can't get an honest papist to take share of a glass;" and Darby, with a sigh, would finish his sixth, and depart.

The fame of a coming election at last disturbed the repose of Dukeborough. Both political parties prepared themselves for a sharp contest. Lord Rackrent, the liberal proprietor of the soil, started the Honourable Mr. Arden, a relation of his own, on the Roman Catholic interest—the opposite party put forward Mr. Wilson, a merchant of high respectability. The influence of Lord Rackrent was considerable, and the contest was expected to be very sharp.

The din of the election invaded even the silence of the narrow lane in which the stall of Darby Sykes was situated. The Protestant party counted confidently on his vote—for Darby had a vote. Some of the other side did not despair that if they were close run, it might be possible to influence Darby's vote, by valuable consideration.

At last the day of nomination arrived—both candidates were proposed, and both attempted to address the electors. The Honourable Mr. Arden stammered out a few sentences about his uncle, Lord Rackrent; and after sundry hems and haws, which must have been very eloquent, from the cheers with which they were received by his friends, sat down. Mr. Wilson addressed the electors in a manly, although not very eloquent strain, and the polling commenced; and now it becomes necessary that I should explain to my readers a little of the local politics of Dukeborough.

The liberal party reckoned right when they invited a relative of Lord Rackrent to be their candidate. The noble Lord's influence procured them some deserters from the opposite ranks; among the others, no less a personage than Captain William Wheeler—a gentleman who had upon all former occasions been among the most violent of the Protestant party; and who, having married into a noble family, set up for an aristocrat, on the strength of the connexion, and was, accordingly, a great man in his own opinion, and in the opinion of all those dames and lasses of the town of Dukeborough, who felt themselves elevated by receiving occasionally an invitation to the parties of a *real* lady.

Lady Sally had been just as violent a politician as her husband. She added to her high Protestant principles the additional merit of being quite a leader among the *good* ladies of the town of Dukeborough. A patroness of all Bible societies, missionary associations, and poor shops—she was quite looked up to as a model of everything that was amiable and religious. Like her husband, her greatest zeal was constantly expressed for the Protestant religion, which she considered to be completely identified with the success of Protestant politics. Just previous to the election, an unaccountable "change came o'er the spirit" of Captain Wheeler's politics. He suddenly discovered that he had been altogether wrong in his previous opinion—he became convinced that the very best method of encouraging Protestantism, was to give power to its enemies—that it was quite unchristian to show any regard for one's religion—and made sundry other very curious and original discoveries, in a space of time, the shortness of which was really incredible to his friends, who had never before given him credit for such extraordinary sagacity.

Captain Wheeler was an honest man, and he, of course, determined, however reluctantly, to act on his new conviction, and support Mr. Arden. Lady Sally Wheeler was a dutiful wife, and she, of course, believed implicitly in all the discoveries of her husband. I know not how the marvellous change was brought about, but certain it is that the result was, that Captain William and Lady Sally Wheeler were now most strenuously opposing the principles of which all their lives they had been the violent partisans—and were both among the most active agents of the priests and the Hon. Mr. Arden.

It was on the evening of the day of nomination, that Darby Sykes was slowly and sentimentally plodding his way up the narrow lane in which his abode was situate. He had taken this day as a holiday, and after the excitement of the hustings, it was but fair that he should take a glass. He was not drunk—and yet he was not sober.* His step was tolerably steady, but there was an excitement about his eye, and a kind of flush heightening the colour of his swarthy cheek, which, to an experienced observer, gave indication of a recent familiarity with the glass, that might perhaps have escaped the superficial. His state has been sometimes described by the term "muddled." If I knew of any more classical and equally correct, I would employ it.

When Darby reached the door of his humble dwelling, he was met on the threshold by his wife, who appeared to have been casting many wistful glances down the lane, in expectation of his return. There was some excitement about her manner, but it was an excitement altogether different from Darby's. There was a quiet earnestness about it, which at once distinguished it from the excitement of one muddled.

"I am glad you're come back," were the first words of greeting with which she saluted her husband.

Darby made no reply, but pulled a chair over to the fire, and taking a pipe and some tobacco out of his pocket, he began to smoke.

"Any one came while I was out," he asked, after a pause of the space of several whiffs.

"Yes," replied the other, "I had grand visitors since."

"Election times," replied the cobbler, significantly.

"Well, Darby," replied his wife; "maybe it is all for the best—why shouldn't we have a share of what's going? Lady Sally was with me here to-day, as conversable like as yourself, and a great deal more so—and she gave me good advice. Darby, I say, why shouldn't we make what is to be made of election times?"

Darby had taken the pipe from his mouth, and looked steadfastly at his wife, during this speech, which was broken on her part by many pauses. He waited coolly, till she had done, and then asked with some surprise—

"What do you mean, woman?"

"Why," she answered, "I know nothing about it; but as Lady Sally said, she seemed very friendly like, and all for our good—and she asked me if I would make you vote for the Lord—and I said I did not think you would; and she said more fool you—and that she heard many were to be made men of for voting that way—and that she wished me well from having

seen me so regular at church; and that she'd be sorry you'd do yourself harm, and so on."

"I understand!" interrupted Darby.

"But her ladyship was very civil spoken; and I was all in a fluster about seeing her in such a poor place; but she told me not to mind. She came to see about the childhre going to school, and then she talked about the other—and when she was going away she said that I should send you out to her to-morrow; and she hadn't gone more than five minutes, when Long Sandy, the Captain's own man, came in here, and urged me surely to make you go and to vote for the Lord; for that his lordship would turn all that went the other way out of the town; and he said he heard that he had allowed twenty guineas of goold to all that would go with his nephew."

"Troth then," replied Darby, apparently unmoved, "a lady born and bred might have better to do than to come and bribe a poor man; she and the captain are both turncoats."

"But, Darby," said his spouse:—"twenty guineas of goold is a great deal, besides all the custom; and, after all, what matter is it who you give your vote to: one's just as good as another; and that you know right well; so just go out to her ladyship to-morrow, and if you get the twenty guineas, vote for the lord. Sure, them kind of people knows best. I'll warrant you the captain himself got something for turning, and what a gentleman like him does, it is no disgrace for a poor man like you to do."

"Stop, woman," cried Darby, vehemently, rising from his seat, "I never sold my principles, and I never will. No, Fermanagh for ever; I'm true to the core. Her ladyship and her twenty guineas may go be ———."

Truth obliges us to add, that the destination to which the lady and the guineas were consigned, was not quite as correct as might have been hoped.

Mrs. Sykes, however, was not foiled. She again pleaded the precedent of Captain Wheeler; and even some higher precedents, which a respect for great people forbids me to quote.

"Much good you got by being true to your cause—there is your neighbour O'Hagerty, a bitter Papist, and a known rebel into the bargain, and see whether he does not get all the custom of your great Protestants, and not one of them would ever think it worth their while to stop at your door."

This argument seemed to have its effect. The point was one upon which Darby had long felt sore. He mused awhile; his wife continued to ply him with arguments. Darby took down the statute of King William, and began examining it attentively.

"Will I put this in the fire, Mary?" said he.

"No!" said she, with something of a tremulousness in her voice, "I wouldn't just like to see you do that. Maybe that side would be up again, yet; but many's the one has him in their back parlours and goes the other way—they'll all come round again when that side's uppermost; and I'm sure I hope it will soon be so; but meanwhile, Darby, you can't afford to throw away twenty goold guineas."

The last was a home appeal; it seemed to decide Darby's wavering mind. He said after a pause—"Well, Mary, I'll go to Parkmount to see her ladyship, to-morrow; and if I get the twenty guineas, I'll not refuse them."

* "The moon was up,
And yet it was not night."—Byron.

Next day saw Darby on his way to Parkmount, true to his word. What thoughts were passing in his mind we know not. Our business is to chronicle events. By Lady Sally he was received most graciously. She told him he must vote for Mr. Arden, and complimented him very much on his good character and respectability. He was formally introduced, too, to Lady Caroline Arden wife to the candidate and own sister's daughter to Lord Rackrent—who, with the sweetest smile imaginable, hoped that he would vote for Mr. Arden.

Darby, however, said that he never gave a promise, but it would be hard to refuse two such ladies. Lady Sally insisted that he should dine that day at Parkmount, as Captain Wheeler wished particularly to see him; and Darby very politely accepted the invitation.

Captain Wheeler returned home to dinner at the close of the first day's polling; the two candidates had polled man for man throughout the day; and the result was, if possible, more doubtful than ever. Of course the anxiety of the canvassers to secure Darby's vote was proportionately increased. "Sykes," said the Captain, when he met him, "you are an honest and sensible fellow; you had better stay here to-night, and I will take you to-morrow to give your vote."

Darby was overpowered with such kindness, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

At dinner, a side-table was laid for Darby in the room in which the family dined. Poor Darby was sorely puzzled by the viands that were set before him. Meats, of which he neither knew the name or the ingredients, were set upon his plate. Notwithstanding his ignorance, however, he contrived to regale himself with very tolerable satisfaction; he was sometimes puzzled as to whether he should apply his knife and fork or spoon in eating some of the meats; but he very easily solved the difficulty by using in all doubtful cases his fingers and his teeth.

During the progress of dinner, both the ladies asked him to take wine with them. "A servant," as he himself afterwards described it, "poured white porter out of a long thin bottle; it frothed up just like beer; but was far sweeter and went faster to the head."

I regret that I cannot now procure Darby's own account of this entertainment; but the story of his blunders and his wonders would be spoiled unless given in his own words. Darby, however, did not dislike his new mode of living; and after dinner and some more glasses of wine, Darby went to make merry a little while in the servants' hall, and then retired to bed.

Next morning at breakfast he was placed in the same situation as at dinner on the preceding day. Lady Caroline made tea for him. Darby made a hearty breakfast on cold meat, eggs, and buttered toast. Before he had finished, the rest of the party had left the room. A fresh plate of toast had just been placed upon the table before him. Darby did not exactly perceive by whom; he, however, proceeded to demolish it, when the first piece he removed, discovered underneath, to his admiring gaze, a heap of round pieces of real glittering gold.

Darby's curiosity was excited. He took up the pieces one by one; and as he laid the last upon the table, he had counted twenty-one. He knew enough

of arithmetic to know that twenty-one sovereigns make twenty guineas. He could not doubt that they were intended for him—and intended that he should take them away. He looked at them again. He remembered his promise to Mrs. Sykes, that if he was offered twenty guineas he would not refuse them; and he put them in his waistcoat pocket.

Captain Wheeler hurried Darby away, and placed him on the coach-box of his carriage. A short time sufficed to roll them to the hustings. Darby was first taken to the tally rooms of the Honourable Mr. Arden; and being placed with four others on a tally was conducted between Captain Wheeler and Mr. Arden to the polling place. The excitement was very great. Several mounted dragoons were patrolling in front; and the polling booth itself was crowded with the friends of both parties. It was early in the day, and the candidates were still equal. Captain Wheeler smiled approvingly upon Darby, as they went forward. Some of the opposite party pointed him out to each other with looks of indignant scorn, while curses not loud but deep were muttered by the Protestants of his own rank, who regarded his desertion with execration.

Darby was the last upon the tally; so that there was time for these exhibitions of feeling during the period he was obliged to wait. An incident in the meanwhile occurred which excited some amusement. The fourth person upon the tally being asked for whom he would vote, said Mr. Wilson; but immediately exclaimed that it was a mistake, and corrected himself by voting for Mr. Arden. After a good deal of dispute, as to whether the correction was made in time, the vote was taken for Mr. Arden. The laughter at this incident had scarcely subsided when it came to Darby's turn. He came forward under the blandest smiles of Captain Wheeler and Mr. Arden, and the frowns of the opposite party. He preserved, however, most philosophical composure. "For whom do you vote?" said the poll clerk. Darby looked round with a knowing expression; something like a smile twinkled in the corner of his eye—"I vote," said he, "for Mr. Wilson AND NO MISTAKE."

The effect was irresistible; a peal of laughter and cheering rung through the court-house. "Bravo, Fermanagh," resounded from some of the voices that a little while ago were disposed to curse poor Darby. Mr. Arden and the Captain both had the most blank expressions. "Good morning to you, gentlemen," said Darby, most politely, as he bowed to them both, and retired to receive the congratulations of his Protestant friends.

That evening Lady Sally Wheeler received a most polite note with Mr. Syke's compliments, thanking her for her hospitality, and saying he had been so well treated the day before, he would be happy to dine with her again. What notice was taken of this we cannot say.

Rumour stated that twenty guineas were added by Darby Sykes to the subscription which was made to aid a petition against the return of the Honourable Mr. Arden.

S. A.

Youghal, 6th Jan. 1838.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A FAMILY STORY.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed!

So said the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician; he carried a crutch handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus!*

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.—He was the lady Rohesia's husband;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head: he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Doctor Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall; but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed;—his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor,—?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady; he pointed to the horologe; scarce a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?"—whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church"—suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the Confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hackett pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic;—"in the pantry, I warrant me."—The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" returned Doctor Butts:—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop indeed,—or even a mitred Abbot;—but a miserable Francis-can!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" retorted the leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short sad-coloured cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.—Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose: as he concluded, the dismal toll of the Passing-Bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert the bandy-legged Sacristan, was pulling

with all his might.—It was a capital contrivance that same Passing-Bell,—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it, is a query; but whoever it was he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The Passing-Bell! a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity: the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to Paradise.—Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might, and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia: she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis indeed were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words "A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival." Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions: much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said—"

"If she did, I'll be shot!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"—A thousand marks!" continued the confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption;—"a thousand marks" and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—soon as the money is paid."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

"A thousand thanks!" said the latter.

"A thousand marks!" said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri from the top of the landing place.

But his accents fell unheeded: his brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed: his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head,—for Sir Guy was a middle aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much: his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose; but his lady was in *extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim bome!" went the bell,—the knight groaned audibly; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines: there was a moment's pause,—a moment of intense affliction; she let

it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb—She looked at Sir Guy; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till it reached the opposite extremity—She sobbed aloud: “So kind a lady!” said Beatrice Grey.—“So excellent a wife!” responded Sir Guy.—“So good!” said the damsel.—“So dear!” said the knight.—“So pious!” said she.—“So humble!” said he.—“So good to the poor!”—“So capital a manager!”—“So punctual at matins!”—“Dinner dished to a moment!”—“So devout!” said Beatrice.—“So fond of me!” said Sir Guy.—“And of Father Francis!”—“What do you mean by that?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. * *

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellences came under review:—She would drown a witch, drink lambswool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday! A low moan from the subject of these eulogies would intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

“She was too good for earth!” continued Sir Guy.

“Ye—Ye—Yes!” sobbed Beatrice.

“I did not deserve her!” said the Knight.

“No-o-o-o!” cried the damsel.

“Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when or how—shall I get such another?”

“Not in broad England, not in the whole wide world!” responded Beatrice Grey; “that is, not *just* such another!”—Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word “Another!” fell from his lips like a distant echo;—it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is absolutely necessary.

“Bim! bome!” went the bell.—Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour;—he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

“Beatrice Grey!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, “what’s to be done? what’s to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery—and the servants? and what’s to become of me, Beatrice Grey?”—There was a pathos in his tones; and a solemn pause succeeded. “I’ll turn monk myself!” said Sir Guy.

“Monk!” said Beatrice.

“I’ll be a Carthusian!” repeated the knight but in a tone less assured: he relapsed into a reverie.—Shave his head!—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already; but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter,—and then a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided: his eye roamed gloomily round the apartment, paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance: it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil’s tattoo.

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There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round—he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

“I don’t think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what’s to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, middle-aged man that I am!—No one to comfort, no one to care for me!”—Beatrice’s tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips. “’Pon my life!” continued he, “I don’t believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow.”

“Oh! don’t say so, Sir Guy!” sighed Beatrice; “you know there’s—there’s Master Everard, and— and Father Francis—”

“Pish!” cried Sir Guy, testily.

“And—and there’s your favourite old bitch!”

“I am not thinking of old bitches!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued: the Knight had released her chin, and taken her hand;—it was a pretty little hand, with long taper fingers, and filbert-formed nails, and the softness of the palm said little for its owner’s industry.

“Sit down, my dear Beatrice,” said the Knight, thoughtfully; “you must be fatigued with your long watching; take a seat, my child.”—Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other: in such an attitude, what can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

“Another!” repeated Sir Guy, musing; “if indeed I could find such another!” He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him.

“There’s Madam Fitzfoozle!”

“A frump!” said Sir Guy.

“Or the Lady Bumbarton.”

“With her hump!” muttered he.

“There’s the Dowager—”

“Stop—stop!” said the Knight, “stop one moment!” He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. “Beatrice,” said he, “what think you of—” his voice sank into a most seductive softness—“what think you of—Beatrice Grey?”

The murder was out:—the Knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of, found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice.

The young lady’s reply was expressed in three syllables. They were—“Oh, Sir Guy!” The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met; Sir Guy’s left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet—at least, as theirs met—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The Knight had taken one long, loving kiss—nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Doctor Butts and his *Repetatur haustus*—a prescription Fa-

ther Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him:—he was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*. Doubtless the adage

"There is many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe—it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The Knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.—It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia—there she sat, bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quincey, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband oft-times makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts, but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quincey was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the Sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry; St Peter opened his wicket, and looked out.—There was nobody there;—so he flung to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on.—The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and, one fine morning, Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age,

"Prate for ye soule of ye Lady Roper,
And for alle Christen sowles."

The date is illegible; but it appears that she lived at least till Elizabeth's time, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks.—As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was living in 1588, a Maid of Honour to "good Queen Bess."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE POISONERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

Among the assassinations committed by means of poison during the period when that crime was so prevalent throughout Europe, was that of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans. That she thus perished seems beyond a doubt; though the causes of her murder, and its perpetrators, are involved in some degree of mystery, which cannot now be entirely cleared up. Her death, however, was attended with circumstances which afford room for strong presumptions on the subject.

The Princess Henrietta Anne of England was the daughter of Charles the First and his queen Henrietta Maria. She was the child of adversity from her very cradle. In the desperate fortunes of her father, when he was driven from place to place by the forces of the Parliament, his queen accompanied him in all his perils and wanderings with heroic courage and devoted affection. Finding the time of her confinement approaching, she was forced to leave her husband, and take refuge in the loyal city of Exeter. They parted after a tender farewell, which proved to be their last. In Exeter the queen was reduced to such extremity, that, had it not been for the assistance of the Queen of France, she would have wanted the common necessities required in her situation. On the 16th of June, 1644, her daughter was born. The Earl of Essex was advancing to Exeter at the head of a parliamentary army, and the poor queen was obliged to fly before she had recovered from her *accouchement*. Seventeen days afterwards, leaving her infant daughter to the care of the Countess of Morton, she found means to reach the sea-side, escaping with difficulty the vigilance of the hostile soldiers; and got on board of a small vessel, which was pursued and cannonaded to the very coast of France.

On her arrival at Paris, she was at first received with the honours due to the daughter of Henry the Fourth, and with the appearance of affection to which she was entitled from the royal family of France, her near relations. Soon afterwards the troubles of the Fronde broke out, and the popular party were besieged in Paris by the royal forces. During this time she was not only insulted by the populace, as a member of the royal family of France; but reduced to such want, that she was constrained, as she said herself, to ask charity from the parliament to enable her barely to subsist. In this melancholy situation she received the overwhelming tidings of the tragical death of her husband; and, after having in some measure recovered from the shock, she retired to a convent. In this

retirement she spent her time in the education of her children; her daughter Henrietta having been some time before brought to her by her faithful governess, Lady Morton. Her retreat, however, did not protect her from the fury of the insurgent populace, and she returned for safety to her former residence in the Louvre. The young king and the royal family had been forced to retire from the capital, which in consequence of the civil war was suffering from dearth; and in this deserted and unprotected state the Queen of England was reduced to such a state of destitution, that Cardinal de Retz, in paying her a visit, found her sitting in her daughter's room and the young princess in bed. "You see," said the queen, "that I am keeping Henrietta company here; for the poor child cannot get up to-day for want of a fire."—"Posterity," says the cardinal, "will scarcely believe that the grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, in the palace of the Louvre, could have been in want of a faggot to warm her in the month of January!" This unhappy queen's sorrows ended only with her life. She lived to see the restoration of her son, but his conduct in various respects was a source of grief and mortification to her; and, after having resided for some time in England, she resolved to finish her days in her peaceful convent near Paris, where she died in the year 1669, at the age of fifty.

The young princess of England, brought up in great retirement, and educated in the school of adversity, gave indications of a character not often met with in the highest sphere of human life. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper, and the unaffected humility of her disposition. Her youthful grace and beauty, her cheerful and affable manners, and elegant accomplishments made her the ornament of the court, and recalled the remembrance of her unhappy ancestress, Mary Stuart. It is said that her mother and Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth, desired that the young king should marry her, but that he objected to the arrangement because the princess was not old enough. Soon afterwards the queen-mother proposed to the Queen of England that the princess should marry her second son, Philip Duke of Orleans. The marriage was agreed on; and, on the 31st of March, 1661, the young pair were united in the chapel of the Palais Royal.

Before the marriage, the duke treated his betrothed with all manner of gallantry and *empressement*, and his attentions, says Madame de la Fayette, were wanting in nothing but love; "but," she adds, "the miracle of inspiring the heart of this prince with love was beyond the power of any woman in the world."

United to a husband of this disposition, a degree of circumspection and knowledge of the world were necessary, which the secluded education of the young duchess had not given her the means of acquiring. Gay, inexperienced, and confiding, she fell into imprudences which exposed her to suspicion, and became involved in the intrigues of the corrupt and selfish courtiers of both sexes by whom she was surrounded, and by whom she was led into some actions which cannot be quite reconciled to the general character which is given of her by every contemporary authority.

A young nobleman of the court, the Count de Guiche, was at this time high in the good graces of the Duke of Orleans, by whom he was introduced to the duchess, and particularly recommended to her fa-

vour and attention. The count was very handsome, remarkably elegant in his manners and dress, and an adept in the amorous jargon which made up the polite conversation of the day. A young gallant of that time borrowed his language from the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, and held it essential to his character as a man of fashion to entertain a lady with the exaggerated compliments and elaborate conceits so abundantly supplied by those superfine productions. It was a tone of conversation similar to that which, under the name of *euphuism*, prevailed among the wits and courtiers of our Queen Elizabeth's days, and is ridiculed by Scott in his character of Sir Percy Shafton. The duchess took great pleasure in the society of this accomplished cavalier, while he appears to have become seriously enamoured of the young and fascinating creature with whom he was permitted to enjoy such unreserved intercourse. His deportment and language, at first full of the devoted gallantry required by the manners of the age, gradually gave indications of warmer but less respectful feelings; and the state of his mind, though unperceived by the inexperienced object of his wishes, discovered itself to the more practised eyes of Mademoiselle de Montalais, one of her attendants. The count, however, found means to gain this lady's good graces; and, in place of putting her mistress on her guard against him, she favoured his designs, and even undertook to prevail on the duchess to receive his letters. This she at first refused to do; but, overcome by the artful entreaties of her cunning attendant, she was persuaded, not only to receive the count's letters, but to answer them, and even carried her imprudence so far as to admit him to several private interviews.

Of one of these stolen meetings we find an account in the very curious fragments of original letters of Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, the second wife of the Duke of Orleans. "One day," says this lady, "Madame (the duchess,) either for the purpose of seeing her children, or of conversing more freely with the Count de Guiche, went to the apartment of Madame de Ch——. She had a valet-de-chambre called Launois, who was left on the staircase to give notice in case the duke should make his appearance. Launois suddenly ran in, saying 'The duke is coming down stairs, and close at hand.' The count could no longer make his escape through the antechamber, as the duke's attendants were there already. 'There is only one way of getting out,' said Launois to the count; 'go near the door.' Launois then ran to meet the duke, and struck him with his head so violently on the face that he made his nose bleed. 'My lord,' he cried, in great apparent confusion, 'I humbly beg your forgiveness. I did not think you were so near, and was running as fast as I could to open the door for you.' Madame and the governess came forward in great alarm with handkerchiefs, which they applied to the duke's face, covering his eyes as well as his nose, and kept about him till the count got to the staircase. The duke thought it was Launois who had run out of the room."

This story is awkward and suspicious enough; and yet the second Duchess of Orleans who tells it, does not put upon it the unfavourable construction which it would bear. "I have always been much inclined," she says, "to believe poor Madame more unfortunate than culpable. She had such bad people about her!" This celebrated letter-writer is any thing but averse to

scandal, and far from charitable in her judgments; and it seems difficult, therefore, to discover whether she is sincere in this exculpatory phrase, or whether, like Mrs. Candour, she believed that the effect of a scandalous story is by no means done away by the addition of a good-natured expression of belief that, after all, there might be no harm in it.

This story rests on the authority of these *Letters*, at least we have not found it anywhere else. It may therefore be untrue or exaggerated; but the levity and imprudence of the duchess's conduct in her intercourse with the Count de Guiche appear to be undeniable. Their familiarity at last roused the suspicion and jealousy of the duke, who obtained an order from the king, exiling De Guiche to Poland; and Mademoiselle de Montalais was dismissed.

Soon after their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans had joined the court at Fontainebleau. The king was captivated by the beauty and graces of his sister-in-law, and, it has been said, repented of his precipitancy in declining the proposition of marrying her. She, on the other hand, was pleased with the attentions of a young and amiable monarch; and her intimacy with him, like that with the Count de Guiche, gave rise to a great deal of contemporary scandal. Anne of Austria, afraid of the umbrage which it might give to the queen, remonstrated with her on the subject; and it violently irritated the jealous temper of the Duke of Orleans. Whatever feelings, however, the king may have entertained towards the duchess, they were soon dissipated by the attractions of Mademoiselle de la Valliere; and indeed there is no reason for believing that there ever was anything more between them than that confidential intercourse which was produced by mutual regard, and sanctioned by near relationship.

A great intimacy had arisen between the duchess and the Countess of Soissons, the celebrated Olimpia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. This woman, with the genius for intrigue which distinguished her family, wished to use Mademoiselle de Valliere as the means of increasing her own influence with the king; and she contrived to persuade the duchess to enter into her views in this respect. Poor La Valliere, however, was a stranger to the arts and intrigues of a court, and could make no use of them either for the sake of her own advancement or that of anybody else. Provoked at this, the Countess de Soissons resolved to ruin her with the king; and it is unfortunately true that she had address enough to draw the duchess into this conspiracy. Their plan was to get La Valliere supplanted in the king's affections by another court beauty, Mademoiselle de la Mothe-Haudancourt, in whom, when she became the royal favourite, they hoped to find a more docile and convenient disposition. It was through the persuasion of the Count de Guiche that the duchess was induced to join in this base plot; and the Marquis de Vardes, a lover of the Countess de Soissons, assisted in carrying it on. They forged a letter to the Queen of France from her father, the King of Spain, informing her of the *liaison* of her husband with La Valliere. This letter had its natural effect on the mind of the queen. It was put into the king's hands; and he having spoken of it, and the annoyance it caused him, to some of the gentlemen about his person, Vardes, who was one of them, contrived to throw his suspicions on the Duchess of Navailles, a lady of austere virtue, as having given the

queen's father the information which occasioned the letter. Madame de Navailles was disgraced, and the trick remained for some years undiscovered.

The Count de Guiche, on his exile, recommended the Marquis de Vardes to the duchess's favour, in order that his friend might serve him in his absence by keeping alive her feelings of regard for him. Admitted to the confidence of the duchess, Vardes conceived the project of supplanting him in her good graces, and of getting her into his power by obtaining possession of the correspondence between her and the count. This dangerous correspondence had been entrusted to the care of Mademoiselle de Montalais, the confidante whom the duke's jealousy had dismissed from his wife's service. Vardes represented to the duchess the extreme importance of reclaiming this deposit, and destroying the letters. He was authorized accordingly to receive them from Mademoiselle de Montalais; but, having got possession of them, he refused to give them up. The disputes and negotiations on the subject of these letters gave occasion to private interviews between the duchess and Vardes, which roused the jealousy of the Countess de Soissons. She believed that the duchess had designs upon her lover, and was heard to speak of her in language dictated by resentment and hatred.

Her vindictive feelings were heightened by a circumstance which happened at this time. The Chevalier de Lorraine, from his rank and personal advantages, was one of the most distinguished young men at the French court. Happening one day to meet the Marquis de Vardes, they fell into conversation in the fashionable tone of the day, complimenting each other on the elegance and good taste of their dress, and laughing over their *bonnes fortunes*. De Vardes acknowledged that he was getting rather too old to be so successful with the fair as he once had been; "but as to you," he added, "at your age, you may do what you will. Only throw the handkerchief, and there is not a lady at court who will not take it up." The Chevaliere de Lorraine repeated this conversation to one of his companions, the Marquis de Villeroy, an enemy of Vardes, who immediately hastened to the Duchess of Orleans, and told her that Vardes had said to the chevalier that "he was wrong to occupy himself with the maid, and that he had better try the mistress. He would find as little difficulty in the one quarter as the other." The duchess, indignant at an insult which she conceived to be levelled at herself, complained to the king, and Vardes was sent to the Bastille. Enraged at the injury done her lover, the Countess de Soissons used the most violent language against the duchess; and carried her animosity so far as to inform the king of the secret correspondence that had taken place between the duchess and the Count de Guiche. Thus driven to extremity, the duchess frankly confessed her errors to her brother-in-law; but at the same time she revealed to him the dangerous secret of the fabricated letter from the King of Spain, in which the Countess de Soissons and Vardes were chiefly implicated. The king, furious at having been grossly imposed on by a man whom he had admitted to his confidence, sent Vardes as a prisoner to the citadel of Montpellier; and the Count de Soissons was exiled, along with his wife, to his government in Champagne.

The unfortunate princess was thus inextricably involved in the intrigues of this profligate court. Her

own conduct appears to have been unguarded in the extreme; but some excuse for it is to be found in her youth, inexperience, and trying situation. "She was designedly surrounded," says the second Duchess of Orleans, whom her husband married after her death, "with the most unprincipled women of the court, who were all of them the mistresses of her enemies, and used every means to fill up the measure of her misfortunes by making a breach between her and her husband." In this design they soon were successful.

The Chevalier de Lorraine had succeeded the Count de Guiche in the favour of the Duke of Orleans, and obtained an absolute ascendancy over his weak mind; an ascendancy of which all the household, not excepting the duchess herself, daily felt the effects. The Chevalier de Lorraine had a mistress, whose name is only given to us as Madame de C——; and this lady had contrived also to gain the affections of the celebrated Marshal Turenne. She was one of the confidential friends of the duchess, who was so imprudent as to tell her English secrets of state, and these she immediately conveyed to her two lovers. The Chevalier de Lorraine took occasion from this to prejudice the duke against his wife. He told him that the duchess made him pass with the king for a weak-minded man, who repeated to everybody the most important matters which she communicated to him; and the king, under the impression that he was incapable of keeping a secret, had no longer any confidence in him: and he persuaded him that, if this went on, his wife would deprive him of all concern in state affairs, and reduce him to a mere cipher. The duke, upon this, required his wife to communicate to him what she knew of English affairs; but she positively refused to reveal to him the secrets of her brother, the King of England. A violent quarrel was the consequence. The duchess was then at the height of her favour with her brother-in-law the king. She complained to him of the arrogant conduct of Lorraine, his interference with her household, and his attempts to create dissension between her husband and herself; and the effect of her complaints was, that the Chevalier de Lorraine received an order to depart from France. Such is substantially the account given by the second Duchess of Orleans of the circumstances which led to the exile of the Chevalier de Lorraine, through the influence of her predecessor; and she adds, "it cost the princess her life."

The Duke of Orleans, like other weak men, was inconsolable for the loss of his favourite. "On receiving the news of Lorraine's banishment," says the Duke de St. Simon, "Monsieur fainted; he then burst into tears, and went to throw himself at the king's feet, beseeching him to recall an order which reduced him to despair." Unable to succeed, he threw himself into a passion and retired to the country, after having used the most outrageous language against the king and the duchess, who always protested that she had no hand in the matter. The king, however, soothed him by means of presents, compliments, and attentions: he returned to court, though his heart yet swelled with resentment, and by degrees lived as before with the duchess, whom, from that time, he treated with studied neglect and unkindness.

It was about this time that the king discovered, by the duchess's own confession, the share she had had in the attempt of the Countess de Soissons to under-

mine Mademoiselle de la Valliere; a discovery which created a great coolness towards her on the king's part. But while she was thus neglected by her husband, out of favour with the king, and deserted by the court, a great object of political interest was the means of restoring her influence. In 1670 Louis meditated the ruin of Holland, and therefore wished to detach Charles II. from the triple alliance between that power, England, and Sweden. An ambassador had been sent to London with this view, but he had not been able to bring matters to a conclusion. Louis, knowing the friendship which subsisted between the Duchess of Orleans and her brother, conceived the idea of turning it to account for the accomplishment of this object. He began to treat her with his former kindness, and prevailed on her to undertake a mission to the King of England. An excursion of the court to Flanders was announced, under the pretext of showing the queen the cities which had been hers by birthright, and which Louis had recently annexed to France. When the court was at Calais, the Duchess of Orleans crossed privately to England, and met her brother Charles at Dover, "where," says Hume, "they passed ten days together in great mirth and festivity. By her artifices and caresses she prevailed on Charles to relinquish the most settled maxims of honour and policy, and to finish his engagements with Louis for the destruction of Holland, as well as for the subsequent change of religion in England." At the end of that time she returned in triumph, having accomplished the object of her mission, and bringing with her a treaty affecting the interests of half the countries of Europe. *Tantâ sapientiâ regitur mundus!* thus slightly and frivolously have the potentates of the earth disposed of the destinies of millions upon millions of their fellow-creatures!

"The confidence of two such great monarchs," says Bossuet, the celebrated court preacher, "had raised her to the height of greatness and glory," when, on Sunday, the 29th of June, 1670, the court, then at St Cloud, was suddenly alarmed by the outcry that "Madame was dying." The duchess had been complaining of a pain in her side and her stomach. At seven in the evening she called for a glass of succory-water, which she had been taking for some days. She had scarcely swallowed it, when an excruciating pain in her side made her utter the most piercing cries; and, in her agony, she constantly exclaimed that she was poisoned. The scene which followed is graphically described by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who occupies so prominent a place in the private history of the court of Louis the Fourteenth.

"Being told that the Queen was going out, I was running down in order not to keep her waiting, when the Count d'Ayen said to me, 'Madame is dying, and the King has ordered me to find M. Valot, and to bring him to St. Cloud immediately.' When I was in the carriage, the Queen said, 'Madame is in extremity; and, what is dreadful, she believes she has been poisoned.' I expressed my horror, and asked how it was. The queen said, that Madame was in the saloon at St Cloud in perfect health; that she had asked for some succory-water, which was given her by her apothecary; that when she had drunk it she cried out that her stomach was burning, and had screamed incessantly ever since; and that a message had come for the king and for M. Valot. A gentleman who had been sent by the queen to make inqui-

ries now arrived, and told her that Madame had charged him to say that she was dying, and that, if her majesty wished to see her alive, she must come to her without a moment's delay. We went to the king's apartment, and found him at supper. The queen was advised not to go. While she was undecided, I begged her to allow me to go immediately; and the king said he was going, and offered to take me in his carriage. The Countess de Soissons was of the party. When we had got half-way, we met M. Valot returning; he told the king that Madame's illness was merely a colic, and not at all dangerous. When we got to St Cloud, nobody seemed afflicted; but Monsieur had an air of astonishment. Madame was laid upon a little couch, with her hair in disorder, her chemise open at the collar and sleeves, her face pale, and her features distorted. Her whole appearance was death-like. She said, when we entered, 'You see the state I am in!' We wept in silence. Madame de Montespan and Madame La Valiere came in, and, as well as Monsieur himself, who was at the duchess's bedside, behaved with great composure. It seemed to give her pain to see the people about her so very tranquil, while she was in a state which ought to have excited the utmost pity. She spoke to the king for a few moments in a low voice. I came forward and took her hand. She pressed mine tenderly and said, 'You are losing an affectionate friend, who was beginning to know you well, and love you very dearly.' I could answer only with my tears. She asked for an emetic; the physician said it was unnecessary, as these kinds of colic sometimes lasted nine or ten hours, but never exceeded four-and-twenty. The king began to argue with them, and they did not know how to answer him. He said, 'Who ever heard of allowing a woman to die without giving her any assistance?' They looked at each other, and said not a word. Meanwhile, the people in the room were talking, going up and down, and laughing, as if nothing had been the matter. I went into a corner to speak with Madame d'Epemon, who seemed shocked with the scene. I said to her that I was astonished that nobody had put Madame in mind of God, and that it was shameful to all of us. She said that Madame had asked for a confessor, and that the *Curè* of St Cloud had come; but that, not knowing him, she had only spoken to him for a moment. Monsieur came to us; I told him I did not think Madame was prepared to die, and that she ought to be spoken to about religion. He said I was right; and added, that her confessor was a Capuchin, who was good for nothing but showing himself along with her in her carriage, in order that the public might see that she had a confessor; but that another sort of man was necessary to attend her on her deathbed. 'Whom,' he asked, 'can we find, whose name may sound well in the gazette as having assisted Madame in her devotions?' I answered that the best recommendation for a confessor at such a moment was, that he should be a good and devout man. 'Ah,' said he, 'I have it—the Abbé Bossuet,* who has just been made Bishop of Condom; Madame used sometimes to converse with him: he is the man.' He went to propose the abbé to the king, who told him that he ought to

* Afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Meaux. His funeral sermon on the death of this princess is esteemed the most eloquent and powerful of his works.

have thought of it sooner, and that Madame ought to have received the sacrament before that time. Madame was replaced in her bed; the king embraced her, and bade her farewell. She spoke to him, as well as the queen, with great tenderness: for me, I was at the foot of the bed drowned in tears, and unable to approach her. We returned to Versailles; and the queen went to supper. M. de Lauzun arrived as we were rising from table; I went up to him and said, 'Here is an incident which will disconcert me sadly.' 'Yes,' he said; 'I am persuaded it will derange all your plans.' And this court lady, overwhelmed with grief for her dying friend, immediately proceeds to discuss the probable effect of that friend's death on her own matrimonial projects.

When the king was gone, M. Feuillet, Canon of St Cloud, was called in, and, after exhorting the duchess to prepare for death, in a tone of austerity and harshness which might have been spared, administered to her the sacrament and extreme unction. She had sent for the English ambassador, to whom, on his coming in, she spoke in English. The priest, hearing the ambassador ask her if she believed that she had been poisoned, interposed by saying, "Madame, accuse nobody, and offer your death as a sacrifice to God." She was thus prevented from answering the ambassador's question. Soon afterwards Bossuet arrived from Paris; but by this time she was speechless, and apparently insensible. About three in the morning she expired.

Thus perished this poor young woman, at the age of six-and-twenty, a victim to the intrigues and diabolical hatred of her enemies. That she died by poison, has never been doubted; but it remains a question who were the perpetrators of the crime.

That she was poisoned, was the universal belief at the time. The letters of the English ambassador, written immediately after the catastrophe, show this to be the case. He thus wrote to Lord Arlington, the English minister for foreign affairs: "According to your lordship's orders, I send you the ring which the Duchess of Orleans had on her finger when she died, which you will have the goodness to deliver to the king. I have taken the liberty to give an account to the king himself of some things which Madame had charged me to communicate to him. Since her death, as you may imagine in such a case, there have been many rumours. The general opinion is, that she has been poisoned, which renders the king and his ministers uneasy in the extreme."—In his next letter he said: "I write at present to mention to your lordship a circumstance which you are perhaps already aware of; it is, that the Chevalier de Lorraine has been permitted to come to court, and to serve in the army as a *Maréchal-de-camp*." This passage was written in cipher; and the letter goes on: "If Madame has been poisoned, as almost every body believes, all France looks upon him as her murderer; and is surprised, with good reason, that the King of France has had so little consideration for the king, our master, as to allow him to return to court, considering, too, the insolent manner in which he always behaved to the princess during her life." In the ambassador's letter to the king, giving an account of his conversation with the dying princess, he says: "She spoke to me in English. I took the liberty to ask her if she did not believe that she had been poisoned? Her confessor, who stood by, and heard my question, said to her,

'Madame, accuse nobody, and offer up your death as a sacrifice to God.' This prevented her from answering me; and, though I repeated the question several times, she only shook her head. I asked for the casket which contained her letters, that I might send them to your majesty; and she desired me to ask them of Madame de la Borde: but that lady was so overwhelmed with grief, that she fell into one fainting-fit after another, and, before she came to herself, Monsieur had laid hold of the casket and carried it off."

The princess's body was opened in presence of the physicians and surgeons of the court, and the English ambassador's physician; and their report was, that her death was natural, as the lungs were diseased, while the stomach and heart were sound. But Mademoiselle de Montpensier says, in her Memoirs, that a separate writing was drawn up by the English physician, and sent to England, to the great displeasure of the Duke of Orleans. And, it will be observed, it was after this examination that the English ambassador, in the letters already quoted, so strongly expressed his belief that she had been poisoned. The duke's second wife, too, who had gathered all the circumstances belonging to this tragedy which were known at court, says positively that the princess was poisoned; and that, when her body was opened, three holes were found in her stomach. The evidence of court physicians, in such a case, cannot go for much. The French court had the greatest interest in making it appear that she had died a natural death. A rupture with Charles the Second was a thing to be greatly feared; and it is easy to imagine how these political considerations may have influenced the report of the physicians.

There can be no doubt, then, that the crime was committed: but who was the criminal? Some suspicion fell at first upon the Duke of Orleans, but it appears to have been speedily dissipated. The contemporary writers concur in acquitting the duke, and in accusing the Chevalier de Lorraine. This man, after the duchess had been the means of his exile, retired to Rome, where he bore his disgrace with great impatience. He had in the duke's household two friends, or rather companions of his debaucheries, the Marquis d'Effiat and the Count de Beuvron; men who eagerly desired his return, from the services he could do them with the duke. The duchess being the sole obstacle to his being allowed to return to Paris, he seems to have used their assistance in putting her out of the way; and this, it appears, was accomplished by means of a subtle poison, which he sent them by an Italian agent of his villany, of the name of Morelli.

This may almost be said to be proved by the facts stated by the Duke de St. Simon, and the second Duchess of Orleans.

The duchess had been for some time in the habit of taking a cup of succory-water, by way of medicine, every evening at seven o'clock. A servant of her chamber had the care of making it; and, having done so, he put it in a cupboard in the antechamber, with a cup to drink it from; and, along with the china pot in which it was made, he put another, containing pure water, with which the duchess might mix it if she found it too bitter. The Marquis d'Effiat had observed all this. On the 29th of June, the day she was taken ill, in passing through this antechamber he found nobody in it; seizing the opportunity, he opened the

cupboard, took out the drinking cup, and was rubbing it with a paper when the servant came suddenly in, and, finding him so employed, said to him, "Sir, what are you doing in that cupboard? Why do you touch Madame's cup?" "I am excessively thirsty," answered d'Effiat, "and was seeking something to drink. I was going to pour some water into this cup, but, seeing it dusty, I was cleaning it with a bit of paper." This circumstance was related to the second Duchess of Orleans by this domestic himself, who was long in her own service. He had been for many years in the service of his former mistress, to whom he was strongly attached.

In the evening the duchess drank the succory-water out of the cup; was instantly seized with excruciating pains, and exclaimed that she was poisoned. Her attendants had drunk some of the same succory-water, but not out of the same cup; and it had done them no harm. It can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the drinking-cup was poisoned, and not the succory-water in the pot; and that d'Effiat was rubbing the inside of it with poison when he pretended, to the servant who surprised him, that he was cleaning it in order to drink from it. There was some cunning in poisoning the cup, because it was used by nobody but the duchess.

She expired at three in the morning. The king, who seems to have conceived some deep suspicion, no sooner heard of her death than he got out of bed, sent for Brissac, an officer of his body-guards, and ordered him to go secretly, with six of his most trustworthy men, seize Purnon, the duchess's chief *maitre d'hôtel*, and bring him to his closet; which was instantly done. As soon as Purnon entered, the king desired Brissac and his valet-de-chambre to retire, and then, addressing him in a stern tone, and with a piercing look; "Attend to what I say to you friend. If you confess all, and answer my questions truly, I shall pardon you, whatever you may have done. But beware of the slightest disguise or concealment; for otherwise you may look on yourself as a dead man before you leave this closet. Has Madame been poisoned?"—"Yes, sire," answered Purnon.—"Who poisoned her, and how was it committed?" Purnon answered that it was the Chevalier de Lorraine who had sent the poison to d'Effiat and Beuvron; and he then detailed the circumstances which have been mentioned. Then the king, repeating his assurances of pardon and threats of death, asked, with an appearance of painful effort, "And, my brother—did he know of it?"—"No, sire," said Purnon; "none of us three was fool enough to speak of it to him. He cannot keep a secret, and would have ruined us." At these words the king uttered a long "ah!" like a man who breathes again after being relieved from a load of anxiety. "That," he said, "is what I wished to know; but take care that you have told me the truth." He then called in Brissac, and ordered him to set Purnon at liberty as quietly as he had arrested him.

The account of this remarkable interview was given by Purnon himself, many years afterwards, to M. Joly de Fleury, the procureur-general, by whom it was related to the Duke de St. Simon. "The same magistrate," says the duke, "in another conversation I had with him on the subject, told me some things he had not mentioned at first. A few days after Monsieur's second marriage, the king took the new duchess aside, told her the above circumstance, and added, that he wished to satisfy her that he was too honourable a

man to have allowed her to marry his brother if he was guilty of such a crime. Madame made her own use of this information. Purnon had remained in her service as *maître d'hôtel*; but by degrees she affected to make inquiries into the expenditure of her household, and so annoyed Purnon that she forced him to leave her service."

"The persons who formed the plot to poison Madame," says the second Duchess of Orleans, "disputed among themselves whether they should reveal it to Monsieur: but one of them decided the question by saying, 'No, no; he would have us hanged were it ten years hence.' The deliberations of these wretches are well known. They made the duke believe that the Dutch had given madame a slow poison, which had not taken effect till then; for, as to the poison itself, there was no denying it; she had three holes in her stomach. One Morelli was the agent employed to bring the poison from Italy: by way of recompense, he was afterwards placed in my household as chief *maître d'hôtel*; and, after plundering me in every way he could, his patrons made him sell his office at a high price." She describes him as a man of superior talents, but totally unprincipled, given to every sort of debauchery and wickedness, and professing atheism even on his death-bed.

There seems, then, no reason to suppose that the Duke of Orleans had any participation in the murder of his wife. He had never loved her, for he seems to have been incapable of loving any one; and he was led by the machinations of her enemies to treat her with neglect and unkindness. But neither, on the other hand, does he appear to have been capable of atrocious crimes. He was weak, not wicked. It was the vile policy of Mazarin to enfeeble his mind from his very infancy. "What do you mean," said the subtle Italian to Mothe-le-Vayer, the young prince's preceptor, "trying to make the king's brother an able man? If he were better educated than the king, he would soon forget the duty of blind obedience." His mother, Anne of Austria, seems to have concurred in this odious policy. Even when grown up, she used to treat him like a great girl, dressing him in petticoats for the amusement of her court; while his brother was accustomed to manly occupations. Thus the Duke of Orleans was, all his life, imbecile in character, and effeminate in his tastes and amusements. He was fond of dress, parties of pleasure, masquerades, the pageantry of the drawing-room, and pompous ceremonies. The natural result of his education, too, was utter selfishness and insensibility; and, if he had no hand in the assassination of his unfortunate wife, it was evident that her death was a matter of entire indifference to him.*

* "The satisfaction," says Hume, "which Charles reaped from his new alliance received a great check by the death of his sister, and still more by those melancholy circumstances which attended it. Her death was sudden, after a few days' illness; and she was seized with a malady upon drinking a glass of succory-water. Strong suspicions of poison arose in the court of France, and were spread all over Europe; and, as her husband had discovered many symptoms of jealousy and discontent on account of her conduct, he was universally believed to be the author of the crime. Charles himself, during some time, was entirely convinced of his guilt; but upon receiving the attestation of physi-

Some writers deny, or at least doubt, the guilt of the Chevalier de Lorraine. "It was alleged," says Voltaire, "that the Chevalier de Lorraine, a favourite of Monsieur, in order to take vengeance for the exile and imprisonment which his culpable conduct towards Madame had brought upon him, had committed this horrible act. But people did not consider that the Chevalier de Lorraine was then at Rome, and that it was no easy matter for a Knight of Malta, only twenty years old, and living at Rome, to purchase the death of a great princess." This is but a weak presumption in favour of Lorraine; for the circumstances related to the Duke de St. Simon and the second Duchess of Orleans show that he was enabled to gratify his revenge, not by purchasing the death of the princess, but by having confederates about her very person, whose motives for desiring her death were as strong as his own.

Lorraine's restoration to favour, within two years of the commission of this crime, has been urged as a presumption that he could not have been the criminal; for, had he been guilty, it is said that the king would never have permitted him to return to France. We have already seen, from the passage written in cipher, in the English Ambassador's letter to his own court, how much he was astonished at the permission which Lorraine had received to return to court, and to enter the military service. Madame de Sevigné, in a letter to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, in February, 1672, says that Lorraine's restoration to favour by the king was owing to the earnest entreaties of the Duke of Orleans, whose joy at obtaining it was as passionate as his grief had been when his favourite was sent into exile. Although the king had been acquainted with Lorraine's guilt, he could not well have resisted his brother's importunities; for, in the circumstances under which he had received his information, he could not allow it to appear that he knew any thing of the matter; and he was therefore under the necessity of outwardly treating Lorraine and his confederates as if the fatal secret had never come to his knowledge. Lorraine's return, too, was useful to the king; for, having unbounded influence over the duke's conduct, he was the fittest instrument to manage him according to the policy of the court.

Those who wish to relieve the Chevalier de Lorraine of the imputation of this dreadful crime, seem inclined to throw the suspicion of it on the Countess de Soissons. This Italian was of a deep and dangerous character. She bore a deadly hatred towards the Duchess of Orleans. She was so much implicated in the dark transactions of the notorious women, La Vigoureux and La Voisin, that, when they were convicted of preparing and selling poisons, she fled precipitately to Brussels; and though Louis was greatly attached to her, as the companion and playfellow of his tender years, yet he would never hear of her re-

cians, who on opening her body found no foundations for the general rumour, he was, or pretended to be, satisfied. The Duke of Orleans indeed did never, in any other circumstance of his life, betray such dispositions as might lead him to so criminal an action; and a lady, it is said, drank the remains of the same glass without feeling any inconvenience. The sudden death of princes is commonly accompanied with these dismal surmises, and therefore less weight is to be laid on the suspicions of the public."

turn to France, and allowed her to die abroad. He sometimes even expressed his regret at having permitted her to make her escape, and used to say, "I fear I am responsible before God for not having had her arrested." From all this we are warranted in believing that the Countess de Soissons was capable of any atrocity; but, of her being a party to this crime, there does not seem to be a vestige of evidence.

It does not seem that any further light can now be thrown on this melancholy history. The character of the unfortunate princess is drawn, by all her contemporaries, in the most engaging colours. Except by her cold-hearted husband, and the wretches who were leagued together for her destruction, she was universally beloved; and her death is described as throwing a gloom, not only over the court of France, but the whole nation. Even her faults are treated, by those who are far from charitable in their judgments, with indulgence and pity; and, though she was an object of the libels and calumnies of Bussy Rabutin and writers of his stamp, the purity of her character as a wife has not been impeached by a single respectable authority.

From the Retrospective Review.

LIFE OF WILLIAM LILLY.

Mr. William Lilly's History of His Life and Times, from the year 1602 to 1681. Written by himself in the sixty-sixth year of his age, to his worthy friend, ELIAS ASHMOLLE, Esq. Published from the original Manuscript. London, 1715.

WILLIAM LILLY was a prominent, and, in the opinion of many of his contemporaries, a very important personage in the most eventful period of English history. He was a principal actor in the farcical scenes which diversified the bloody tragedy of civil war; and while the King and the Parliament were striving for mastery in the field, he was deciding their destinies in the closet. The weak and the credulous of both parties, who sought to be instructed in "destiny's dark counsels," flocked to consult the "wily Archimage," who, with exemplary impartiality, meted out victory and good fortune to his clients, according to the extent of their faith, and the weight of their purses. A few profane Cavaliers might make his name the burthen of their *malignant* rhymes—a few of the more scrupulous among the *Saints* might keep aloof in sanctified abhorrence of the "Stygian sophister"—but the great majority of the people lent a willing and reverential ear to his prophecies and prognostications. Nothing was too high or too low—too mighty or too insignificant for the grasp of his genius. The stars, his informants, were as communicative on the most trivial as on the most important subjects. If a scheme was set on foot to rescue the king, or to retrieve a stray trinket—to restore the royal authority, or to make a frail damsel an honest woman—to cure the nation of anarchy, or a lap dog of a surfeit, William Lilly was the oracle to be consulted. His *almanacks* were spelled over in the tavern and quoted in the senate; they nerved the arm of the soldier, and rounded the periods of the orator. The fashionable beauty, dashing along in her calash from St. James's or the Mall, and the prim, starched dame, from Watling-

street or Bucklersbury, with a staid foot-boy, in a plush jerkin, plodding behind her—the reigning toast among "the men of wit about town," and the leading groaner in a tabernacle concert—glided alternately into the study of the trusty wizard, and poured into his attentive ear strange tales of love, or trade, or treason. The Roundhead stalked in at one door, whilst the Cavalier was hurried out at the other.

The *Confessions* of a man so variously consulted and trusted, if written with the candour of a Cardan or a Rousseau, would indeed be invaluable. The *Memoirs of William Lilly*, though deficient in this essential ingredient, yet contain a variety of curious and interesting anecdotes of himself and his contemporaries, which, where the vanity of the writer, or the truth of his art, is not concerned, may be received with implicit credence. We shall endeavour to comprise in this article such parts of the work as are possessed of general and permanent interest, and to dismiss the remaining portion, with all its schemes, nativities, prophecies, indecencies, and jargon, of "the science astrologick,"—

"Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn."*

The family of the Lillys were hereditary yeomen in the obscure town of Diseworth, in Leicestershire; a town of great rudeness, wherein it is not remembered that any of the fathers thereof did ever educate any of their sons to learning; William's parents, however, were an exception to this rule, and the juvenile *Albumazar* was "put to learn at such schools, and of such masters, as the rudeness of the place and country afforded." For the last two years of his being at school he was at the head of the highest form, and distinguished himself as a wrangler in Latin; but his father's poverty prevented his going to an University, as many of his schoolfellows had done. A neighbouring attorney obtained for young Lilly a situation with a gentleman in London, who wanted a youth who could write, to attend on him and his wife, and his father was very willing to be rid of a son who "could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour." His master was upwards of sixty-six years of age, and was married to a woman still older than himself, yet never was any woman more jealous of a husband than she.

"My mistress was very curious to know of such as were then called cunning or wise men, whether she should bury her husband? She frequently visited such persons, and this occasion begot in me a little desire to learn something that way; but wanting money to buy books, I laid aside these notions, and endeavoured to please both master and mistress."

In pleasing the latter, our hero was so successful, that in her last sickness she would scarcely permit

* Besides his numerous astrological publications, Lilly was the author of *Observations upon the Life and Death of King Charles the First*, containing some curious facts relative to that unfortunate prince, and written in a spirit of impartiality well worthy the imitation of graver historians. We cannot deny the versatility of our astrologer's principles; but, to his honour be it spoken, he never feels or feigns that rancour against his former associates, which is the most common and the most disgusting characteristic of political apostacy.

him to be out of her chamber, gave him "five pounds in old gold," and, being prevented from adequately rewarding his attentions, advised him to help himself out of his master's property—which he assures us with great simplicity, he never did.

"When my mistress died, she had under her arm-hole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which, one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Trigrammaton* +; within the middle there was engraven a holy lamb. In the other circumference there was *Amiraphel* and three +. In the middle, *Sanctus, Petrus, Alpha and Omega*. I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings, but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related."

His master consoled himself for the loss of his aged spouse by selecting a younger helpmate, and dying soon after, Lilly, who appears through life to have been a favourite with the ladies, succeeded him in the affections of his widow. His account of his courtship to this fair dame is amusing:

"My mistress [who] had been twice married to old men, was now resolved to be cozened no more; she was of a brown ruddy complexion, corpulent; of but mean stature, plain, no education, yet a very provident person, and of good condition: she had many suitors, old men, whom she declined; some gentlemen of decayed fortunes, whom she liked not, for she was covetous and sparing: by my fellow servant she was observed frequently to say, she cared not if she married a man that would love her, so that he had never a penny; and would ordinarily talk of me when she was in bed. This servant gave me encouragement to give the onset: I was much perplexed hereat, for should I attempt her, and be slighted, she would never care for me afterwards; but again, I considered that if I should attempt and fail, she would never speak of it; or would any believe I durst be so audacious as to propound such a question, the disproportion of years and fortune being so great betwixt us? However, all her talk was of husbands; and in my presence saying one day after dinner, she respected not wealth, but desired an honest man, I made answer, I thought I could fit her with such a husband; she asked me, where? I made no more ado, but presently saluted her, and told her myself was the man: she replied, I was too young; I said nay, what I had not in wealth, I would supply in love; and saluted her frequently, which she accepted lovingly; and next day at dinner made me sit down at dinner with my hat on my head, and said she intended to make me her husband; for which I gave her many salutes, &c.

"I was very careful to keep all things secret, for I well knew, if she should take counsel of any friend, my hopes would be frustrated, therefore I suddenly procured her consent to marry, unto which she assented; so that upon the eighth day of September, 1627, at St. George's church, in Southwark, I was married unto her, and for two whole years we kept it secret. When it was divulged, and some people blamed her for it, she constantly replied, that she had no kindred; if I proved kind, and a good husband, she would make me a man; if I proved otherwise, she only undid herself. In the third and fourth years after our marriage, we had strong suits of law with her first husband's kindred, but overthrew them in the end. During all the

time of her life, which was until October 1633, we lived very lovingly, I frequenting no company at all; my exercises were sometimes angling, in which I ever delighted."

We now come to an important era in the life of the future Nostradamus.

How I came to study Astrology.

"It happened on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of the peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay, so learned that he could make an almanack, which to me then was strange: one speech begot another, till, at last, he said, he could bring me acquainted with one Evans in Gunpowder-alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans. When we came to his house, he having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay; he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except *Haly de judiciis Astrorum*, and *Orriganus's Ephemerides*; so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now something of the man: he was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders; he had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous committed by him in those parts, where he had lately lived; for he gave judgement upon things lost, the only shame of astrology: he was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised, or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat-nosed, full-lips, down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgement naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgements, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or some mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonal cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted, he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all: he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invoking, as in the time of our familiarity he told me. Two of his actions I will relate, as to me delivered. There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who being desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintenance; but this young gentlewoman his wife, was desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use: after the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have the deed safely delivered into her own hands; the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his Litany in the Common Prayer-Book every day, at select hours, wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands what to do, in a small time returns with the very deed desired, lays

it down gently upon a table where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing and bringing away the deed, all that bay of buildings was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn all to pieces. The second story followeth.

"Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the Minorities, was desired by the Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm Digby to show them a spirit. He promised so to do: the time came; and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation, Evans was taken out of the room, and carried into the field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labour, and espying a man in black clothes, came unto him and awaked him, and asked him how he came there? Evans, by this, understood his condition, inquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which, when he understood, he told the labourer he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends. Sir Kenelm Digby and the Lord Bothwell went home without any harm, [and] came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they in the afternoon came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife, to come to him at Battersea. I inquired upon what account the spirit carried him away: who said, he had not, at the time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened, that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr. A. Bedwell, minister of Tottenham-High-Cross, near London, who had been many years chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was ambassador at Venice, and assisted Pietro Soave Polano, in composing and writing the Council of Trent, was lately dead; and his library being sold into Little Britain, I bought among them my choicest books of astrology. The occasion of our falling out was thus: a woman demanded the resolution of a question, which when he had done, she went her way; I, standing by all the while, and observing the figure, asked him why he gave the judgement he did, since the signification showed quite the contrary, and gave him my reasons; which when he had pondered, he called me boy, and must he be contradicted by such a novice! But when his heat was over, he said, had he not so judged to please the woman, she would have given him nothing, and he had a wife and family to provide for; upon this we never came together after. Being now very meanly introduced, I applied myself to study those books I had obtained, many times twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours day and night; I was curious to discover, whether there was any verity in the art or not. Astrology in this time, viz. in 1633, was very rare in London, few professing it that understood any thing thereof."

Whatever respect our author might feel for the science of "divine astrology," his veneration certainly did not extend to its professors, of whom he relates some very edifying anecdotes. We shall select a few of the most remarkable.

DR. SIMON FORMAN.—"He was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success: in other questions very moderate.

"I very well remember to have read in one of his manuscripts what followeth.

"'Being in bed one morning,' (says he) 'I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a lord, earl, or knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure, and thereupon my judgement:' by which he concluded, that within two years' time he should be a lord or great man: 'but,' says he, 'before the two years were expired, the doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came.' Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honour or greatship. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great lord within one year. But he sets down, that in that year he had no preferment at all; only, 'I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well.' There is another figure concerning one Sir — Ayre his going into Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or not: the doctor repeats all his astrological reasons, and musters them together, and then gave his judgement it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, 'this proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all.' He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone, and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much; and then he tugs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operation; but by and by, in conclusion, he adds, 'so the work went very forward; but upon the ☐ of ♄ the setting-glass broke, and I lost all my pains.' He sets down five or six such judgements, but still complains all came to nothing, upon the malignant aspects of ♄ and ♀.

"He wrote in a book left behind him, viz. 'This I made the devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember.' He professed to his wife there would be much trouble about Carr and the Countess of Essex, who frequently resorted unto him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study a whole day. Now we come to his death, which happened as follows; the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him, that she had been informed he could resolve whether man or wife should die first; 'Whether shall I,' (quoth she) 'bury you or no?' 'Oh, Trunco,' for so he called her, 'thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.' 'Yea, but how long first?' 'I shall die,' said he, 'ere Thursday night.' Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he was not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well: he went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle-dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, 'An impost, an impost,' and so he died.

SIR GEORGE PECKHAM.—"In the year 1634, I taught Sir George Peckham, knight, astrology, that part which concerns sickness, wherein he so profited, that in two or three months he would give a very true discovery of any disease, only by his figures. He practised in Nottingham, but unfortunately died in 1635, at St. Winifred's Well, in Wales; in which well he continued so long mumbling his *Pater-Nosters* and *Sancta Winifrida ora pro me*, that the cold struck into his body; and, after his coming forth of that well, never spoke more.

JOHN HUMPHREYS.—"In the year 1640, I instructed John Humphreys, master of that art, in the study of astrology: upon this occasion, being at London, by ac-

cident in Fleet-street, I met Dr. Percival Willoughby, of Derby; we were of old acquaintance, and he but by great chance lately come to town; we went to the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street, where I sent for old Will. Poole the astrologer, living then in Ram-alley; being come to us, the doctor produced a bill, set forth by a master of arts in Cambridge, intimating his abilities for resolving of all manner of questions astrologically. The bill was showed, and I wondering at it, Poole made answer, he knew the man, and that he was a silly fool; 'I,' quoth he, 'can do more than he; he sees me every day, he will be here by and by;' and, indeed, he came into our room presently. Poole had, just as we came to him, set a figure, and then showed it me, desiring my judgement, which I refused, but desired the master of arts to judge first; he denied, so I gave mine, to the very great liking of Humphreys, who presently inquired if I would teach him, and for what? I told him I was willing to teach, but would have one hundred pounds. I heard Poole, whilst I was judging the figure, whisper in Humphrey's ear, and swear I was the best in England. Staying three or four days in town, at last we contracted for forty pounds, for I could never be quiet from his solicitations; he invited me to supper, and before I had showed him any thing, paid me thirty-five pounds. As we were at supper, a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client; I called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the moles or marks of his client: he sets his figure, and presently discovers four moles the querent had; and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down the stairs crying, 'Four by G—! four by G—! I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule.' In six weeks' time, and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person."

WILLIAM HODGES.—"All the ancient astrologers of England were much startled and confounded at my manner of writing, especially old Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, and many others who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology than he could by the crystal and use thereof, which, indeed, he understood as perfectly as any one in England. He was a great royalist, but could never hit any thing right for that party, though he much desired it: he resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; in things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal; his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to deal with those holy angels. Being contemporary with me, I shall relate what my partner, John Scott, the same Scott as is before mentioned, affirmed of him. John Scott was a little skilful in surgery and physick, so was Will. Hodges, and had formerly been a school-master. Scott having some occasions into Staffordshire, addressed himself for a month or six weeks to Hodges, assisted him to dress his patients, let blood, &c. Being to return to London, he desired Hodges to show him the person and feature of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and, after a while, wishes him to inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. 'I see,' saith Scott, 'a ruddy complexioned wench in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer.' 'She must be your wife,' said Hodges. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said Scott. 'I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old-Bailey.' 'You

must marry the red waistcoat,' said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married; two years after, going into Dover, in his return, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury, and as he came into the hall, or first room thereof, he mistook the room, and went into the buttry, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges as before said, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then, more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her, in all parts, to be the same Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor unto her, and was married unto her; which woman I have often seen."

Of the famous astrologian, JOHN BOOKER, who

"—— was own'd without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute,"

till the star of Lilly appeared in the ascendant, we have the following account of his mightier rival.

"He was an excellent proficient in astrology, whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England: he was a very honest man, abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as successful in resolving love-questions: he was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much in physick; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chymistry, which he loved well, but did not practise. He was inclined to a diabetes; and, in the last three years of his life, was afflicted with a dysentery, which at last consumed him to nothing: he died of good frame in 1667. Since his decease, I have seen one nativity of his performance exactly directed, and judged with as much learning as from astrology can be expected."

The nocturnal adventure, recounted in the following extract, will remind our readers of a scene in *The Antiquary*, where Dousterswivel and his patron explore the grave of Malcolm-the-Misticot, in search of hidden treasure.

"Davy Ramsey, his majesty's clock-maker, had been informed, that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster-Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsey finds out one John Scott,* who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein: I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsey,† with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the west side of the cloysters, the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there: the labourers digged at least six foot deep, and then we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloysters we went into the abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles

* This Scott lived in Pudding-Lane, and had some time been a page (or such like) to the Lord Norris.

† Davy Ramsey brought an half quartern sack to put the treasure in.

and torches; all but one, ^{were} extinguished, or burned very dimly: John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the dæmons; which when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night; I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was, by reason of so many people being present at the operation; for there was above thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the dæmons, I believe most part of the abbey church had been blown down; secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work."

Having buried his first wife, our Astrologian speedily provided himself with a second, who brought him five hundred pounds portion, but, with the help of her poor relations, managed to spend him twice that sum. She was, he says, "of the nature of Mars," and was possessed by a termagant spirit, which poor Lilly, with all his skill, could never lay. In consequence, perhaps, of his matrimonial infelicity, our sage became lean and melancholy, and retired, for the benefit of his health, to Hersham, where he resided from 1636 to 1641, when, getting tired of the country, and, from the growing confusion of the times, "perceiving there was money to be got in London," he returned thither, and began to labour in his vocation with laudable assiduity: not contented with delivering his oracles in private, he commenced author, and his lucubrations,

"—— a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad."

"In 1644, I published *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*, about April. I had given one day the copy thereof unto the then Mr. Whitlocke, who by accident was reading thereof in the House of Commons: ere the Speaker took the chair, one looked upon it, and so did many, and got copies thereof; which when I heard, I applied myself to John Booker to license it, for then he was licenser of all mathematical books; I had, to my knowledge, never seen him before; he wondered at the book, made many impertinent obliterations, framed many objections, swore it was not possible to distinguish betwixt king and parliament; at last licensed it according to his own fancy; I delivered it unto the printer, who, being an arch Presbyterian, had five of the ministry to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed, for in that I meddled not with their Dagon. The first impression was sold in less than a week; when I presented some to the members of parliament, I complained of John Booker, the licenser, who had defaced my book; they gave me order forthwith to reprint it as I would, and let them know if any durst resist me in the reprinting or adding what I thought fit; so the second time it came forth as I would have it.

"Before that time, I was more Cavalier than Round-head, and so taken notice of; but after that I engaged body and soul in the cause of parliament, but still with much affection to his majesty's person and unto monarchy, which I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever; and you will find in this story many passages of civility which I did, and endeavoured to do, with the hazard of my life, for his majesty:

but God had ordered all his affairs and counsels to have no successes; as in the sequel will appear."

* For some passages in his *Starry Messenger*, which were construed into a reflection on the Commissioners of Excise, Lilly was arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and brought before a committee of the House of Commons; but, having several good friends among the members, he not only escaped with impunity, but turned the laugh against Miles Corbet, who had instituted the proceedings against him from some personal pique.

"There being, in those times, some smart difference between the army and the parliament, the head-quarters of the army were at Windsor, whither I was carried with a coach and four horses, and John Booker with me. We were welcomed thither, and feasted in a garden where General Fairfax lodged. We were brought to the general, who bid us kindly welcome to Windsor; and, in effect, said thus much:

"That God had blessed the army with many signal victories, and yet their work was not finished. He hoped God would go along with them until his work was done. They sought not themselves, but the welfare and tranquillity of the good people, and whole nation; and, for that end, were resolved to sacrifice both their lives and their own fortunes. As for the art we studied, he hoped it was lawful and agreeable to God's word; he understood it not; but doubted not but we both feared God; and therefore had a good opinion of us both.' Unto his speech I presently made this reply:

"My lord, I am glad to see you here at this time.

"Certainly, both the people of God, and all others of this nation, are very sensible of God's mercy, love, and favour unto them, in directing the parliament to nominate and elect you general of their armies, a person so religious, so valiant.

"The several unexpected victories obtained under your excellency's conduct, will eternize the same unto all posterity.

"We are confident of God's going along with you and your army, until the great work for which he ordained you both, is fully perfected; which we hope will be the conquering and subversion of your's and the parliament's enemies, and then a quiet settlement and firm peace over all the nation, unto God's glory, and full satisfaction of tender consciences.

* In the Ashmolean Museum are preserved two original letters to Lilly: the one from an amorous swain who had consulted the sage in a matrimonial scheme, and had received a favourable judgement, which subsequent events had falsified, and who writes for farther information, expressing much regret and wonderment that "this businesse should go so crossely," but without any suspicion that the stars, or their interpreter, had played him false. The other letter is from Vincent Wing,

"—— an under conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer,"—

soliciting the judgement of Lilly, "concerning a great number of fine linnings" which had been stolen from one of his clients (the lady of a M. P.) who would not be satisfied with the opinion of a second-rate wizard, in a case of such magnitude and intricacy. The letter, which is well seasoned with adulation, concludes, with requesting a puff for one of Wing's forthcoming publications.

"Sir, as for ourselves, we trust in God; and, as Christians, believe in him. We do not study any art but what is lawful, and consonant to the scriptures, fathers, and antiquity; which we humbly desire you to believe,' &c.

"This ended, we departed, and went to visit Mr. Peters, the minister, who lodged in the castle, whom we found reading an idle pamphlet, come from London that morning. 'Lilly, thou art herein,' says he. 'Are not you there also?' I replied. 'Yes, that I am,' quoth he.—The words concerning me, were these:

"From th' oracles of the sibyls so silly,
The curst predictions of William Lilly,
And Dr. Sybbald's Shoe-lane Philly,
Good Lord, deliver me.

"After much conference with Hugh Peters, and some private discourse betwixt us two, not to be divulged, we parted, and so came back to London."

When Colchester was besieged, Booker and Lilly were sent for by the parliamentarians to encourage the soldiers, by "assuring them the town would very shortly be surrendered, as indeed it was." When Cromwell was in Scotland, "the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with *Anglicus* in his hand; and, as the several troops passed by him, 'Lo, hear what Lilly saith; you are, in this month, promised victory, fight it out, brave boys;—and then read that month's prediction."

The royalists were not behind hand with their opponents, in paying homage to the genius of Lilly; and, in affairs of the greatest moment, availed themselves of the prescience of the "profound gymnosophist," who was by no means niggardly of his advice to any party that could afford to pay for it. When the King was meditating an escape from the soldiery at Hampton Court, a Mrs. Whorwood was despatched, with his concurrence, to Lilly, to learn in what quarter he might remain concealed, till he thought it prudent to declare himself. Lilly, having erected a figure, said, the King might be safely concealed in some part of Essex, about twenty miles from London: the lady happened to have a house, in that quarter, fit for his majesty's reception, and went away the next morning to acquaint him with it. But the King was gone away, in the night, westward, and surrendered himself, at length, to Hammond, in the Isle of Wight; and thus the project was rendered abortive. He was again applied to by the same lady, in 1648, for the same purpose, while the King was at Carisbrook Castle; whence, having laid a design to escape by sawing the iron bars of his chamber-window, Mrs. Whorwood came to our astrologer, and acquainted him with it. Lilly procured a proper saw, and furnished her with aqua fortis besides; by which means his majesty had nearly succeeded, but his heart failing, he proceeded no farther.

"Whilst the King was at Windsor Castle, one day walking upon the leads there, he looked upon Captain Wharton's almanack; 'My book,' saith he, 'speaks well as to the weather;' one William Allen standing by; 'what,' saith he, 'saith his antagonist, Mr. Lilly?' 'I do not care for Lilly,' said his majesty, 'he hath been always against me,' and became a little bitter in his expressions. 'Sir,' said Allen, 'the man is an honest man, and writes but what his art informs him.' 'I be-

lieve it,' said his majesty, 'and that Lilly understands astrology as well as any man in Europe.'"

While the parliament party retained its authority undiminished, Lilly continued to prophecy stoutly in its behalf; but, finding its influence on the wane, he ventured to predict, in his *Anglicus*, "that the Parliament stood on a tottering foundation, and that the commonality and soldiery would join together against them."

"My *Anglicus* was for a whole week every day in the parliament-house, peeped into by the Presbyterians, one disliking this sentence, another finds another fault, others misliked the whole; so in the end a motion was made, that *Anglicus* should be inspected by the Committee for plundered ministers; which being done, they were to return them to the house, viz. report its errors."

"A messenger attached me by a warrant from that Committee; I had private notice ere the messenger came, and hasted unto Mr. Speaker Lenthall, ever my friend. He was exceeding glad to see me, told me what was done, called for *Anglicus*, marked the passages which tormented the Presbyterians so highly. I presently sent for Mr. Warren the printer, an assured Cavalier, obliterated what was most offensive, put in other more significant words, and desired only to have six amended against next morning, which very honestly he brought me. I told him my design was to deny the book found fault with, to own only the six books. I told him, I doubted he would be examined. 'Hang them,' said he, 'they are all rogues. I'll swear myself to the devil ere they shall have an advantage against you by my oath.'

"The day after, I appeared before the Committee, being thirty-six in number that day; whereas it was observed, at other times, it was very difficult to get five of them together. At first they showed me the true *Anglicus*, and asked if I wrote and printed it. I took the book and inspected it very heedfully; when I had done so, said thus:

"This is none of my book; some malicious Presbyterian hath wrote it, who are my mortal enemies; I disown it.' The Committee looked upon one another like distracted men, not imagining what I presently did; for I presently pulled out of my pocket six books, and said, 'These I own, the others are counterfeits, published purposely to ruin me.' The Committee were now more vexed than before; not one word was spoke a good while: at last, many of them, or the greater number of them, were of opinion to imprison me. Some were for Newgate, others for the Gate-house, but when one Brown, of Sussex, called the Presbyterian beadle, whom the company of stationers had bribed to be my friend, by giving him a new Book of Martyrs; he, I say, preached unto the Committee this doctrine, that neither Newgate or the Gate-house were prisons unto which at any time the Parliament sent prisoners: it was most convenient for the Serjeant-at-Arms to take me in custody.

"Mr. Strickland, who had for many years been the Parliament's ambassador or agent in Holland, when he saw how they inclined, spoke thus:

"I came purposely into the Committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe; I come to do him justice. A book is produced by us, and said to be his; he denies it; we have not proved it, yet will commit him. Truly this is great injustice. It is likely he will write next year, and acquaint the whole world with our injustice;

and so well he may. It is my opinion, first to prove the book to be his, ere he be committed.'

"Another old friend of mine, Mr. Reynolds, spoke thus:

" 'You do not know the many services this man hath done for the Parliament these many years, or how many times, in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of comfort in our most unhappy distresses. I assure you his writings have kept up the spirits both of the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us parliament men; and now at last, for a slip of his pen (if it were his) to be thus violent against him, I must tell you, I fear the consequence urged out of the book will prove effectually true. It is my counsel to admonish him hereafter to be more wary, and for the present to dismiss him.'

"Notwithstanding any thing that was spoken on my behalf, I was ordered to stand committed to the Serjeant-at-Arms. The messenger attached my person, said I was his prisoner. As he was carrying me away, he was called to bring me again. Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he steadfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger; but instantly a young clerk of that committee asks the messenger what he did with me, where's the warrant? until that is signed, you cannot seize Mr. Lilly, or shall. Will you have an action of false imprisonment against you? So I escaped that night, but next day obeyed the warrant. That night, Oliver Cromwell went to Mr. Reynolds, my friend, and said, 'What, never a man to take Lilly's cause in hand but yourself? None to take his part but you? He shall not be long there.'

That the fame of our *English Merlin* was not confined to his own country, appears by the evidence of Mr. Strickland in the preceding extract, and he subsequently received from the King of Sweden, a present of a gold chain and medal, in requital of the honourable mention he had made of his majesty in his *Anglicus*.

"In 1655, I was indicted at Hicks's-Hall by a half-witted young woman. Three several sessions she was neglected, and the jury cast forth her bill; but the fourth time, they found it against me: I put in bail to traverse the indictment. The cause of the indictment was, for that I had given judgement upon stolen goods, and received two shillings and sixpence.—And this was said to be contrary unto an act in King James's time made.

"This mad woman was put upon this action against me by two ministers, who had framed for her a very ingenious speech, which she could speak without book, as she did the day of hearing the traverse. She produced one woman, who told the court, a son of her's was run from her; that being in much affliction of mind, for her loss, she repaired unto me to know what was become of him; that I told her he was gone for the Barbadoes, and she would hear of him within thirteen days; which, she said, she did.

"A second woman made oath, that her husband being wanting two years, she repaired to me for advice: that I told her he was in Ireland, and would be at home at such a time; and, said she, he did come accordingly.

"I owned the taking of half a crown for my judgement of the theft; but said, I gave no other judgement, but that the goods would not be recovered, being that was all which was required of me: the party,

before that, having been with several astrologers, some affirming she should have her goods again, others gave contrary judgement, which made her come unto me for a final resolution.

"At last my enemy began her before-made speech and, without the least stumbling, pronounced it before the court; which ended, she had some queries put unto her, and then I spoke for myself, and produced my own *Introduction* into court, saying, that I had some years before emitted that book for the benefit of this and other nations; that it was allowed by authority, and had found good acceptance in both universities; that the study of astrology was lawful, and not contradicted by any scripture; that I neither had or ever did use any charms, sorceries, or enchantments, related in the bill of indictment, &c.

"She then related, that she had been several times with me, and that afterwards she could not rest a-nights, but was troubled with bears, lions, and tigers, &c. My counsel was the Recorder Green, who after he had answered all objections, concluded, astrology was a lawful art.

" 'Mistress,' said he, 'what colour was those beasts that you were so terrified with?'

" 'I never saw any,' said she.

" 'How do you then know they were lions, tigers, or bears?' replied he.—'This is an idle person, only fit for Bedlam.' The jury, who went not from the bar, brought in, No true bill."

His second wife dying, to his great joy, he the same year ventured on a third, who, he says, "is signified in my nativity by Jupiter in Libra; and she is so totally in her conditions, to my great comfort."

After the Restoration, being taken into custody and examined by a committee of the House of Commons, touching the execution of Charles I.; he declared that Robert Spavin, then secretary to Cromwell, dining with him soon after that event, assured him that it was done by Cornet Joyce. Having sued out his pardon under the broad seal of England, he continued to labour in his vocation, unmolested by the ruling powers, until the fire of London took place, when he was brought before a committee to depose what he knew respecting the cause of that calamity.

"Sir Robert Brooke spoke to this purpose:

" 'Mr. Lilly, This committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know, if you can say any thing as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because in a book of yours long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphicks.' Unto which I replied,

" 'May it please your honours,

" 'After the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make inquiry by the art I studied, what might from that time happen unto the Parliament and nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgement therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphicks, &c. without any commentary, that so my judgement might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the wise.

I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like.'

" 'Sir Robert,' saith one, 'Lilly is yet *sub vestitulo*.'

"I proceed further. Said I, 'having found, sir, that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphics as represented in the book, which in effect have proved very true.'

" 'Did you foresee the year?' said one.

" 'I did not,' said I, 'or was desirous: of that I made no scrutiny.' I proceeded—

" 'Now, sir, whether there was any design of burning the city, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you, that since the fire, I have taken much pains in search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein. I conclude, that it was the only finger of God; but what instruments he used thereunto I am ignorant.'

"The committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility."

In his latter years, Lilly applied himself to the study of physic, and continued to practise that art, as well as astrology, at Hersham (where he had purchased an estate) till his death, which was occasioned by a paralytic attack, in 1681. He was interred in the chancel of the church at Walton, and his friend and dupe, the learned Elias Ashmole, placed over his remains "a fair black marble stone, which cost him six pounds, four shillings, and sixpence."

The number and extent of our extracts preclude our dwelling at any length on the merits or demerits of the departed Philomath. The simplicity and apparent candour of his narrative might induce a hasty reader of these *Memoirs* to believe him a well meaning but somewhat silly personage, the dupe of his own speculations—the deceiver of himself as well as of others. But an attentive examination of the events of his life, even as recorded by himself, will not warrant so favourable an interpretation. His systematic and successful attention to his own interest—his dexterity in keeping on "the windy side of the law"—his perfect political pliability—and his presence of mind and fertility of resources when entangled in difficulties—indicate an accomplished imposter, not a crazy enthusiast. It is very possible and probable, that at the outset of his career, he was a real believer in the truth and lawfulness of his art, and that he afterwards felt no inclination to part with so pleasant and so profitable a delusion; like his patron Cromwell, whose early fanaticism subsided into hypocrisy, he carefully retained his folly as a cloak for his knavery. Of his success in deception, the preceding narrative exhibits abundant proofs. The number of his dupes was not confined to the vulgar and illiterate, but included individuals of real worth and learning, of hostile parties and sects, who courted his acquaintance and respected his predictions. His proceedings were deemed of sufficient importance to be twice made the subject of a parliamentary inquiry; and even after the Restoration—when a little more skepticism, if not more wisdom, might have been expected—we find him examined by a Committee of the House of Commons, respecting his fore-knowledge of the great fire of London. We know not whether it "should more move our anger or our mirth," to see an assemblage of British Senators—the contemporaries of Hampden and Falkland—of Milton and Clarendon—in an age which roused into action so many and such mighty energies

—gravely engaged in ascertaining the causes of a great national calamity, from the prescience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling their wisdoms to interpret the symbolical flames, which blazed in the mis-shapen wood-cuts of his oracular publications.

Butler, whose satire was "as broad and general as the casing air," could not overlook so conspicuous an object of ridicule, as *Erra Pater Lilly*; and, in his *Hudibras*, has cursed him with an immortality of derision and contempt. We cannot conclude this article better than with his witty account of *the cunning man*.
hight SIDROPHEL,

"That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd,
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humorsome;
To him with questions * * * *
They for discov'ry flock; or curing.
* * * * *

He had been long *studies* mathematics,
Opticks, philosophy, and statics,
Magick, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology:
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same place,
Where at his setting out he was:
So, in the circle of the arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts:
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter:
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear,
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
* * * * *

Do not our great *Reformers* use
This *SIDROPHEL* to forbode news?
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i'th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the *Kings*
In Cornwall horse and foot next spring!
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whate'er the *Close Committee* would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the *cause*,
The Moon for *fundamental laws*;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Against the *Book of Common Prayer*;
The Scorpion take the *Protestation*,
And Bear engage for Reformation:
Made all the *royal stars* recant,
Compound, and take the covenant."

from Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Treats of the place where Oliver Twist was born, and of the circumstances attending his birth.

Among other public buildings in the town of Mudfog, it boasts of one which is common to most towns great or small, to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse there was born on a day and a date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events, the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter. For a long time after he was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared, or if they had, being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography extant in the literature of any age or country. Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration,—a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence,—and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next, the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if during this brief period Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer, and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract, Oliver and nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been

expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time, than three minutes and a quarter.

As Oliver gave this first testimony of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young female was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm, and a rub, alternatively; but as the young woman spoke, he rose, and, advancing to the bed's head, said with more kindness than might have been expected of him—

"Oh, you must not talk about dying, yet."

"Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction, "Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do."

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back—and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had frozen for ever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

"It's all over, Mrs. Thingummy," said the surgeon, at last.

"Ah, poor dear; so it is!" said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle which had fallen out on the pillow as she stooped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

"You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse," said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. "It's very likely it *will* be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is." He put on his hat, and pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, "She was a good looking girl too; where did she come from?"

"She was brought here last night," replied the old woman, "by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street; she had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to; nobody knows."

The surgeon leant over the body, and raised the left hand. "The old story," he said, shaking his head: "no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! good night."

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

And what an example of the power of dress young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar;—it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have fixed his station in society. But now he was enveloped in the old calico robes, that had grown yellow in the same service; he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble, half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all, and pitied by none.

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of church-wardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Treats of Oliver Twist's Growth, Education, and Board.

For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception—he was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility that there was not. Upon this the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be despatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food, or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny—quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children, and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her

own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them; thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still, and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher; who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would most unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal upon nothing at all, if he hadn't died, just four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of *her* system; for just at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and then gathered to the fathers which it had never known is this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a beadstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing. (though the latter accident was very scarce,—anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm,) the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance; but these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle: the former of whom had always opened the body, and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed); and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted, which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were coming. The children were neat and clean to behold, when *they* went; and what more would the people have?

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's eight birth-day found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast; it had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any eighth birth-day a

all. Be this as it may, however it *was* his eighth birth-day; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after participating with him in a sound threshing, had been locked up therein, for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

"Goodness gracious! is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. "(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats up stairs, and wash 'em directly.)—My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you sure-ly!"

Now Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric one; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick, which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle's.

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out,—for the three boys had been removed by this time,— "only think of that! 'That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in, sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble; do, sir."

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtesy that might have softened the heart of a church-warden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane,—"to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here on parochial business connected with the parochial orphans? Are you aware, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate, and a stipendiary?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Bumble, that I was only a-telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann; for I come on business, and have got something to say."

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor, placed a seat for him, and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled; beadles are but men, and Mr. Bumble smiled.

"Now don't you be offended at what I'm a-going to

say," observed Mrs. Mann with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop—not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but still placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a *leettle* drop," with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a little drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put in the blessed infants' Daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin."

"Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my eyes, you know, sir."

"No," said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann."—(Here she set down the glass.)—"I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann." (He drew it towards him.)—"You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann."—(He stirred the gin and water.)—"I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;"—and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptised, Oliver Twist, is eight years old to-day."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound,—notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what is his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I inwented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlin's in alphabetical order. The last was a S,—Swubble: I named him. This was a T,—Twist: I named *him*. The next

one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be; perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the Board have determined to have him back into the house; and I have come out myself to take him there,—so let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. And Oliver having by this time had as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands removed as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair and the cocked hat on the table.

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble in a majestic voice.

Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upwards, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

"Will *she* go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble; "but she'll come and see you, sometimes."

This was no very great consolation to the child; but, young as he was, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call the tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and, what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap upon his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into the child's heart for the first time.

Mr. Bumble walked on with long strides; and little

Oliver, firmly grasping his gold-laced cuff, trotted beside him, inquiring at the end of every quarter of a mile whether they were "nearly there," to which interrogations Mr. Bumble returned very brief and snappish replies; for the temporary blindness which gin and water awakens in some bosoms had by this time evaporated, and he was once again a beadle.

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned, and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane to wake him up, and another on his back to make him lively, and, bidding him follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table, at the top of which, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

"Bow to the board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble; and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry; and these two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool, which was a capital way of raising his spirit, and putting him quite at his ease.

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair; "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy is a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, in a very decided tone. If one member of a class be blessed with an intuitive perception of others of the same race, the gentleman in the white waistcoat was unquestionably well qualified to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you are brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat; and to be sure it was very extraordinary. What *could* he be crying for?

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said

another gentleman in a gruff voice, "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you, like a Christian."

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been *very* like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian, too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of him. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

"Well you have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, on a rough hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of this favoured country! they let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! he little thought, as he lay sleeping in nappy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered,—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes,—a tavern where there was nothing to pay,—a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, all the year round,—a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. "Oho!" said the board, looking very knowing; "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time." So they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel no body, not they,) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water, and with a corn-factor to supply periodically small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a-day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no telling how many applicants for relief under these last two heads would

not have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse. But they were long-headed men, and they had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel; and that frightened people.

For the first three months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin, as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies. The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times; of which composition each boy had one porringer, and no more,—except on festive occasions, and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing—the boys polished them with their spoons, till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls,) they would sit staring at the copper with such eager eyes, as if they could devour the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites: Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing, (for his father had kept a small cook's shop,) hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived: the boys took their places; the master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared, and the boys whispered to each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and, advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity—

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupified astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,—

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir;—Oliver Twist has asked for more." There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat; "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to any body who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish: in other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

"I never was more convinced of any thing in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning,— "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

As I propose to show in the sequel whether the white-waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative, (supposing it to possess any at all,) if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist will be a long or a short piece of biography.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

Relates how Oliver was very near getting a place, which would not have been a sinecure.

For a week after the commission of the impious and profane offence of asking for more, Oliver remained a close prisoner in the dark and solitary room to which he had been consigned by the wisdom and mercy of the board. It appears, at first sight, not unreasonable to suppose, that, if he had entertained a becoming feeling of respect for the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat, he would have established that sage

individual's prophetic character, once and for ever, by tying one end of his pocket-handkerchief to a hook in the wall, and attaching himself to the other. To the performance of this feat, however, there was an obstacle, namely, that pocket-handkerchiefs being decided articles of luxury, had been, for all future time and ages, removed from the noses of paupers by an express order of the board in council assembled solemnly given and pronounced under their hands and seals. There was a still greater obstacle in Oliver's youth and childishness. He only cried bitterly all day, and when the long, dismal night came on, he spread his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and crouching in the corner, tried to sleep, ever and anon waking with a start and tremble, and drawing himself closer and closer to the wall, as if to feel even its cold hard surface were a protection in the gloom and loneliness which surrounded him.

Let it not be supposed by the enemies of "the system," that, during the period of his solitary incarceration, Oliver was denied the benefit of exercise, the pleasure of society, or the advantages of religious consolation. As for exercise, it was nice cold weather, and he was allowed to perform his ablutions every morning under the pump, in a stone yard, in the presence of Mr. Bumble, who prevented his catching cold, and caused a tingling sensation to pervade his frame by repeated applications of the cane; as for society, he was carried every other day into the hall where the boys dined, and there sociably flogged as a public warning and example; and, so far from being denied the advantages of religious consolation, he was kicked into the same apartment every evening at prayer-time, and there permitted to listen to, and console his mind with, a general supplication of the boys, containing a special clause therein inserted by the authority of the board, in which they entreated to be made good, virtuous, contented, and obedient, and to be guarded from the sins and vices of Oliver Twist, whom the supplication distinctly set forth to be under the excessive patronage and protection of the powers of wickedness, and an article direct from the manufactory of the devil himself.

It chanced one morning, while Oliver's affairs were in this auspicious and comfortable state, that Mr. Gamfield, chimney-sweeper, was wending his way down the High-street, deeply cogitating in his mind, the ways and means of paying certain arrears of rent, for which his landlord had become rather pressing. Mr. Gamfield's most sanguine calculation of funds could not raise them within full five pounds of the desired amount; and, in a species of arithmetical desperation, he was alternately cudgelling his brains and his donkey, when, passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate.

"Woo!" said Mr. Gamfield to the donkey.

The donkey was in a state of profound abstraction, -wondering, probably, whether he was destined to be galed with a cabbage-stalk or two, when he had disposed of the two sacks of soot with which the little cart was laden; so, without noticing the word of command, he jogged onwards.

Mr. Gamfield growled a fierce imprecation on the donkey generally, but more particularly on his eyes; and running after him, bestowed a blow on his head which would inevitably have beaten in any skull but a donkey's; then, catching hold of the bridle, he gave his jaw a sharp wrench, by way of gentle reminder that he was not his own master; and, having by these means turned him round, he gave him another blow on the head, just to stun him until he came back again; and, having done so, walked to the gate to read the bill.

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was standing at the gate with his hands behind him, after having delivered himself of some profound sentiments in the board-room. Having witnessed the little dispute between Mr. Gamfield and the donkey, he smiled joyously when that person came up to read the bill, for he saw at once that Mr. Gamfield was just exactly the sort of master Oliver Twist wanted. Mr. Gamfield smiled, too, as he perused the document, for five pounds was just the sum he had been wishing for; and, as to the boy with which it was encumbered, Mr. Gamfield, knowing what the dietary of the workhouse was, well knew he would be a nice small pattern, just the very thing for register stoves. So he spelt the bill through again, from beginning to end; and then, touching his fur cap in token of humility, accosted the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"This here boy, sir, wot the parish wants to 'prentis," said Mr. Gamfield.

"Yes, my man," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, with a condescending smile, "what of him?"

"If the parish would like him to learn a light pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweepin' business," said Mr. Gamfield, "I wants a prentis, and I'm ready to take him."

"Walk in," said the gentleman with the white waistcoat. And Mr. Gamfield having lingered behind, to give the donkey another blow on the head, and another wrench of the jaw as a caution not to run away in his absence, followed the gentleman in the white waistcoat, into the room where Oliver had first seen him.

"It's a nasty trade," said Mr. Limbkins, when Gamfield had again stated his wish.

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys, before now," said another gentleman.

"That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again," said Gamfield; "that's all smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in makin' a boy come down,

it only sinds him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen'lm'n, and there's nothing like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run; it's humane too, gen'lm'n, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roastin' their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves."

The gentleman in the white waistcoat appeared very much amused with this explanation; but his mirth was speedily checked by a look from Mr. Limbkins. The board then proceeded to converse among themselves for a few minutes; but in so low a tone that the words "saving of expenditure," "look well in the accounts," "have a printed report published," were alone audible: and they only chanced to be heard on account of their being very frequently repeated with great emphasis.

At length the whispering ceased, and the members of the board having resumed their seats and their solemnity, Mr. Limbkins said,

"We have considered your proposition and we don't approve of it."

"Not at all," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Decidedly not," added the other members.

As Mr. Gamfield did happen to labour under the slight imputation of having bruised three or four boys to death, already, it occurred to him that the board had perhaps, in some unaccountable freak, taken it into their heads that this extraneous circumstance ought to influence their proceedings. It was very unlike their general mode of doing business, if they had; but still, as he had no particular wish to revive the rumour, he twisted his cap in his hands, and walked slowly from the table.

"So you won't let me have him, gen'lmen," said Mr. Gamfield, pausing near the door.

"No," replied Mr. Limbkins; "at least, as it's a nasty business, we think you ought to take something less than the premium we offered."

Mr. Gamfield's countenance brightened, as with a quick step he returned to the table, and said,

"What'll you give, gen'lmen? Come, don't be too hard on a poor man. What'll you give?"

"I should say three pound ten was plenty," said Mr. Limbkins.

"Ten shillings too much," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Come," said Gamfield; "say four pound gen'lmen. Say four pound, and you've got rid of him for good and all. There!"

"Three pound ten," repeated Mr. Limbkins, firmly.

"Come, I'll split the difference, gen'lmen," urged Gamfield. "Three pound fifteen."

"Not a farthing more," was the firm reply of Mr. Limbkins.

"You're desp'rate hard upon me, gen'lmen," said Gamfield, wavering.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said the gentleman in the

white waistcoat. "He'd be cheap with nothing at all, as a premium. Take him, you silly fellow. He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick now and then; it'll do him good; and his board needn't come very expensive, for he hasn't been overfed since he was born. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Gamfield gave an arch look at the faces round the table, and, observing a smile on all of them, gradually broke into a smile himself. The bargain was made, and Mr. Bumble was at once instructed that Oliver Twist and his indentures were to be conveyed before the magistrate for signature and approval that very afternoon.

In pursuance of this determination, little Oliver, to his excessive astonishment, was released from bondage, and ordered to put himself into a clean shirt. He had hardly achieved this very unusual gymnastic performance, when Mr. Bumble brought him with his own hands, a basin of gruel, and the holiday allowance of two ounces and a quarter of bread; at sight of which Oliver began to cry very piteously, thinking, not unnaturally, that the board must have determined to kill him for some useful purpose, or they never would have begun to fatten him up in this way.

"Don't make your eyes red, Oliver, but eat your food, and be thankful," said Mr. Bumble, in a tone of impressive pomposity. "You're a-going to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver."

"A 'prentice, sir!" said the child trembling.

"Yes, Oliver," said Mr. Bumble. "The kind and blessed gentlemen which is so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own, are a-going to 'prentice you, and to set you up in life, and make a man of you, although the expense to the parish is three pound ten!—three pound ten, Oliver!—seventy shillings!—one hundred and forty sixpences!—and all for a naughty orphan which nobody can love."

As Mr. Bumble paused to take breath after delivering this address, in an awful voice, the tears rolled down the poor child's face, and he sobbed bitterly.

"Come," said Mr. Bumble, somewhat less pompously; for it was gratifying to his feelings to observe the effect his eloquence had produced. "Come, Oliver, wipe your eyes with the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry into your gruel; that's a very foolish action, Oliver." It certainly was, for there was quite enough water in it already.

On their way to the magistrate's, Mr. Bumble instructed Oliver that all he would have to do, would be to look very happy, and say, when the gentleman asked him if he wanted to be apprenticed, that he should like it very much indeed; both of which injunctions Oliver promised to obey, the more readily as Mr. Bumble threw in a gentle hint, that if he failed in either particular, there was no telling what would be done to him. When they arrived at the office, he was shut up in a

little room by himself, and admonished by Mr. Bumble, to stay there until he came back to fetch him.

There the boy remained with a palpitating heart half an hour, at the expiration of which time Mr. Bumble thrust in his head, unadorned with the cocked hat and said aloud,

"Now, Oliver, my dear, come to the gentleman." As Mr. Bumble said this, he put on a grim and threatening look, and added in a low voice, "Mind what I told you, you young rascal."

Oliver stared innocently in Mr. Bumble's face at this somewhat contradictory style of address; but the gentleman prevented his offering any remark thereupon, by leading him at once into an adjoining room, the door of which was open. It was a large room with a great window; and behind a desk sat two gentlemen with powdered heads, one of whom was reading a newspaper, while the other was perusing with the aid of a pair of tortoise shell spectacles a small piece of parchment which lay before him. Mr. Limbkins was standing in front of the desk, on the side; and Mr. Gamfield, with a partially washed face on the other; while two or three bluff-looking men in top-boots were lounging about.

The old gentleman with the spectacles gradually dozed off, over the little bit of parchment; and there was a short pause after Oliver had been stationed by Mr. Bumble in front of the desk.

"This is the boy, your worship," said Mr. Bumble.

"The old gentleman who was reading the newspaper raised his head for a moment, and pulled the other old gentleman by the sleeve, whereupon the latter mentioned old gentleman woke up.

"Oh, is this the boy?" said the old gentleman.

"This is him, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "Bring him to the magistrate, my dear."

Oliver roused himself, and made his best obeisance. He had been wondering, with his eyes fixed on the magistrate's powder, whether all boards were beset with that white stuff on their heads, and were bowed from thenceforth, on that account.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I suppose he's fond of chimney sweeping?"

"He dotes on it, your worship," replied Bumble, giving Oliver a sly pinch, to intimate that he had better not say that he didn't.

"And he *will* be a sweep, will he?" inquired the old gentleman.

"If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneously, your worship," replied Bumble.

"And this man that's to be his master,—you sir,—you'll treat him well, and feed him, and do all the sort of thing,—will you?" said the old gentleman.

"When I says I will, I means I will," replied Mr. Gamfield doggedly.

"You're a rough speaker, my friend, but you look an honest, open-hearted man," said the old gentleman, turning his spectacles in the direction of the candidate for Oliver's premium, whose villanous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty. But the magistrate was half blind, and half childish, so he couldn't reasonably be expected to discern what other people did.

"I hope I am, sir," said Mr. Gamfield with an ugly leer.

"I have no doubt you are, my friend," replied the old gentleman, fixing his spectacles more firmly on his nose, and looking about him for the inkstand.

It was the critical moment of Oliver's fate. If the inkstand had been where the old gentleman thought it was, he would have dipped his pen into it and signed the indentures, and Oliver would have been straightway hurried off. But, as it chanced to be immediately under his nose, it followed as a matter of course that he looked all over his desk for it, without finding it; and happening in the course of his search to look straight before him, his gaze encountered the pale and terrified face of Oliver Twist, who, despite of all the admonitory looks and pinches of Bumble, was regarding the very repulsive countenance of his future master with a mingled expression of horror and fear, too palpable to be mistaken even by a half-blind magistrate.

The old gentleman stopped, laid down his pen, and looked from Oliver to Mr. Limbkins, who attempted to take snuff with a cheerful and unconcerned aspect.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, leaning over the desk. Oliver started at the sound,—he might be excused for doing so, for the words were kindly said, and strange sounds frighten one. He trembled violently, and burst into tears.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "you look pale and alarmed. What is the matter?"

"Stand a little away from him, beadle," said the other magistrate, laying aside the paper, and leaning forward with an expression of some interest. "Now, boy, tell us what's the matter: don't be afraid."

Oliver fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room,—that they would starve him—beat him—kill him, if they pleased—rather than send him away with that dreadful man.

"Well!" said Mr. Bumble, raising his hands and eyes with most impressive solemnity,—"*Well!* of *all* the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are one of the most bare-facedest."

"Hold your tongue, beadle," said the second old gentleman, when Mr. Bumble had given vent to this compound adjective.

"I beg your worship's pardon," said Mr. Bumble,

incredulous of his having heard aright,—"*did your worship speak to me?*"

"Yes—hold your tongue."

Mr. Bumble was stupified with astonishment. A beadle ordered to hold his tongue! A moral revolution.

The old gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles looked at his companion: he nodded significantly.

"We refuse to sanction these indentures," said the old gentleman, tossing aside the piece of parchment as he spoke.

"I hope," stammered Mr. Limbkins,—"*I hope the magistrates will not form the opinion that the authorities have been guilty of any improper conduct, on the unsupported testimony of a mere child.*"

"The magistrates are not called upon to pronounce any opinion on the matter," said the second old gentleman sharply. "Take the boy back to the workhouse, and treat him kindly. He seems to want it."

That same evening the gentleman in the white waistcoat most positively and decidedly affirmed, not only that Oliver would be hung, but that he would be drawn and quartered into the bargain. Mr. Bumble shook his head with gloomy mystery, and said he wished he might come to good; to which Mr. Gamfield replied, that he wished he might come to him, which although he agreed with the beadle in most matters, would seem to be a wish of a totally opposite description.

The next morning the public were once more informed that Oliver Twist was again to let, and that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of him.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Oliver, being offered another place, makes his first entry into public life.

In great families, when an advantageous place cannot be obtained, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, for the young man who is growing up, it is a very general custom to send him to sea. The board, in imitation of so wise and salutary an example, took counsel together on the expediency of shipping off Oliver Twist in some small trading vessel bound to a good unhealthy port, which suggested itself as the very best thing that could possibly be done with him; the probability being, that the skipper would either flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner, or knock his brains out with an iron bar,—both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very favourite and common recreations among gentlemen of that class. The more the case presented itself to the board, in this point of view, the more manifold the advantages of the step appeared; so they came to the conclusion that the only way of providing for Oliver effectually, was to send him to sea without delay.

Mr. Bumble had been despatched to make various preliminary inquiries, with the view of finding out some captain or other who wanted a cabin-boy without any friends; and was returning to the workhouse to communicate the result of his mission, when he encountered just at the gate no less a person than Mr. Sowerberry, the parochial undertaker.

Mr. Sowerberry was a tall, gaunt, large-jointed man, attired in a suit of threadbare black, with darned cotton stockings of the same colour, and shoes to answer. His features were not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he was in general rather given to professional jocosity; his step was elastic, and his face betokened inward pleasantry, as he advanced to Mr. Bumble and shook him cordially by the hand.

"I have taken the measure of the two women that died last night, Mr. Bumble," said the undertaker.

"You'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," said the beadle, as he thrust his thumb and forefinger into the proffered snuff-box of the undertaker, which was an ingenious little model of a patent coffin. "I say you'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," repeated Mr. Bumble, tapping the undertaker on the shoulder in a friendly manner, with his cane.

"Think so?" said the undertaker in a tone which half admitted and half disputed the probability of the event.

"The prices allowed by the board are very small, Mr. Bumble."

"So are the coffins," replied the beadle, with precisely as near an approach to a laugh as a great official ought to indulge in.

Mr. Sowerberry was much tickled at this, as of course he ought to be, and laughed a long time without cessation. "Well, well Mr. Bumble," he said at length, "there's no denying that, since the new system of feeding has come in, the coffins are something narrower and more shallow than they used to be; but we must have some profit, Mr. Bumble. Well-seasoned timber is an expensive article, sir; and all the iron handles come by canal from Birmingham."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bumble, "every trade has its drawbacks, and a fair profit is of course allowable."

"Of course, of course," replied the undertaker; "and if I don't get a profit upon this or that particular article, why, I make it up in the long run, you see—he! he! he!"

"Just so," said Mr. Bumble.

"Though I must say,"—continued the undertaker, resuming the current of observations which the beadle had interrupted,—"though I must say, Mr. Bumble, that I have to contend against one very great disadvantage, which is, that all the stout people go off the quickest—I mean that the people who have been better off, and have paid rates for many years, are the first to sink when they come into the house; and let me tell you, Mr. Bumble, that three or four inches over one's

calculation makes a great hole in one's profits, especially when one has a family to provide for, sir."

As Mr. Sowerberry said this, with the becoming indignation of an ill-used man, and as Mr. Bumble felt that it rather tended to convey a reflection on the honor of the parish, the latter gentleman thought it advisable to change the subject; and Oliver Twist being uppermost in his mind, he made him his theme.

"By the bye," said Mr. Bumble, "you don't know anybody who wants a boy, do you—a parochial 'prentis who is at present a dead-weight—a millstone, as I may say—round the parochial throat? Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry—liberal terms;" and, as Mr. Bumble spoke, he raised his cane to the bill above him, and gave three distinct raps upon the words "five pounds," which were printed therein in Roman capitals of gigantic size.

"Gadso!" said the undertaker, taking Mr. Bumble by the gilt-edged lappel of his official coat; "that's just the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know—dear me, what a very elegant button this is, Mr. Bumble; I never noticed it before."

"Yes, I think it is rather pretty," said the beadle, glancing proudly downwards at the large brass buttons which embellished his coat. "The die is the same as the parochial seal,—the Good Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man. The board presented it to me on New-year's morning, Mr. Sowerberry. I put it on, I remember, for the first time, to attend the inquest on that reduced tradesman who died in a doorway at midnight."

"I recollect," said the undertaker. "The jury brought in 'Died from exposure to the cold, and want of the common necessities of life,'—didn't they?"

Mr. Bumble nodded.

"And they made it a special verdict, I think," said the undertaker, "by adding some words to the effect that if the relieving officer had —"

"Tush—foolery!" interposed the beadle angrily. "If the board attended to all the nonsense that ignorant jurymen talk, they'd have enough to do."

"Very true," said the undertaker; "they would indeed."

"Juries," said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion,—"*juries* is ineddicated, vulgar, grovelling wretches."

"So they are," said the undertaker.

"They haven't no more philosophy or political economy about 'em than that," said the beadle, snapping his fingers contemptuously.

"No more they have," acquiesced the undertaker.

"I despise 'em," said the beadle, growing very red in the face.

"So do I," rejoined the undertaker.

"And I only wish we'd a jury of the independent sort in the house for a week or two," said the beadle; "the

rules and regulations of the board would soon bring their spirit down for them."

"Let 'em alone for that," replied the undertaker. So saying, he smiled approvingly to calm the rising wrath of the indignant parish officer.

Mr. Bumble lifted off his cocked-hat, took a handkerchief from the inside of the crown, wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his rage had engendered, fixed the cocked-hat on again; and, turning to the undertaker, said in a calmer voice,

"Well; what about the boy?"

"Oh!" replied the undertaker; "why, you know, Mr. Bumble, I pay a good deal towards the poor's rates."

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble. "Well?"

"Well," replied the undertaker, "I was thinking that if I pay so much towards 'em, I've a right to get as much out of 'em as I can, Mr. Bumble; and so—and so—I think I'll take the boy myself."

Mr. Bumble grasped the undertaker by the arm, and led him into the building. Mr. Sowerberry was closeted with the board for five minutes, and then it was arranged that Oliver should go to him that evening, "upon liking,"—a phrase which means, in the case of a parish apprentice, that if the master find, upon a short trial, that he can get enough work out of a boy without putting too much food in him, he shall have him for a term of years, to do what he likes with.

When little Oliver was taken before "the gentlemen" that evening, and informed that he was to go that night as general house-lad to a coffin-maker's, and that if he ever complained of his situation, or ever came back to the parish again, he would be sent to sea, there to be drowned, or knocked on the head, as the case might be, he evinced so little emotion, that they by common consent pronounced him a hardened young rascal, and ordered Mr. Bumble to remove him forthwith.

Now, although it was very natural that the board, of all people in the world, should feel in a great state of virtuous astonishment and horror at the smallest tokens of want of feeling on the part of any body, they were rather out, in this particular instance. The simple fact was, that Oliver, instead of possessing too little feeling, possessed rather too much, and was in a fair way of being reduced to a state of brutal stupidity and sullenness for life, by the ill usage he had received. He heard the news of his destination in perfect silence, and, having had his luggage put into his hand,—which was not very difficult to carry, inasmuch as it was all comprised within the limits of a brown paper parcel, about half a foot square by three inches deep,—he pulled his cap over his eyes, and once more attaching himself to Mr. Bumble's coat cuff, was led away by that dignitary to a new scene of suffering.

For some time Mr. Bumble drew Oliver along, without notice or remark, for the beadle carried his head

very erect, as a beadle always should; and, it being a windy day, little Oliver was completely enshrouded by the skirts of Mr. Bumble's coat as they blew open, and disclosed to great advantage his flapped waistcoat and drab plush knee-breeches. As they drew near to their destination, however, Mr. Bumble thought it expedient to look down and see that the boy was in good order for inspection by his new master, which he accordingly did, with a fit and becoming air of gracious patronage.

"Oliver!" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Pull that cap off of your eyes, and hold up your head, sir."

Although Oliver did as he was desired at once, and passed the back of his unoccupied hand briskly across his eyes, he left a tear in them when he looked up at his conductor. As Mr. Bumble gazed sternly upon him, it rolled down his cheek. It was followed by another, and another. The child made a strong effort, but it was an unsuccessful one; and, withdrawing his other hand from Mr. Bumble's, he covered his face with both, and wept till the tears sprung out from between his thin and bony fingers.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, stopping short, and darting at his little charge a look of intense malignity,—"*well*, of *all* the ungratefulest, and worst-disposed boys as ever I see, Oliver, you are the——"

"No, no, sir," sobbed Oliver, clinging to the hand which held the well-known cane; "no, no, sir; I will be good indeed; indeed, indeed, I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir; and it is so—so—"

"So what?" inquired Mr. Bumble in amazement.

"So lonely, sir—so very lonely," cried the child. "Every body hates me. Oh! sir, don't be cross to me. I feel as if I had been cut here sir, and it was all bleeding away;" and the child beat his hand upon his heart, and looked into his companion's face with tears of real agony.

Mr. Bumble regarded Oliver's piteous and helpless look with some astonishment for a few seconds, hemmed three or four times in a husky manner, and after muttering something about "that troublesome cough," bid Oliver dry his eyes, and be a good boy; and once more taking his hand, walked on with him in silence.

The undertaker had just put up the shutters of his shop, and was making some entries in his day-book by the light of a most appropriately dismal candle, when Mr. Bumble entered.

"Aha!" said the undertaker, looking up from the book, and pausing in the middle of a word; "is that you, Bumble?"

"No one else, Mr. Sowerberry," replied the beadle. "Here, I've brought the boy." Oliver made a bow.

"Oh! that's the boy, is it?" said the undertaker,

raising the candle above his head to get a full glimpse of Oliver. "Mrs. Sowerberry! will you come here a moment, my dear?"

Mrs. Sowerberry emerged from a little room behind the shop, and presented the form of a short, thin, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance.

"My dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, deferentially, "this is the boy from the workhouse that I told you of." Oliver bowed again.

"Dear me!" said the undertaker's wife, "He's very small."

"Why, he is rather small," replied Mr. Bumble, looking at Oliver as if it were his fault that he wasn't bigger; "he is small,—there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry,—he'll grow."

"Ah! I dare say he will," replied the lady pettishly, "on our victuals and our drink. I see no saving in parish children, not I; for they always cost more to keep than they're worth: however, men always think they know best. There, get down stairs, little bag o' bones!" With this, the undertaker's wife opened a side door, and pushed Oliver down a steep flight of stairs into a stone cell, damp and dark, forming the ante-room to the coal-cellar, and denominated "the kitchen," wherein sat a slatternly girl in shoes down at heel, and blue worsted stockings very much out of repair.

"Here, Charlotte," said Mrs. Sowerberry, who had followed Oliver down, "give this boy some of the cold bits that were put by for Trip: he hasn't come home since the morning, so he may go without 'em. I dare say he isn't too dainty to eat 'em,—are you, boy?"

Oliver, whose eyes had glistened at the mention of meat, and who was trembling with eagerness to devour it, replied in the negative; and a plateful of coarse broken victuals was set before him.

I wish some well-fed philosopher, whose meat and drink turn to gall within him, whose blood is ice, and whose heart is iron, could have seen Oliver Twist clutching at the dainty viands that the dog had neglected, and witnessed the horrible avidity with which he tore the bits asunder with all the ferocity of famine:—there is only one thing I should like better; and that would be to see him making the same sort of meal himself, with the same relish.

"Well," said the undertaker's wife, when Oliver had finished his supper, which she had regarded in silent horror, and with fearful auguries of his future appetite, "have you done?"

There being nothing eatable within his reach, Oliver replied in the affirmative.

"Then come with me," said Mrs. Sowerberry, taking up a dim and dirty lamp, and leading the way up stairs; "your bed's under the counter. You won't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose?—but it doesn't much

matter whether you will or not, for you won't sleep any where else. Come; don't keep me here all night."

Oliver lingered no longer, but meekly followed his new mistress.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Oliver mingles with new associates, and, going to a funeral for the first time, forms an unfavourable notion of his master's business.

Oliver being left to himself in the undertaker's shop, set the lamp down on a workman's bench, and gazed timidly about him with a feeling of awe and dread, which many people a good deal older than Oliver will be at no loss to understand. An unfinished coffin on black tressels, which stood in the middle of the shop, looked so gloomy and death-like, that a cold tremble came over him every time his eyes wandered in the direction of the dismal object, from which he almost expected to see some frightful form slowly rear its head to drive him mad with terror. Against the wall were ranged in regular array a long row of elm boards cut into the same shape, and looking in the dim light like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches-pockets. Coffin-plates, elm-chips, bright-headed nails, and shreds of black cloth, lay scattered on the floor; and the wall above the counter was ornamented with a lively representation of two mutes in very stiff neckcloths, on duty at a large private door, with a hearse drawn by four black steeds approaching in the distance. The shop was close and hot, and the atmosphere seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess beneath the counter in which his flock-mattress was thrust, looked like a grave.

Nor were these the only dismal feelings which depressed Oliver. He was alone in a strange place; and we all know how chilled and desolate the best of us will sometimes feel in such a situation. The boy had no friends to care for, or to care for him. The regret of no recent separation was fresh in his mind; the absence of no loved and well-remembered face sunk heavily into his heart. But his heart was heavy, notwithstanding; and he wished, as he crept into his narrow bed, that that were his coffin, and that he could be laid in a calm and lasting sleep in the churchyard ground, with the tall grass waving gently above his head, and the sound of the old deep bell to soothe him in his sleep.

Oliver was awakened in the morning by a loud kicking at the outside of the shop-door, which, before he could huddle on his clothes, was repeated in an angry and impetuous manner about twenty-five times; and, when he began to undo the chain, the legs left off their volleys, and a voice began.

"Open the door, will yer?" cried the voice which belonged to the legs which had kicked at the door.

"I will directly, sir," replied Oliver, undoing the chain, and turning the key.

"I suppose yer the new boy, a'nt yer?" said the voice through the key-hole.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

"How old are yer?" inquired the voice.

"Eleven, sir," replied Oliver.

"Then I'll whop yer when I get in," said the voice; "you just see if I don't, that's all, my wurk'us brat!" and, having made this obliging promise, the voice began to whistle.

Oliver had been too often subjected to the process to which the very expressive monosyllable just recorded, bears reference, to entertain the smallest doubt that the owner of the voice, whoever he might be, would redeem his pledge most honourably. He drew back the bolts with a trembling hand, and opened the door.

For a second or two, Oliver glanced up the street, and down the street, and over the way, impressed with the belief that the unknown, who had addressed him through the key-hole, had walked a few paces off to warm himself, for nobody did Oliver see but a big charity-boy sitting on the post in front of the house, eating a slice of bread and butter, which he cut into wedges the size of his mouth with a clasp-knife, and then consumed with great dexterity.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver, at length, seeing that no other visiter made his appearance; did you knock?"

"I kicked," replied the charity-boy.

"Did you want a coffin, sir?" inquired Oliver, innocently.

At this the charity-boy looked monstrous fierce, and said that Oliver would stand in need of one before long, if he cut jokes with his superiors in that way.

"Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, work'us," said the charity-boy, in continuation; descending from the top of the post, meanwhile, with edifying gravity.

"No, sir," rejoined Oliver.

"I'm Mister Noah Claypole," said the charity-boy, "and you're under me. Take down the shutters, yer idle young ruffian!" With this Mr. Claypole administered a kick to Oliver, and entered the shop with a dignified air, which did him great credit: it is difficult for a large-headed, small-eyed youth, of lumbering make and heavy countenance, to look dignified under any circumstances; but it is more especially so, when super-added to these personal attractions, are a red nose and yellow smalls.

Oliver having taken down the shutters, and broken a pane of glass in his efforts to stagger away beneath the weight of the first one to a small court at the side of the house in which they were kept during the day, was graciously assisted by Noah, who, having consoled him with the assurance that "he'd catch it," conde-

scended to help him. Mr. Sowerberry came down soon after, and, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Sowerberry appeared; and Oliver having "caught it," in fulfilment of Noah's prediction, followed that young gentleman down stairs to breakfast.

"Come near the fire, Noah," said Charlotte. "I saved a nice little piece of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, shut that door at Mister Noah's back, and take them bits that I've put out on the cover of the bread-pan. There's your tea; take it away to that box, and drink it there, and make haste, for they'll want you to mind the shop. D'ye hear?"

"D'ye hear, work'us?" said Noah Claypole.

"Lor, Noah!" said Charlotte, "what a rum creature you are! Why don't you let the boy alone?"

"Let him alone!" said Noah. "Why every body lets him alone enough, for the matter of that. Neither his father nor mother will ever interfere with him: all his relations let him have his own way pretty well. Eh, Charlotte? He! he! he!"

"Oh, you queer soul!" said Charlotte, bursting into a hearty laugh, in which she was joined by Noah; after which they both looked scornfully at poor Oliver Twist, as he sat shivering upon the box in the coldest corner of the room, and ate the stale pieces which had been specially reserved for him.

Noah was a charity-boy, but not a workhouse orphan. No chance-child was he, for he could trace his genealogy back all the way to his parents, who lived hard by; his mother being a washerwoman, and his father a drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg and a diurnal pension of twopence-halfpenny and an unstateable fraction. The shop-boys in the neighbourhood had long been in the habit of branding Noah in the public streets with the ignominious epithets of "leathers," "charity," and the like; and Noah had borne them without reply. But now that fortune had cast in his way a nameless orphan, at whom even the meanest could point the finger of scorn, he retorted on him with interest. This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature is, and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy.

Oliver had been sojourning at the undertaker's some three weeks or a month, and Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry, the shop being shut up, were taking their supper in the little back-parlour, when Mr. Sowerberry, after several deferential glances at his wife, said,

"My dear—" he was going to say more; but, Mrs. Sowerberry looking up with a peculiarly unpropitious aspect, he stopped short.

"Well!" said Mrs. Sowerberry, sharply.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said Mr. Sowerberry.

"Ugh, you brute!" said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Not at all, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, humbly.

"I thought you didn't want to hear, my dear. I was only going to say——"

"Oh, don't tell me what you were going to say," interposed Mrs. Sowerberry. "I am nobody; don't consult me, pray. I don't want to intrude upon your secrets." And as Mrs. Sowerberry said this, she gave an hysterical laugh, which threatened violent consequences.

"But my dear," said Sowerberry, "I want to ask your advice."

"No, no, don't ask mine," replied Mrs. Sowerberry, in an affecting manner; "ask somebody else's." Here there was another hysterical laugh, which frightened Mr. Sowerberry very much. This is a very common and much-approved matrimonial course of treatment, which is often very effective. It at once reduced Mr. Sowerberry to begging as a special favour to be allowed to say what Mrs. Sowerberry was most curious to hear, and, after a short altercation of less than three quarters of an hour's duration, the permission was most graciously conceded.

"It's only about young Twist, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry. A very good-looking boy that, my dear."

"He need be, for he eats enough," observed the lady.

"There's an expression of melancholy in his face, my dear," resumed Mr. Sowerberry, "which is very interesting. He would make a delightful mute, my dear."

Mrs. Sowerberry looked up with an expression of considerable wonderment. Mr. Sowerberry remarked it, and without allowing time for any observation on the good lady's part, proceeded.

"I don't mean a regular mute to attend grown-up people, my dear, but only for children's practice. It would be very new to have a mute in proportion, my dear. You may depend upon it that it would have a superb effect."

Mrs. Sowerberry, who had a good deal of taste in the undertaking way, was much struck by the novelty of the idea; but, as it would have been compromising her dignity to have said so under existing circumstances, she merely inquired with much sharpness why such an obvious suggestion had not presented itself to her husband's mind before. Mr. Sowerberry rightly construed this as an acquiescence in his proposition: it was speedily determined that Oliver should be at once initiated into the mysteries of the profession, and, with this view, that he should accompany his master on the very next occasion of his services being required.

The occasion was not long in coming; for, half an hour after breakfast next morning, Mr. Bumble entered the shop, and supporting his cane against the counter, drew forth his large leathern pocket-book, from which he selected a small scrap of paper which he handed over to Sowerberry.

"Aha!" said the undertaker, glancing over it with a lively countenance; "an order for a coffin, eh?"

"For a coffin first, and a parochial funeral afterwards," replied Mr. Bumble, fastening the strap of the leathern pocket-book, which, like himself, was very corpulent.

"Bayton," said the undertaker, looking from the scrap of paper to Mr. Bumble; "I never heard the name before."

"Bumble shook his head as he replied, "Obstinate people, Mr. Sowerberry, very obstinate; proud, too, I'm afraid, sir."

"Proud, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Sowerberry, with a sneer.—"Come, that's too much."

"Oh, it's sickening," replied the beadle; "perfectly antimonial, Mr. Sowerberry."

"So it is," acquiesced the undertaker.

"We only heard of them the night before last," said the beadle; "and we shouldn't have known anything about them then, only a woman who lodges in the school-house made an application to the parochial committee for them to send the parochial surgeon to see a woman as was very bad. He had gone out to dinner; but the 'prentice, which is a very clever lad, sent 'em some medicine in a blacking-bottle, off-hand."

"Ah, there's promptness," said the undertaker.

"Promptness, indeed!" replied the beadle. "But what's the consequence; what's the ungrateful behaviour of these rebels, sir? Why, the husband sends back word that the medicine won't suit his wife's complaint; and so she shan't take it—says she shan't take it, sir. Good, strong, wholesome medicine, as was given with great success to two Irish labourers and a coalheaver only a week before—sent 'em for nothing, with a blacking-bottle in, and he sends back word that she shan't take it, sir."

As the flagrant atrocity presented itself to Mr. Bumble's mind in full force, he struck the counter sharply with his cane, and became flushed with indignation.

"Well," said the undertaker, "I ne—ver—did——"

"Never did, sir!" ejaculated the beadle,—"no, nobody never did; but, now she's dead, we've got to bury her, and that's the direction, and the sooner it's done, the better."

Thus saying, Mr. Bumble put on his cocked-hat wrong side first, in a fever of parochial excitement, and flounced out of the shop.

"Why, he was so angry, Oliver, that he forgot even to ask after you," said Mr. Sowerberry, looking after the beadle as he strode down the street.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, who had carefully kept himself out of sight during the interview, and who was shaking from head to foot at the mere recollection of the sound of Mr. Bumble's voice. He needn't have taken

he trouble to shrink from Mr. Bumble's glance, however; for that functionary on whom the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat had made a very strong impression, thought that now the undertaker had got Oliver upon trial, the subject was better avoided, until such time as he should be firmly bound for seven years, and all danger of his being returned upon the hands of the parish should be thus effectually and legally overcome.

"Well," said Mr. Sowerberry, taking up his hat, "the sooner this job is done, the better. Noah, look after the shop. Oliver, put on your cap, and come with me." Oliver obeyed, and followed his master on his professional mission.

They walked on for some time through the most crowded and densely inhabited part of the town, and then striking down a narrow street more dirty and miserable than any they had yet passed through, paused to look for the house which was the object of their search. The houses on either side were high and large, but very old; and tenanted by people of the poorest class, as their neglected appearance would have sufficiently denoted without the concurrent testimony afforded by the squalid looks of the few men and women who, with folded arms and bodies half doubled, occasionally skulked like shadows along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but they were fast closed, and mouldering away: only the upper rooms being inhabited. Others, which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street by the huge beams of wood which were reared against the tottering walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches, for many of the rough boards which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy; the very rats that here and there lay putrifying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was

sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy felt that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man,—they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

"Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! d—n you, keep back, if you've a life to lose."

"Nonsense! my good man," said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes,—
"nonsense!"

"I tell you," said the man clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor,—
"I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her,—she is so worn away."

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

"Ah!" said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down—kneel round her every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was, till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark. She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart was dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it,—they starved her!"—He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosed the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

"She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer, more ghastly than even the presence of death itself.—
"Lord, Lord!—well, it is strange that

I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there, so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it;—it's as good as a play—as good as a play!"

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried to-morrow—or next day—or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak—a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread—only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat, as he once more moved towards the door.

"Yes, yes," said the undertaker, "of course; anything, everything." He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day, (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr. Bumble himself,) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady," whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men,—as quick as you like."

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near as they could. Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not as long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr. Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr. Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr. Bumble then threshed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave a surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

"Now, Bill," said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, "fill up."

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so shallow that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

"Come, my good fellow," said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, "they want to shut up the yard."

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bemoaning the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

"Well, Oliver," said Sowerberry, as they walked home, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," replied Oliver with considerable hesitation. "Not very much, sir."

"Ah, you'll get used to it in time, Oliver," said Sowerberry. "Nothing when you are used to it, my boy."

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr. Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Oliver, being goaded by the taunts of Noah, rouses to action, and rather astonishes him.

It was a nice sickly season just at this time. In commercial phrase, coffins were looking up; and, in the course of a few weeks, Oliver had acquired a great deal of experience. The success of Mr. Sowerberry's ingenious speculation exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. The oldest inhabitants recollected no period at which measles had been so prevalent, or so fatal to infant existence; and many were the mournful processions which little Oliver headed in a hat-band reaching down to his knees, to the indescribable admiration and

emotion of all the mothers in the town. As Oliver accompanied his master in most of his adult expeditions too, in order that he might acquire that equanimity of demeanour and full command of nerve which are so essential to a finished undertaker, he had many opportunities of observing the beautiful resignation and fortitude with which some strong-minded people bear their trials and losses.

For instance, when Sowerberry had an order for the burial of some rich old lady or gentleman, who was surrounded by a great number of nephews or nieces, who had been perfectly inconsolable during the previous illness and whose grief had been wholly irrepressible even on the most public occasions, they would be as happy among themselves as need be—quite cheerful and contented, conversing together with as much freedom and gaiety as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb them. Husbands, too, bore the loss of their wives with the most heroic calmness; and wives, again, put on weeds for their husbands, as if, so far from grieving in the garb of sorrow, they had made up their minds to render it as becoming and attractive as possible. It was observable too that ladies and gentlemen who were in passions of anguish during the ceremony of interment, recovered almost as soon as they reached home, and became quite composed before the tea-drinking was over. All this was very pleasant and improving to see; and Oliver beheld it with great admiration.

That Oliver Twist was moved to resignation by the example of these good people, I cannot, although I am his biographer, undertake to affirm with any degree of confidence; but I can most distinctly say, that for some weeks he continued meekly to submit to the domination and ill-treatment of Noah Claypole, who used him far worse than ever, now that his jealousy was roused by seeing the new boy promoted to the black stick and at-band, while he, the old one, remained stationary in the muffin-cap and leathers. Charlotte treated him badly because Noah did; and Mrs. Sowerberry was his decided enemy because Mr. Sowerberry was disposed to be his friend; so, between these three on one side, and a glut of funerals on the other, Oliver was not altogether as comfortable as the hungry pig was when he was shut up by mistake in the grain department of a brewery.

And now I come to a very important passage in Oliver's history, for I have to record an act, slight and unimportant perhaps in appearance, but which indirectly produced a most material change in all his future prospects and proceedings.

One day Oliver and Noah had descended into the kitchen, at the usual dinner-hour, to banquet upon a small joint of mutton—a pound and a half of the worst end of the neck; when, Charlotte being called out of the way, there ensued a brief interval of time, which Noah Claypole, being hungry and vicious, considered

he could not possibly devote to a worthier purpose than aggravating and tantalizing young Oliver Twist.

Intent upon this innocent amusement, Noah put his feet on the table-cloth, and pulled Oliver's hair, and twitched his ears, and expressed his opinion that he was a "sneak," and furthermore announced his intention of coming to see him hung whenever that desirable event should take place, and entered upon various other topics of petty annoyance, like a malicious and ill-conditioned charity-boy as he was. But, none of these taunts producing the desired effect of making Oliver cry, Noah attempted to be more facetious still, and in this attempt did what many small wits, with far greater reputations than Noah notwithstanding, do to this day when they want to be funny; he got rather personal.

"Work'us," said Noah, "how's your mother?"

"She's dead," replied Oliver; "don't you say any thing about her to me!"

Oliver's colour rose as he said this; he breathed quickly, and there was a curious working of the mouth and nostrils, which Mr. Claypole thought must be the immediate precursor of a violent fit of crying. Under this impression he returned to the charge.

"What did she die of, work'us?" said Noah.

"Of a broken heart, some of our old nurses told me," replied Oliver, more as if he were talking to himself than answering Noah. "I think I know what it must be to die of that."

"Tol de rol lol lol, right fol lairy, work'us," said Noah, as a tear rolled down Oliver's cheek. "What's set you a snivelling now?"

"Not *you*," replied Oliver, hastily brushing the tear away. "Don't think it."

"Oh, not me, eh?" sneered Noah.

"No, not you," replied Oliver, sharply. "There; that's enough. Don't say any thing more to me about her; you'd better not."

"Better not!" exclaimed Noah. "Well! better not; work'us, don't be impudent. *Your* mother, too! she was a nice 'un, she was. Oh, Lor!" And here Noah nodded his head expressively, and curled up as much of his small red nose as muscular action could collect together for the occasion.

"Yer know, work'us," continued Noah, emboldened by Oliver's silence, and speaking in a jeering tone of affected pity—of all tones the most annoying—"Yer know, work'us, it can't be helped now, and of course yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know, work'us, your mother was a regular right-down bad 'un."

"What did you say?" inquired Oliver, looking up very quickly.

"A regular right-down bad 'un, work'us," replied Noah, coolly; "and it's a great deal better, work'us,

that she died when she did, or else she'd have been hard labouring in Bridewell, or transported, or hung, which is more likely than either, isn't it?"

Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew chair and table, seized Noah by the throat, shook him in the violence of his rage till his teeth chattered in his head, and, collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.

A minute ago the boy had looked the quiet, mild dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him. But his spirit was roused at last; the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. His breast heaved, his attitude was erect, his eye bright and vivid, and his whole person changed, as he stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor that lay crouching at his feet, and defied him with an energy he had never known before.

"He'll murder me!" blubbered Noah. "Charlotte! missis! here's the new boy a-murdering me. Help! help! Oliver's gone mad. Char—lotte!"

Noah's shouts were responded to by a loud scream from Charlotte, and a louder from Mrs. Sowerberry; the former of whom rushed into the kitchen by a side-door, while the latter paused on the stair-case till she was quite certain that it was consistent with the preservation of human life to come further down.

"Oh, you little wretch!" screamed Charlotte, seizing Oliver with her utmost force, which was about equal to that of a moderately strong man in particularly good training,—“Oh, you little un-grate-ful, murder-ous, hor-rid villain!” and between every syllable Charlotte gave Oliver a blow with all her might, and accompanied it with a scream for the benefit of society.

Charlotte's fist was by no means a light one; but, lest it should not be effectual in calming Oliver's wrath, Mrs. Sowerberry plunged into the kitchen, and assisted to hold him with one hand, while she scratched his face with the other; and in this favourable position of affairs Noah rose from the ground, and pummelled him from behind.

This was rather too violent exercise to last long; so, when they were all three wearied out, and could tear and beat no longer, they dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, but nothing daunted, into the dust-cellar, and there locked him up; and this being done, Mrs. Sowerberry sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Bless her, she's going off!" said Charlotte. "A glass of water, Noah, dear. Make haste."

"Oh, Charlotte," said Mrs. Sowerberry, speaking as well as she could through a deficiency of breath and a sufficiency of cold water, which Noah had poured over her head and shoulders,—“Oh, Charlotte, what a mercy we have not been all murdered in our beds!”

"Ah, mercy, indeed, ma'am," was the reply. "I only hope this'll teach master not to have any more of

these dreadful creatures that are born to be murderers and robbers from their very cradle. Poor Noah! he was all but killed, ma'am, when I came in."

"Ah, poor fellow," said Mrs. Sowerberry, looking piteously on the charity-boy.

Noah, whose top waistcoat-button might have been somewhere on a level with the crown of Oliver's head, rubbed his eyes with the inside of his wrists while the commiseration was bestowed upon him, and performed some very audible tears and sniffs.

"What's to be done!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry. "Your master's not at home,—there's not a man in the house,—and he'll kick that door down in ten minutes." Oliver's vigorous plunges against the bit of timber in question rendered this occurrence highly probable.

"Dear, dear! I don't know, ma'am," said Charlotte. "unless we send for the police-officers."

"Or the millingitary," suggested Mr. Claypole.

"No, no," said Mrs. Sowerberry, bethinking herself of Oliver's old friend; "run to Mr. Bumble, Noah, and tell him to come here directly, and not to lose a minute; never mind your cap,—make haste. You can hold a knife to that black eye as you run along, and keep the swelling down."

Noah stopped to make no reply, but started off at his fullest speed; and very much it astonished the people who were out walking, to see a charity-boy tearing through the streets pell-mell, with no cap on his head, and a clasp-knife at his eye.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Oliver continues refractory.

Noah Claypole ran along the streets at his swiftest pace, and paused not once for breath until he reached the workhouse-gate. Having rested here for a minute or so, to collect a good burst of sobs and an imposing show of tears and terror, he knocked loudly at the wicket, and presented such a rueful face to the old pauper who opened it, that even he, who saw nothing but rueful faces about him at the best of times started back in astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" said the old pauper.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble!" cried Noah, with an affected dismay, and in tones so loud and agitated that they not only caught the ear of Mr. Bumble himself, who happened to be hard by, but alarmed him so much that he rushed into the yard without his cocked-hat,—which is a very curious and remarkable circumstance as showing that even a beadle, acted upon by a sudden and powerful impulse, may be afflicted with a momentary visitation of loss of self-possession, and forgetfulness of personal dignity.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble, sir!" said Noah; "Oliver, sir,—Oliver has——"

"What! what?" interposed Mr. Bumble, with a gleam of pleasure in his metallic eyes. "Not run away; he hasn't run away, has he, Noah?"

"No, sir, no; not run away, sir, but he's turned vicious," replied Noah. "He tried to murder me, sir; and then he tried to murder Charlotte, and then missis. Oh, what dreadful pain it is; such agony, please sir!" and here Noah writhed and twisted his body into an extensive variety of eel-like positions; thereby giving Mr. Bumble to understand that, from the violence and sanguinary onset of Oliver Twist, he had sustained severe internal injury and damage, from which he was at that speaking suffering the acutest torture.

When Noah saw that the intelligence he communicated perfectly paralysed Mr. Bumble, he imparted additional effect thereunto, by bewailing his dreadful wounds ten times louder than before: and, when he observed a gentleman in a white waistcoat crossing the yard, he was more tragic in his lamentations than ever, rightly conceiving it highly expedient to attract the notice, and rouse the indignation of the gentleman aforesaid.

The gentleman's notice was very soon attracted; for he had not walked three paces when he turned angrily round, and inquired what that young cur was howling for, and why Mr. Bumble did not favour him with something which would render the series of vocular exclamations so designated, an involuntary process.

"It's a poor boy from the free-school, sir," replied Mr. Bumble, "who has been nearly murdered—all but murdered, sir—by young Twist."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the gentleman in the white waistcoat, stopping short. "I knew it. I felt a strange presentiment from the very first, that that audacious young savage would come to be hung."

"He has likewise attempted, sir, to murder the female servant," said Mr. Bumble, with a face of ashy paleness.

"And missis," interposed Mr. Claypole.

"And his master, too, I think you said, Noah?" added Mr. Bumble.

"No, he's out, or he would have murdered him," replied Noah. "He said he wanted to——"

"Ah, he said he wanted to—did he, my boy?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Yes, sir," replied Noah; "and, please sir, missis wants to know whether Mr. Bumble can spare time to step up there directly, and flog him, 'cause master's out."

"Certainly, my boy; certainly," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, smiling benignly, and patting Noah's head, which was about three inches higher than his own. "You're a good boy—a very good boy. Here's a penny for you. Bumble, just step up to Sowerberry's with your cane, and see what's best to be done. Don't spare him, Bumble."

"No, I will not, sir," replied the beadle, adjusting

the wax-end which was twisted round the bottom of his cane for purposes of porochial flagellation.

"Tell Sowerberry not to spare him, either. They'll never do any thing with him, without stripes and bruises," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"I'll take care, sir," replied the beadle. And, the cocked-hat and cane having been by this time adjusted to their owner's satisfaction, Mr. Bumble and Noah Claypole betook themselves with all speed to the undertaker's shop.

Here the position of affairs had not at all improved, for Sowerberry had not yet returned, and Oliver continued to kick with undiminished vigour at the cellar-door. The accounts of his ferocity, as related by Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte, were of so startling a nature that Mr. Bumble judged it prudent to parley before opening the door: with this view, he gave a kick at the outside, by way of prelude; and then applying his mouth to the key-hole, said, in a deep and impressive tone,

"Oliver!"

"Come; you let me out," replied Oliver from the inside.

"Do you know this here voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Ain't you afraid of it, sir? Ain't you a-trembling while I speak, sir?" said Mr. Bumble.

"No!" replied Oliver, boldly.

An answer so different from the one he had expected to elicit, and was in the habit of receiving, staggered Mr. Bumble not a little. He stepped back from the keyhole, drew himself up to his full height, and looked from one to another of the three bystanders in mute astonishment.

"Oh, you know, Mr. Bumble, he must be mad," said Mrs. Sowerberry. "No boy in half his senses could venture to speak so to you."

"It's not madness, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, after a few moments of deep meditation; "it's meat."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Meat, ma'am, meat," replied Bumble, with stern emphasis. "You've over-fed him, ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition, as the board, Mrs. Sowerberry, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit either? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies. If you had kept the boy on gruel, ma'am, this would never have happened."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Sowerberry, piously raising her eyes to the kitchen ceiling. "This comes of being liberal!"

The liberality of Mrs. Sowerberry to Oliver had consisted in a profuse bestowal upon him of all the dirty odds and ends which nobody else would eat; so that there was a great deal of meekness and self-devo-

tion in her voluntarily remaining under Mr. Bumble's heavy accusation, of which, to do her justice, she was wholly innocent in thought, word, or deed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bumble, when the lady brought her eyes down to earth again. "The only thing that can be done now, that I know of, is to leave him in the cellar for a day or so, till he's a little starved down, and then to take him out, and keep him on gruel all through his apprenticeship. He comes of a bad family—excitable natures, Mrs. Sowerberry. Both the nurse and doctor said that that mother of his made her way here against difficulties and pain that would have killed any well-disposed woman weeks before."

At this point of Mr. Bumble's discourse, Oliver just hearing enough to know that some further allusion was being made to his mother, recommenced kicking with a violence which rendered every other sound inaudible. Sowerberry returned at this juncture, and Oliver's offence having been explained to him, with such exaggerations as the ladies thought best calculated to rouse his ire, he unlocked the cellar-door in a twinkling, and dragged his rebellious apprentice out by the collar.

Oliver's clothes had been torn in the beating he had received; his face was bruised and scratched, and his hair scattered over his forehead. The angry flush had not disappeared, however; and when he was pulled out of his prison, he scowled boldly on Noah, and looked quite undismayed.

"Now, you are a nice young fellow, ain't you?" said Sowerberry, giving Oliver a shake, and a sound box on the ear.

"He called my mother names," replied Oliver sullenly.

"Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch?" said Mrs. Sowerberry. "She deserved what he said, and worse."

"She didn't!" said Oliver.

"She did!" said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"It's a lie!" said Oliver.

Mrs. Sowerberry burst into a flood of tears.

This flood of tears left Sowerberry no alternative. If he had hesitated for one instant to punish Oliver most severely, it must be quite clear to every experienced reader that he would have been, according to all precedents in disputes of matrimony established, a brute, an unnatural husband, an insulting creature, a base imitation of a man, and various other agreeable characters too numerous for recital within the limits of this chapter. To do him justice, he was, as far as his power went,—it was not very extensive,—kindly disposed towards the boy; perhaps because it was his interest to be so, perhaps because his wife disliked him. The flood of tears, however, left him no resource; so he at once gave him a drubbing, which satisfied even Mrs. Sowerberry herself, and rendered Mr. Bumble's subsequent application of the parochial

cane rather unnecessary. For the rest of the day he was shut up in the back kitchen, in company with the pump and a slice of bread; and, at night, Mrs. Sowerberry, after making various remarks outside the door by no means complimentary to the memory of his mother, looked into the room, and, amidst the jeers and pointings of Noah and Charlotte, ordered him up stairs to his dismal bed.

It was not until he was left alone in the silence and stillness of the gloomy workshop of the undertaker that Oliver gave way to the feelings which the day's treatment may be supposed likely to have awakened in a mere child. He had listened to their taunts with a look of dogged contempt; he had borne the lash with a cry, for he felt that pride swelling in his heart would have kept down a shriek to the last, if they had roasted him alive. But, now that there were none to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor, and, hiding his face in his hands, wept such tears as God send for the credit of our nature, few so great may ever have cause to pour out before him.

For a long time Oliver remained motionless in this attitude. The candle was burning low in the socket when he rose to his feet, and having gazed cautiously round him, and listened intently, gently undid the fastenings of the door and looked abroad.

It was a cold dark night. The stars seemed to the boy's eyes further from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind, and the solemn shadows thrown by the trees on the earth looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door, and, having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in a bundle the few articles of wearing apparel he had, he lay himself down upon a bench to wait for morning.

With the first ray of light that struggled through the crevices in the shutters Oliver rose, and again unlocked the door. One timid look around,—one moment's pause of hesitation,—he had closed it behind him, and was in the open street. He looked to the right and to the left, uncertain whither to fly. He remembered to have seen the wagons as they went out, toiling up the hill; he took the same route, and arriving at a footpath across the fields, which he thought after some distance led out again into the road, struck into it, and walked quickly on.

Along this same footpath, Oliver well remembered he had trotted beside Mr. Bumble, when he first came to the workhouse from the farm. His way lay directly in front of the cottage. His heart beat quick when he bethought himself of this, and he half resolved to turn back. He had come a long way though, and should lose a great deal of time by doing so. Besides, it was so early that there was very little fear of his being seen; so he walked on.

He reached the house. There was no appearance of

is inmates stirring at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and peeped into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds; and, as he stopped, he raised his pale face, and disclosed the features of one of his former companions. Oliver felt glad to see him before he went, for, though younger than himself, he had been his little friend and playmate; they had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time.

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver, as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. "Is any one up?"

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

"You mustn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver; "I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune some long way off, I don't know where. How pale you are?"

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop."

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good bye to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick; I know I shall. You will be well and happy."

"I hope so," replied the child, "after I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of heaven, and angels, and kind faces, that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good bye, dear! God bless you!"

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through all the struggles and sufferings of his after-life, through all the troubles and changes of many weary years, he never once forgot it.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Oliver walks to London and encounters on the road a strange sort of young gentleman.

Oliver reached the stile at which the by-path terminated, and once more gained the high-road. It was eight o'clock now; and, though he was nearly five miles away from the town, he ran, and hid behind the hedges by turns, till noon, fearing that he might be pursued and overtaken. Then he sat down to rest at the side of a milestone, and began to think for the first time where he had better go and try to live.

The stone by which he was seated, bore in large characters an intimation that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London!—that great large place!—nobody—not even Mr. Bumble—could ever find him there. He had often heard the old men in the workhouse, too, say that no lad of spirit need want in London, and that there were ways of living in

that vast city which those who had been bred up in country parts had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy, who must die in the streets unless some one helped him. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward.

He had diminished the distance between himself and London by full four miles more, before he recollected how much he must undergo ere he could hope to reach his place of destination. As this consideration forced itself upon him, he slackened his pace a little, and meditated upon his means of getting there. He had a crust of bread, a coarse shirt, and two pairs of stockings, in his bundle; and a penny—a gift of Sowerberry's after some funeral in which he had acquitted himself more than ordinary well—in his pocket. "A clean shirt," thought Oliver "is a very comfortable thing,—very; and so are two pairs of darned stockings, and so is a penny; but they are small helps to a sixty-five miles' walk in winter time." But Oliver's thoughts, like those of most other people, although they were extremely ready and active to point out his difficulties, were wholly at a loss to suggest any feasible mode of surmounting them; so, after a good dood deal of thinking to no particular purpose, he changed his little bundle over to the other shoulder, and trudged on.

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water which he begged at the cottage-doors by the road-side. When the night came, he turned into a meadow, and, creeping close under a hay-rick, determined to lie there till morning. He felt frightened at first; for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields, and he was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

He felt cold and stiff when he got up next morning, and so hungry that he was obliged to exchange the penny for a small loaf in the very first village through which he passed. He had walked no more than twelve miles, when night closed in again; for his feet were sore, and his legs so weak that they trembled beneath him. Another night passed in the bleak damp air only made him worse; and, when he set forward on his journey next morning, he could hardly crawl along.

He waited at the bottom of a steep hill till a stage-coach came up, and then begged of the outside passengers; but there were very few who took any notice of him, and even those, told him to wait till they got to the top of the hill, and then let them see how far he could run for a half-penny. Poor Oliver tried to keep up with the coach a little way, but was unable to do it, by reason of his fatigue and sore feet. When the out-sides saw this, they put their halfpence back into their pockets again, declaring that he was an idle young dog,

and didn't deserve anything; and the coach rattled away, and left only a cloud of dust behind.

In some villages, large painted boards were fixed up, warning all persons who begged within the district that they would be sent to jail, which frightened Oliver very much, and made him very glad to get out of them with all possible expedition. In others he would stand about the inn-yards, and look mournfully at every one who passed; a proceeding which generally terminated in the landlady's ordering one of the post-boys who were lounging about, to drive that strange boy out of the place, for she was sure he had come to steal something. If he begged at a farmer's house, ten to one but they threatened to set the dog on him; and when he showed his nose in a shop, they talked about the beadle, which brought Oliver's heart up into his mouth,—very often the only thing he had there for many hours together.

In fact, if it had not been for a good hearted turnpike-man, and a benevolent old lady, Oliver's troubles would have been shortened by the very same process which put an end to his mother's; in other words, he would most assuredly have fallen dead upon the king's highway. But the turnpike-man gave him a meal of bread and cheese; and the old lady, who had a shipwrecked grandson wandering barefooted in some distant part of the earth, took pity upon the poor orphan, and gave him what little she could afford—and more—with such kind and gentle words, and such tears of sympathy and compassion, that they sank deeper into Oliver's soul than all the sufferings he had ever undergone.

Early on the seventh morning after he had left his native place, Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window-shutters were closed, the street was empty, not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all his splendid beauty, but the light only seemed to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation as he sat with bleeding feet and covered with dust upon a cold doorstep.

By degrees the shutters were opened, the window-blinds were drawn up, and people began passing to and fro. Some few stopped to gaze at Oliver for a moment or two, or turned round to stare at him as they hurried by; but none relieved him, or troubled themselves how he came there. He had no heart to beg, and there he sat.

He had been crouching on the step for some time, gazing listlessly at the coaches as they passed through, and thinking how strange it seemed that they could do with ease in a few hours what it had taken him a whole week of courage and determination beyond his years to accomplish, when he was roused by observing that a boy who had passed him carelessly some minutes before, had returned, and was now surveying him most

earnestly from the opposite side of the way. He took little heed of this at first; but the boy remained in the same attitude of close observation so long, that Oliver raised his head, and returned his steady look. Upon this the boy crossed over, and walking close up to Oliver, said,

"Hullo! my covey, what's the row?"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer was about his own age, but one of the queerest-looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough, as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had got about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age, with rather bow-legs, and little sharp ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so slightly that it threatened to fall off every moment, and would have done so very often if the wearer had not a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back halfway up his arm to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood three or six, or something less, in his bluchers.

"Hullo, my covey, what's the row?" said the strange young gentleman to Oliver.

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver, with tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way,—I have been walking these seven days."

"Walking for seven days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. Beaks orders, eh? But," he said, noticing Oliver's look of surprise, "I suppose you don't know wot a beak is, my flash com-pan-i-on."

"Oliver mildly replied, that he had always heard a bird's mouth described by the term in question.

"My eyes, how green!" exclaimed the young gentleman. "Why, a beak's a madg'st'rate; and when you walk by a beak's order, it's not straight forward, it's always going up, and niver coming down agen. What you never on the mill?"

"What mill?" inquired Oliver.

"What mill!—why, the mill,—the mill as takes in so little room that it'll work inside a stone jug, and always goes better when the wind's low with peevishness than when it's high, as then they can't get working. But come," said the young gentleman; "you want gin and you shall have it. I am at low-water-mark,—at one bob and a magpie; but, as far as it goes, I'll be out and stump. Up with you on your pins. The now then, morrice."

Assisting Oliver to rise, the young gentleman

him to an adjacent chandler's shop, where he purchased sufficiency of ready-dressed ham and a half-quartern loaf, or, as he himself expressed it, "fourpenny bran;" the ham being kept clean and preserved from dust by the ingenious expedient of making a hole in the loaf by pulling out a portion of the crumb, and stuffing it there. Taking the bread under his arm, the young gentleman turned into a small public-house, and led the way to a tap-room in the rear of the premises. Here a pot of beer was brought in by the direction of the mysterious youth; and Oliver, falling to, at his new friend's bidding, made a long and hearty meal, during the progress of which the strange boy eyed him from time to time with great attention.

"Going to London?" said the strange boy, when Oliver had at length concluded.

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The strange boy whistled, and put his arms into his pockets as far as the big coat sleeves would let them go.

"Do you live in London?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes I do, when I'm at home," replied the boy. "I suppose you want some place to sleep to-night, don't you?"

"I do indeed," answered Oliver. "I have not slept under a roof since I left the country."

"Don't fret your eyelids on that score," said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London to-night, and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, who'll give you lodgings for nothing, and never ask for a change; that is, if any gentleman he knows introduces you. And don't he know me?—Oh, no,—not in the least,—by no means—certainly not."

The young gentleman smiled, as if to intimate that the latter fragments of discourse were playfully ironical, and finished the beer as he did so.

This unexpected offer of a shelter was too tempting to be resisted, especially as it was immediately followed up by the assurance that the old gentleman already referred to, would doubtless provide Oliver with a comfortable place without loss of time. This led to a more friendly and confidential dialogue, from which Oliver discovered that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, and that he was a peculiar pet and *protégé* of the elderly gentleman before mentioned.

Mr. Dawkins's appearance did not say a vast deal in favour of the comforts which his patron's interest obtained for those whom he took under his protection; but as he had a somewhat flighty and dissolute mode of conversing, and furthermore avowed that among his intimate friends he was better known by the *sobriquet* of "The artful Dodger," Oliver concluded that, being

of a dissipated and careless turn, the moral precepts of his benefactor had hitherto been thrown away upon him. Under this impression, he secretly resolved to cultivate the good opinion of the old gentleman as quickly as possible; and, if he found the Dodger incorrigible, as he more than half suspected he should, to decline the honour of his farther acquaintance.

As John Dawkins objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached the turnpike at Islington. They crossed from the Angel into St. John's road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells theatre, through Exmouth-street and Coppice-row, down the little court by the side of the workhouse, across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-hole, thence into Little Saffron-hill, and so into Saffron-hill the Great, along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close at his heels.

Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not help bestowing a few hasty glances on either side of the way as he passed along. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place were the public houses, and in them, the lowest orders of Irish (who are generally the lowest orders of any thing) were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in the filth; and from several of the doorways, great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, upon no well-disposed or harmless errand.

Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom of the hill; his conductor, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field-lane, and, drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them.

"Now, then," cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

"*Plummy and slam!*" was the reply.

This seemed to be some watchword or signal that it was all right; for the light of a feeble candle gleamed upon the wall at the farther end of the passage, and a man's face peeped out from where a balustrade of the old kitchen staircase had been broken away.

"There's two on you," said the man, thrusting the candle farther out and shading his eyes with his hand.

"Who's the t'other one?"

"A new pal," replied Jack, pulling Oliver forward.

"Where did he come from?"

"Greenland. Is Fagin up stairs?"

"Yes, he's sortin' the wipes. Up with you!" The candle was drawn back, and the face disappeared.

Oliver, groping his way with one hand, and with the other firmly grasped by his companion, ascended with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs which his conductor mounted with an ease and expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them. He threw open the door of a back-room, and drew Oliver in after him.

The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There was a deal-table before the fire, upon which was a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle; two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan which was on the fire, and which was secured to the mantel-piece by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villanous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare, and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks were huddled side by side on the floor: and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes and drinking spirits with all the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew, and then turned round and grinned at Oliver, as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend, Oliver Twist."

The Jew grinned; and, making a low obeisance to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he should have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this, the young gentlemen with the pipes came round him, and shook both his hands very hard—especially the one in which he held his little bundle. One young gentleman was very anxious to hang up his cap for him; and another was so obliging as to put his hands in his pockets, in order that, as he was very tired, he might not have the trouble of emptying them when he went to bed. These civilities would probably have been extended much further, but for a liberal exercise of the Jew's toasting-fork on the heads and shoulders of the affectionate youths who offered them.

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver—very," said the Jew. "Dodger, take off the sausages, and draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah! you're a staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! eh, my dear? There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!"

The latter part of this speech was hailed by a boisterous shout from all the hopeful pupils of the merry old gentleman, in the midst of which they went to supper.

Oliver ate his share; and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin and water, telling him he must drink it off directly, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was desired. Almost instantly afterwards, he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks, and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Containing further particulars concerning the pleasant old gentleman and his hopeful pupils.

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke from a sound, long sleep. There was no body in the room beside, but the old Jew, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast, and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round with an iron spoon. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the least noise below; and, when he had satisfied himself, he would go on whistling and stirring again as before.

Although Oliver had roused himself from sleep, he was not thoroughly awake. There is a drowsy, half-awake state, between sleeping and waking, when you dream more in five minutes with your eyes half open, than you would in five nights with your eyes fast closed, and your senses wrapt in perfect unconsciousness. At such times, a mortal knows just enough of what his mind is doing, to form some glimmering conception of its mighty powers, its boundless freedom from earth and spurning time and space, when freed from the irksome restraint of its corporeal associates.

Oliver was precisely in the condition I have described. He saw the Jew with his half-closed eyes heard his low whistling, and recognised the sound of the spoon grating against the saucepan's sides; and the self-same senses were mentally engaged at the same time, in busy action with almost every body he had ever known.

When the coffee was done, the Jew drew the saucepan to the hob, and standing in an irresolute attitude for a few minutes as if he did not well know how to employ himself, turned round and looked at Oliver, and called him by his name. He did not answer, and went to all appearance asleep.

After satisfying himself upon this head, the Jew stepped gently to the door, which he fastened; he then drew forth, as it seemed to Oliver, from some trap in the floor, a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down, and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with diamonds.

"Aha!" said the Jew, shrugging up his shoulder

and distorting every feature with a hideous grin. "Clever dogs! Clever dogs! Staunch to the last! Never told the old parson where they were; never peached upon old Fagin. And why should they? It wouldn't have loosened the knot, or kept the drop up a minute longer. No, no, no. Fine fellows! fine fellows!"

With these and other muttered reflections of the like nature, the Jew once more deposited the watch in its place of safety. At least half a dozen more were severally drawn forth from the same box, and surveyed with equal pleasure; besides rings, brooches, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea even of their names.

Having replaced these trinkets, the Jew took out another, so small that it lay in the palm of his hand. There seemed to be some very minute inscription on it, for the Jew laid it flat upon the table, and, shading it with his hand, pored over it long and earnestly. At length he sat it down as if despairing of success, and, leaning back in his chair, muttered,

"What a fine thing capital punishment is! Dead men never repent; dead men never bring awkward stories to light. The prospect of the gallows, too, makes them hardy and bold. Ah! it's a fine thing for the trade! Five of them strung up in a row, and none left to play booty or turn white-livered!"

As the Jew uttered these words, his bright dark eyes which had been staring vacantly before him, fell on Oliver's face; the boy's eyes were fixed on his in mute curiosity, and, although the recognition was only for an instant—for the briefest space of time that can possibly be conceived,—it was enough to show the old man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash, and, laying his hand on a bread-knife which was on the table, started furiously up. He trembled very much, though; for, even in his terror Oliver could see that the knife quivered in the air.

"What's that?" said the Jew. "What do you watch me for? Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out boy! Quick—Quick! for your life!"

"I wasn't able to sleep any longer, sir," replied Oliver, meekly. "I am very sorry if I have disturbed you, sir."

"You were not awake an hour ago?" said the Jew, scowling fiercely on the boy.

"No—no, indeed sir," replied Oliver.

"Are you sure?" cried the Jew, with a still fiercer look than before, and a threatening attitude.

"Upon my word I was not, sir," replied Oliver, earnestly. "I was not, indeed, sir."

"Tush, tush, my dear!" said the Jew, suddenly resuming his old manner, and playing with the knife a little before he laid it down, as if to induce the belief that he had caught it up in mere sport. "Of course I

know that, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! ha! you're a brave boy, Oliver!" and the Jew rubbed his hands with a chuckle, but looked uneasily at the box notwithstanding.

"Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?" said the Jew, laying his hand upon it after a short pause.

"Yes sir," replied Oliver.

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning rather pale. "They—they're mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon in my old age. The folks call me a miser, my dear,—only a miser, that's all."

Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a decided miser, to live in such a dirty place, with so many watches; but, thinking that perhaps his fondness for the Dodger and the other boys cost him a good deal of money, he only cast a deferential look at the Jew, and asked if he might get up.

"Certainly, my dear,—certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Stay. There's a pitcher of water in the corner by the door. Bring it here, and I'll give you a basin to wash in, my dear."

Oliver got up, walked across the room, and stooped for one instant to raise the pitcher. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

He had scarcely washed himself, and made everything tidy by emptying the basin out of the window agreeably to the Jew's directions, than the Dodger returned, accompanied by a very sprightly young friend, whom Oliver had seen smoking on the previous night, and who was now formally introduced to him as Charley Bates. The four then sat down to breakfast off the coffee and some hot rolls and ham which the Dodger had brought home in the crown of his hat.

"Well," said the Jew, glancing slyly at Oliver, and addressing himself to the Dodger, "I hope you've been at work this morning, my dears."

"Hard," replied the Dodger.

"As nails," added Charley Bates.

"Good boys, good boys!" said the Jew. "What have you got, Dodger?"

"A couple of pocket-books," replied that young gentleman.

"Lined?" inquired the Jew with trembling eagerness.

"Pretty well," replied the Dodger, producing two pocket-books, one green and the other red.

"Not so heavy as they might be," said the Jew, after looking at the insides carefully; "but very neat, and nicely made. Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver?"

"Very, indeed, sir," said Oliver. At which Mr. Charles Bates laughed uproariously, very much to the amazement of Oliver, who saw nothing to laugh at in anything that had passed.

"And what have you got, my dear?" said Fagin to Charley Bates.

"Wipes," replied Master Bates; at the same time producing four pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Well," said the Jew, inspecting them closely; "they're very good ones,—very. You haven't marked them well, though, Charley; so the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall us, Oliver, eh?—Ha! ha! ha!"

"If you please, sir," said Oliver.

"You'd like to be able to make pocket-handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, my dear?" said the Jew.

"Very much indeed, if you'll teach me, sir," replied Oliver.

Master Bates saw something so exquisitely ludicrous in this reply, that he burst into another laugh; which laugh meeting the coffee he was drinking, and carrying it down some wrong channel, very nearly terminated in his premature suffocation.

"He is so jolly green," said Charley when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his unpolite behaviour.

The Dodger said nothing, but he smoothed Oliver's hair down over his eyes, and said he'd know better by-and-by; upon which the old gentleman, observing Oliver's colour mounting, changed the subject by asking whether there had been much of a crowd at the execution that morning. This made him wonder more and more, for it was plain from the replies of the two boys that they had both been there; and Oliver naturally wondered how they could possibly have found time to be so very industrious.

When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way:—The merry old gentleman placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat-pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and, putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in the pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets every hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making belief that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times he would look constantly round him for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time the two boys followed him closely about, getting out of sight so nimbly every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last the Dodger

trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him with the utmost rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief,—even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was, and then the game began all over again.

When this game had been played a great many times a couple of young ladies came to see the young gentlemen, one of whom was called Bet and the other Nancy. They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps; but they had a great deal of colour in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed, as there is no doubt they were.

These visitors stopped a long time. Spirits were produced, in consequence of one of the young ladies complaining of a coldness in her inside, and the conversation took a very convivial and improving turn. At length Charley Bates expressed his opinion that it was time to pad the hoof, which it occurred to Oliver must be French for going out; for directly afterwards the Dodger, and Charley, and the two young ladies went away together, having been kindly furnished with money to spend, by the amiable old Jew.

"There, my dear," said Fagin, "that's a pleasant life, isn't it? They have gone out for the day."

"Have they done work, sir?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes," said the Jew; "that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any when they are out; and they won't neglect it if they do, my dear, depend upon it."

"Make 'em your models, my dear, make 'em your models," said the Jew, tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words; "do every thing they bid you, and take their advice in all matters, especially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll be a great man himself, and make you one too, if you take pattern by him. Look at my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear," said the Jew, stopping short.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw them do when we were at play this morning."

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand as he had seen the Dodger do, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

"Is it gone?" cried the Jew.

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you."

If you go on in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs."

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man; but thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Oliver becomes better acquainted with the characters of his new associates, and purchases experience at a high price. Being a short but very important chapter in this history.

For eight or ten days Oliver remained in the Jew's room, picking the marks out of the pocket-handkerchiefs, (of which a great number were brought home,) and sometimes taking part in the game already described, which the two boys and the Jew played regularly every day. At length he began to languish for the fresh air, and took many occasions of earnestly entreating the old gentleman to allow him to go out to work with his two companions.

Oliver was rendered the more anxious to be actively employed by what he had seen of the stern morality of the old gentleman's character. Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night empty-handed, he would expatiate with great vehemence on the misery of idle and lazy habits, and enforce upon them the necessity of an active life by sending them supperless to bed: upon one occasion he even went so far as to knock them both down a flight of stairs; but this was carrying out his virtuous precepts to an unusual extent.

At length one morning Oliver obtained the permission he had so eagerly sought. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather meagre. Perhaps these were reasons for the old gentleman's giving his assent; but, whether they were or no, he told Oliver he might go, and placed him under the joint guardianship of Charley Bates and his friend the Dodger.

The three boys sallied out, the Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked up, and his hat cocked as usual; Master Bates sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, and Oliver between them wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture he would be instructed in first.

The pace at which they went was such a very lazy, ill-looking saunter, that Oliver soon began to think his companions were going to deceive the old gentleman, by not going to work at all. The Dodger had a vicious propensity, too, of pulling the caps from the heads of small boys and tossing them down areas; while Charley Bates exhibited some very loose notions concerning the

rights of property, by pilfering divers apples and onions from the stalls at the kennel sides, and thrusting them into pockets which were so surprisingly capacious, that they seemed to undermine his whole suit of clothes in every direction. These things looked so bad, that Oliver was on the point of declaring his intention of seeking his way back in the best way he could, when his thoughts were suddenly directed into another channel by a very mysterious change of behaviour on the part of the Dodger.

They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is called, by some strange perversion of terms, "The Green," when the Dodger made a sudden stop, and, laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again with the greatest caution and circumspection.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver.

"Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A prime plant," observed Charley Bates.

Oliver looked from one to the other with the greatest surprise, but was not permitted to make any inquiries, for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and sunk close behind the old gentleman towards whom his attention had been directed. Oliver walked a few paces after them, and, not knowing whether to advance or retire, stood looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable-looking personage, with a powdered head and gold spectacles; dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar, and white trousers: with a smart bamboo cane under his arm. He had taken up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading away as hard as if he were in his elbow-chair in his own study. It was very possible that he fancied himself there, indeed; for it was plain, from his utter abstraction, that he saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book itself, which he was reading straight through, turning over the leaves when he got to the bottom of a page, beginning at the top line of the next one, and going regularly on with the greatest interest and eagerness.

What was Oliver's horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eyelids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into this old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief, which he handed to Charley Bates, and with which they both ran away round the corner at full speed!

In one instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood for a moment with the blood tingling so through all his veins from

terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels, and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.

This was all done in a minute's space, and the very instant that Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator, and, shouting "Stop thief!" with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue and cry. The Dodger and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude, and, shouting "Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with their beautiful axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the carman his wagon; the butcher throws down his tray, the baker his basket, the milkman his pail, the errand-boy his parcels, the schoolboy his marbles, the paviour his pick-axe, the child his battledore: away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash, tearing, yelling, and screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs, and astonishing the fowls; and streets, squares, and courts re-echo with the sound.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements; up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob; a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, and, joining in the rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigour to the cry, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a passion for *hunting something* deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched, breathless child, panting with exhaustion, terror in his looks, agony in his eye, large drops of perspiration streaming down his face, strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with still louder

shouts, and whoop and scream with joy, "Stop thief!" — "Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!"

Stopped at last. A clever blow that. He's down upon the pavement, and the crowd eagerly gather round him; each new comer jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. "Stand aside!" — "Give him a little air!" — "Nonsense, he don't deserve it." — "Where's the gentleman?" — "Here he is coming down the street." — "Make room there for the gentleman!" — "Is this the boy, sir?" — "Yes."

Oliver lay covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers, and made this reply to their anxious inquiries.

"Yes," said the gentleman in a benevolent voice. "I'm afraid it is."

"Afraid!" murmured the crowd. — "That's a good 'un."

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "he has hurt himself."

"I did that, sir," said a great lubberly fellow stepping forward; "and precious I cut my knuckle against his mouth. I stopped him, sir."

The fellow touched his hat with a grin, expecting something for his pains; but the old gentleman, eyeing him with an expression of disgust, looked anxiously round, as if he contemplated running away himself, which it is very possible he might have attempted to do, and thus afforded another chase, had not a police officer (who is always the last person to arrive in such cases) at that moment made his way through the crowd, and seized Oliver by the collar. "Come, get up," said the man roughly.

"It wasn't me, indeed, sir. Indeed, indeed, it was two other boys," clasping his hands passionately and looking round: "they are here somewhere."

"Oh no, they ain't," said the officer. He meant this to be ironical; but it was true besides, for the Dodge and Charley Bates had filed off down the first convenient court they came to. "Come, get up."

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman compassionately.

"Oh no, I won't hurt him," replied the officer, tearing his jacket half off his back in proof thereof. "Come, I know you, it won't do. Will you stand upon your legs, you young devil?"

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a shift to raise himself upon his feet, and was at once lugged along the streets by the jacket-collar at a rapid pace. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side, and as many of the crowd as could, got a little ahead, and stared back at Oliver from time to time. The boys shouted in triumph, and on they went.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH

Treats of Mr. Fang, the police magistrate, and furnishes a slight specimen of his mode of administering justice.

The offence had been committed within the district, and indeed in the immediate neighbourhood of a very notorious metropolitan police office. The crowd had only the satisfaction of accompanying Oliver through two or three streets, and down a place called Mutton-hill, when he was led beneath a low archway, and up a dirty court into this dispensary of summary justice by the back way. It was a small paved yard into which they turned; and here they encountered a stout man with a bunch of whiskers on his face, and a bunch of keys in his hand.

"What's the matter now?" said the man carelessly.

"A young fogle-hunter," replied the man who had Oliver in charge.

"Are you the party that's been robbed, sir?" inquired the man with the keys.

"Yes, I am," replied the old gentleman; "but I am not sure that this boy actually took the handkerchief.—I'd rather not press the case."

"Must go before the magistrate now, sir," replied the man. "His worship will be disengaged in half a minute. Now, young gallows."

This was an invitation for Oliver to enter through a door which he unlocked as he spoke, and which led into a small stone cell. Here he was searched, and nothing being found upon him, locked up.

This cell was in shape and size something like an area cellar, only not so light. It was most intolerably dirty, for it was Monday morning, and it had been tenanted since Saturday night by six drunken people. But this is nothing. In our station-houses, men and women are every night confined on the most trivial charges—the word is worth nothing—in dungeons, compared with which those in Newgate, occupied by the most atrocious felons, tried, found guilty, and under sentence of death, are palaces! Let any man who doubts this compare the two.

The old gentleman looked almost as rueful as Oliver, when the key grated in the lock; and turned with a sigh to the book which had been the innocent cause of all this disturbance.

"There is something in that boy's face," said the old gentleman to himself, as he walked slowly away, tapping his chin with the cover of the book in a thoughtful manner, "something that touches and interests me. Can he be innocent? He looked like— By the bye," exclaimed the old gentleman, halting very abruptly, and staring up into the sky, "God bless my soul! where have I seen something like that look before."

After musing for some minutes, the old gentleman walked with the same meditative face into a back ante-

room opening from the yard; and there, retiring into a corner, called up before his mind's eye a vast amphitheatre of faces over which a dusky curtain had hung for many years. "No," said the old gentleman shaking his head; "it must be imagination."

He wandered over them again. He had called them into view, and it was not easy to replace the shroud that had so long concealed them. There were the faces of friends and foes, and of many that had been almost strangers, peering intrusively from the crowd; there were the faces of young and blooming girls that were now old women; there were others that the grave had changed to ghastly trophies of death, but which the mind, superior to his power, still dressed in their old freshness and beauty, calling back the lustre of the eyes, the brightness of the smile, the beaming of the soul through its mask of clay, and whispering of beauty beyond the tomb, changed but to be heightened, and taken from earth only to be set up as a light to shed a soft and gentle glow upon the path to Heaven.

But the old gentleman could recall no one countenance of which Oliver's features bore a trace; so he heaved a sigh over the recollections he had awakened; and being, happily for himself, an absent old gentleman, buried them again in the pages of the musty book.

He was roused by a touch on the shoulder, and a request from the man with the keys to follow him into the office. He closed his book hastily, and was at once ushered into the presence of the renowned Mr. Fang.

The office was a front parlour, with a panelled wall. Mr. Fang sat behind a bar at the upper end; and on one side the door was a sort of wooden pen in which poor little Oliver was already deposited, trembling very much at the awfulness of the scene.

Mr. Fang was a middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair; and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages.

The old gentleman bowed respectfully, and, advancing to the magistrate's desk, said, suiting the action to the word, "That is my name and address, sir." He then withdrew a pace or two; and, with another polite and gentlemanly inclination of the head, waited to be questioned.

Now, it so happened, that Mr. Fang was at that moment perusing a leading article in a newspaper of the morning, adverting to some recent decision of his, and commending him, for the three hundred and fiftieth time, to the special and particular notice of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. He was out of temper, and he looked up with an angry scowl.

"Who are you?" said Mr. Fang.

The old gentleman pointed with some surprise to his card.

"Officer!" said Mr. Fang, tossing the card contemptuously away with the newspaper, "who is this fellow?"

"My name, sir," said the old gentleman, speaking like a gentleman, and consequently in strong contrast to Mr. Fang,— "my name, sir, is Brownlow. Permit me to inquire the name of the magistrate who offers a gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a respectable man, under the protection of the bench." Saying this, Mr. Brownlow looked round the office as if in search of some person who could afford him the required information.

"Officer!" said Mr. Fang, throwing the paper on one side, "what's this fellow charged with?"

"He's not charged at all, your worship," replied the officer. "He appears against the boy, your worship."

His worship knew this perfectly well; but it was a good annoyance and a safe one.

"Appears against the boy, does he?" said Fang, surveying Mr. Brownlow contemptuously from head to foot. "Swear him."

"Before I am sworn I must beg to say one word," said Mr. Brownlow; "and that is, that I never, without actual experience, could have believed ———"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang peremptorily.

"I will not sir!" replied the spirited old gentleman.

"Hold your tongue this instant, or I'll have you turned out of the office!" said Mr. Fang. "You're an insolent impertinent fellow. How dare you bully a magistrate!"

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reddening.

"Swear this person!" said Fang to the clerk. "I'll not hear another word. Swear him!"

Mr. Brownlow's indignation was greatly roused; but, reflecting that he might injure the boy by giving vent to it, he suppressed his feelings, and submitted to be sworn at once.

"Now," said Fang, "what's the charge against the boy? What have you got to say, sir?"

"I was standing at a book-stall"—Mr. Brownlow began.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang. "Policeman!—where's the policeman? Here, swear this man. Now, policeman, what is this?"

The policeman with becoming humility related how he had taken the charge, how he had searched Oliver and found nothing on his person; and how that was all he knew about it.

"Are there any witnesses?" inquired Mr. Fang.

"None, your worship," replied the policeman.

Mr. Fang sat silent for some minutes, and then, turning round to the prosecutor, said, in a towering passion,

"Do you mean to state what your complaint against this boy is, fellow, or do you not? You have been

sworn. Now, if you stand there, refusing to give evidence, I'll punish you for disrespect to the bench; I will, by ———"

By what, or by whom, nobody knows, for the clerk and jailer coughed very loud just at the right moment, and the former dropped a heavy book on the floor, thus preventing the word from being heard—accidentally, of course.

With many interruptions, and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow contrived to state his case; observing that, in the surprise of the moment, he had run after the boy because he saw him running away, and expressing his hope that, if the magistrate should believe him, although not actually the thief, to be connected with thieves, he would deal as leniently with him as justice would allow.

"He has been hurt already," said the old gentleman in conclusion. "And I fear," he added, with great energy, looking towards the bar,— "I really fear that he is very ill."

"Oh! yes, I dare say!" said Mr. Fang, with a sneer. "Come; none of your tricks here, you young vagabond! they won't do. What's your name?"

Oliver tried to reply, but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale, and the whole place seemed turning round and round.

"What's your name, you hardened scoundrel!" demanded Mr. Fang. "Officer, what's his name?"

This was addressed to a bluff old fellow in a striped waistcoat, who was standing by the bar. He bent over Oliver, and repeated the inquiry; but finding him really incapable of understanding the question, and knowing that his not replying would only infuriate the magistrate the more, and add to the severity of his sentence, he hazarded a guess.

"He says his name's Tom White, your worship," said this kind-hearted thief-taker.

"Oh, he won't speak out, won't he?" said Fang. "Very well, very well. Where does he live?"

"Where he can, your worship," replied the officer, again pretending to receive Oliver's answer.

"Has he any parents?" inquired Mr. Fang.

"He says they died in his infancy, your worship," replied the officer, hazarding the usual reply.

At this point of the inquiry Oliver raised his head, and, looking round with imploring eyes, murmured a feeble prayer for a draught of water.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Fang: "don't try to make a fool of me."

"I think he really is ill, your worship," remonstrated the officer.

"I know better," said Mr. Fang.

"Take care of him, officer," said the old gentleman, raising his hands instinctively; he'll fall down."

"Stand away, officer," cried Fang savagely; "let him if he likes."

Oliver availed himself of the kind permission, and fell heavily to the floor in a fainting fit. The men in the office looked at each other, but no one dared to stir. "I knew he was shamming," said Fang, as if this were incontestable proof of the fact. "Let him lie; he'll soon be tired of that."

"How do you propose to deal with the case, sir?" inquired the clerk in a low voice.

"Summarily," replied Mr. Fang. "He stands committed for three months,—hard labour of course. Clear the office."

The door was opened for this purpose, and a couple of men were preparing to carry the insensible boy to a cell, when an elderly man of decent but poor appearance, clad in an old suit of black, rushed hastily into the office, and advanced to the bench.

"Stop, stop,—don't take him away,—for Heaven's sake stop a moment," cried the new-comer, breathless with haste.

Although the presiding geniuses in such an office as this exercise a summary and arbitrary power over the liberties, the good name, the character, almost the lives of his majesty's subjects, especially of the poorer class, and although within such walls enough fantastic tricks are daily played to make the angels weep thick tears of blood, they are closed to the public, save through the medium of the daily press. Mr. Fang was consequently not a little indignant to see an unbidden guest enter such irreverent disorder.

"What is this? Who is this? Turn this man out. Clear the office," cried Mr. Fang.

"I will speak," cried the man; "I will not be turned out,—I saw it all. I keep the book-stall. I demand to be sworn. I will not be put down. Mr. Fang, you must hear me. You dare not refuse, sir."

The man was right. His manner was bold and determined, and the matter was growing rather too serious to be hushed up.

"Swear the fellow," growled Fang with a very ill grace. "Now, man, what have you got to say?"

"This," said the man: "I saw three boys—two others and the prisoner here—loitering on the opposite side of the way, when this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw it done, and I saw that this boy was perfectly amazed and surprised by it." Having by this time recovered a little breath, the worthy book-stall keeper proceeded to relate in a more coherent manner the exact circumstances of the robbery.

"Why didn't you come here before?" said Fang after a pause.

"I hadn't a soul to mind the shop," replied the man; "everybody that could have helped me had joined in the pursuit. I could get nobody till five minutes ago, and I've run here all the way."

"The prosecutor was reading, was he?" inquired Fang, after another pause.

"Yes," replied the man, "the very book he has got in his hand."

"Oh, that book, eh?" said Fang. "Is it paid for?"

"No, it is not," replied the man, with a smile.

"Dear me, I forgot all about it!" exclaimed the absent old gentleman innocently.

"A nice person to prefer a charge against a poor boy!" said Fang, with a comical effort to look humane. "I consider, sir, that you have obtained possession of that book under very suspicious and disreputable circumstances, and you may think yourself very fortunate that the owner of the property declines to prosecute. Let this be a lesson to you, my man, or the law will overtake you yet. The boy is discharged. Clear the office!"

"D—me!" cried the old gentleman, bursting out with the rage he had kept down so long, "D—me! I'll——"

"Clear the office!" roared the magistrate. "Officers, do you hear? Clear the office!"

The mandate was obeyed, and the indignant Mr. Brownlow was conveyed out, with the book in one hand, and the bamboo cane in the other, in a perfect phrenzy of rage and defiance.

He reached the yard, and it vanished in a moment. Little Oliver Twist lay on his back on the pavement, with his shirt unbuttoned, and his temples bathed with water: his face a deadly white, and a cold tremble convulsing his whole frame.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Mr. Brownlow, bending over him. "Call a coach, somebody, pray, directly!"

A coach was obtained, and Oliver, having been carefully laid on one seat, the old gentleman got in and sat himself on the other.

"May I accompany you?" said the book-stall keeper, looking in.

"Bless me, yes, my dear friend," said Mr. Brownlow, quickly. "I forgot you. Dear, dear! I've got this unhappy book still. Jump in. Poor fellow! there's no time to lose."

The book-stall keeper got into the coach, and away they drove.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

In which Oliver is taken better care of than he ever was before, with some particulars concerning a certain picture.

The coach rattled away down Mount Pleasant and up Exmouth street,—over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London in company with the Dodger,—and, turning a different way when it reached the Angel at Islington, stopped at length, before a neat house in a quiet shady street near Pentonville. Here a bed was procured with-

out loss of time, in which Mr. Brownlow saw his young charge carefully and comfortably deposited; and here he was attended with a kindness and solicitude which knew no bounds.

But for many days Oliver remained insensible to all the goodness of his new friends; the sun rose and sunk, and rose and sunk again, and many times after that, and still the boy lay stretched upon his uneasy bed, dwindling away beneath the dry and wasting heat of fever,—that heat which, like the subtle acid that gnaws into the very heart of hardest iron, burns only to corrode and to destroy. The worm does not his work more surely on the dead body, than does this slow, creeping fire upon the living frame.

Weak, and thin, and pallid, he awoke at last from what seemed to have been a long and troubled dream. Feebly raising himself in the bed, with his head resting on his trembling arm, he looked anxiously round.

"What room is this?—where have I been brought to?" said Oliver. "This is not the place I went to sleep in."

He uttered these words in a feeble voice, being very faint and weak; but they were overheard at once, for the curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and a motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed, rose as she undrew it, from an arm-chair close by, in which she had been sitting at needle-work.

"Hush, my dear," said the old lady softly. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again, and you have been very bad,—as bad as bad could be, pretty nigh. Lie down again, there's a dear." With these words the old lady very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow, and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and lovingly in his face, that he could not help placing his little withered hand upon hers, and drawing it round his neck.

"Save us!" said the old lady with tears in her eyes, "what a grateful little dear it is. Pretty creetur, what would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now.!"

"Perhaps she does see me," whispered Oliver, folding his hands together; "perhaps she has sat by me, ma'am. I almost feel as if she had."

"That was the fever, my dear," said the old lady mildly.

"I suppose it was," replied Oliver thoughtfully, "because Heaven is a long way off, and they are too happy there, to come down to the bedside of a poor boy. But if she knew I was ill, she must have pitied me even there, for she was very ill herself before she died. She can't know any thing about me though," added Oliver after a moment's silence, "for if she had seen me beat, it would have made her sorrowful; and her face has always looked sweet and happy when I have dreamt of her."

The old lady made no reply to this, but wiping her

drew her chair close to the fire and went off into a series of short naps, chequered at frequent intervals with eyes first, and her spectacles, which lay on the window-pane, afterwards, as if they were part and parcel of those features, brought some cool stuff for Oliver to drink, and then, patting him on the cheek, told him he must lie very quiet, or he would be ill again.

So Oliver kept very still, partly because he was anxious to obey the kind old lady in all things, and partly, to tell the truth, because he was completely exhausted with what he had already said. He fell into a gentle doze, from which he was awakened by the light of a candle, which, being brought near the bed, showed him a gentleman, a very large and dignified-looking man, with a gold watch in his hand, who felt his pulse, and said he was a great deal better.

"You *are* a great deal better, are you not, my dear?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

"Yes, I know you are," said the gentleman. "You're hungry too, an't you?"

"No, sir," answered Oliver.

"Hem!" said the gentleman. "No, I know you're not. He is not hungry, Mrs. Bedwin," said the gentleman, looking very wise.

The old lady made a respectful inclination of her head, which seemed to say that she thought the doctor was a very clever man. The doctor appeared to be much of the same opinion himself.

"You feel sleepy, don't you, my dear?" said the doctor.

"No, sir," replied Oliver.

"No," said the doctor with a very shrewd and satisfied look. "You're not sleepy. Nor thirsty, are you?"

"Yes, sir, rather thirsty," answered Oliver.

"Just as I expected, Mrs. Bedwin," said the doctor. "It's very natural that he should be thirsty. It's perfectly natural. You may give him a little water, ma'am, and some dry toast without any butter. Don't keep him too warm, ma'am; but be careful that he don't let him be too cold; will you have the goodness?"

The old lady dropped a curtsy, and the doctor, after tasting the cool stuff, and expressing a qualified approval thereof, hurried away: his boots creaking in a very important and wealthy manner as he went down the stairs.

Oliver dozed off again soon after this, and when he awoke it was nearly twelve o'clock. The old lady then bade him good-night shortly afterwards, and left him in charge of a fat old woman who had just come bringing with her in a little bundle a small Prayer Book and a large nightcap. Putting the latter on his head, and the former on the table, the old woman, after telling Oliver that she had come to sit up with him

drew her chair close to the fire and went off into a series of short naps, chequered at frequent intervals with sundry tumblings forward and divers moans and chokings, which, however, had no worse effect than causing her to rub her nose very hard, and then fall asleep again.

And thus the night crept slowly on. Oliver lay awake for some time, counting the little circles of light which the reflection of the rushlight-shade threw upon the ceiling, or tracing with his languid eyes the intricate pattern of the paper on the wall. The darkness and deep stillness of the room were very solemn; and as they brought into the boy's mind the thought that Death had been hovering there for many days and nights, and might yet fill it with the gloom and dread of his awful presence, he turned his face upon the pillow and fervently prayed to Heaven.

Gradually he fell into that deep tranquil sleep, which came from recent suffering alone imparts; that calm and peaceful rest which it is pain to wake from. Who, if this were death, would be roused again to all the struggles and turmoils of life—to all its cares for the present, its anxieties for the future, and more than all, its weary recollections of the past!

It had been bright day for hours when Oliver opened his eyes; and when he did so, he felt cheerful and happy. The crisis of the disease was safely past, and he belonged to the world again.

In three days' time he was able to sit in an easy-chair well propped up with pillows; and, as he was still too weak to walk, Mrs. Bedwin had him carried down stairs into the little housekeeper's room, which belonged to her, where, having sat him up by the fire-side, the good old lady sat herself down too, and, being in a state of considerable delight at seeing him so much better, forthwith began to cry most violently.

"Never mind me, my dear," said the old lady; "I'm only having a regular good cry. There, it's all over now, and I'm quite comfortable."

"You're very kind to me, ma'am," said Oliver.

"Well, never you mind that, my dear," said the old lady; "that's got nothing to do with your broth, and it's full time you had it, for the doctor says Mr. Brownlow may come in to see you this morning, and we must get up our best looks, because the better we look the more he'll be pleased." And with this, the old lady applied herself to warming up in a little saucepan a basin full of broth strong enough to furnish an ample dinner, when reduced to the regulation strength, for three hundred and fifty paupers, at the very lowest computation.

"Are you fond of pictures, dear?" inquired the old lady, seeing that Oliver had fixed his eyes most intently on a portrait which hung against the wall just opposite his chair.

"I don't quite know, ma'am," said Oliver, without taking his eyes from the canvass; "I have seen so few,

that I hardly know. What a beautiful mild face that lady's is!"

"Ah," said the old lady, "painters always make ladies out prettier than they are, or they wouldn't get any custom, child. The man that invented the machine for taking likenesses might have known *that* would never succeed; it's a deal too honest,—a deal," said the old lady, laughing very heartily at her own acuteness.

"Is—is that a likeness, ma'am?" said Oliver.

"Yes," said the old lady, looking up for a moment from the broth; "that's a portrait."

"Whose, ma'am?" asked Oliver eagerly.

"Why, really, my dear, I don't know," answered the old lady in a good-humoured manner. "It's not a likeness of anybody that you or I know, I expect. It seems to strike your fancy, dear."

"It is so very pretty—so very beautiful," replied Oliver.

"Why, sure you're not afraid of it?" said the old lady, observing in great surprise the look of awe with which the child regarded the painting.

"Oh no, no," returned Oliver quickly; "but the eyes look so sorrowful, and where I sit they seem fixed upon me. 'It makes my heart beat,' added Oliver in a low voice, "as if it was alive, and wanted to speak to me, but couldn't."

"Lord, save us!" exclaimed the old lady, starting; "don't talk in that way, child. You're weak and nervous after your illness. Let me wheel your chair round to the other side, and then you won't see it. There," said the old lady, suiting the action to the word; "you don't see it now, at all events."

Oliver *did* see it in his mind's eye as distinctly as if he had not altered his position, but he thought it better not to worry the kind old lady; so he smiled gently when she looked at him, and Mrs. Bedwin, satisfied that he felt more comfortable, salted and broke bits of toasted bread into the broth with all the bustle befitting so solemn a preparation. Oliver got through it with extraordinary expedition, and had scarcely swallowed the last spoonful when there came a soft tap at the door. "Come in," said the old lady; and in walked Mr. Brownlow.

Now the old gentleman came in as brisk as need be; but he had no sooner raised his spectacles on his forehead, and thrust his hands behind the skirts of his dressing-gown to take a good long look at Oliver, than his countenance underwent a very great variety of odd contortions. Oliver looked very worn and shadowy from sickness, and made an ineffectual attempt to stand up, out of respect to his benefactor, which terminated in his sinking back into the chair again; and the fact is, if the truth must be told, that Mr. Brownlow's heart being large enough for any six ordinary old gentlemen of humane disposition, forced a supply of tears into his

eyes by some hydraulic process which we are not sufficiently philosophical to be in a condition to explain.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Mr. Brownlow clearing his throat. "I'm rather hoarse this morning, Mrs. Bedwin; I'm afraid I have caught cold."

"I hope not, sir," said Mrs. Bedwin. "Everything you have had has been well aired, sir."

"I don't know, Bedwin,—I don't know," said Mr. Brownlow; "I rather think I had a damp napkin at dinner-time yesterday: but never mind that. How do you feel, my dear?"

"Very happy, sir," replied Oliver, "and very grateful indeed, sir, for your goodness to me."

"Good boy," said Mr. Brownlow stoutly. "Have you given him any nourishment, Bedwin?—any slops, eh?"

"He has just had a basin of beautiful strong broth, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin, drawing herself up slightly, and laying a strong emphasis on the last word, to intimate that between slops, and broth well compounded, there existed no affinity or connexion whatsoever.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Brownlow, with a slight shudder; "a couple of glasses of port wine would have done him a great deal more good,—wouldn't they, Tom White,—eh?"

"My name is Oliver, sir," replied the little invalid with a look of great astonishment.

"Oliver!" said Mr. Brownlow; "Oliver what? Oliver White,—eh?"

"No, sir, Twist,—Oliver Twist."

"Queer name," said the old gentleman. "What made you tell the magistrate your name was Tom White?"

"I never told him so, sir," returned Oliver in amazement.

This sounded so like a falsehood, that the old gentleman looked somewhat sternly in Oliver's face. It was impossible to doubt him; there was truth in every one of its thin and sharpened lineaments.

"Some mistake," said Mr. Brownlow. But, although his motive for looking steadily at Oliver no longer existed, the old idea of the resemblance between his features and some familiar face came upon him so strongly that he could not withdraw his gaze.

"I hope you are not angry with me, sir," said Oliver, raising his eyes beseechingly.

"No, no," replied the old gentleman.—"Gracious God, what's this! Bedwin, look, look there!"

As he spoke, he pointed hastily to the picture above Oliver's head, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy, the eyes, the head, the mouth; every feature was the same. The expression was for the instant so precisely alike, that the minutest line seemed copied with an accuracy which was perfectly unearthly.

Oliver knew not the cause of this sudden exclamation, for he was not strong enough to bear the start it gave him, and he fainted away.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH

Reverts to the merry old gentleman and his youthful friends, through whom a new acquaintance is introduced to the intelligent reader, and connected with whom various pleasant matters are related appertaining to this history.

When the Dodger and his accomplished friend Master Bates joined in the hue and cry which was raised at Oliver's heels, in consequence of their executing an illegal conveyance of Mr. Brownlow's personal property, as hath been already described with great perspicuity in a foregoing chapter, they were actuated, as we therein took occasion to observe, by a very laudable and becoming regard for themselves: inasmuch as the freedom of the subject and the liberty of the individual are among the first and proudest boasts of a true-hearted Englishman, so I need hardly beg the reader to observe that this action must tend to exalt them in the opinion of all public and patriotic men, in almost as great a degree as this strong pressure of their anxiety for their own preservation and safety: to corroborate and confirm the little code of laws which certain profound and sound-judging philosophers have laid down as the mainsprings of all Madam Nature's deeds and actions; the said philosophers very wisely reducing the good lady's proceedings to matter of maxim and theory, and, by a very neat and pretty compliment to her exalted wisdom and understanding, putting entirely out of sight any considerations of benevolence or generous impulse and feeling, as matters which lie beneath a female who is acknowledged by universal admission to be so far beyond the numerous little foibles and weaknesses of her sex.

If I wanted any further proof of the strictly philosophical nature of the conduct of these young gentlemen in their very delicate predicament, I should only once find it in the fact (also recorded in a foregoing part of this narrative) of their quitting the pursuit: when the general attention was fixed upon Oliver, and made him immediately for their home by the shortest possible cut; for although I do not mean to assert that it is the practice of renowned and learned sages all to shorten the road to any great conclusion, their course indeed being rather to lengthen the distance by various circumlocutions and discursive staggerings, like those which drunken men under the pressure of a too mighty flow of ideas are prone to indulge, still I do mean to say, and do say distinctly, that it is the invariable practice of all mighty philosophers, in carrying out their theories, to evince great wisdom and foresight in providing against every possible contingency which can be supposed at all likely to affect themselves. Thus, to do a great right, you may do a little wrong, and you may take any means which the end to be attained will

justify; the amount of the right or the amount of the wrong, or indeed the distinction between the two, being left entirely to the philosopher concerned: to be settled and determined by his clear, comprehensive, and impartial view of his own particular case.

It was not until the two boys had scoured with great rapidity through a most intricate maze of narrow streets and courts, that they ventured to halt by common consent beneath a low and dark archway. Having remained silent here, just long enough to recover breath to speak, Master Bates uttered an exclamation of amusement and delight, and, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, flung himself upon a doorstep, and rolled thereon in a transport of mirth.

"What's the matter?" inquired the Dodger.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Charley Bates.

"Hold your noise," remonstrated the Dodger, looking cautiously round. "Do you want to be grabbed, stupid?"

"I can't help it," said Charley, "I can't help it. To see him splitting away at that pace, and cutting round the corners, and knocking up against the posts, and starting on again as if he was made of iron as well as them, and me with the wipe in my pocket, singing out arter him—oh, my eye!" The vivid imagination of Master Bates presented the scene before him in too strong colours. As he arrived at this apostrophe, he again rolled upon the door-step and laughed louder than before.

"What'll Fagin say?" inquired the Dodger, taking advantage of the next interval of breathlessness on the part of his friend to propound the question.

"What!" repeated Charley Bates.

"Ah, what?" said the Dodger.

"Why, what should he say?" inquired Charley, stopping rather suddenly in his merriment, for the Dodger's manner was impressive; "what should he say?"

Mr. Dawkins whistled for a couple of minutes, and then, taking off his hat, scratched his head and nodded in silence.

"What do you mean?" said Charley.

"Toor rul lul loo, gammon and spinnage, the frog wouldn't, and high cockolorum," said the Dodger, with a slight sneer on his intellectual countenance.

This was explanatory, but not satisfactory. Mr. Bates felt it so, and again said, "What do you mean?" The Dodger made no reply, but putting his hat on again, and gathering the skirts of his long-tailed coat under his arms, thrust his tongue into his cheek, slapped the bridge of his nose some half-dozen times in a familiar but expressive manner, and then, turning on his heel, slunk down the court. Mr. Bates followed, with a thoughtful countenance.

The noise of footsteps on the creaking stairs a few minutes after the occurrence of this conversation roused

the merry old gentleman as he sat over the fire with a saveloy and a small loaf in his left hand, a pocket-knife in his right, and a pewter pot on the trivet. There was a rascally smile on his white face as he turned round, and, looking sharply out from under his thick red eyebrows, bent his ear towards the door and listened intently.

"Why, how's this?" muttered the Jew, changing countenance; "only two of 'em! Where's the third? They can't have got into trouble. Hark!"

The footsteps approached nearer; they reached the landing, the door was slowly opened, and the Dodger and Charley Bates entered and closed it behind them.

"Where's Oliver, you young hounds?" said the furious Jew, rising with a menacing look: "where's the boy?"

The young thieves eyed their preceptor as if they were alarmed at his violence, and looked uneasily at each other, but made no reply.

"What's become of the boy?" said the Jew, seizing the Dodger tightly by the collar, and threatening him with horrid imprecations. "Speak out, or I'll throttle you?"

Mr. Fagin looked so very much in earnest, that Charley Bates, who deemed it prudent in all cases to be on the safe side, and conceived it by no means improbable that it might be his turn to be throttled second, dropped upon his knees, and raised a loud, well-sustained, and continuous roar, something between an insane bull and a speaking-trumpet.

"Will you speak?" thundered the Jew, shaking the Dodger so much that his keeping in the big coat at all seemed perfectly miraculous.

"Why, the traps have got him, and that's all about it," said the Dodger sullenly. "Come, let go o' me, will yer!" and, swinging himself at one jerk clean out of the big coat, which he left in the Jew's hands, the Dodger snatched up the toasting-fork and made a pass at the merry old gentleman's waistcoat, which if it had taken effect, would have let a little more merriment out than could have been easily replaced in a month or two.

The Jew stepped back in this emergency with more agility than could have been anticipated in a man of his apparent decrepitude, and, seizing up the pot, prepared to hurl it at his assailant's head. But Charley Bates at this moment calling his attention by a perfectly terrific howl, he suddenly altered its destination, and flung it full at that young gentleman.

"Why, what the blazes is in the wind now!" growled a deep voice. "Who pitched that 'ere at me? It's well it's the beer and not the pot as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. I might have know'd as nobody but an infernal rich, plundering, thundering old Jew could afford to throw away any drink but water, and not that, unless he done the River Company every

quarter. Wot's it all about, Fagin. D—me if my neckankecher an't lined with beer. Come in, you sneaking warmint; wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master. Come in!"

The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-forty, in a black velvet coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half boots, and gray cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves,—the kind of legs which in such costume always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which, he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke, disclosing when he had done so a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

"Come in, d'ye hear?" growled this engaging-looking ruffian. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

"Why didn't you come in afore?" said the man, "You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!"

This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes about twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

"What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous, avaricious, in-sa-ti-a-ble old fence?" said the man, seating himself deliberately. "I wonder they don't murder you; I would if I was them. If I'd been your 'prentice I'd have done it long ago; and—no, I couldn't have sold you arterwards, though; for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle, and I suppose they don't blow them large enough."

"Hush! hush! Mr. Sikes," said the Jew, trembling; "don't speak so loud."

"None of your mistering," replied the ruffian; "you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it. I shan't disgrace it when the time comes."

"Well, well, then, Bill Sikes," said the Jew with abject humility. "You seem out of humour, Bill."

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes. "I should think you were rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and——"

"Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve, and pointing towards the boys.

Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then in cast terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

"And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

This was said in jest; but if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish, at events, to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

After swallowing two or three glassfuls of spirits Mr. Sikes condescended to take some notice of the young gentlemen; which gracious act led to a conversation in which the cause and manner of Oliver's capture were circumstantially detailed, with such alterations and improvements on the truth as to the Dodger appeared most advisable under the circumstances.

"I'm afraid," said the Jew, "that he may say something which will get us into trouble."

"That's very likely," returned Sikes with a malicious grin. "You're blowed upon Fagin."

"And I'm afraid, you see," added the Jew, speaking as if he had not noticed the interruption, and regarding the other closely as he did so,—"I'm afraid that if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more; and that it would come out much worse for you than it would for me, my dear."

The man started, and turned fiercely round upon the Jew; but the old gentleman's shoulders were shrugged up to his ears, and his eyes were vacantly staring at the opposite wall.

There was a long pause. Every member of the respectable coterie appeared plunged in his own reflections, not excepting the dog, who by a continual malicious licking of his lips seemed to be meditating an attack upon the legs of the first gentleman on whom he might encounter in the street when he went out.

"Somebody must find out what's been done at the office," said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in.

The Jew nodded assent.

"If he hasn't peached, and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes, "and then he must be taken care on. You must get hold of him somehow."

Again the Jew nodded.

The prudence of this line of action, indeed, was obvious; but unfortunately there was one very strong objection to its being adopted; and this was, that the Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Fagin, and

William Sikes, happened one and all to entertain a most violent and deep-rooted antipathy to going near a police-office on any ground or pretext whatever.

How long they might have sat and looked at each other in a state of uncertainty not the most pleasant of its kind, it is difficult to say. It is not necessary to make any guesses on the subject, however, for the sudden entrance of the two young ladies whom Oliver had seen on a former occasion caused the conversation to flow afresh.

"The very thing!" said the Jew. "Bet will go; won't you, my dear?"

"Wheres?" inquired the young lady.

"Only just up to the office, my dear," said the Jew coaxingly.

It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic and earnest desire to be "jiggered" if she would; a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good-breeding that cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

The Jew's countenance fell, and he turned to the other young lady, who was gaily, not to say gorgeously attired, in a red gown, green boots, and yellow curl-papers.

"Nancy, my dear," said the Jew in a soothing manner, "what do *you* say?"

"That it won't do; so it's no use a trying it on, Fagin," replied Nancy.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

"What I say, Bill," replied the lady collectedly.

"Why, you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes: "nobody about here knows anything of you."

"And as I don't want 'em to, neither," replied Miss Nancy in the same composed manner, "it's rayther more no than yes with me, Bill."

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

"No, she won't, Fagin," bawled Nancy.

"Yes she will, Fagin," said Sikes.

And Mr. Sikes was right. By dint of alternate threats, promises, and bribes, the engaging female in question was ultimately prevailed upon to undertake the commission. She was not indeed withheld by the same considerations as her agreeable friend, for, having very recently removed into the neighbourhood of Field-lane from the remote but genteel suburb of Ratcliffe, she was not under the same apprehension of being recognised by any of her numerous acquaintance.

Accordingly, with a clean white apron tied over the red gown, and the yellow curl-papers tucked up under a straw bonnet,—both articles of dress being provided from the Jew's inexhaustible stock,—Miss Nancy prepared to issue forth on her errand.

"Stop a minute, my dear," said the Jew, producing a little covered basket. "Carry that in one hand; it looks more respectable, my dear."

"Give her a door-key to carry in her t'other one, Fagin," said Sikes; "it looks real and genivine like."

"Yes, yes, my dear, so it does," said the Jew, hanging the large street-door key on the fore-finger of the young lady's right hand. "There; very good,—very good indeed, my dear," said the Jew, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, my brother! my poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, bursting into tears, and wringing the little basket and the street door-key in an agony of distress. "What has become of him!—where have they taken him to! Oh, do have pity, and tell me what's been done with the dear boy, gentlemen; do, gentlemen, if you please, gentlemen."

Having uttered these words in a most lamentable and heart-broken tone, to the immeasurable delight of her hearers, Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly round, and disappeared.

"Ah! she's a clever girl, my dears," said the Jew, turning to his young friends, and shaking his head gravely, as if in mute admonition to them to follow the bright example they had just beheld.

"She's a honour to her sex," said Mr. Sikes, filling his glass, and smiting the table with his enormous fist. Here's her health, and wishing they was all like her!"

While these and many other encomiums were being passed on the accomplished Miss Nancy, that young lady made the best of her way to the police-office; whither, notwithstanding a little natural timidity consequent upon walking through the streets alone and unprotected, she arrived in perfect safety shortly afterwards.

Entering by the back way, she tapped softly with the key at one of the cell-doors and listened. There was no sound within, so she coughed and listened again. Still there was no reply, so she spoke.

"Nolly, dear?" murmured Nancy in a gentle voice;—"Nolly?"

There was nobody inside but a miserable shoeless criminal, who had been taken up for playing the flute, and who—the offence against society having been clearly proved—had been very properly committed by Mr. Fang to the House of Correction for one month, with the appropriate and amusing remark that since he had got so much breath to spare, it would be much more wholesomely expended on the treadmill than in a musical instrument. He made no answer, being occupied in mentally bewailing the loss of the flute, which had been confiscated for the use of the county; so Miss Nancy passed on to the next cell, and knocked there.

"Well," cried a faint and feeble voice.

"Is there a little boy here?" inquired Miss Nancy with a preliminary sob.

"No," replied the voice; "God forbid!"

This was a vagrant of sixty-five, who was going to prison for *not* playing the flute, or, in other words, for begging in the streets, and doing nothing for his livelihood. In the next cell was another man, who was going to the same prison for hawking tin saucepans without a license, thereby doing something for his living in defiance of the Stamp-office.

But as neither of these criminals answered to the name of Oliver, or knew anything about him, Miss Nancy made straight up to the bluff officer in the striped waistcoat, and with the most piteous wailings and lamentations, rendered more piteous by a prompt and efficient use of the street-door key and the little basket, demanded her own dear brother.

"I haven't got him, my dear," said the old man.

"Where is he?" screamed Miss Nancy in a distracted manner.

"Why, the gentleman's got him," replied the officer.

"What gentleman? Oh, gracious heavins! what gentleman?" exclaimed Miss Nancy.

In reply to this incoherent questioning the old man informed the deeply affected sister that Oliver had been taken ill in the office, and discharged in consequence of a witness having proved the robbery to have been committed by another boy not in custody; and that the prosecutor had carried him away in an insensible condition to his own residence, of and concerning which all the informant knew was, that it was somewhere at Pentonville, he having heard that word mentioned in the directions to the coachman.

In a dreadful state of doubt and uncertainty the agonized young woman staggered to the gate, and then, —exchanging her faltering gait for a good swift steady run, returned by the most devious and complicated route she could think of to the domicile of the Jew.

Mr. Bill Sikes no sooner heard the account of the expedition delivered, than he very hastily called up the white dog, and, putting on his hat, expeditiously departed, without devoting any time to the formality of wishing the company good morning.

"We must know where he is, my dears; he must be found," said the Jew, greatly excited. "Charley, do nothing but skulk about, till you bring home some news of him. Nancy, my dear, I must have him found: I trust to you, my dear,—to you and the Artful for every thing. Stay, stay," added the Jew, unlocking a drawer with a shaking hand; "there's money, my dears. I shall shut up this shop to-night: you'll know where to find me. Don't stop here a minute,—not an instant, my dears!"

With these words he pushed them from the room, and carefully double-locking and barring the door behind them, drew from its place of concealment the box which he had unintentionally disclosed to Oliver, and hastily proceeded to dispose the watches and jewellery beneath his clothing.

A rap at the door startled him in this occupation. "Who's there?" he cried in a shrill tone of alarm.

"Me!" replied the voice of the Dodger through the keyhole.

"What now?" cried the Jew impatiently.

"Is he to be kidnapped to the other ken, Nancy says?" inquired the Dodger cautiously.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "wherever she lays hands on him. Find him, find him out, that's all; and I shall know what to do next, never fear."

The boy murmured a reply of intelligence, and hurried down stairs after his companions.

"He has not peached so far," said the Jew as he pursued his occupation. "If he means to blab us among his new friends, we may stop his windpipe yet."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

Comprising further particulars of Oliver's stay at Mr. Brownlow's, with the remarkable prediction which Mr. Grimwig uttered concerning him, when he was out on an errand.

Oliver soon recovered from the fainting-fit into which Mr. Brownlow's abrupt exclamation had thrown him, and the subject of the picture was carefully avoided both by the old gentleman and Mrs. Bedwin, in the conversation that ensued, which indeed bore no reference to Oliver's history or prospects, but was confined to such topics as might amuse without exciting him. He was still too weak to get up to breakfast; but, when he came down into the housekeeper's room the next day, his first act was to cast an eager glance at the wall, in the hope of again looking on the face of the beautiful lady. His expectations were disappointed, however, for the picture had been removed.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, watching the direction of Oliver's eyes. "It is gone, you see."

"I see it is, ma'am," replied Oliver with a sigh. "Why have they taken it away?"

"It has been taken down, child, because Mr. Brownlow said, that, as it seemed to worry you, perhaps it might prevent your getting well, you know," rejoined the old lady.

"Oh, no, indeed it didn't worry me, ma'am," said Oliver. "I liked to see it; I quite loved it."

"Well, well!" said the old lady, good-humouredly. "you get well as fast as ever you can, dear, and it shall be hung up again. 'There, I promise you that; now let us talk about something else.'"

This was all the information that Oliver could obtain about the picture at that time, and as the old lady had been so kind to him in his illness, he endeavoured to think no more of the subject just then; so listened attentively to a great many stories she told him about an amiable and handsome daughter of hers, who was married to an amiable and handsome man, and lived in the country; and a son who was clerk to a merchant

the West Indies, and who was also such a good young man, and wrote such 'dutiful letters home four times a year, that it brought the tears into her eyes to talk about them. When the old lady had expatiated a long time on the excellences of her children, and the merits of her kind good husband besides, who had been dead and gone, poor dear soul! just six-and-twenty years, it was time to have tea; and after tea she began to teach Oliver cribbage, which he learnt as quickly as she could teach, and at which game they played, with great interest and gravity, until it was time for the invalid to have some warm wine and water, with a slice of dry toast, and to go cosily to bed.

They were happy days those of Oliver's recovery. Everything was so quiet, and neat, and orderly, everything so kind and gentle, that after the noise and turbulence in the midst of which he had always lived, it seemed like heaven itself. He was no sooner strong enough to put his clothes on properly, than Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes, to be provided for him. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant who had been very kind to him, and asked her to sell them to a Jew, and keep the money for herself. This she very readily did; and, as Oliver looked out of the parlour window, and saw the Jew roll them up in his bag and walk away, he felt quite delighted to think that they were safely gone, and that there was now no possible danger of his ever being able to wear them again. They were old rags, to tell the truth; and Oliver had never had a new suit before.

One evening, about a week after the affair of the picture, as Oliver was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message down from Mr. Brownlow, that Oliver Twist felt well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while.

"Bless us, and save us! wash your hands, and let me part your hair nicely for you child," said Mrs. Bedwin. "Dear heart alive! if we had known he would have asked for you, we would have put you a clean collar on, and made you as smart as sixpence."

Oliver did as the old lady bade him, and although he lamented grievously meanwhile that there was not even time to crimp the little frill that bordered his shirt-collar, he looked so delicate and handsome, despite that important personal advantage, that she went so far as to say, looking at him with great complacency from head to foot, that she really didn't think it would have been possible on the longest notice to have made much difference in him for the better.

Thus encouraged, Oliver tapped at the study door, and, on Mr. Brownlow calling to him to come in, found himself in a little back room, quite full of books, with a window looking into some pleasant little gardens.

There was a table drawn up before the window, at which Mr. Brownlow was seated reading. When he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away from him, and told him to come near the table and sit down. Oliver complied, marvelling where the people could be found to read such a great number of books as seemed to be written to make the world wiser,—which is still a marvel to more experienced people than Oliver Twist every day of their lives.

"There are a good many books, are there not, my boy?" said Mr. Brownlow, observing the curiosity with which Oliver surveyed the shelves that reached from the floor to the ceiling.

"A great number, sir," replied Oliver; "I never saw so many."

"You shall read them if you behave well," said the old gentleman kindly; "and you will like that better than looking at the outsides,—that is, in some cases, because there *are* books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts."

"I suppose they are those heavy ones, sir," said Oliver, pointing to some large quartos with a good deal of gilding about the binding.

"Not those," said the old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head, and smiling as he did so; "but other equally heavy ones, though of a much smaller size. How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books, eh?"

"I think I would rather read them, sir," replied Oliver.

"What! wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, composing his features, "don't be afraid; we won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to."

"Thank you, sir," said Oliver; and at the earnest manner of his reply the old gentleman laughed again, and said something about a curious instinct, which Oliver not understanding, paid no very great attention to.

"Now," said Mr. Brownlow, speaking if possible in a kinder, but at the same time in a much more serious manner than Oliver had ever heard him speak in yet, "I want you to pay great attention, my boy, to what I am going to say. I shall talk to you without any reserve, because I am sure you are as well able to understand me as many older persons would be."

"Oh, don't tell me you are going to send me away, sir, pray!" exclaimed Oliver, alarmed by the serious

tone of the old gentleman's commencement; "don't turn me out of doors to wander in the streets again. Let me stay here and be a servant. Don't send me back to the wretched place I came from. Have mercy upon a poor boy, sir, do!"

"My dear child," said the old gentleman, moved by the warmth of Oliver's sudden appeal, "you need not be afraid of my deserting you, unless you give me cause."

"I never, never will, sir," interposed Oliver.

"I hope not," rejoined the old gentleman; "I do not think you ever will. I have been deceived before, in the objects whom I have endeavoured to benefit; but I feel strongly disposed to trust you, nevertheless, and more strongly interested in your behalf than I can well account for, even to myself. The persons on whom I have bestowed my dearest love lie deep in their graves; but, although the happiness and delight of my life lie buried there too, I have not made a coffin of my heart, and sealed it up for ever on my best affections. Deep affliction has only made them stronger; it ought, I think, for it should refine our nature."

As the old gentleman said this in a low voice, more to himself than to his companion, and remained silent for a short time afterwards, Oliver sat quite still, almost afraid to breathe.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman at length in a more cheerful voice, "I only say this because you have a young heart; and knowing that I have suffered great pain and sorrow, you will be more careful, perhaps, not to wound me again. You say you are an orphan, without a friend in the world; and all the inquiries I have been able to make confirm the statement. Let me hear your story; where you came from, who brought you up, and how you got into the company in which I found you. Speak the truth; and if I find you have committed no crime, you will never be friendless while I live."

Oliver's sobs quite checked his utterance for some minutes; and just when he was on the point of beginning to relate how he had been brought up at the farm, and carried to the workhouse by Mr. Bumble, a peculiarly impatient little double-knock was heard at the street door, and the servant running up stairs, announced Mr. Grimwig.

"Is he coming up?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He asked if there were any muffins in the house, and, when I told him yes, he said he had come to tea."

Mr. Brownlow smiled, and turning to Oliver, said Mr. Grimwig was an old friend of his, and he must not mind his being a little rough in his manners, for he was a worthy creature at bottom, as he had reason to know.

"Shall I go down stairs, sir?" inquired Oliver.

"No," replied Mr. Brownlow; "I would rather you stopped here."

At this moment there walked into the room, supporting himself by a thick stick, a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up green. A very small-plaited shirt-frill stuck out from his waistcoat, and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange;—the variety of shape into which his countenance was twisted defied description. He had a manner of screwing his head round one side when he spoke, and looking out of the corner of his eyes at the same time, which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude he fixed himself the moment he made his appearance; and, holding out a small piece of orange-peel at arm's length, he exclaimed in a growling, discontented voice,

"Look here! do you see this? Isn't it a most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call a man's house but I find a piece of this cursed poison-geon's-friend on the staircase! I've been lamed by orange-peel once, and I know orange-peel will be my death at last. It will, sir; orange-peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own head, sir!" This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig began, and confirmed nearly every assertion that he made; it was the more singular in his case, because, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head in the event of his being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, than the most valiant guine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting, to put entirely at rest the question a very thick coating of powder.

"I'll eat my head, sir," repeated Mr. Grimwig, striking his stick upon the ground. "Hallo! what's that?" he added, looking at Oliver, and retreating a pace or two.

"This is young Oliver Twist, whom we were speaking about," said Mr. Brownlow.

Oliver bowed.

"You don't mean to say that's the boy that had the fever, I hope?" said Mr. Grimwig, recoiling a little further. "Wait a minute, don't speak; stop—" continued Mr. Grimwig abruptly, losing all dread of the fever in his triumph at the discovery: "that's the boy that had the orange! If that's not the boy, sir, that had the orange, and threw this bit of peel upon the staircase, case, I'll eat my head and his too."

"No, no, he has not had one," said Mr. Brownlow.

laughing. "Come, put down your hat, and speak to my young friend."

"I feel strongly on this subject, sir," said the irritable old gentleman, drawing off his gloves. "There's always more or less orange-peel on the pavement in our street, and I *know* it's put there by the surgeon's boy at the corner. A young woman stumbled over a bit last night, and fell against my garden railings; directly she got up I saw her look towards his infernal red lamp with the pantomime-light. 'Don't go to him,' I called out of the window, 'he's an assassin,—a man-trap!' So he is. If he is not——" Here the irascible old gentleman gave a great knock on the ground with his stick, which was always understood by his friends to imply the customary offer whenever it was not expressed in words. Then, still keeping his stick in his hand, he sat down, and, opening a double eye-glass which he wore attached to a broad black riband, took a view of Oliver, who, seeing that he was the object of inspection, coloured, and bowed again.

"That's the boy, is it?" said Mr. Grimwig at length.

"That is the boy," replied Mr. Brownlow, nodding good-humouredly to Oliver.

"How are you, boy?" said Mr. Grimwig.

"A great deal better, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

Mr. Brownlow, seeming to apprehend that his singular friend was about to say something disagreeable, asked Oliver to step down stairs, and tell Mrs. Bedwin they were ready for tea, which, as he did not half like the visitor's manner, he was very happy to do.

"He is a nice looking boy, is he not?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

"I don't know," replied Grimwig pettishly.

"Don't know?"

"No, I don't know. I never see any difference in boys. I only know two sorts of boys,—mealy boys, and beef-faced boys.

"And which is Oliver?"

"Mealy. I know a friend who's got a beef-faced boy; a fine boy they call him, with a round head, and red cheeks, and glaring eyes; a horrid boy, with a body and limbs that appear to be swelling out of the seams of his blue clothes—with the voice of a pilot, and the appetite of a wolf. I know him, the wretch!"

"Come," said Mr. Brownlow, "these are not the characteristics of young Oliver Twist; so he needn't excite your wrath."

"They are not," replied Grimwig. "He may have worse."

Here Mr. Brownlow coughed impatiently, which appeared to afford Mr. Grimwig the most exquisite delight.

"He may have worse, I say," repeated Mr. Grim-

wig. "Where does he come from? Who is he? What is he? He has had a fever—what of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people, are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes, haven't they, eh? I knew a man that was hung in Jamaica for murdering his master; he had had a fever six times; he wasn't recommended to mercy on that account. Pooh! nonsense!"

Now, the fact was, that, in the inmost recesses of his own heart, Mr. Grimwig was strongly disposed to admit that Oliver's appearance and manner were unusually prepossessing, but he had a strong appetite for contradiction, sharpened on this occasion by the finding of the orange peel; and inwardly determining that no man should dictate to him whether a boy was well looking or not, he had resolved from the first to oppose his friend. When Mr. Brownlow admitted that on no one point of inquiry could he yet return any satisfactory answer, and that he had postponed any investigation into Oliver's previous history until he thought the boy was strong enough to bear it, Mr. Grimwig chuckled maliciously, and demanded, with a sneer, whether the housekeeper was in the habit of counting the plate at night; because, if she didn't find a table-spoon or two missing some sunshiny morning, why, he would be content to —, et cetera.

All this Mr. Brownlow, although himself somewhat of an impetuous gentleman, knowing his friend's peculiarities, bore with great good humour; and as Mr. Grimwig, at tea, was graciously pleased to express his entire approval of the muffins, matters went on very smoothly, and Oliver, who made one of the party, began to feel more at his ease than he had yet done in the fierce old gentleman's presence.

"And when are you going to hear a full, true, and particular account of the life and adventures of Oliver Twist?" asked Grimwig of Mr. Brownlow, at the conclusion of the meal: looking sideways at Oliver as he resumed the subject.

"To-morrow morning," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I would rather he was alone with me at the time. Come up to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, my dear."

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver. He answered with some hesitation, because he was confused by Mr. Grimwig's looking so hard at him.

"I'll tell you what," whispered that gentleman to Mr. Brownlow; "he won't come up to you to-morrow morning. I saw him hesitate. He is deceiving you, my dear friend."

"I'll swear he is not," replied Mr. Brownlow, warmly.

"If he is not," said Mr. Grimwig, "I'll —," and down went the stick.

"I'll answer for that boy's truth with my life," said Mr. Brownlow, knocking the table.

"And I for his falsehood with my head," rejoined Mr. Grimwig, knocking the table also.

"We shall see," said Mr. Brownlow, checking his rising passion.

"We will," replied Mr. Grimwig, with a provoking smile; "we will."

As fate would have it, Mrs. Bedwin chanced to bring in at this moment a small parcel of books which Mr. Brownlow had that morning purchased of the identical book-stall keeper who has already figured in this history; which having laid on the table, she prepared to leave the room.

"Stop the boy, Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow; "there is something to go back."

"He has gone, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin.

"Call after him," said Mr. Brownlow; "it's particular. He's a poor man, and they are not paid for. There are some books to be taken back, too."

The street-door was opened. Oliver ran one way, and the girl another, and Mrs. Bedwin stood on the step and screamed for the boy; but there was no boy in sight, and both Oliver and the girl returned in a breathless state to report that there were no tidings of him.

"Dear me, I am very sorry for that," exclaimed Mr. Brownlow; "I particularly wished those books to be returned to night."

"Send Oliver with them," said Mr. Grimwig, with an ironical smile; "he will be sure to deliver them safely, you know."

"Yes; do let me take them, if you please, sir," said Oliver; "I'll run all the way, sir."

The old gentleman was just going to say that Oliver should not go out on any account, when a most malicious cough from Mr. Grimwig determined him that he should, and by his prompt discharge of the commission prove to him the injustice of his suspicions, on this head at least, at once.

"You *shall* go, my dear," said the old gentleman. "The books are on a chair by my table. Fetch them down."

Oliver, delighted to be of use, brought down the books under his arm in a great bustle, and waited, cap in hand, to hear what message he was to take.

"You are to say," said Mr. Brownlow, glancing steadily at Grimwig,—*"You are to say that you have brought those books back, and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five pound note, so you will have to bring me back ten shillings change."*

"I won't be ten minutes, sir," replied Oliver eagerly; and, having buttoned up the bank-note in his jacket-pocket, and placed the books carefully under his arm, he made a respectful bow, and left the room. Mrs. Bedwin followed him to the street-door, giving him many directions about the nearest way, and the name

of the bookseller, and the name of the street, all which Oliver said he clearly understood; and, having superadded many injunctions to be sure and not tarry, the careful old lady at length permitted him to depart.

"Bless his sweet face!" said the old lady, looking after him. "I can't bear, somehow, to let him go out of my sight."

At this moment Oliver looked gaily round, and added before he turned the corner. The old lady smilingly returned his salutation, and closing the door, went back to her own room.

"Let me see; he'll be back in twenty minutes at the longest," said Mr. Brownlow, pulling out his watch, and placing it on the table. "It will be so by that time."

"Oh! you really expect him to come back, do you?" inquired Mr. Grimwig.

"Don't you?" asked Mr. Brownlow, smiling.

The spirit of contradiction was strong in Mr. Brownlow's breast at the moment, and it was rendered stronger by his friend's confident smile.

"No," he said, smiting the table with his fist, "do not. The boy has got a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five pound note in his pocket; he'll join his old friends the thieves, and laugh at you. If ever that boy returns to this house, sir, I'll eat my head."

With these words he drew his chair closer to the table, and there the two friends sat in silent expectation, with the watch between them. It is worth remark, as illustrating the importance we attach to our own judgments, and the pride with which we guard our most rash and hasty conclusions, that, although Mr. Grimwig was not a bad-hearted man, and would have been unfeignedly sorry to see his respected friend duped and deceived, he really did most earnestly and strongly hope at that moment that Oliver Twist would not come back. Of such contradictions is human nature made up!

It grew so dark that the figures on the dial were scarcely discernible; but there the two old gentlemen continued to sit in silence, with the watch between them.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

Showing how very fond of Oliver Twist, the merry Jew and Miss Nancy were.

If it did not come strictly within the scope and bearing of my long-considered intentions and plans regarding this prose epic (for such I mean to be,) to leave the two old gentlemen sitting with the watch between them long after it grew too dark to see it, and both doing nothing but waiting for Oliver's return, the one in triumph, and the other

in sorrow, I might take occasion to entertain the reader with many wise reflections on the obvious impolicy of ever attempting to do good to our fellow-creatures where there is no hope of earthly reward; or rather on the strict policy of betraying some slight degree of charity or sympathy in one particularly unpromising case, and then abandoning such weaknesses for ever. I am aware that, in advising even this slight dereliction from the paths of prudence and worldliness, I lay myself open to the censure of many excellent and respectable persons, who have long walked therein! but I venture to contend, nevertheless, that the advantages of the proceeding are manifold and lasting. As thus: if the object selected should happen most unexpectedly to turn out well, and to thrive and amend upon the assistance you have afforded him, he will, in pure gratitude and fulness of heart, laud your goodness to the skies; your character will be thus established, and you will pass through the world as a most estimable person, who does a vast deal of good in secret, not one-twentieth part of which will ever see the light. If, on the contrary, his bad character become notorious, and his profligacy a by-word, you place yourself in the excellent position of having attempted to bestow relief most disinterestedly; of having become misanthropical in consequence of the treachery of its object; and of having made a rash and solemn vow, (which no one regrets more than yourself,) never to help or relieve any man, woman, or child, again, lest you should be similarly deceived. I know a great number of persons in both situations at this moment, and I can safely assert that they are the most generally respected and esteemed of any in the whole circle of my acquaintance.

But, as Mr. Brownlow was not one of these: as he obstinately persevered in doing good for its own sake, and the gratification of heart it yielded him; as no failure dispirited him, and no ingratitude in individual cases tempted him to wreak his vengeance on the whole human race, I shall not enter into any such digression in this place: and, if this be not a sufficient reason for this determination, I have a better, and, indeed, a wholly unanswerable one, already stated; which is, that it forms no part of my original intention so to do.

In the obscure parlour of a low public house, situated in the filthiest part of Little Saffron-Hill,—a dark and gloomy den, where a flaring gas-light burnt all day in the winter-time, and where no ray of sun ever shone in the summer,—there sat, brooding over a little pewter measure and a small glass, strongly impregnated with the smell of liquor, a man in a velvet coat, drab boots, half boots, and stockings, whom, even by that dim light, no experienced agent of police would have hesitated for one instant to recognise as Mr. William

Sikes. At his feet sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog, who occupied himself alternately in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time, and in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict.

“Keep quiet, you warmin’! keep quiet!” said Mr. Sikes, suddenly breaking silence. Whether his meditations were so intense as to be disturbed by the dog’s winking, or whether his feelings were so wrought upon by his reflections that they required all the relief derivable from kicking an unoffending animal to allay them, is matter for argument and consideration. Whatever was the cause, the effect was a kick and a curse bestowed upon the dog simultaneously.

Dogs are not generally apt to revenge injuries inflicted upon them by their masters; but Mr. Sikes’s dog, having faults of temper in common with his owner, and labouring perhaps, at this moment, under a powerful sense of injury, made no more ado but at once fixed his teeth in one of the half-boots, and, having given it a good hearty shake, retired, growling, under a form: thereby just escaping the pewter measure which Mr. Sikes levelled at his head.

“You would, would you!” said Mr. Sikes, seizing the poker in one hand, and deliberately opening with the other a large clasp-knife, which he drew from his pocket. “Come here, you born devil! Come here! D’ye hear!”

The dog no doubt heard, because Mr. Sikes spoke in the very harshest key of a very harsh voice; but, appearing to entertain some unaccountable objection to having his throat cut, he remained where he was, and growled more fiercely than before, at the same time grasping the end of the poker between his teeth, and biting at it like a wild beast.

This resistance only infuriated Mr. Sikes the more; so, dropping upon his knees, he began to assail the animal most furiously. The dog jumped from right to left, and from left to right, snapping, growling, and barking; the man thrust and swore, and struck and blasphemed; and the struggle was reaching a most critical point for one or other, when, the door suddenly opening, the dog darted out, leaving Bill Sikes with the poker and the clasp-knife in his hands.

There must always be two parties to a quarrel, says the old adage; and Mr. Sikes, being disappointed of the dog’s presence, at once transferred the quarrel to the new-comer.

“What the devil do you come in between me and my dog for?” said Sikes with a fierce gesture.

“I didn’t know, my dear, I didn’t know,” replied Fagin humbly—for the Jew was the new-comer.

“Didn’t know, you white-livered thief!” growled Sikes. “Couldn’t you hear the noise?”

"Not a sound of it, as I'm a living man, Bill," replied the Jew.

"Oh no, you hear nothing, you don't," retorted Sikes with a fierce sneer, "sneaking in and out, so as nobody hears how you come or go. I wish you had been the dog, Fagin, half a minute ago."

"Why?" inquired the Jew, with a forced smile.

"'Cause the government, as cares for the lives of such men as you, as haven't half the pluck of curs, lets a man kill his dog how he likes," replied Sikes, shutting the knife up with a very expressive look; "that's why."

The Jew rubbed his hands, and, sitting down at the table, affected to laugh at the pleasantry of his friend, obviously very ill at his ease, however.

"Grin away," said Sikes, replacing the poker, and surveying him with savage contempt; "grin away. You'll never have the laugh at me, though, unless it's behind a nightcap. I've got the upper hand over you, Fagin; and, d— me, I'll keep it. There. If I go, you go; so take care of me."

"Well, well, my dear," said the Jew, "I know all that; we—we—have a mutual interest, Bill,—a mutual interest."

"Humph!" said Sikes, as if he thought the interest lay rather more on the Jew's side than on his. "Well, what have you got to say to me?"

"It's all passed safe through the melting-pot," replied Fagin, "and this is your share. It's rather more than it ought to be, my dear; but as I know you'll do me a good turn another time, and——"

"Stow that gammon," interposed the robber impatiently. "Where is it? Hand over!"

"Yes, yes, Bill; give me time, give me time," replied the Jew soothingly. "Here it is—all safe." As he spoke, he drew forth an old cotton handkerchief from his breast, and untying a large knot in one corner, produced a small brown paper packet, which Sikes snatching from him, hastily opened, and proceeded to count the sovereigns it contained.

"This is all, is it?" inquired Sikes.

"All," replied the Jew.

"You haven't opened the parcel and swallowed one or two as you come along, have you?" inquired Sikes suspiciously. "Don't put on an injured look at the question; you've done it many a time. Jerk the tinkler."

These words, in plain English, conveyed an injunction to ring the bell. It was answered by another Jew, younger than Fagin, but nearly as vile and repulsive in appearance.

Bill Sikes merely pointed to the empty measure, and the Jew, perfectly understanding the hint, retired to fill it, previously exchanging a remarkable look with Fagin, who raised his eyes for an instant as if in expectation of it, and shook his head in reply so slightly that

the action would have been almost imperceptible to a third person. It was lost upon Sikes, who was stooping at the moment to tie the boot-lace which the dog had torn. Possibly if he had observed the brief interchange of signals, he might have thought that it boded no good to him.

"Is anybody here, Barney?" inquired Fagin, speaking—now that Sikes was looking on—without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Dot a shoul," replied Barney, whose words, whether they came from the heart or not, made their way through the nose.

"Nobody?" inquired Fagin in a tone of surprise, which perhaps might mean that Barney was at liberty to tell the truth.

"Dobody but Biss Dadsy," replied Barney.

"Miss Nancy!" exclaimed Sikes. "Where! Send me blind, if I don't honour that 'ere girl for her natural talents."

"She's bid havid a plate of boiled beef id the bar," replied Barney.

"Send her here," said Sikes, pouring out a glass of liquor; "send her here."

Barney looked timidly at Fagin, as if for permission; the Jew remaining silent, and not lifting his eyes from the ground, he retired, and presently re-appearing ushering in Miss Nancy, who was decorated with a bonnet, apron, basket, and street-door key complete.

"You are on the scent, are you, Nancy?" inquired Sikes, proffering the glass.

"Yes, I am, Bill," replied the young lady, composing of its contents; "and tired enough of it I am too. The young brat's been ill and confined in the crib; and——"

"Ah, Nancy, dear!" said Fagin, looking up.

Now, whether a peculiar contraction of the Jew's red eyebrows, and a half-closing of his deeply-set eyes, warned Miss Nancy that she was disposed to be communicative, is not a matter of much importance. The fact is all we need care for here; and the fact is that she suddenly checked herself, and, with several gracious smiles upon Mr. Sikes, turned the conversation to other matters. In about ten minutes' time, Mr. Fagin was seized with a fit of coughing, upon which Miss Nancy pulled her shawl over her shoulders, and declared it was time to go. Mr. Sikes, finding that he was walking a short part of her way himself, expressed his intention of accompanying her: and they went away together, followed at a little distance by the dog who slunk out of a back-yard as soon as his master was out of sight.

The Jew thrust his head out of the room door where Sikes had left, looked after him as he walked up the dark passage, shook his clenched fist, muttered a deep curse, and then with a horrible grin reseated himself.

at the table, where he was soon deeply absorbed in the interesting pages of the *Hue and Cry*.

Meanwhile Oliver Twist little dreaming that he was within so very short a distance of the merry old gentleman, was on his way to the book-stall. When he got into Clerkenwell he accidentally turned down a by-street which was not exactly in his way; but not discovering his mistake till he had got half-way down it, and knowing it must lead in the right direction, he did not think it worth while to turn back, and so marched on as quickly as he could, with the books under his arm.

He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be lying dead at that very moment, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" and he had hardly looked up to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me. Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

The only reply to this, was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him, and who had got a little basket and a street-door key in her hand.

"Oh my gracious!" said the young woman, "I've found him! Oh, Oliver! Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him. Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!" With these incoherent exclamations the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor. To which the butcher's boy, who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition, replied that he thought not.

"Oh, no, no, never mind," said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; "I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy, come."

"What's the matter, ma'am?" inquired one of the women.

"Oh, ma'am, replied the young woman, "he ran away near a month ago from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people, and joined a set of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart."

"Young wretch!" said one woman.

"Go home, do, you little brute," said the other.

"I'm not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I

don't know her. I haven't got any sister, or father and mother either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville."

"Oh, only hear him, how he braves it out!" cried the young woman.

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver, who now saw her face for the first time, and started back in irrepressible astonishment.

"You see he knows me," cried Nancy, appealing to the bystanders. "He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!"

"What the devil's this?" said a man bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels; "young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! come home directly."

"I don't belong to them! I don't know them. Help! help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes; I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been a stealing 'em, have you? Give 'em here!" With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him violently on the head.

"That's right!" cried a looker-on, from a garret-window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!"

"To be sure," cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret-window.

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

"And he shall have it, too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! mind him!"

Weak with recent illness, stupified by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog and the brutality of the man, and overpowered by the conviction of the bystanders that he was really the hardened little wretch he was described to be, what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighbourhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark, narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared give utterance to, wholly unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or not, for there was nobody to care for them had they been ever so plain.

* * * * *

The gas-lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door; the servant had run up the street twenty times, to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still the two old gentlemen sat perseveringly in the dark parlour, with the watch between them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH

Relates what became of Oliver Twist, after he had been claimed by Nancy.

The narrow streets and courts at length terminated in a large open space, scattered about which, were pens for beasts, and other indications of a cattle-market. Sikes slackened his pace when they reached this spot, the girl being unable to support any longer the rapid rate at which they had hitherto walked; and, turning to Oliver, commanded him roughly to take hold of Nancy's hand.

"Do you hear?" growled Sikes, as Oliver hesitated, and looked around.

They were in a dark corner, quite out of the track of passengers, and Oliver saw but too plainly that resistance would be of no avail. He held out his hand, which Nancy clasped tight in hers.

"Give me the other," said Sikes, seizing Oliver's unoccupied hand. "Here, Bull's-eye!"

The dog looked up, and growled.

"See here, boy!" said Sikes, putting his other hand to Oliver's throat, and uttering a savage oath; "if he speaks ever so soft a word, hold him! D'ye mind?"

The dog growled again, and licking his lips, eyed Oliver as if he were anxious to attach himself to his windpipe without any unnecessary delay.

"He's as willing as a Christian, strike me blind if he isn't!" said Sikes; regarding the animal with a kind of grim and ferocious approval. "Now you know what you've got to expect, master, so call away as quick as you like; the dog will soon stop the game. Get on, young 'un!"

Bull's-eye wagged his tail in acknowledgment of this unusually endearing form of speech, and, giving vent to another admonitory growl for the benefit of Oliver, led the way onward.

It was Smithfield they were crossing, although it might have been Grosvener Square, for anything Oliver knew to the contrary. The night was dark and foggy, and it was just beginning to rain. The lights in the shops could scarcely struggle through the heavy mist, which thickened every moment, and shrouded the streets and houses in gloom, rendering the strange place still stranger in Oliver's eyes, and making his uncertainty the more dismal and depressing.

They had hurried on a few paces, when a deep church-bell struck the hour. With its first stroke his two conductors stopped, and turned their heads in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Eight o'clock, Bill," said Nancy, when the bell ceased.

"What's the good of telling me that; I can hear, can't I?" replied Sikes.

"I wonder whether *they* can hear it," said Nancy.

"Of course they can," replied Sikes. "It was

Bartlemy time when I was shopped, and there wasn't a penny trumpet in the fair as I couldn't hear 'em squeaking on. After I was locked up for the night, the row and din outside made the thundering old jail so silent, that I could almost have beat my brains out against the iron plates of the door."

"Poor fellows!" said Nancy, who still had her face turned towards the quarter in which the bell had sounded. "Oh, Bill, such fine young chaps as these."

"Yes; that's all you women think of," answered Sikes. "Fine young chaps! Well, they're as good as dead; so it don't much matter."

With this consolation Mr. Sikes appeared to repress a rising tendency to jealousy, and, clasping Oliver's wrist more firmly, told him to step out again.

"Wait a minute," said the girl; "I wouldn't hurry, by, if it was you that was coming out to be hung next time eight o'clock struck, Bill. I'd walk round and round the place till I dropped, if the snow was on the ground, and I hadn't a shawl to cover me."

"And what good would that do?" inquired the sentimental Mr. Sikes. "Unless you could pitch on a file and twenty yards of good stout rope, you may as well be walking fifty miles off, or not walking at all, for all the good it would do me. Come on, then, you, and don't stand preaching there."

The girl burst into a laugh, drew her shawl more closely round her, and they walked away. But Oliver felt her hand tremble; and, looking up in her face as they passed a gas-lamp, saw that it had turned a dead white.

They walked on, by little-frequented and dirty ways for a full half-hour, meeting very few people, for it rained heavily, and those they did meet appearing from their looks to hold much the same position in society as Mr. Sikes himself. At length they turned into a very filthy narrow street, nearly full of old clothes shops; and, the dog running forward as if conscious that there was no further occasion of his keeping a guard, stopped before the door of a shop which was closed and apparently untenanted, for the house was in a ruinous condition, and upon the door was nailed a board intimating that it was to let, which looked as if it had hung there for many years.

"All right," said Sikes, looking cautiously about.

Nancy stooped below the shutters, and Oliver heard the sound of a bell. They crossed to the opposite side of the street, and stood for a few moments under a lamp. A noise, as if a sash-window were gently raised, was heard, and soon afterwards the door softly opened; upon which Mr. Sikes seized the terrified boy by the collar with very little ceremony, and all three were quickly inside the house.

The passage was perfectly dark, and they waited while the person who had let them in, chained and barred the door.

"Anybody here?" inquired Sikes.

"No," replied a voice, which Oliver thought he had heard before.

"Is the old 'un here?" asked the robber.

"Yes," replied the voice; "and precious down in the mouth he has been. Won't he be glad to see you? Oh, no."

The style of this reply, as well as the voice that delivered it, seemed familiar to Oliver's ears; but it was impossible to distinguish even the form of the speaker in the darkness.

"Let's have a glim," said Sikes, "or we shall go breaking our necks, or treading on the dog. Look after your legs if you do, that's all."

"Stand still a moment, and I'll get you one," replied the voice. The receding footsteps of the speaker were heard, and in another minute the form of Mr. John Dawkins, otherwise the artful Dodger, appeared, bearing in his right hand a tallow candle stuck in the end of a cleft stick.

The young gentleman did not stop to bestow any other mark of recognition upon Oliver than a humorous grin; but, turning away, beckoned the visitors to follow him down a flight of stairs. They crossed an empty kitchen, and, opening the door of a low earthy-smelling room, which seemed to have been built in a small back-yard, were received with a shout of laughter.

"Oh, my wig, my wig!" cried Master Charles Bates, from whose lungs the laughter had proceeded; "here he is! oh, cry, here he is! Oh, Fagin, look at him; Fagin, do look at him! I can't bear it; it is such a jolly game, I can't bear it. Hold me, somebody, while I laugh it out."

With this irrepressible ebullition of mirth, Master Bates laid himself flat on the floor, and kicked convulsively for five minutes in an ecstasy of facetious joy. Then jumping to his feet, he snatched the cleft stick from the Dodger, and, advancing to Oliver, viewed him round and round, while the Jew, taking off his nightcap, made a great number of low bows to the bewildered boy; the Artful meantime, who was of a rather saturnine disposition, and seldom gave way to merriment when it interfered with business, rifling his pockets with steady assiduity.

"Look at his togs, Fagin!" said Charley, putting the light so close to Oliver's new jacket as nearly to set him on fire. "Look at his togs!—superfine cloth, and the heavy-swell cut! Oh, my eye, what a game! And his books, too;—nothing but a gentleman, Fagin!"

"Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear," said the Jew bowing with mock humility. "The Artful shall give you another suit, my dear, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming?—we'd have got something warm for supper."

At this, Master Bates roared again, so loud that Fagin himself relaxed, and even the Dodger smiled; but as the Artful drew forth the five-pound note at that instant, it is doubtful whether the sally or the discovery awakened his merriment.

"Hallo! what's that?" inquired Sikes, stepping forward as the Jew seized the note. "That's mine, Fagin."

"No, no, my dear," said the Jew. "Mine, Bill, mine; you shall have the books."

"If that ain't mine!" said Sikes, putting on his hat with a determined air,—"*mine and Nancy's that is,—I'll take the boy back again.*"

The Jew started, and Oliver started too, though from a very different cause, for he hoped the dispute might really end in his being taken back.

"Come hand it over, will you?" said Sikes.

"This is hardly fair, Bill; hardly fair, is it Nancy?" inquired the Jew.

"Fair, or not fair," retorted Sikes, "hand it over, I tell you! Do you think Nancy and me has got nothing else to do with our precious time but to spend it in scouting arter and kidnapping every young boy as gets grabbed through you? Give it here, you avaricious old skeleton; give it here!"

With this gentle remonstrance, Mr. Sikes plucked the note from between the Jew's finger and thumb; and looking the old man coolly in the face, folded it up small, and tied it in his neckerchief.

"That's for our share of the trouble," said Sikes; "and not half enough, neither. You may keep the books, if you're fond of reading; and if not, you can sell 'em."

"They're very pretty," said Charles Bates, who with certain grimaces had been affecting to read one of the volumes in question; "beautiful writing, isn't it, Oliver?" and at sight of the dismayed look with which Oliver regarded his tormentors, Master Bates, who was blessed with a lively sense of the ludicrous, fell into another ecstasy more boisterous than the first.

"They belong to the old gentleman," said Oliver, wringing his hands,—"*to the good, kind old gentleman who took me into his house, and had me nursed when I was near dying of the fever. Oh, pray send them back; send him back the books and money! Keep me here all my life long; but pray, pray send them back! He'll think I stole them;—the old lady, all of them that were so kind to me, will think I stole them. Oh, do have mercy upon me, and send them back!*"

With these words, which were uttered with all the energy of passionate grief, Oliver fell upon his knees at the Jew's feet, and beat his hands together in perfect desperation.

"The boy's right," remarked Fagin, looking covertly round, and knitting his shaggy eyebrows into a hard knot. "You're right, Oliver, you're right; they *will*

think you have stolen 'em. Ha! ha!" chuckled the Jew, rubbing his hands; "it couldn't have happened better if we had chosen our time!"

"Of course it couldn't," replied Sikes; "I know'd that, directly I see him coming through Clerkenwell with the books under his arm. It's all right enough. They're soft-hearted psalm-singers, or they wouldn't have took him in at all, and they'll ask no questions arter him, fear they should be obliged to prosecute, and so get him lagged. He's safe enough."

Oliver had looked from one to the other while these words were being spoken, as if he were bewildered and could scarcely understand what passed; but when Bill Sikes concluded, he jumped suddenly to his feet, and tore wildly from the room; uttering shrieks for help that made the bare old house echo to the roof.

"Keep back the dog, Bill" cried Nancy, springing before the door, and closing it as the Jew and his two pupils darted out in pursuit; "keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces."

"Serve him right!" cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. "Stand off from me, or I'll split your skull against the wall!"

"I don't care for that, Bill; I don't care for that," screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man: "the child shan't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first."

"Shan't he, said Sikes, setting his teeth fiercely. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off."

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the further end of the room, just as the Jew and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

"What's the matter here?" said the Jew, looking round.

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes savagely.

"No, she hasn't," said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle; "no, she hasn't, Fagin: don't think it."

"Then keep quiet, will you?" said the Jew with a threatening look.

"No, I won't do that either," replied Nancy, speaking very loud. "Come, what do you think of that?"

Mr. Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Miss Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

"So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fire-place; "eh?"

Oliver made no reply, but he watched the Jew's motions and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance,—called for the police, did you?" sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my dear."

The Jew inflicted a sharp blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club, and was raising it for a second when the girl rushed forward, wrested it from his hand, and flung it into the fire with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy, and what more would you have? Let him be—let him be, or I shall put a mark on some of you that will bring me to the gallows before my time!"

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and hands clenched, looking alternately at the Jew and the other robber, her face quite colourless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew in a soothing tone after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner. "—you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha! ha!—dear, you are acting beautifully."

"Am I!" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it; you will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

There is something about a roused woman, especially if she add to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair, which few are like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and, shrinking involuntarily back, a few paces, cast a glance, half-imploring and half-cowardly, at Sikes, as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

Mr. Sikes thus mutely appealed to, and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason, gave utterance to about a couple of score of curses and threats, the rapid delivery of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention. As they produced no visible effect on the object against which they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features, which, if it were heard above, only once out of every fifty thousand times it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as the measles; "what do you mean by it? Burn my body! do you know who you are, and what you are?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically, and shaking her head from side to side with a poor assumption of indifference.

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come."

The girl laughed again, even less composedly than before, and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and genteel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"God Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl passionately; "and I wished I had been struck dead in the street, or changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad from this night forth; isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?"

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew, appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed; "we must have civil words,—civil words, Bill!"

"Civil words!" cried the girl, whose passion was rightful to see. "Civil words, you villain! Yes; you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this (pointing to Oliver). I have been in the same trade, and the same service, for twelve years since; don't you know it? Speak out! Don't you know it?"

"Well, well!" replied the Jew, with an attempt at pacification; "and if you have, it's your living!"

"Ah, it is!" returned the girl, not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living, and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there day and night, day and night, till I die!"

"I shall do you a mischief!" interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches; "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more!"

The girl said nothing more; but tearing her hair and dress in a transport of phrensy, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles and fainted.

"She's all right now," said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. "She's uncommon strong in the arms when she's up in this way."

The Jew wiped his forehead, and smiled, as if it were a relief to have the disturbance over; but neither he, nor Sikes, nor the dog, nor the boys, seemed to consider it in any other light than a common occurrence incidental to business.

"It's the worst of having to do with women," said the Jew, replacing the club; "but they're clever, and

we can't get on in our line without 'em.—Charley, show Oliver to bed."

"I suppose he'd better not wear his best clothes to-morrow, Fagin, had he?" inquired Charley Bates.

"Certainly not," replied the Jew, reciprocating the grin with which Charley put the question.

Master Bates, apparently much delighted with his commission, took the cleft stick, and led Oliver into an adjacent kitchen, where there were two or three of the beds on which he had slept before; and here, with many uncontrollable bursts of laughter, he produced the identical old suit of clothes which Oliver had so much congratulated himself upon leaving off at Mr. Brownlow's, and the accidental display of which to Fagin by the Jew who purchased them, had been the very first clue received of his whereabouts.

"Pull off the smart ones," said Charley, "and I'll give 'em to Fagin to take care of. What fun it is!"

Poor Oliver unwillingly complied; and Master Bates, rolling up the new clothes under his arm, departed from the room, leaving Oliver in the dark, and locking the door behind him.

The noise of Charley's laughter, and the voice of Miss Betsy, who opportunely arrived to throw water over her friend, and perform other feminine offices for the promotion of her recovery, might have kept many people awake under more happy circumstances than those in which Oliver was placed; but he was sick and weary, and soon fell sound asleep.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

Oliver's destiny continuing unpropitious, brings a great man to London to injure his reputation.

It is the custom on the stage in all good, murderous melo-dramas, to present the tragic and the comic scenes in as regular alternation as the layers of red and white in a side of streaky, well-cured bacon. The hero sinks upon his straw bed, weighed down by fetters and misfortunes; and, in the next scene, his faithful but unconscious squire regales the audience with a comic song. We behold with throbbing bosoms the heroine in the grasp of a proud and ruthless baron, her virtue and her life alike in danger, drawing forth her dagger to preserve the one at the cost of the other; and, just as our expectations are wrought up to the highest pitch, a whistle is heard, and we are straightway transported to the hall of the castle, where a grey-headed seneschal sings a funny chorus with a funnier body of vassals, who are free of all sorts of places from church vaults to palaces, and roam about in company, carolling perpetually.

Such changes appear absurd; but they are by no means unnatural. The transitions in real life from well-spread boards to death-beds, and from mourning weeds to holiday garments, are not a whit less startling, only there we are busy actors instead of passive

lookers-on, which makes a vast difference; the actors in the mimic life of the theatre are blind to violent transitions and abrupt impulses of passion or feeling, which, presented before the eyes of mere spectators, are at once condemned as outrageous and preposterous.

As sudden shiftings of the scene, and rapid changes of time and place, are not only sanctioned in books by long usage, but are by many considered as the great art of authorship,—an author's skill in his craft being by such critics chiefly estimated with relation to the dilemmas in which he leaves his characters at the end of almost every chapter,—this brief introduction to the present one may perhaps be deemed unnecessary. But I have set it in this place because I am anxious to disclaim at once the slightest desire to tantalize my readers by leaving young Oliver Twist in situations of doubt and difficulty, and then flying off at a tangent to impertinent matters, which have nothing to do with him. My sole desire is to proceed straight through this history with all convenient despatch, carrying my reader along with me if I can, and, if not, leaving him to take some more pleasant route for a chapter or two, and join me again afterwards if he will. Indeed, there is so much to do, that I have no room for digressions, even if I possessed the inclination; and I merely make this one in order to set myself quite right with the reader, between whom and the historian it is essentially necessary that perfect faith should be kept, and a good understanding preserved. The advantage of this amicable explanation is, that when I say, as I do now, that I am going back directly to the town in which Oliver Twist was born, the reader will at once take it for granted that I have good and substantial reasons for making the journey, or I would not ask him to accompany me on any account.

Mr. Bumble emerged at early morning from the work-house gate, and walked, with portly carriage and commanding steps, up the High-street. He was in the full bloom and pride of beadleism; his cocked-hat and coat were dazzling in the morning sun, and he clutched his cane with all the vigorous tenacity of health and power. Mr. Bumble always carried his head high, but this morning it was higher than usual; there was an abstraction in his eye, and an elevation in his air, which might have warned an observant stranger that thoughts were passing in the beadle's mind, too great for utterance.

Mr. Bumble stooped not to converse with the small shopkeepers and others who spoke to him deferentially as he passed along. He merely returned their salutations with a wave of his hand, and relaxed not in his dignified pace until he reached the farm where Mrs. Mann tended the infant paupers with a parish care.

"Drat that beadle!" said Mrs. Mann, hearing the well-known impatient shaking at the garden gate. "If it

isn't him at this time in the morning!—Lank, Mr. Bumble, only think of its being you! Well, dear me, it is a pleasure this is! Come into the parlour, Sir, please."

The first sentence was addressed to Susan, and the exclamations of delight were spoken to Mr. Bumble as the good lady unlocked the garden gate, and showed him with great attention and respect into the house.

"Mrs. Mann," said Mr. Bumble,—not sitting up or dropping himself into a seat, as any common jack napes would, but letting himself gradually and slowly down into a chair,—“Mrs. Mann, ma'am, good morning!”

“Well, and good morning to you, sir,” replied Mrs. Mann, with many smiles; “and hoping you find yourself well, sir!”

“So-so, Mrs. Mann,” replied the beadle. “A parochial life is not a bed of roses, Mrs. Mann.”

“Ah, that it isn't, indeed, Mr. Bumble,” replied the lady. And all the infant paupers might have guessed the rejoinder with great propriety if they had heard it.

“A parochial life, ma'am,” continued Mr. Bumble, striking the table with his cane, “is a life of wear and vexation, and hardihood; but all public charities as I may say, must suffer prosecution.”

Mrs. Mann, not very well knowing what the beadle meant, raised her hands with a look of sympathy, and sighed.

“Ah! You may well sigh, Mrs. Mann!” said the beadle.

Finding she had done right, Mrs. Mann sighed evidently to the satisfaction of the public charity who, repressing a complacent smile by looking at his cocked hat, said,

“Mrs. Mann, I am a going to London.”

“Lank, Mr. Bumble!” said Mrs. Mann, sitting back.

“To London, ma'am,” resumed the inflexible beadle, “by coach; I, and two paupers, Mrs. Mann. A big action is coming on about a settlement, and the beadle has appointed me—me, Mrs. Mann—to depose the matter before the quarter-sessions at Clerkinwell. I very much question,” added Mr. Bumble, drawing himself up, “whether the Clerkinwell Sessions will not find themselves in the wrong box before they have done with me.”

“Oh! you mustn't be too hard upon them sir,” said Mrs. Mann coaxingly.

“The Clerkinwell Sessions have brought it upon themselves, ma'am,” replied Mr. Bumble; “and if the Clerkinwell Sessions find they come off rather worse than they expected, the Clerkinwell Sessions have on themselves to thank.”

There was so much determination and depth of principle

ose about the menacing manner in which Mr. Bumble delivered himself of these words, that Mrs. Mann appeared quite awed by them. At length she said,

"You're going by coach, sir? I thought it was always usual to send them paupers in carts."

"That's when they're ill, Mrs. Mann," said the beadle. "We put the sick paupers into open carts in the rainy weather, to prevent their taking cold."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mann.

"The opposition coach contracts for these two, and makes them cheap," said Mr. Bumble. "They are both in a very low state, and we find it would come two pound cheaper to move 'em than to bury 'em,—that is, if we can throw 'em upon another parish, which I think we shall be able to do, if they don't die upon the road to spite us. Ha! ha! ha!"

When Mr. Bumble had laughed a little while, his eyes again encountered the cocked hat, and he became grave.

"We are forgetting business, ma'am," said the beadle;—"here is your parochial stipend for the month."

Wherewith Mr. Bumble produced some silver money, rolled up in paper, from his pocket-book, and requested a receipt, which Mrs. Mann wrote.

"It's very much blotted, sir," said the farmer of infants; "but it's formal enough, I dare say. Thank you, Mr. Bumble, sir; I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

Mr. Bumble nodded blandly in acknowledgment of Mrs. Mann's curtsy, and inquired how the children were.

"Bless their dear little hearts!" said Mrs. Mann with emotion, "they're as well as can be, the dears! Of course, except the two that died last week, and little Dick."

"Isn't that boy no better?" inquired Mr. Bumble. Mrs. Mann shook her head.

"He's a ill-conditioned, vicious, bad-disposed parochial child that," said Mr. Bumble angrily. "Where is he?"

"I'll bring him to you in one minute, sir," replied Mrs. Mann. "Here, you Dick!"

After some calling, Dick was discovered; and having had his face put under the pump, and dried upon Mrs. Mann's gown, he was led into the awful presence of Mr. Bumble, the beadle.

The child was pale and thin; his cheeks were sunken, and his eyes large and bright. The scanty parish dress, the livery of his misery, hung loosely upon his feeble body; and his young limbs had wasted away like those of an old man.

Such was the little being that stood trembling beneath Mr. Bumble's glance, not daring to lift his eyes from the floor, and dreading even to hear the beadle's voice.

"Can't you look at the gentleman, you obstinate boy?" said Mrs. Mann.

The child meekly raised his eyes, and encountered those of Mr. Bumble.

"What's the matter with you, parochial Dick?" inquired Mr. Bumble with well-timed jocularly.

"Nothing, sir," replied the child faintly.

"I should think not," said Mrs. Mann, who had of course laughed very much at Mr. Bumble's exquisite humour. "You want for nothing, I'm sure."

"I should like—" faltered the child.

"Hey-day!" interposed Mrs. Mann, "I suppose you're going to say that you *do* want for something, now? Why, you little wretch——"

"Stop, Mrs. Mann, stop!" said the beadle, raising his hand with a show of authority. "Like what, sir; eh?"

"I should like," faltered the child, "if somebody that can write, would put a few words down for me on a piece of paper, and fold it up, and seal it, and keep it for me after I am laid in the ground."

"Why, what does the boy mean?" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, on whom the earnest manner and wan aspect of the child had made some impression, accustomed as he was to such things. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I should like," said the child, "to leave my dear love to poor Oliver Twist, and to let him know how often I have sat by myself and cried to think of his wandering about in the dark nights with nobody to help him; and I should like to tell him," said the child, pressing his small hands together, and speaking with great fervour, "that I was glad to die when I was very young; for, perhaps, if I lived to be a man, and grew old, my little sister, who is in heaven, might forget me, or be unlike me; and it would be so much happier if we were both children there together."

Mr. Bumble surveyed the little speaker from head to foot with indescribable astonishment, and turning to his companion, said, "They're all in one story, Mrs. Mann. That out-dacious Oliver has demoralized them all!"

"I couldn't have believed it, sir!" said Mrs. Mann, holding up her hands, and lookingly malignantly at Dick. "I never see such a hardened little wretch!"

"Take him away, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble imperiously. "This must be stated to the board Mrs. Mann."

"I hope the gentlemen will understand that it isn't my fault, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, whimpering pathetically.

"They shall understand that, ma'am; they shall be acquainted with the true state of the case," said Mr. Bumble pompously. "There; take him away. I can't bear the sight of him."

Dick was immediately taken away, and locked up in the coal-cellar; and Mr. Bumble shortly afterwards took himself away to prepare for his journey.

"At six o'clock next morning, Mr. Bumble having exchanged his cocked-hat for a round one, and encased his person in a blue great-coat with a cape to it, took his place on the outside of the coach, accompanied by the criminals whose settlement was disputed, with whom, in due course of time, he arrived in London, having experienced no other crosses by the way than those which originated in the perverse behaviour of the two paupers, who peristed in shivering, and complaining of the cold in a manner which, Mr. Bumble declared, caused his teeth to chatter in his head, and made him feel quite uncomfortable, although he had a great-coat on.

Having disposed of these evil-minded persons for the night, Mr. Bumble sat himself down in the house at which the coach stopped, and took a temperate dinner of steaks, oyster-sauce, and porter; putting a glass of hot gin-and-water on the mantel-piece, he drew his chair to the fire, and, with sundry moral reflections on the too-prevalent sin of discontent and complaining, he then composed himself comfortably to read the paper.

The very first paragraph upon which Mr. Bumble's eyes rested, was the following advertisement.

"FIVE GUINEAS REWARD.

"WHEREAS, a young boy, named Oliver Twist, absconded, or was enticed, on Thursday evening last, from his home at Pentonville, and has not since been heard of; the above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as may lead to the discovery of the said Oliver Twist, or tend to throw any light upon his previous history, in which the advertiser is for many reasons warmly interested."

And then followed a full description of Oliver's dress, person, appearance, and disappearance, with the name and address of Mr. Brownlow at full length.

Mr. Bumble opened his eyes, read the advertisement slowly and carefully three several times, and in something more than five minutes was on his way to Pentonville, having actually in his excitement left the glass of hot gin-and-water untasted on the mantel-piece.

"Is Mr. Brownlow at home?" inquired Mr. Bumble of the girl who opened the door.

To this inquiry the girl returned the not uncommon, but rather evasive reply of, "I don't know—where do you come from?"

Mr. Bumble no sooner uttered Oliver's name in explanation of his errand, than Mrs. Bedwin, who had been listening at the parlour-door, hastened into the passage in a breathless state.

"Come in—come in," said the old lady: "I knew we should hear of him. Poor dear! I knew we should,—I was certain of it. Bless his heart! I said so all along."

Having said this, the worthy old lady hurried back into the parlour again, and, seating herself on a sofa, burst into tears. The girl, who was not quite so sus-

ceptible, had run up-stairs meanwhile, and now returned with a request that Mr. Bumble would follow her immediately, which he did.

He was shown into the little back study, where Mr. Brownlow and his friend Mr. Grimwig, with cankers and glasses before them: the latter gentleman eyed him closely, and at once burst into the exclamation,

"A beadle—a parish beadle, or I'll eat my beadle!"

"Pray don't interrupt just now," said Mr. Brownlow. "Take a seat, will you?"

Mr. Bumble sat himself down, quite confounded by the oddity of Mr. Grimwig's manner. Mr. Brownlow moved the lamp so as to obtain an uninterrupted view of the beadle's countenance, and said with a little impatience,

"Now, sir, you come in consequence of having seen the advertisement!"—

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Bumble.

"And you *are* a beadle, are you not?" inquired Mr. Grimwig.

"I am a parochial beadle, gentlemen," rejoined Mr. Bumble proudly.

"Of course," observed Mr. Grimwig aside to his friend. "I knew he was. His great-coat is a parochial cut, and he looks a beadle all over."

Mr. Brownlow gently shook his head to impose silence on his friend, and resumed:

"Do you know where this poor boy is now?"

"No more than nobody," replied Mr. Bumble.

"Well, what *do* you know of him?" inquired the gentleman. "Speak out my friend, if you have anything to say. What do you know of him?"

"You don't happen to know any good of him, do you?" said Mr. Grimwig caustically, after an attentive perusal of Mr. Bumble's features.

Mr. Bumble caught at the inquiry very quickly, and shook his head with portentous solemnity.

"You see this?" said Mr. Grimwig, looking triumphantly at Mr. Brownlow.

Mr. Brownlow looked apprehensively at Mr. Bumble's pursed-up countenance, and requested him to communicate what he knew regarding Oliver, in as few words as possible.

Mr. Bumble put down his hat, unbuttoned his coat, folded his arms, inclined his head in a retrospective manner, and, after a few moments' reflection, commenced his story.

It would be too tedious if given in the beadle's words occupying as it did some twenty minutes in the telling; but the sum and substance of it was, that Oliver was a foundling, born of low and vicious parents, who from his birth displayed no better qualities than treachery, ingratitude, and malice, and who had terminated his brief career in the place of his birth, by making a sanguinary and cowardly attack on an unoffending

and then running away in the night-time from his master's house. In proof of his really being the person he represented himself, Mr. Bumble laid upon the table the papers he had brought to town, and, folding his arms again, awaited Mr. Brownlow's observations.

"I fear it is all too true," said the old gentleman sorrowfully, after looking over the papers. "This is not much for your intelligence; but I would gladly have given you treble the money, sir, if it had been favourable to the boy."

It is not at all improbable that if Mr. Bumble had been possessed with this information at an earlier period of the interview, he might have imparted a very different colouring to his little history. It was too late to do it now, however; so he shook his head gravely, and pocketing the five guineas, withdrew.

Mr. Brownlow paced the room to and fro for some minutes, evidently so much disturbed by the beadle's tale, that even Mr. Grimwig forbore to vex him further. At length he stopped, and rang the bell violently.

"Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow when the house-keeper appeared, "that boy, Oliver, is an impostor."

"It can't be, sir; it cannot be," said the old lady energetically.

"I tell you he is," retorted the old gentleman sharply. "What do you mean by 'can't be?' We have just heard a full account of him from his birth; and he has been a thorough-paced little villain all his life."

"I never will believe it, sir," replied the old lady firmly.

"You old women never believe any thing but quack-doctors and lying story-books," growled Mr. Grimwig. "I knew it all along. Why didn't you take my advice in the beginning; you would, if he hadn't had a fever, I suppose,—eh! He was interesting, wasn't he? Interesting! Bah! and Mr. Grimwig poked the fire with a flourish.

"He was a dear, grateful, gentle child, sir," retorted Mrs. Bedwin indignantly. "I know what children are, sir, and have done these forty years: and people who can't say the same shouldn't say any thing about them—that's my opinion."

This was a hard hit at Mr. Grimwig, who was a bachelor; but as it extorted nothing from that gentleman but a smile, the old lady tossed her head and smoothed down her apron, preparatory to another speech, when she was stopped by Mr. Brownlow.

"Silence!" said the old gentleman, feigning an anger which he was far from feeling. "Never let me hear the boy's name again: I rang to tell you that. Never—never, on any pretence, mind. You may leave the room, Mrs. Bedwin. Remember; I am in earnest."

There were sad hearts at Mr. Brownlow's that night. Oliver's sank within him when he thought of his good, kind friends; but it was well for him that he

could not know what they had heard, or it would have broken outright.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

How Oliver passed his time in the improving society of his reputable friends.

About noon next day, when the Dodger and Master Bates had gone out to pursue their customary avocations, Mr. Fagin took the opportunity of reading Oliver a long lecture on the crying sin of ingratitude, of which he clearly demonstrated he had been guilty to no ordinary extent in wilfully absenting himself from the society of his anxious friends, and still more in endeavouring to escape from them after so much trouble and expense had been incurred in his recovery. Mr. Fagin laid great stress on the fact of his having taken Oliver in and cherished him, when without his timely aid he might have perished with hunger; and related the dismal and affecting history of a young lad whom in his philanthropy he had succoured under parallel circumstances, but who, proving unworthy of his confidence, and evincing a desire to communicate with the police, had unfortunately come to be hung at the Old Bailey one morning. Mr. Fagin did not seek to conceal his share in the catastrophe, but lamented with tears in his eyes that the wrong-headed and treacherous behaviour of the young person in question had rendered it necessary that he should become the victim of certain evidence for the crown, which, if it were not precisely true, was indispensably necessary for the safety of him (Mr. Fagin), and a few select friends. Mr. Fagin concluded by drawing a rather disagreeable picture of the discomforts of hanging, and, with great friendliness and politeness of manner, expressed his anxious hope that he might never be obliged to submit Oliver Twist to that unpleasant operation.

Little Oliver's blood ran cold as he listened to the Jew's words, and imperfectly comprehended the dark threats conveyed in them: that it was possible even for justice itself to confound the innocent with the guilty when they were in accidental companionship, he knew already; and that deep laid plans for the destruction of inconveniently-knowing, or over-communicative persons, had been really devised and carried out by the old Jew on more occasions than one, he thought by no means unlikely when he recollected the general nature of the altercations between that gentleman and Mr. Sikes, which seemed to bear reference to some foregone conspiracy of the kind. As he glanced timidly up, and met the Jew's searching look, he felt that his pale face and trembling limbs were neither unnoticed nor unrelished by the wary villain.

The Jew smiled hideously, and, patting Oliver on the head, said that if he kept himself quiet, and applied

himself to business, he saw they would be very good friends yet. Then taking his hat, and covering himself up in an old patched great-coat, he went out and locked the room-door behind him.

And so Oliver remained all that day, and for the greater part of many subsequent days, seeing nobody between early morning and midnight, and left during the long hours to commune with his own thoughts; which never failing to revert to his kind friends, and the opinion they must long ago have formed of him, were sad indeed. After the lapse of a week or so, the Jew left the room-door unlocked, and he was at liberty to wander about the house.

It was a very dirty place; but the rooms up stairs had great high wooden mantel-pieces and large doors, with paneled walls and cornices to the ceilings, which, although they were black with neglect and dust, were ornamented in various ways; from all of which tokens Oliver concluded that a long time ago, before the old Jew was born, it had belonged to better people, and had perhaps been quite gay and handsome, dismal and dreary as it looked now.

Spiders had built their webs in the angles of the walls and ceilings; and sometimes, when Oliver walked softly into a room, the mice would scamper across the floor, and run back terrified to their holes: with these exceptions there was neither sight nor sound of any living thing, and often when it grew dark, and he was tired of wandering from room to room, he would crouch in the corner of the passage by the street-door, to be as near living people as he could, and to remain there listening and trembling until the Jew or the boys returned.

In all the rooms the mouldering shutters were fast closed, and the bars which held them were screwed tight into the wood; the only light which was admitted making its way through round holes at the top, which made the rooms more gloomy, and filled them with strange shadows. There was a back garret-window, with rusty bars outside, which had no shutter, and out of which Oliver often gazed with a melancholy face for hours together; but nothing was to be descried from it but a confused and crowded mass of house-tops, blackened chimneys, and gable-ends. Sometimes, indeed, a ragged grizly head might be seen peering over the parapet-wall of a distant house, but it was quickly withdrawn again; and as the window of Oliver's observatory was nailed down, and dimmed with the rain and smoke of years, it was as much as he could do to make out the forms of the different objects beyond, without making any attempt to be seen or heard,—which he had as much chance of being as if he had been inside the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral.

One afternoon, the Dodger and Master Bates being engaged out that evening, the first-named young gentleman took it into his head to evince some anxiety regarding the decoration of his person (which, to do

him justice, was by no means an habitual weakness with him;) and, with this end and aim, he condescendingly commanded Oliver to assist him in his straightway.

Oliver was but too glad to make himself useful: happy to have some faces, however bad, to look up to, and too desirous to conciliate those about him who he could honestly do so, to throw any objection in the way of this proposal; so he at once expressed his readiness, and, kneeling on the floor, while the Dodger sat upon the table so that he could take his foot in his lap, he applied himself to a process which Mr. Dawkins designated as 'japanning his trotter-cases,' which phrase, rendered into plain English, signified cleaning his boots.

Whether it was the sense of freedom and independence which a rational animal may be supposed to feel when he sits on a table in an easy attitude, smoking his pipe, swinging one leg carelessly to and fro, and having his boots cleaned all the time without even the past trouble of having taken them off, or the positive misery of putting them on, to disturb his relations; or whether it was the goodness of the tobacco that soothed the feelings of the Dodger, or the sweetness of the beer that mollified his thoughts, he was evidently tinctured for the nonce with a spice of romance and enthusiasm foreign to his general nature. He looked down on Oliver with a thoughtful countenance for a brief space, and then, raising his head and heaving a gentle sigh, said, half in abstraction, half to Master Bates,

"What a pity it is he isn't a prig!"

"Ah!" said Master Charles Bates. "He don't know what's good for him."

The Dodger sighed again, and resumed his pipe. So did Charley Bates, and they both smoked for some seconds in silence.

"I suppose you don't even know what a prig is!" said the Dodger mournfully.

"I think I know that," replied Oliver, hastily rising up. "It's a th—; you are one, are you not?" required Oliver, checking himself.

"I am," replied the Dodger. "I'd scorn to be anything else." Mr. Dawkins gave his hat a ferocious cock after delivering this sentiment, and looked at Master Bates as if to denote that he would feel obliged by his saying anything to the contrary. "I am," repeated the Dodger; "so's Charley; so's Fagin; so's Sike's; so's Nancy; so's Bet; so we all are, down to the dog, and he's the downiest one of the lot."

"And the least given to peaching," added Charley Bates.

"He wouldn't so much as bark in a witness-box, for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him in one, and left him there without wittles for a fortnight," said the Dodger.

"That he would'nt; not a bit of it," observed Charley.

"He's a rum dog. Don't he look fierce at any strange cove that laughs or sings when he's in company!" pursued the Dodger. "Won't he growl at all, when he hears a fiddle playing, and don't he hate other dogs as ain't of his breed! Winkin! Oh, no!"

"He's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley.

This was merely intended as a tribute to the animal's abilities, but it was an appropriate remark in another sense, if Master Bates had only known it; for there are a great many ladies and gentlemen claiming to be out-and-out Christians, between whom and Mr. Bates's dog there exist very strong and singular points of resemblance.

"Well, well!" said the Dodger, recurring to the point from which they had strayed, with that mindfulness of his profession which influenced all his proceedings. "This hasn't got anything to do with young Green here."

"No more it has," said Charley. "Why don't you put yourself under Fagin, Oliver?"

"And make your fortun' out of hand?" added the Dodger, with a grin.

"And so be able to retire on your property, and do so genteel, as I mean to in the very next leap-year at four that ever comes, and the forty-second Tuesday in Trinity week," said Charley Bates.

"I don't like it," rejoined Oliver, timidly; "I wish they would let me go. I—I—would rather go."

"And Fagin would *rather* not!" rejoined Charley.

Oliver knew this too well; but, thinking it might be dangerous to express his feelings more openly, he only laughed, and went on with his boot-cleaning.

"Go!" exclaimed the Dodger. "Why, where's your spirit? Don't you take any pride out of yourself? Would you go and be dependent on your friends, eh?"

"Oh, blow that!" said Master Bates, drawing two or three silk handkerchiefs from his pocket, and tossing them into a cupboard, "that's too mean, that is!"

"I couldn't do it," said the Dodger, with an air of naughty disgust.

"You can leave your friends, though," said Oliver, with a half smile, "and let them be punished for what you did."

"That," rejoined the Dodger, with a wave of his pipe,— "that was all out of consideration for Fagin, because the traps know that we work together, and he might have got into trouble if we hadn't made our lucky; that was the move, wasn't it, Charley?"

Master Bates nodded assent, and would have spoken, but that the recollection of Oliver's flight came so suddenly upon him, that the smoke he was inhaling got entangled with a laugh, and went up into his head, and down into his throat, and brought on a fit of coughing and stamping about five minutes long.

"Look here!" said the Dodger, drawing forth a handful of shillings and halfpence. "Here's a jolly life! what's the odds where it comes from? Here, catch hold; there's plenty more where they were took from. You won't, won't you? oh, you precious flat!"

"It's naughty, ain't it, Oliver?" inquired Charley Bates. "He'll come to be scragged, won't he?"

"I don't know what that means," replied Oliver, looking round.

"Something in this way, old feller," said Charley. As he said it, Master Bates caught up an end of his neckerchief, and, holding it erect in the air, dropped his head on his shoulder, and jerked a curious sound through his teeth, thereby indicating, by a lively pantomimic representation that scragging and hanging were one and the same thing.

"That's what it means," said Charley. "Look how he stares, Jack; I never did see such prime company as that 'ere boy; he'll be the death of me, I know he will." And Master Charles Bates having laughed heartily again, resumed his pipe with tears in his eyes.

"You've been brought up bad," said the Dodger, surveying his boots with much satisfaction, when Oliver had polished them. "Fagin will make something of you, though; or you'll be the first he ever had that turned out unprofitable. You'd better begin at once, for you'll come to the trade long before you think of it, and you're only losing time, Oliver."

Master Bates backed this advice with sundry moral admonitions of his own, which being exhausted, he and his friend Mr. Dawkins launched into a glowing description of the numerous pleasures incidental to the life they led, interspersed with a variety of hints to Oliver that the best thing he could do, would be to secure Fagin's favour without more delay by the same means which they had employed to gain it.

"And always put this in your pipe, Nolly," said the Dodger, as the Jew was heard unlocking the door above, "if you don't take fogles and tickers —"

"What's the good of talking in that way?" interposed Master Bates; "he don't know what you mean."

"If you don't take pocket-hankerchers and watches," said the Dodger, reducing his conversation to the level of Oliver's capacity, "some other cove will; so that the coves that lose 'em will be all the worse, and you'll be all the worse too, and nobody half a ha'p'orth the better, except the chaps wot gets them—and you've just as good a right to them as they have."

"To be sure,—to be sure!" said the Jew, who had entered unseen by Oliver. "It all lies in a nutshell, my dear—in a nutshell, take the Dodger's word for it. Ha! ha! he understands the catechism of his trade."

The old man rubbed his hands gleefully together as he corroborated the Dodger's reasoning in these terms, and chuckled with delight at his pupil's proficiency.

The conversation proceeded no farther at this time, for the Jew had returned home accompanied by Miss Betsy, and a gentleman whom Oliver had never seen before, but who was accosted by the Dodger as Tom Chitling, and who, having lingered on the stairs to exchange a few gallantries with the lady, now made his appearance.

Mr. Chitling was older in years than the Dodger, having perhaps numbered eighteen winters; but there was a degree of deference in his deportment towards that young gentleman which seemed to indicate that he felt himself conscious of a slight inferiority in point of genius and professional acquirements. He had small twinkling eyes, and a pock-marked face; wore a fur cap, a dark corduroy jacket, greasy fustian trousers, and an apron. His wardrobe was, in truth, rather out of repair; but he excused himself to the company by stating that his "time" was only out an hour before, and that, in consequence of having worn the regimentals for six weeks past, he had not been able to bestow any attention on his private clothes.

Mr. Chitling added, with strong marks of irritation, that the new way of fumigating clothes up yonder was infernal unconstitutional, for it burnt holes in them, and there was no remedy against the county; the same remark he considered to apply to the regulation mode of cutting the hair, which he held to be decidedly unlawful. Mr. Chitling wound up his observations by stating that he had not touched a drop of any thing for forty-two mortal long hard-working days, and that he "wished he might be busted if he wasn't as dry as a lime-basket!"

"Where do you think the gentleman has come from, Oliver?" inquired the Jew with a grin, as the other boys put a bottle of spirits on the table.

"I—I—don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

"Who's that?" inquired Tom Chitling, casting a contemptuous look at Oliver.

"A young friend of mine, my dear," replied the Jew.

"He's in luck then," said the young man, with a meaning look at Fagin. "Never mind where I came from, young 'un; you'll find your way there soon enough, I'll bet a crown!"

At this sally the boys laughed, and, after some more jokes on the same subject, exchanged a few short whispers with Fagin, and withdrew.

After some words apart between the last comer and Fagin, they drew their chairs towards the fire; and the Jew, telling Oliver to come and sit by him, led the conversation to the topics most calculated to interest his hearers. These were, the great advantages of the trade, the proficiency of the Dodger, the amiability of Charley Bates, and the liberality of the Jew himself. At length these subjects displayed signs of being thoroughly exhausted, and Mr. Chitling did the same (for the

house of correction becomes fatiguing after a week or two); accordingly Miss Betsy withdrew, and left the party to their repose.

From this day Oliver was seldom left alone, but was placed in almost constant communication with the other boys, who played the old game with the Jew every day,—whether for their own improvement, or for the Jew's, Mr. Fagin best knew. At other times the Jew would tell them stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days, mixed up with so much that was droll and curious, that Oliver could not help laughing heartily, and showing that he was amused, in spite of all his better feelings.

In short, the wily old Jew had the boy in his power, and, having prepared his mind by solitude and gloom, to prefer any society to the companionship of his own sad thoughts in such a dreary place, was now slowly instilling into his soul the poison which he hoped would blacken it and change its hue for ever.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

In which a notable plan is discussed and determined.

It was a chill, damp, windy night, when the Jew, buttoning his great-coat tight round his shrivelled body, and pulling the collar up over his ears so as completely to obscure the lower part of his face, emerged from his den. He paused on the step as the door was locked and chained behind him; and having listened until the boys made all secure, and until their retreating footsteps were no longer audible, slunk down the street as quickly as he could.

The house to which Oliver had been conveyed was in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel; the Jew stopped for an instant at the corner of the street, and, glancing suspiciously round, crossed the road, and struck in the direction of Spitalfields.

The mud lay thick upon the stones, and a black rain hung over the streets; the rain fell sluggishly, and every thing felt cold and clammy to the touch. It seemed just the night when it befitted such a business for the Jew to be abroad. As he glided stealthily, creeping beneath the shelter of the walls and in the narrow ways, the hideous old man seemed like some loathsome reptile, engendered in the slime and darkness through which he moved, crawling forth by night in search of some rich offal for a meal.

He kept on his course through many winding narrow ways until he reached Bethnal Green; but, turning suddenly off to the left, he soon became involved in a maze of the mean dirty streets which abounded in that close and densely-populated quarter.

The Jew was evidently too familiar with the ground he traversed, however, to be at all bewildered either by the darkness of the night or the intricacies of the way. He hurried through several alleys and streets

and at length turned into one lighted only by a single lamp at the farther end. At the door of a house in this street he knocked, and, having exchanged a few muttered words with the person who opened the door, walked up stairs.

A dog growled as he touched the handle of a door, and a man's voice demanded who was there.

"Only me, Bill; only me, my dear," said the Jew, looking in.

"Bring in your body," said Sikes. "Lie down, you stupid brute! Don't you know the devil when he's got a great-coat on?"

Apparently the dog had been somewhat deceived by Mr. Fagin's outer garment; for as the Jew unbuttoned it, and threw it over the back of a chair, he retired to the corner from which he had risen, wagging his tail as he went, to show that he was as well satisfied as it was in his nature to be.

"Well!" said Sikes.

"Well, my dear," replied the Jew. "Ah! Nancy."

The latter recognition was uttered with just enough of embarrassment to imply a doubt of its reception; for Mr. Fagin and his young friend had not met since she had interfered in behalf of Oliver. All doubts upon the subject, if he had any, were, however, speedily removed by the young lady's behaviour. She took her feet off the fender, pushed back her chair, and bade Fagin draw up his without saying any more about it, for it was a cold night, and no mistake. Miss Nancy prefixed to the word "cold" another adjective, derived from the name of an unpleasant instrument of death, which, as the word is seldom mentioned to ears polite in any other form than as a substantive, I have omitted in this chronicle.

"It is cold, Nancy dear," said the Jew, as he warmed his skinny hands over the fire. "It seems to go right through one," added the old man, touching his left side.

"It must be a piercer if it finds its way through your heart," said Mr. Sikes. "Give him something to drink, Nancy. Burn my body, make haste! It's enough to turn a man ill to see his lean old carcass shivering in that way, like an ugly ghost just rose from the grave."

Nancy quickly brought a bottle from a cupboard in which there were many, which, to judge from the diversity of their appearance, were filled with several kinds of liquids; and Sikes, pouring out a glass of brandy, bade the Jew drink it off.

"Quite enough, quite, thank ye Bill," replied the Jew, putting down the glass after just setting his lips to it.

"What! you're afraid of our getting the better of you, are you?" inquired Sikes, fixing his eyes on the Jew; "ugh!"

With a hoarse grunt of contempt Mr. Sikes seized

the glass and emptied it, as a preparatory ceremony to filling it again for himself, which he did at once.

The Jew glanced round the room as his companion tossed down the second glassful; not in curiosity, for he had seen it often before, but in a restless and suspicious manner which was habitual to him. It was a meanly furnished apartment, with nothing but the contents of the closet to induce the belief that its occupier was anything but a working man; and with no more suspicious articles displayed to view than two or three heavy bludgeons which stood in a corner, and a "life-preserver" that hung over the mantelpiece.

"There," said Sikes, smacking his lips. "Now I'm ready."

"For business—eh?" inquired the Jew.

"For business," replied Sikes; "so say what you've got to say."

"About the crib at Chertsey, Bill?" said the Jew, drawing his chair forward, and speaking in a very low voice.

"Yes. What about it?" inquired Sikes.

"Ah! you know what I mean, my dear," said the Jew. "He knows what I mean, Nancy; don't he?"

"No, he don't," sneered Mr. Sikes, "or he won't, and that's the same thing. Speak out, and call things by their right names; don't sit there winking and blinking, and talking to me in hints, as if you warn't the very first that thought about the robbery. D—your eyes! wot d'ye mean?"

"Hush, Bill, hush!" said the Jew, who had in vain attempted to stop this burst of indignation; "somebody will hear us, my dear; somebody will hear us."

"Let 'em hear!" said Sikes; "I don't care." But as Mr. Sikes *did* care, upon reflection, he dropped his voice as he said the words, and grew calmer.

"There, there," said the Jew coaxingly. "It was only my caution—nothing more. Now, my dear, about that crib at Chertsey; when is it to be done, Bill, eh? —when is it to be done? Such plate, my dears, such plate!" said the Jew, rubbing his hands, and elevating his eyebrows in a rapture of anticipation.

"Not at all," replied Sikes coldly.

"Not to be done at all!" echoed the Jew, leaning back in his chair.

"No, not at all," rejoined Sikes; "at least it can't be a putup job, as we expected."

"Then it hasn't been properly gone about," said the Jew, turning pale with anger. "Don't tell me!"

"But I will tell you," retorted Sikes. "Who are you that's not to be told? I tell you that Toby Crackit has been hanging about the place for a fortnight, and he can't get one of the servants into a line."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bill," said the Jew, softening as the other grew heated, "that neither of the two men in the house can be got over?"

"Yes, I do mean to tell you so," replied Sikes.

"The old lady has had 'em these twenty year; and, if you were to give 'em five hundred pound, they wouldn't be in it."

"But do you mean to say, my dear," remonstrated the Jew, "that the women can't be got over?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes.

"Not by flash Toby Crackit!" said the Jew incredulously. "Think what women are, Bill."

"No; not even by flash Toby Crackit," replied Sikes. "He says he's worn sham whiskers and a canary waistcoat the whole blessed time he's been loitering down there, and it's all of no use."

"He should have tried mustachios and a pair of military trousers, my dear," said the Jew, after a few moments' reflection.

"So he did," rejoined Sikes, "and they warn't of no more use than the other plant."

The Jew looked very blank at this information, and, after ruminating for some minutes with his chin sunk on his breast, raised his head, and said with a deep sigh that, if flash Toby Crackit reported aright, he feared the game was up.

"And yet," said the old man, dropping his hands on his knees, "it's a sad thing, my dear, to lose so much when we had set our hearts upon it."

"So it is," said Mr. Sikes; "worse luck!"

A long silence ensued, during which the Jew was plunged in deep thought, with his face wrinkled into an expression of villany perfectly demoniacal. Sikes eyed him furtively from time to time; and Nancy, apparently fearful of irritating the house-breaker, sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, as if she had been deaf to all that passed.

"Fagin," said Sikes, abruptly breaking the stillness that prevailed, "is it worth fifty shiners extra if it's safely done from the outside?"

"Yes," said the Jew, suddenly rousing himself as if from a trance.

"Is it a bargain?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, my dear, yes," rejoined the Jew, grasping the other's hand, his eyes glistening, and every muscle in his face working with the excitement that the inquiry had awakened.

"Then," said Sikes, thrusting aside the Jew's hand with some disdain, "let it come off as soon as you like. Toby and I were over the garden-wall the night afore last, sounding the panels of the doors and shutters: the crib's barred up at night like a jail, but there's one part we can crack, safe and softly."

"Which is that, Bill?" asked the Jew eagerly.

"Why," whispered Sikes, "as you cross the lawn——"

"Yes, yes," said the Jew, bending his head forward, with his eyes almost starting out of it.

"Umph!" cried Sikes, stopping short as the girl,

scarcely moving her head, looked suddenly round and pointed for an instant to the Jew's face. "Never mind which part it is. You can't do it without me; know; but it's best to be on the safe side when we deals with you."

"As you like, my dear, as you like," replied the Jew, biting his lip. "Is there no help wanted for yours and Toby's?"

"None," said Sikes, "'cept a centre-bit and a by the first we've both got; the second you must get us."

"A boy!" exclaimed the Jew. "O! then it is a panel, eh?"

"Never mind wot it is!" replied Sikes; "I want a boy, and he mustn't be a big un. Lord!" said Sikes reflectively, "if I'd only got that young boy, Ned, the chimbley-sweeper's!—he kept him small for purpose, and let him out by the job. But the feller gets lagged, and then the Juvenile Delinquent Society comes, and takes the boy away from a trade where he was arning money, teaches him to read and write, and in time makes a 'prentice of him. And so they go on," said Mr. Sikes, his wrath rising with the reflection of his wrongs,—“so they go on; and, if they got money enough, (which it's a Providence they have not,) we shouldn't have half-a-dozen boys left in the whole trade in a year or two."

"No more we should," acquiesced the Jew, who had been considering during this speech, and had caught the last sentence. "Bill!"

"What now?" inquired Sikes.

The Jew nodded his head towards Nancy, who was still gazing at the fire; and intimated by a sign that he would have her told to leave the room. She shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as if he thought the precaution unnecessary, but complied, nevertheless, by requesting Miss Nancy to fetch him a jug of beer.

"You don't want any beer," said Nancy, folding her arms, and retaining her seat very composedly.

"I tell you I do!" replied Sikes.

"Nonsense!" rejoined the girl, coolly. "Go and ask Fagin. I know what he's going to say, Bill; he needn't mind me."

The Jew still hesitated, and Sikes looked from one to the other in some surprise.

"Why, you don't mind the old girl, do you, Fagin?" he asked at length. "You've known her long enough to trust her, or the devil's in it: she ain't one to blab, are you, Nancy?"

"I should think not!" replied the young lady, drawing her chair up to the table, and putting her elbow upon it.

"No, no, my dear,—I know you're not," said the Jew, "but——" and again the old man paused.

"But wot?" inquired Sikes.

"I didn't know whether she mightn't p'raps be out of sorts, you know, my dear, as she was the other night," replied the Jew.

At this confession Miss Nancy burst into a loud laugh, and, swallowing a glass of brandy, shook her head with an air of defiance, and burst into sundry exclamations of "Keep the game a-going!" "Never say die!" and the like, which seemed at once to have the effect of re-assuring both gentlemen, for the Jew nodded his head with a satisfied air, and resumed his seat, as did Mr. Sikes likewise.

"Now, Fagin," said Miss Nancy with a laugh, "tell Bill at once about Oliver!"

"Ah! you're a clever one, my dear; the sharpest girl I ever saw!" said the Jew, patting her on the neck. "It *was* about Oliver I was going to speak, sure enough. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What about him?" demanded Sikes.

"He's the boy for you, my dear," replied the Jew in a hoarse whisper, laying his finger on the side of his nose, and grinning frightfully.

"He!" exclaimed Sikes.

"Have him, Bill!" said Nancy. "I would if I was in your place. He mayn't be so much up as any of the others; but that's not what you want if he's only to open a door for you. Depend upon it he's a safe one, Bill."

"I know he is," rejoined Fagin; "he's been in good training these last few weeks, and it's time he began to work for his bread; besides the others are all too big."

"Well, he is just the size I want," said Mr. Sikes, nodding.

"And will do every thing you want, Bill, my dear," interposed the Jew; "he can't help himself—that is, if you only frighten him enough."

"Frighten him!" echoed Sikes. "It'll be no sham frightening, mind you. If there's anything queer about him when we once get into the work,—in for a penny, in for a pound,—you won't see him alive again, Fagin. Think of that before you send him. Mark my words!" said the robber, shaking a heavy crow-bar which he had drawn from under the bedstead.

"I've thought of it all," said the Jew with energy. "I've—I've had my eye upon him, my dears, close: close. Once let him feel that he is one of us; once fill his mind with the idea that he has been a thief, and he's ours,—ours for his life! Oho! It couldn't have come about better!" The old man crossed his arms upon his breast, and drawing his head and shoulders into a heap, literally hugged himself for joy.

"Ours!" said Sikes. "Yours, you mean."

"Perhaps I do, my dear," said the Jew with a shrill chuckle. "Mine, if you like, Bill."

"And wot," said Sikes, scowling fiercely on his agreeable friend,—what makes you take so much pains

about one chalk-faced kid, when you know there are fifty boys snoozing about Common Garden every night, as you might pick and choose from?"

"Because they're of no use to me, my dear," replied the Jew with some confusion, "not worth the taking; for their looks convict 'em when they get into trouble, and I loose 'em all. With this boy properly managed, my dears, I could do what I couldn't with twenty of them. Besides," said the Jew, recovering his self-possession, "he has us now if he could only give us leg-bail again; and he *must* be in the same boat with us; never mind how he came there, it's quite enough for my power over him that he was in a robbery, that's all I want. Now how much better this is than being obliged to put the poor leetle boy out of the way, which would be dangerous,—and we should loose by it, besides."

"When is it to be done?" asked Nancy, stopping some turbulent exclamation on the part of Mr. Sikes, expressive of the disgust with which he received Fagin's affectation of humanity.

"Ah, to be sure," said the Jew, "when is it to be done, Bill!"

"I planned with Toby the night arter to-morrow," rejoined Sikes in a surly voice, "if he heard nothing from me to the contrary."

"Good," said the Jew; "there's no moon."

"No," rejoined Sikes.

"It's all arranged about bringing off the swag,* is it?" asked the Jew.

Sikes nodded.

"And about——"

"Oh ah, it's all planned," rejoined Sikes, interrupting him; "never mind particulars. You'd better bring the boy here to-morrow night; I shall get off the stones an hour after day-break. Then you hold your tongue and keep the melting-pot ready, and that's all you'll have to do."

After some discussion in which all three took an active part, it was decided that Nancy should repair to the Jew's next evening, when the night had set in, and bring Oliver away with her: Fagin craftily observing, that, if he evinced any disinclination to the task, he would be more willing to accompany the girl, who had so recently interfered in his behalf, than anybody else. It was also solemnly arranged that poor Oliver should, for the purposes of the contemplated expedition, be unreservedly consigned to the care and custody of Mr. William Sikes; and further, that the said Sikes should deal with him as he thought fit, and should not be held responsible by the Jew for any mischance or evil that might befall the boy, or any punishment with which it might be necessary to visit him; it being understood that, to render the compact in this respect binding, any representations made by Mr.

* Booty.

Sikes on his return should be required to be confirmed and corroborated, in all important particulars, by the testimony of flash Toby Crackit.

These preliminaries adjusted, Mr. Sikes proceeded to drink brandy at a furious rate, and to flourish the crowbar in an alarming manner, yelling forth at the same time most unmusical snatches of song mingled with wild execrations. At length, in a fit of professional enthusiasm, he insisted upon producing his box of housebreaking tools, which he had no sooner stumbled in with, and opened for the purpose of explaining the nature and properties of the various implements it contained, and the peculiar beauties of their construction, than he fell over it upon the floor, and went to sleep where he fell.

"Good night, Nancy!" said the Jew, muffling himself up as before.

"Good night!"

Their eyes met, and the Jew scrutinized her narrowly. There was no flinching about the girl. She was as true and earnest in the matter as Toby Crackit himself could be.

The Jew again bade her good night, and, bestowing a sly kick upon the prostrate form of Mr. Sikes while her back was turned, groped down stairs.

"Always the way," muttered the Jew to himself as he turned homewards. "The worst of these women is, that a very little thing serves to call up some long-forgotten feeling; and the best of them is, that it never lasts. Ha! ha! The man against the child, for a bag of gold!"

Beguiling the time with these pleasant reflections, Mr. Fagin wended his way through mud and mire to his gloomy abode, where the Dodger was sitting up, impatiently waiting his return.

"Is Oliver a-bed? I want to speak to him," was his first remark as they descended the stairs.

"Hours ago," replied the Dodger, throwing open a door. "Here he is!"

The boy was lying fast asleep on a rude bed upon the floor, so pale with anxiety and sadness, and the closeness of his prison, that he looked like death; not death as it shows in shroud and coffin, but in the guise it wears when life has just departed: when a young and gentle spirit has but an instant fled to heaven, and the gross air of the world has not had time to breathe upon the changing dust it hallowed.

"Not now," said the Jew turning softly away. "To-morrow. To-morrow."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

Wherein Oliver is delivered over to Mr. William Sikes.

When Oliver awoke in the morning, he was a good deal surprised to find that a new pair of shoes with strong thick soles had been placed at his bedside, and that his old ones had been removed. At first he was pleased with the discovery, hoping it might be the

forerunner of his release; but such thoughts were quickly dispelled on his sitting down to breakfast alone with the Jew, who told him, in a tone and manner which increased his alarm, that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night.

"To—to—stop there, sir?" asked Oliver anxiously.

"No, no, my dear, not to stop there," replied the Jew. "We shouldn't like to lose you. Don't be afraid, Oliver; you shall come back to us again. Ha! ha! We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no!"

The old man, who was stooping over the fire toasting a piece of bread, looked round as he bantered Oliver thus, and chuckled as if to show that he knew he would still be very glad to get away if he could.

"I suppose," said the Jew, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you are going to be for—eh, my dear?"

Oliver coloured involuntarily to find that the old man had been reading his thoughts; but boldly said, yes, he did want to know.

"Why, do you think?" inquired Fagin, parrying the question.

"Indeed I don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

"Bah!" said the Jew, turning away with a disappointed countenance from a close perusal of Oliver's face. "Wait till Bill tells you, then."

The Jew seemed much vexed by Oliver's not expressing any greater curiosity on the subject; but the truth is, that, although he felt very anxious, he was much confused by the earnest cunning of Fagin's looks and his own speculations, to make any further inquiry just then. He had no other opportunity; for the Jew remained very surly and silent till night, when he prepared to go abroad.

"You may burn a candle," said the Jew, putting a candle upon the table; "and here's a book for you to read while they come to fetch you. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!" replied Oliver softly.

The Jew walked to the door, looking over his shoulder at the boy as he went, and suddenly stopping, called him by his name.

Oliver looked up; the Jew, pointing to the candle, motioned him to light it. He did so; and, as he placed the candlestick upon the table, saw that the Jew was gazing fixedly at him with lowering and contracted brows from the dark end of the room.

"Take heed, Oliver! take heed!" said the old man, shaking his right hand before him in a warning manner. "He's a rough man, and thinks nothing of blowing when his own is up. Whatever falls out, say nothing, and do what he bids you. Mind!" Placing a strong emphasis on the last word, he suffered his features gradually to resolve themselves into a ghastly grin, and, nodding his head, left the room.

Oliver leant his head upon his hand when the old man disappeared, and pondered with a trembling heart.

he words he had just heard. The more he thought of the Jew's admonition, the more he was at a loss to know its real purpose and meaning. He could think of no bad object to be attained by sending him to Sikes, which would not be equally well answered by his remaining with Fagin; and, after meditating for a long time, concluded that he had been selected to perform the ordinary menial offices for the housebreaker, unless another boy, better suited for his purpose, could be engaged. He was too well accustomed to suffering, and had suffered too much where he was, to bewail the prospect of a change very severely. He remained lost in thought for some minutes, and then, with a heavy sigh, snuffed the candle, and, taking up the book which the Jew had left with him, began to read.

He turned over the leaves carelessly at first, but resting on a passage which attracted his attention, he became intent upon the volume. It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals, and the pages were soiled and thumbed with use. Here he read of dreadful crimes that make the blood run cold; of secret murders that had been committed by the lonely way-side, and bodies hidden from the eye of man in deep pits and wells, which would not keep them down, deep as they were, but had yielded them up at last, after many years, and so maddened the murderers with the sight, that in their horror they had confessed their guilt, and yelled for the gibbet to end their agony. Here, too, he read of men who, lying in their beds at midnight, had been tempted and led on by their own bad thoughts to such dreadful bloodshed as it made the flesh creep and the limbs quail to think of. The terrible descriptions were so vivid and real, that the yellow pages seemed to turn red with gore, and the words upon them to be sounded in his ears as if they were whispered in hollow murmurs by the spirits of the dead.

In a paroxysm of fear the boy closed the book and thrust it from him. Then, falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds, and rather to will that he should die at once, than be reserved for crimes so fearful and appalling. By degrees he grew more calm, and besought, in a low and broken voice, that he might be rescued from his present dangers: and that if any aid were to be raised up for a poor outcast boy, who had never known the love of friends or kindred, it might come to him now, when, desolate and deserted, he stood alone in the midst of wickedness and guilt.

He had concluded his prayer, but still remained with his head buried in his hands, when a rustling noise aroused him.

"What's that!" he cried, starting up, and catching sight of a figure standing by the door. "Who's there?"

"Me—only me," replied a tremulous voice.

Oliver raised the candle above his head, and looked towards the door. It was Nancy.

"Put down the light," said the girl, turning away her head: "it hurts my eyes."

Oliver saw that she was very pale, and gently inquired if she were ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him, and wrung her hands; but made no reply.

"God forgive me!" she cried after a while, "I never thought of all this."

"Has anything happened?" asked Oliver. "Can I help you? I will if I can; I will indeed."

She rocked herself to and fro, and then, wringing her hands violently, caught her throat, and, uttering a gurgling sound, struggled and gasped for breath.

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, greatly alarmed. "What is it?"

The girl burst into a fit of loud laughter, beating her hands upon her knees, and her feet upon the ground, meanwhile; and, suddenly stopping, drew her shawl close round her, and shivered with cold.

Oliver stirred the fire. Drawing her chair close to it, she sat there for a little time without speaking, but at length she raised her head and looked round.

"I don't know what comes over me sometimes," said the girl, affecting to busy herself in arranging her dress; "it's this damp, dirty room, I think. Now, Nolly, dear, are you ready?"

"Am I to go with you?" asked Oliver.

"Yes; I have come from Bill," replied the girl. "You are to go with me."

"What for?" said Oliver recoiling.

"What for!" echoed the girl, raising her eyes, and averting them again the moment they encountered the boy's face. "Oh! for no harm."

"I don't believe it," said Oliver, who had watched her closely.

"Have it your own way," rejoined the girl, affecting to laugh. "For no good, then."

Oliver could see that he had some power over the girl's better feelings, and for an instant thought of appealing to her compassion for his helpless state. But then the thought darted across his mind that it was barely eleven o'clock, and that many people were still in the streets, of whom surely some might be found to give credence to his tale. As the reflection occurred to him, he stepped forward, and said somewhat hastily that he was ready.

Neither his brief consideration nor its purport were lost upon his companion. She eyed him narrowly while he spoke, and cast upon him a look of intelligence which sufficiently showed that she guessed what had been passing in his thoughts.

"Hush!" said the girl, stooping over him, and pointing to the door as she looked cautiously round. "You can't help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and round; and, if ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time."

Struck by the energy of her manner, Oliver looked up in her face with great surprise. She seemed to speak the truth; her countenance was white and agitated, and she trembled with very earnestness.

"I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now," continued the girl aloud; "for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far more rough than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. See here! I have borne all this for you already, as true as God sees me show it."

She pointed hastily to some livid bruises upon her neck and arms, and continued with great rapidity.

"Remember this, and don't let me suffer more for you just now. If I could help you I would, but I have not the power: they don't mean to harm you; and whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours. Hush! every word from you is a blow for me: give me your hand—make haste, your hand!"

She caught the hand which Oliver instinctively placed in hers, and, blowing out the light, drew him after her up the stairs. The door was opened quickly by some one shrouded in the darkness, and as quickly closed when they had passed out. A hackney cabriolet was in waiting; and, with the same vehemence which she had exhibited in addressing Oliver, the girl pulled him in with her, and drew the curtains close. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed his horse into full speed without the delay of an instant.

The girl still held Oliver fast by the hand, and continued to pour into his ear the warnings and assurances she had already imparted. All was so quick and hurried, that he had scarcely time to recollect where he was, or how he came there, when the carriage stopped at the same house to which the Jew's steps had been directed on the previous evening.

For one brief moment Oliver cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon his lips. But the girl's voice was in his ear, beseeching him in such tones of agony to remember her, that he had not the heart to utter it; and while he hesitated the opportunity was gone, for he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

"This way," said the girl, releasing her hold for the first time. "Bill!"

"Hallo!" replied Sikes, appearing at the head of the stairs with a candle. "Oh! that's the time of day. Come on!"

This was a very strong expression of approbation, and an uncommonly hearty welcome, from a person of Mr. Sikes's temperament; Nancy, appearing much gratified thereby, saluted him cordially.

"Bullseye's gone home with Tom," observed Sikes as he lighted them up. "He'd have been in the way."

"That's right," rejoined Nancy.

"So you've got the kid," said Sikes, when they all reached the room: closing the door as he spoke.

"Yes, here he is," replied Nancy.

"Did he come quiet?" inquired Sikes.

"Like a lamb," rejoined Nancy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver, "for the sake of his young carcass, as otherways have suffered for it. Come here, you, and let me read you a lectur', which is as well for at once."

Thus addressing his new *protégé*, Mr. Sikes took off his cap, and threw it into a corner, and then laid his hand on Oliver by the shoulder, sat himself down by the table, and stood Oliver in front of him.

"Now first, do you know wot this is?" inquired Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table. Oliver replied in the affirmative.

"Well then, look here," continued Sikes, "this is powder, that 'ere's a bullet, and this is a little bit of an old hat for waddin'."

Oliver murmured his comprehension of the allusions referred to, and Mr. Sikes proceeded to load his pistol with great nicety and deliberation.

"Now it's loaded," said Mr. Sikes when he had finished.

"Yes, I see it is, sir," replied Oliver, trembling.

"Well," said the robber, grasping Oliver's arm tightly, and putting the barrel so close to his ear that they touched, at which moment the boy could not repress a shriek; "if you speak a word when you're o' doors with me, except when I speak to you, loading will be in your head without notice—so you'd better do make up your mind to speak without leave, say your prayers first."

Having bestowed a scowl upon the object of his warning, to increase its effect, Mr. Sikes continued:

"As near as I know, there isn't anybody as wot's asking very partickler arter you, if you was dispo'ed of; so I needn't take this devil-and-all of trouble to plain matters to you if it warn't for your own sake. D'ye hear?"

"The short and the long of what you mean," said Nancy, speaking very emphatically, and slightly interrupting at Oliver, as if to bespeak his serious attention to her words, "is, that if you're crossed by him in the job you have on hand, you'll prevent his ever telling tales afterwards, by shooting him through the head. You take your chance of swinging for it as you do for a many other things in the way of business every day of your life."

"That's it!" observed Mr. Sikes approvingly. "Men can always put things in fewest words, even when it's blowing-up, and then they lengthens it out. And now that he's thoroughly up to it, let's have a supper, and get a snooze afore starting."

in pursuance of this request, Nancy quickly laid the table, and, disappearing for a few minutes, presently returned with a pot of porter and a dish of sheep's heads, which gave occasion to several pleasant witticisms on the part of Mr. Sikes, founded upon the singular coincidence of "jemmies" being a cant name common to them and an ingenious implement much used in the profession. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, stimulated perhaps by the immediate prospect of being in active service, was in great spirits and good-humour; in proof of whereof it may be here remarked, that he humorously drank all the beer at a draught, and did not utter a rough calculation, more than fourscore oaths during the whole progress of the meal.

When supper being ended,—it may be easily conceived that Oliver had no great appetite for it,—Mr. Sikes dismissed a couple of glasses of spirits and water, and threw himself upon the bed, ordering Nancy, with many imprecations in case of failure, to call him at five precisely. Oliver stretched himself, in his clothes, by command of the same authority, on a mattress upon the floor, and the girl mending the fire, sat before it, in readiness to rouse them at the appointed time.

For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking it not impossible that Nancy might seek that opportunity of offering some further advice, but the girl sat brooding over the fire without moving, save now and then to trim the light: weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, the table was covered with tea-cakes, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his great-coat which hung over the back of the chair, while Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight, for the candle was still burning, and it was quite dark outside. A sharp frost, too, was beating against the window panes, and the sky looked black and cloudy.

"Now, then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up; "half-past five! Look sharp, or you'll get no breakfast, for it's late as it is."

"Oliver was not long in making his toilet; and having eaten some breakfast, replied to a surly inquiry from Sikes, by saying that he was quite ready.

Nancy scarcely looking at the boy, threw him a handkerchief to tie round his throat, and Sikes gave him a rough cape to button over his shoulders. Thus armed, he gave his hand to the robber, who, merely pretending to show him, with a menacing gesture, that he had the pistol in a side-pocket of his great-coat, clasped Oliver firmly in his, and, exchanging a farewell with Nancy, hurried him away.

Oliver turned round for an instant when they reached the door, in the hope of meeting a look from the girl; but she had resumed her old seat in front of the fire, and sat perfectly motionless before it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the Christian Observer.

RELIGIOUS MEMORIALS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

An American clergyman, Mr. M'Guire, has for many years been engaged in collecting information relative to the religious character and opinions of General Washington, and has succeeded in forming a far more satisfactory exhibition of the subject than had before appeared. The facts are fully authenticated, and we feel much pleasure in transcribing a few of them.

"You will recollect that a most interesting incident, in relation to the life of the great American commander-in-chief, has been related as follows:—that while stationed at Valley Forge with the army, he was frequently observed to visit a secluded grove. This excited the curiosity of a Mr. Potts, of the denomination of *Friends*, who watched his movements at one of these seasons of retirement, till he perceived that he was on his knees, and engaged in prayer. Mr. Potts then returned, and said to his family, 'Our cause is lost,'—(Mr. Potts was with the Tories)—[the English party were so called]—assigning his reasons for this opinion. There is a man, by the name of Devault Beaver, now living on this spot, eighty years of age, who says he had this statement from Mr. Potts and his family. I had before heard this interesting anecdote in the life of our venerated Washington, but had some misgivings about it, all of which are now most fully removed."

"It may be added, that besides the individual named by the above writer as having witnessed the private devotions of Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, it is known that Gen. Knox also was an accidental witness of the same, and was fully apprized that *prayer* was the object of the commander's frequent visits to the grove. This officer was especially devoted to the person of the Commander-in-chief, and had very free and familiar access to him; which may, in some measure, account for his particular knowledge of his habits.

"That an adjacent wood should have been selected as his private oratory, while regularly encamped for the winter, may excite inquiry. The cause may possibly be found in the fact that, in common with the officers and soldiers of the army, he lodged during that winter in a log hut, which, from the presence of Mrs. Washington, and perhaps other inmates, and the fewness of the apartments, did not admit of the privacy proper for such a duty.

"Another instance of this pious habit, witnessed during the war, has more recently been brought to light. In the year 1820, a clergyman, being in company with Major —, a nephew of General Washington, had an accidental conversation with him on the subject of Christianity. The conversation was of a controversial nature in the beginning, and as no good seemed to ensue, but some warmth of feeling, an effort was made to arrest the unprofitable discussion by an inquiry made of the Major, as to the religious opinions of his distinguished kinsman, the subject of these pages. This was done in part, as knowing his veneration for Washington, and for information too, as he had been captain of the General's body guard, during a greater part of the war, and possessed the best opportunities of learning his views and habits. In answer to the question, he observed, after hesitating for a moment: 'General Washington was certainly a pious man, his opinions being in favour of religion, and his habits all of that character and description.' Being further interrogated as to his habits, he replied, that his uncle, he knew, was in the habit of praying in private. Then with the animation of an old soldier, excited by professional re-

collections rather than sympathy with the subject, he related the circumstances of the following occurrence. 'While encamped at — N. J., a soldier arrived one morning about day-break, with despatches for the Commander-in-chief, from a distant division of the army. As soon as his business was known, he was directed to me as captain of the body guard, to whom he came forthwith, and giving me his papers, I repaired at once to the General's quarters. On my way to his room after reaching the house, I had to go along a narrow passage of some length. As I approached his door, it being yet nearly dark, I was arrested by the sound of a voice. I paused and listened for a moment, when I distinguished it as the General's voice, and in another moment found that he was engaged in audible prayer. As in his earnestness he had not heard my footsteps—or, if he heard me, did not choose to be interrupted—I retired to the front of the dwelling, till such time as I supposed him unengaged; when returning, and no longer hearing his voice, I knocked at the door, which being promptly opened, I delivered the despatches, received an answer, and dismissed the soldier.'

"How impressive an example of sincere devotion have we here! The leader of our armies, though oppressed with cares and labours, an unequalled burden, yet forsakes his friendly couch at the dawn of day, and upon his knees, 'cries unto God with his voice.' He is not content with unuttered prayer. His earnestness seeks its natural vent in audible and articulate sounds."

"During his residence in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, it was the habit of Washington, winter and summer, to retire to his study at a certain hour every night. He usually did so at nine o'clock; always having a lighted candle in his hand, and closing the door carefully after him. A youthful member of his household, whose room was near the study, being just across the passage, observing this constant practice of the President, had his thoughts excited in reference to the cause of so uniform a custom. Accordingly, on one occasion, in the indulgence of a juvenile curiosity, he looked into the room sometime after the President had gone in; and found him upon his knees at a small table, with a candle and a Bible thereon.

"In these facts we have evidence of his uniform attention to the divinely-commanded observance of private prayer. The evidence, too, embraces a very large portion of his life. Our limited and partial information comprehends a period of forty years—that is, from his twenty-third to beyond his sixtieth year. It was his habit while engaged in the French and Indian war; it was the same during the revolutionary war; and it was so also during his presidential terms; and no doubt it was so to the end of his life.

"It was in reference to this known excellence in Washington, that Dr. Mason, of New York, in the funeral eulogy pronounced on the occasion of his death, in February, 1800, uses the language:—'That invisible Hand which guarded him at first, continued to guard and to guide him through the successive stages of the revolution. Nor did he account it a weakness to bend the knee in homage to its supremacy, and prayer for its direction. This was the armour of Washington, this the salvation of his country.'

The following facts illustrate his regard for the Sabbath:—

"In the town of —, in Connecticut, where the roads are extremely rough, Washington was overtaken by night, on Saturday, not being able to reach the town where he designed to rest on the Sabbath. Next morn-

ing, about sun-rise, his coach was harnessed, and he proceeding onward to an inn, near the place of —, which he proposed to attend. A plain man, who was an informing officer, came from a cottage, and inquired of the coachman whether there were any urgent reasons for his travelling on the Lord's-day. The General, resenting this as impertinent rudeness, ordered the man to stop, and with great civility explained the circumstances to the officer, commending him for his respect, and assuring him that nothing was farther from his attention than to treat with disrespect the laws and customs of Connecticut, relative to the Sabbath, *which met with the most cordial approbation.*

"Though he had paid a marked respect to the Sabbath, throughout his previous life—there was no relaxation to be during his Presidency, an increased reverence for it. Not only was he most punctilious in attendance on the public worship of God, whenever possible, but the discipline of his house was strictly formed to the obligations and proprieties of the Sabbath. It was an established rule of his mansion, that no company could not be admitted on Sundays. It is understood that an exception to the rule was made in the case of an individual, namely, Mr. Trumbull, Speaker of the House of Representatives. He often spent an hour on Sunday evenings with the President; and so entirely was this privilege confined to him, that it was usual with the servant, when he heard the door-bell ring, on Sunday evenings, to call it the 'speaker's bell.'

"After spending a part of the day at church, and occasionally an hour in the evening with Mr. Trumbull, of the most pious men of his age—the rest of the day preceding the hour of repose, was occupied by the President's reading to Mrs. Washington a selected portion of the Holy Scriptures."

The following are extracts from Washington's diary kept in the year 1760.

"Jan. 5th. Mrs. Washington appeared to be somewhat better. Mr. Green, however, came to see her at nine o'clock, and in an hour Mrs. Fairfax arrived. Mr. Green prescribed, and just as we were going to dinner, Mr. Walter Stuart appeared, with Dr. Laurie; the weather being very cold, and the wind high, Mrs. Fairfax returned home in the chariot.—"6th. The chariot not returning in time enough from Colonel Fairfax's we were prevented from going to Church. Mrs. Washington is a little better to day."—"It would appear, then, that Mrs. Washington's indisposition and confinement were not neglecting the public worship of God, had not the expected delay of the chariot interfered with the performance of that duty.—In the year 1774, Washington went to Williamsburg, as a member of the house of burgesses. The horizon of our country was then dark with clouds, portending the approach of war. In the month of May, a short time after the members assembled, information was received of an act of parliament for shutting up the port of Boston—to take effect the 1st of June. The members being much excited by this hostile proceeding on the part of the British government, when they met on the 24th of May, passed an order that the 1st day of June 'should be set apart by the house as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer; devoutly to implore the Divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to our civil rights, and the evils of civil war, and to give one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose, by all proper means, every injury to American rights.'—The 1st, being the day appointed as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, the following brief entry is found in a diary kept by Washington at that time:—June 1st, Wednesday.—Went to church and fasted all day. I went to church, in conformity with the order passed by the house of burgesses. But not only so—he did also which perhaps was not known to any mortal, *he fasted all day.*"

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JUNE, 1838.

From the London Review.

The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G. &c. &c. By Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood. Vol. I—IX. Murray.*

It has been customary to decry the political talents of the Duke of Wellington. The liberals, especially the Whigs,† never fail to rail at them, and even the Tories do now and then slyly fling a stone and pass onward. His firmness of character, his habits of business, his dispassionate method of examining questions of importance, and his unwearied diligence, have been admitted; they could not be denied with decency; but when it has always been added, "*He is only a soldier, what can he know of politics?*"

To this peremptory mode of estimating his attainments and capacity, it has been fruitlessly objected, 1st, That the force and sharpness of intellect, which had penetrated all the secrets of war, might possibly have penetrated the secrets of policy. 2nd, That in conducting the affairs of a nation it is no mean part to know how to direct great bodies of men towards a given object, whether civil or military, it matters not which, in regard to the exercise of the mind, since in both a union of moral influence and physical force is requisite, the only difference being, that in war the pressure must be more forcible and prompt, proportionate to the greater exigency. 3d, That the con-

trolling of armies and their attendant multitudes, the arrangements necessary to secure their pay and provisions, and the constant vigilance and acuteness required to observe and detect the enemy's proceedings and plans, constitute important branches of administrative policy, and were familiar to Wellington. The answer has however been always the same. "*He is only a soldier, what can he know of politics?*"

It was in vain that, on such occasions, it has been urged that he was not simply a soldier, seeing, that in India he had governed districts of country larger than England, that he had been engaged in several difficult and important negotiations in that distant country, and had, on his return, shown himself more able to explain and to defend his brother's general administration of that empire when it was impeached, more able than that brother so vaunted for his political talents, was to defend it himself. That he had, as secretary of state, conducted the government of Ireland, whether for good or evil as regards the general interests of the empire rightly understood is immaterial; but in Ireland he had been practised in domestic politics, and while by his indefatigable industry, and his vigorous, honest habits of business, he gave a tone to the government, quite unusual in that country of official idleness, jobs, and peculations, he had the rarer merit of restraining, in some measure, the public profligacy, and forcing the vice which could not blush to be less shameless of display. That in Spain and Portugal he had, for several years, been involved in the political as well as the military relations which England maintained with the governments of those countries, and with the government of the Brazils; and that to deal successfully with such arrogant, pugnacious, and chaotic administrations was also good practice in the political art. That in France after the war, he had, as general-in-chief of the confederate army, managed all the political affairs appertaining to the occupation of that country. That, as ambassador at the Congress of Vienna and at Paris, he had opportu-

* The following article is, by agreement, to be considered as the expression of the writer's sentiments, without involving the opinions of the Review. Who the writer is, may be easily discovered by the style, the sentiment and the initials.—*Ed.*

† Some of our readers may recollect the tone of the Whigs towards the Duke some years ago. A leading article of the *Morning Chronicle*, in Perry's day, began somewhat in this style: "The Duke of Wellington's head is continually thrust into our faces: at every corner we meet it in plaister, looking as empty and dull as emptiness and dulness can make the original look!" We would ask also, whether Mr. Barry O'Meara, the friend of the Whigs, had not in his possession Napoleon's detailed and highly favourable opinions of the Duke of Wellington's campaigns, and refrained from publishing them because they would do him too much honour? We heard this from a gentleman who assured us that he had it from Mr. O'Meara himself.

nities for making himself master of our principles of foreign policy, and having to deal with the great diplomatists of Europe, he did there successfully deal with them during the most important general political crises of modern times. Finally, that so much experience, added to great natural powers and happy qualities of mind, could not fail to make a proficient in state affairs, since the political art, like all other arts, is matter of practice and principle conjoined, and, experience being equal, the greatest mind must naturally make the greatest progress. Wherefore, as neither the natural talents of the Duke of Wellington, nor his experience in the management of state questions, nor, what was of more importance to England, his probity and his industry, could be denied, it followed that he must be a statesman. But all such arguments, and reference to facts, were continually met by the parrot repetition of the words, "*He is a soldier, what can he know of politics?*"

Thus rebuffed, we were forced to ask ourselves what this occult matter of politics might be? and to admire in silence a dispensation of Providence which rendered it a sealed book to Wellington and all soldiers, though, like the door of the robber's cave, it opened miraculously to the sésamé of an Eton or Westminster schoolboy; provided always, that the schoolboy was a scion of a gifted family, one of the chosen, upon whom rotten-borough interest fell like the manna of heaven. It could not be a knowledge of mankind, because an Eton boy knew nothing of that lore, and Wellington was experienced in it; he had studied it experimentally, and his school was a multitude of nations. It could not be a knowledge of official details, nor habits of business, for in these things Wellington was remarkable. It could not depend upon opportunities to acquire a knowledge of the feelings and supposed interests of the different nations of the world; for to no man in England had so many opportunities been given. It could not depend upon mental dignity and force of intellect, since it was notorious that, abroad and at home, Wellington had acquired and sustained a remarkable personal ascendancy over all the great politicians and generals of Europe with whom he was brought into contact.* Numerous are the stories of his abruptness, of his singularities, but there are none of his

* It is true that a despatch from the Prince de Lieven, to be found in that interesting publication the 'Portfolio,' would seem to contradict this assertion. But the Prince de Lieven is not one of the great diplomatists of Europe, and we can easily conceive that a minister, used to obey implicitly the blood-stained monster who drags the children of the wretched Poland into slavery, would mistake the workings of honour and humanity in the Duke of Wellington for indecision of character—his wisdom is not their wisdom, nor his firmness their firmness! After all, as the composition of the Prince's despatches are generally attributed to the Princess, this charge of indecision, this want of promptness imputed to the Duke, may perhaps have no political meaning. But the Princess de Lieven excepted, Wellington's personal ascendancy has been recognised by all Europe—monarchs have bowed and been abashed before him.

weaknesses. He has been called the stern Duke, the implacable Duke, the iron Duke, and not seldom the victorious Duke; but the credulous Duke, the silly Duke, he has never been called. Many have opposed him, and many have submitted to him; many have feared him, and many, very many, also love and revere him. Vilified he has been, but never despised. His wrath has been dangerous to some, his wisdom and courage have afforded shelter and safety to others, but he has always stood collected and alone, a mark upon which men's eyes were turned in fear or hope. What then we asked ourselves, constituted this political art, which a man gifted with such qualities could not attain? Here was vigour of body and of mind; here was extraordinary quickness of perception, unwearied application, dispassionate investigation, coolness of temper, undaunted courage, physical and moral, and the habit of conducting great affairs, aye! so successfully conducting them, that envious men turned in bitterness to demand of fortune why she cherished such a favourite! But all this availed not! *Wellington was only a soldier, what could he know of politics?*

To ordinary minds, however, it did appear that such a man must be a politician; that such an education combined with such natural qualities, must have made the Duke of Wellington, we will not say a Napoleon, because there are some men, and Napoleon was one of them, who are permitted at times to rule the world with single unapproachable majesty of mind: but we say that there was no apparent reason why Wellington should not take a high place among English statesmen. Who was to go before him? Was the ruthless ignorance of Castlereagh, the meretricious declamation of Canning, or the pompous imbecility of Liverpool, to be estimated above his blunt honesty of purpose, supported by such extensive practical knowledge? Was the dignified dulness of a Grenville, or the rapacity of Lord Grey, more valuable to the country than the Duke's simplicity and disinterestedness? Is the astute rageness of Sir Robert Peel's wily policy, or Lord John Russell's mincing Whiggery at home, and ragged Toryism in Canada, to be preferred to the long exercised intellectual strength, the rude vigour, of Wellington? Who would most worthily uphold the honour and dignity of the country? The man who successfully conducted the great war in the Peninsula, or the man who blundered into the stupid non-intervention war in Spain, and who, in the name of liberty, have so unsuccessfully endeavoured to oppress the popular party in Portugal; and, in the name of good government, have driven the Canadas to armed resistance? Are we to turn from the Duke to seek a statesman amongst the faction who paid the pretended Dutch debt to avoid the chance of a collision with Russia, when a sixth part of the sum would have sent the Swedish nation in a mass upon Petersburg? Are we to call those men

statesmen who have seen, unmoved, the Russians stalk in blood through Sarmatia, and beheld them with stupid patience at the gates of Constantinople, demanding the keys of the Mediterranean? Those men who, calling themselves Englishmen, do yet suffer the blockade of Circassia, the seizure of the Vixen, and with equal apathy, or rather craven fear, permit the rights of humanity and the interests of Europe to be trampled upon in Poland, and the rights and interest of England to be invaded, and her flag outraged on the Black Sea.

Wellington no politician! What, then, are they? What is meant by the word? A factious debater in Parliament? He is not that. He cannot at will, and on the spur of the moment, make the "worse appear the better reason," and he sometimes even makes the better argument appear the worse, from his deficiency of elocution. Therefore he is not a politician, in the Whig and Tory sense of the word. He can, indeed, make luminous reports upon any subject, however extensive, when placed before him; he can detect and expose the true bearings of the most complicated questions of state, but he is no declaimer; he cannot by the hony vomit forth pert puerilities, like Mr. Spring Rice: nor, like Sir Robert Peel, discourse for a whole session without enunciating a single general principle, or clearing up one obscure point of detail; and moreover, feeling, though not with sufficient force, the real dignity of his own peculiar position, he disdained at first to be the partizan of faction, and hence, with factious men he was no politician. Latterly, he has, unhappily for his own fame, as we conceive, removed this imputation. In the eyes of the Tories at least, he has become a partizan. He has, though evidently with reluctance, and even loathing, donned the livery of faction; he has become a politician in the confined English sense of the word, and insomuch has ceased to be a statesman. Yet in one instance, his better star shone forth for a moment, gladdening the hearts of his honest admirers, and forcing even his detractors and enviers, by dark falsehoods to work the abatement of that splendid gleam of virtuous patriotism. Alas, how soon it has been obscured by the foul fogs of faction! Statues are being raised to commemorate the fame of Wellington. His military fame! It is, in truth, a factious proceeding; but it is only his military fame that is to be commemorated, say the originators of the scheme, and they say so, because they fear the oppositions which the odium, created by his political career, since the passing of the Reform Bill, is sure to excite. But why this double dealing? Why this timid beseeching of forbearance? Is this the way to honour England's hero? Has he no claims upon his countrymen's admiration but those resulting from war? Enough has been done for his glory in that line. Let a statue be rather raised to the man, the statesman who first sacrificed his own

prejudices upon the altar of expediency, which, rightly understood, means the altar of common sense, and then forced a reluctant consent to his project from the lips of a monarch perverse and stubborn of nature. Let the inscription say that the bronze is raised to the glory of Arthur Duke of Wellington, not because he was victorious in India, in Portugal, in Spain, and in France, but to commemorate the wisdom with which, yielding to the just spirit of the age, he disenthralled seven millions of his oppressed Catholic countrymen, and thus really united Ireland to the British empire. For the erection of such a statue, all men of real patriotism would offer their mite, but it will not be done. It is not good and patriotic deeds, but factious politics they would honour. It is not Wellington, but themselves they would glorify.

We have been led into this train of thought by the perusal of the volumes which have furnished a heading for this article. It is a grand publication, affording the most triumphant refutation of the sneering absurdity which we have endeavoured to expose. The proofs are numerous and irrefragable, that the Duke is a great soldier, a great statesman, and withal an honest man. The title of the work is, however, faulty; the volumes contain, beside the despatches, his private and public correspondence, memoirs upon various subjects of importance, epitomes of his campaigns, and even numerous, minute, and trifling orders and details, relating to the administration of the armies commanded by him. And these being all printed in the order of their dates, are thrown together in strange confusion; descriptions of battles mixed up with rebukes to corporals; the disputes of nations intermingled with the squabbles of commissaries and doctors.

This Don Juan method of arrangement, whether it be Colonel Gurwood's or the Duke's, and we have heard that the latter carefully examines every document, however trifling, previous to its being printed, appears to us very faulty. It has undoubtedly the merit of showing the extraordinary industry, and the more extraordinary clearness and vigour of the mind which could embrace so many different subjects at the same time; but it tires and even disgusts the reader, by breaking the natural thread of thought, and overloading the reflecting power and the memory. It is an impediment also to the forming a just idea of that strong consecutive reasoning which chains, as it were, all the important papers of the collection, and belongs essentially to the character of the man. We should have preferred an arrangement in which all the excellent pieces of the collection should be assorted with reference to their subjects, and connected by brief and judicious information, to make plain all allusion to matters which were familiar to the correspondents at the time, but are now inaccessible to the reader, or must be sought for in a multitude of other works. The

Duke's papers, thus composed, would have furnished very complete and lucid commentaries upon one of the most important periods of our Indian history, and would have absolutely told the whole English story of the Peninsula contest. This may be still done by future workmen. The present publication, however, conveys, though quite unintentionally, an unjust impression, namely, that Wellington's was the only working mind in the Peninsula; that he at once, and peremptorily, decided on all the questions of administration and policy. But it was not so. Many of his memoirs addressed to the Ministers were founded upon the reasonings and calculations of Lord Stuart de Rothsay; and other persons also aided, especially Sir Robert Kennedy, the Commissary-General, a man whose probity and services, we must say, appear to us to have been but slightly acknowledged. It is a high merit to be able to perceive truths and to adopt and assimilate the results of other men's labours with a sagacity which in some measure makes them original, and the Duke of Wellington has that merit, in addition to his many other excellences; but it would be more than human, singly and unaided, to work all the parts of such a vast and complicated business as the war in the Peninsula, and Wellington neither claims superhuman talents, nor, we should suppose, desires to be the object of the silly adulation that would concede them to him. If the correspondence of Lord Stuart de Rothsay were published, and the whole story of the Peninsula war cannot be understood in detail without that correspondence, it would be found that his mental exertions were only second to those of the Duke; and it is an unequivocal homage to the latter's real greatness, that a mind so powerful as Lord Stuart's should, without hesitation or murmur, yield its labours to swell that greatness. However, these volumes, when carefully read and digested, portray, with unerring pencil, the mind of the commander, and the character of his troops. And with respect to the great political and military operations of the British in India, and of the Allies in the Peninsula, they are certainly of the highest possible authority, although, in some minor details, they may perhaps be found inaccurate. But with regard to the proceedings and views of the enemy, though always interesting, they are not quite so valuable, and may even mislead future historians, inasmuch as they do not describe what really happened, but what the Duke's information, gained at the time, led him to imagine had happened or would happen. His surmises, were, however, not always correct as to the numbers or intentions, or situation of the enemy, and, as we shall have occasion to show in the course of this article, were at one remarkable period very wide indeed of the truth.

The compiler, Colonel Gurwood, has done but little himself, though some of his remarks would seem to

indicate that he thought differently. The commencement of a slight historical sketch, an introduction which we shall notice hereafter, and a few meagre, and, some of them, not very judicious notes, such as offering himself as an example to the subalterns of the British army, form the sum total of his literary claims. But if it was he who persuaded the Duke of Wellington to furnish the papers, and to permit their publication, the world owes him a debt, which the sale of the despatches will probably repay; for a more remarkable production of its kind has never appeared, though both Cæsar and Napoleon have written.

Cæsar's Commentaries, exquisite though they are, are incomplete as a whole, are mutilated by accident in several parts, and they are likewise too succinct to satisfy those eager, inquiring minds which love to penetrate all the secret motives and reasonings of a great man, and to have their thoughts identified with his thoughts,—to become as it were part and parcel of him, and to consider his actions with as much interest as if they were themselves answerable for the result. Moreover, they describe events and motives such as Cæsar wished them to appear to posterity, and were expressly written to guide succeeding historians, although their accuracy was denied at the time by the celebrated Asinius Pollio,—how justly it is impossible now to determine. Napoleon's orders, some of which have been published, though curious and interesting, especially those which relate to Egypt, are but meagre and garbled extracts of his labours in that way. His memoirs, dictated at St. Helena, are indeed of great value. But they also are evidently garbled, and though they still form a work supereminent in force and clearness, both for reason and style, and in matter most instructive, various, enlarged, profound, and philosophical, displaying all the great qualities of the writer's gigantic mind; though they are undoubtedly, in every point of view, except one, superior to the volumes before us, that one point suffices to give this work of the Duke of Wellington an interest more familiar, or, if we may use the expression, more domestic, and therefore more intense, than either the Commentaries of Cæsar or the Memoirs of Napoleon. In all three the same vein is sound, or, what is called strong common sense, predominates. There is nothing wild, nothing startling to the mind in any; the reason of the reader is gently raised by the reason of the writer to the height necessary to contemplate the whole prospect presented to him. Genius is not extravagant: it is ardent, and it conceives great projects: but it knows beforehand how to attain the result, and it uses the simplest means, because its faculties are more essentially calculating, industrious and patient, than imaginative. It is creative because its knowledge is vast; and it is quick and peremptory, not because it is presumptuous, but because it is well prepared.

these characteristics of genius all the three works noble each other. But in the case of Cæsar, it is the foremost man of the world directing posterity how to view his actions. In the case of Napoleon, it is the foremost man of the world, instructing that how to judge sanely of the great military and political questions of an age most fertile in such questions, and most fertile also in false judgments, passion-distortions, and wilful calumnies. In the case of Wellington, it is not the foremost man, but it is the second military man of the world, telling his own story, like the others, but not with reflection and contrivance of the effect to be produced. Not with the prudential tenderness, and inevitable leaning of self-love, the carefulness of reputation, which must inevitably shed their influence over such works when written at leisure and in the closet. His tale is told unmeditatedly, in the field, amidst the din of arms, day to day, sometimes from hour to hour; his feelings, his emotions, his passions all laid bare; in fine, the real mind and character of the man is discovered; his hopes, his fears, his anxieties, his crosses, his disappointments are displayed even at the moment and as they arise. We have Wellington, not such as he may be thought he was, or ought to have been, but such as he really was, when, like a mighty fabric reared to defy the wanderers on wide waters, though ten thousand surges of folly beat at his feet, and a tempest of war whistled round his head, he stood unmoved, impassible, with light unquenched, with strength unshaken, until the horizon cleared, the waves subsided, and the admiring world beheld him in his true proportions.

We would not, however, have it understood, that we think the whole of the Duke's correspondence is to be read without reserve before the public. We have heard otherwise, and we know of some omissions. Indeed there must inevitably be some opinions of men and measures, some ebullitions of indignant scorn or complaint, some angry truths suppressed; and it is more than probable that his present political connections and opinions have influenced the selection. An amiable tenderness towards men whose faults were only of the day, would also lead him to suppress some disagreeable truths. And many, no doubt, it would be improper to repeat, regard being had to his situation at the time they were written. Enough, however, is given to satisfy history; enough to prove that Wellington is a statesman, a patriot, a politician, a wise, temperate, and humane man.

In his Indian correspondence, notwithstanding his youth, he shows himself a person of fixed and well-considered opinions. He appears perfectly versed in the characters and views and resources of our motley Indian governments, and those of the native governments. All the shifts, and intrigues, and fawnings,

and insolence of those civilized Barbarians, if such a term may be used, with whom he had to deal, appear to have been known to him, and estimated at their just value. And it was doubtless his experience in these matters that made him say, when he first commanded in the Peninsula, "*They call me in derision an Indian general; and it is because I am an Indian general that I shall have a good chance of success.*" The words were prophetic, for the Spanish and Portuguese intrigues were the very counterparts of Asiatic intrigues, and only a man like Wellington, long exercised to patience, and well versed in the thousand turnings, and doublings, and falsehood of such politicians, could have sustained himself against them. In India also the whole of the military affairs, and their political relations, were used to be placed more under the management of, and more at the discretion of, the commander in the field than they were in Europe. The mind of the general was thus more expanded, and his knowledge of the innumerable difficulties which attend war, and the dependancy of the several parts with respect to the whole, was much increased; his fears of responsibility were also lessened, because practice gives confidence, and in India ruin, and obloquy, and shame did not, as in Europe, follow misfortune, however undeserved that misfortune might be.

To have the habitude of enlarged command is indeed absolutely necessary for the making of a great captain, and no man can be justly called so who does not know how to organize and form the character of an army, as well as to lead it when it is formed. It is in vain that writers, who know nothing of war, point to Alexander, to Scipio, to Hannibal, to Condé, as examples of mere youths breaking out as it were from the nursery in all the lustre of consummate generals. A great project may be conceived happily, a great battle may be gloriously won, even a whole campaign may be successfully conducted by a youth, and he may thus show that he has been formed by nature with all the inherent qualities of a commander, yet he still is a long way from being a consummate captain. He feels it when he is opposed to a great adversary, for then his fire becomes more subdued and steady, his caution increases, and his whole method of making war bears another impress. Such a change has been forced upon many celebrated men, and amongst others upon Wellington. Moreover, it is not true that Alexander, Hannibal, and Scipio were inexperienced officers when they performed their first great exploits. They were youths, indeed, as to years, but not youths as to knowledge; and the age of the mind must be calculated by the number of facts and just conclusions stored up in it. Ignorant minds are always young minds; but the body may be young, the mind old. All three had been bred up in the camps of their fathers, and had been partakers of their councils; and those

fathers were consummate captains; men who would have been placed by history as the leading spirits of the world if the lustre of their fame had not been dimmed by the superior splendour of their children's glory. The two first, that is, Alexander and Hannibal succeeded also to the command of veteran armies, and were aided by the councils of veteran generals. Parmenio, Antipater, Attalus, and others, were captains of no mean repute in Macedonia; Hanno, Carthalo, Mutines, Maharbal, were officers of experience in Spain: and the whole system of the Carthaginian and Macedonian armies had been organized and brought to maturity by Philip and Hamilcar. Nay! the very enterprises, the successful execution of which has given deathless renown to the sons, were in each case conceived and planned by the fathers. Neither were the first campaigns of those extraordinary sons so remarkable as to raise the astonishment of the world, nor such as to give them a title to the fame of consummate captains. They were able and vigorous operations, of great promise certainly, but rather lessons for the general commanding than complete exploits.

Alexander passed the Danube, and fought with the Triballi and the Thracians, mere barbarians, and with the Illyrian party were not much better, and besieged Thebes, where the parties were too unequal to be very dangerous, before he passed the Granicus and engaged the Persians; neither can the latter exploit be compared for soldierly skill with his after-passage of the Hydaspes, and defeat of Porus. Before that great man he could not play the same daring game. Hannibal also made two campaigns against barbarians, and one siege against a civilized people, before he marched towards the Alps; and he likewise had learned how to pass the Rhone, by first manœuvring on the Tagus, in face of an enemy, numerous, but unskilful. Moreover, for a whole year, a long time in the life of such a man, he besieged Saguntum, where he probably discovered that such enterprises were unsuited to an army composed as his was; at least, in all his after wars, he never engaged in any important siege, though he took many towns. Scipio, indeed, had no veteran army at his disposition, no practised generals to advise with; but then he had seen the battles of Ticinus, of Trebbia, and of Cannæ, and had probably served under Fabius and Marcellus; and his first campaigns in Spain, even admitting the falsehoods and exaggerations of that eloquent but least trustworthy of all historians, Livy, were by no means to be compared in generalship to the campaigns he afterwards, in the fulness of his experience, made in Africa. It was not until he had achieved that extraordinary double victory, in one night, against the two armies of Syphax and Asdrubal, that he could claim the title of a finished commander. There is a foolish story, told by Plutarch, and which we have seen also

complacently quoted by some English writer, to the effect that Lucullus, when he sailed to fight Mithridates, knew nothing of the war, save what he gathered from the perusal of Xenophon's works, on his voyage to Asia Minor. Nothing can be more absurd and false. Lucullus had served under Cæsar in Egypt, as general of cavalry; under Sylla, in the war against this very Mithridates, and in his other wars; he was, in fact, a very experienced officer. He was also a scholar, and naturally read Xenophon for an account of the country and people when he was going to make war himself. Hence the anecdote. The real exception to the position we have laid down is Condé. He indeed started from his tutor's school to the camp, and immediately gained a great battle; he soon found that the fight of Rocroy did not contain all the chances of war. At Freybourg and at Mollath, and long after at Bléneau, he was by Marlborough, John de Wert, and Turenne, taught matters of great import; and at Senef, where he failed, he displayed a higher degree of skill than at Rocroy, where he was victorious.

Even Napoleon, the most wonderful of all generals, whose deeds are known to the world, did not contradict to this view of the matter, though his first campaign as a commander was certainly the most extraordinary first campaign of any upon human records. For, besides his experience at the siege of Toulon, he had, for two years previous to taking command of the army of Italy, planned and directed the operations of that army, then called the army of the Alps; he had become acquainted with the dispositions and soldiers, and with the enemy's mode of fighting; he knew the relative value of both armies, and he calculated the movements of great bodies of troops; in fine, initiated into the mysteries of command, he had probably studied the ground upon which he was so soon to display his surpassing martial genius. Thus he advanced in his career gradually; and it can be doubted if even Napoleon, though he broke the army of Italy with such surprising power and ability, could at that time, have conducted, or even conceived the manœuvres by which, in 1809, he stemmed the Austrian tide of war when in its full flow, and changing suddenly from the defensive to the offensive, with an inferior force, broke and scattered their invincible legions, as if the thunder of heaven, directed by the hands of an avenging God, had smote them with their pride and treacherous strength.

No man can be a great captain without being at the same time an acute politician. All Wellington's operations, daring as some of them were, even to extreme rashness, for rashness is not the term to use, and caution as others were, even to the verge of timidity, were founded as much upon his keen and nice perceptions of the political resources of his adversaries, as upon

ry considerations. How is it possible, indeed, any great military project can be undertaken with least hope of success on any other principles? The end of all military operations must be the reducing strength and subverting the policy of an adverse nation; and to know when and where and how to do so with effect, a general must know what constitutes the weakness and the strength of that adverse nation. This is to be a politician. We are not speaking now of petty enterprises, captures of sugar islands, daring descents upon some hostile shore, or sudden strokes against a capital city accessible by water. We mean the conduct of a series of great campaigns against a worthy adversary.

A general who is not a sovereign, must also learn to judge the capacities and characters of the ministers he serves, to calculate the scope of their policy, and to adapt his measures to their means and littleness, or to their greatness, as the case may be; and this also is to be a politician, even in the confined vulgar sense of the word. The necessity of thoroughly knowing so important a part of his profession has been strongly and deeply impressed upon every English general who ever had a separate command, and upon none more than upon Wellington when warring in the Peninsula. He had also some experience of it in India. In his operations there were sometimes thwarted by the ignorance of his subordinates, and he was always acting under superior authority, and consequently frequently bound to work out the plans of men not so well acquainted as himself with the real state of affairs, or at least not able to take so large and comprehensive a view of them. His talents were also generally combined with the talents of others, his equals or superiors in rank, from whom he often sprung difficulties which could not have been foreseen. But it was on such occasions that the great qualities of his mind and the excellence of his character were exhibited to advantage. If his operations were hampered, or the attainment of the object of them endangered by the follies or negligence, or false calculations, whether of subordinates or equals, he never failed to instruct the ignorant, to rebuke the unworthy, to stimulate the idle, and to check and punish, to the utmost of his power, all abuses, and this with admirable propriety of manner, for even in his most angry moments he ever bears the port and dignity of a gentleman. Neither does he appear to have shrunk in any instance from giving unpalatable advice to his superiors when it was called for; but with frank and honest patriotism analyses and exposes every miscalculation, every defect of plan, every pompous, absurd conception of military affairs, which men of power in civil life are so apt to entertain, which he deemed likely to embarrass the general scheme of operations, or prove seriously detrimental to the public service. Yet he never pretends to have a right to deviate, and never

does wilfully or wantonly deviate from the letter of his instructions when it is possible to follow it; but with the utmost patience, readiness of resource, and extent of combination, adapts and assimilates his own plans of execution to the views of his superiors, however ill-founded he may think them, thus showing that he knew how to obey as well as to command. And in war to do the former is, in this light, perhaps the most difficult of the two, since it is to work out with energy and wisdom other men's plans, of which we disapprove, and from which we expect little success. And it is hard, saith the old homely proverb, "*To make a silk purse of a sow's ear.*"

When called to the supreme command in Portugal and Spain, we find him adopting a higher tone of patriotic instruction towards the governments he served; one suitable to the greater responsibility of his situation; suitable also to the graver errors he had to contend with. Before the publication of Napier's '*History of the Peninsula War*,' the great difficulties against which the Duke of Wellington struggled so successfully were but little known; but it is now certain that he sustained, without bending, the whole of the political as well as the military burthen of the contest, and his true position was most correctly, as well as pithily, described by himself, when he said, "*Serving three of the weakest Cabinets in Europe, I have to contend with the most powerful Government in the world.*" This observation was addressed at Madrid, in 1812, to the late Mr. Thomas Sydenham, from whom we had it in a few hours after, and the justice of it is proved by the work before us. The gigantic strength which supported the weakness of the three, and resisted the might of the fourth, is apparent in every great crisis. Whether his correspondence be addressed to the English, the Portuguese, the Spanish, or the Brazilian Cabinet, it embraces all the great questions of government. He considers and examines them largely and in detail, and always with a surprising power of analysis, clearing up and simplifying the most complicated and confused combinations, and tracing every proposition through all its ramifications of self-interest and public interest; testing them by the application of general principles, and showing with surprising acuteness both their present and ultimate bearing upon the war he was conducting. And what a multitude of questions was he not called upon to consider! The succession to thrones, the rights, or supposed rights, of monarchs, the construction of treaties; the composition of constitutions, when theory was at variance with practice, when liberty was invoked by men who knew nothing of it but the name, and whose actions, guided entirely by their passions, were equally violent, arbitrary and unjust. The rights and powers of colonies, the principles of colonial policy, the principles of commerce, the principles of banking, the collection of

revenue, the abuses of office, the powers and duties of magistrates, the distribution of charity, the reviving of agriculture, military, maritime, and international law, and even civil and criminal law!! Upon all these points important questions were continually pressed upon his attention, and with what a perspicacity and strength of reason he treated them; with what an earnest honesty of purpose and principle, soothing to the heart of all true patriots, he decided them, let the volumes before us tell.

It has been sneeringly said that "The Duke of Wellington can neither speak nor write;" and doubtless the accomplished orator might condemn his eloquence, though the celebrated "*no mistake*" speech proved that his honest rough brevity might be as formidable as the polished sophistry of others. The grammarian also may find many instances of impurity of style in his writings, many barbarisms—not half so many, by the way, as he will find in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. But let the cavillers, the sneerers, read the work we are reviewing. Let them observe the power with which Wellington the soldier, seizes the whole of the subject presented to him; the lucid manner in which he arranges the different branches of his argument; the unflagging strength with which he grapples every difficulty, untangles every knotty point. Let them mark his simple, copious, and original diction, which is always subservient to, and never overtopping, the thought. And then the comprehensive vigour of the thoughts themselves! Bah! he is a great writer! And if to direct the whole machinery of an immense army, to discuss the whole principles of government, with profound and accurate views; to support the whole burthen of an alliance between three nations differing in manners and abhorring each other; if to detect with unerring sagacity the errors and follies of weak governments, and to save them from the consequences of those follies and weaknesses; if to display an intimate acquaintance with every branch of national interests, and with the most extraordinary exertions of body and mind to bring to a successful termination one of the most complicated, difficult, and momentous wars of modern times: if these things belong to politics, Wellington is also a great politician. That he is a great warrior no man denies.

Here, perhaps, it may be asked, why we, who thus praise him; we, who pronounce him to be equally able, honest, and indefatigable, wise and good; we, who call him a great politician, do nevertheless oppose him in politics? This also is a great question, and we will answer it at length. And, first, we may admit the Duke's excellent qualities, without admitting that he has taken a just view of the present state of public affairs. We may consider him to be a great and honest politician, after his manner of viewing the troubles of the world, and yet deny that he has viewed

those troubles, or the remedies for them, through a just medium. A man may pursue a wrong object, yet display infinite knowledge, activity, and energy in the pursuit. Descartes was a great mathematician, a great philosopher, yet nobody now regards his system of vortices. Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon were undoubtedly great politicians, and, for our own part, we think as honest as they were able, truly and sincerely seeking the general happiness of nations. We might yet be, that we could wish to see the merits aimed at by them, attained without the sternness and religious puritanism of the former, or the despotism and religious puritanism of the latter. That we might desire to see revived the national dignity and influence enjoyed by England and France under their tutelary genius, and to put out the woes and the wars endured before that dignity was attained; that we might wish happiness and peace to be the portion of both countries, but by different means than those which circumstances dictated upon those extraordinary men. We may also say, and we are ready to do so, that the Duke of Wellington, despotic as he is by nature, and as all men are, his mighty energies must be, we admit, we must be, his despotism, if unopposed, would be entirely for the welfare of the country, viewed in this manner; but we are not therefore bound to admit that his manner of viewing is correct. Nay! did we do so, we would still say, because we look to the rights and happiness of posterity as well as to the contentment, that a less degree of excellence in government with the certainty of its permanence when based upon the true principles of liberty, is preferable to the higher, but evanescent, excellence springing from the right exercise of unlimited power by one man's mind.

But have we a right to say that the Duke of Wellington desires despotism, or that he has mistaken the true interests of the country? Ought we not to suspect our own judgment than his judgment? We not rather, in modesty, to decline setting our opinions against his opinions, and bowing with the humility of inferiors, accept his knowledge and wisdom as our guides, and await with patience the development of those plans, which our opinion of his talents lead us to expect will be judicious, and which our thorough reliance upon his probity must lead us to expect will be free from intentional injustice? In reply to this we should sacrifice our theories to his experience. To this we reply, that, conscious of honesty of purpose, we could not, if we would, relinquish our conclusions; and that it is the duty of every citizen to attack or support, by reason, that which appears to him conducive to, or inimical to, good government; that is to say, conducive to, or inimical to, the welfare of his fellow-men. If indeed the question were merely resting between our judgment and that of

uke of Wellington, we should not, perhaps, venture to push our opinions into practice in opposition to his. But it is not so. The great principles of representative government, the solid principles of liberty, rightly understood, have been laid down neither by us nor the Duke of Wellington, but even by wiser and greater men than he is, and without disparagement to him be said. They have written and spoken upon those principles, and many have died for them, in all countries, and in all ages; and we stand in opposition to Wellington, not presumptuously, but in all sincerity of heart as citizens of a free state, who, having studied those principles in the writings of others, believe in them, because we find them consonant to that feeling of just independence which Mr. Fox describes "*as a spirit of resistance infused by the Creator into the breast of man, with strength proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.*" Yes! That spirit which we feel quick and buoyant within us fortified by reason and by the authority of the thousand apostles and martyrs of liberty, and by the general sentiment of our countrymen. For we do not stand alone, nor with weak support. The intellect and judgment of the nation is with us, and they are of more force and profundity than the intellect and judgment of one man, however great and good. And it is a weakness, a defect in that man's character, a glaring proof that his genius is not of the highest order, when it is thus found in opposition to the advancing spirit of the world. The man of master-mind rules by leading and directing masses. He may choose which mass to lead, but he cannot stand alone against any. Neither can he safely neglect any, and still less can he lag behind. He must go with the age, he must be at the head, or he has not a master-mind.

Is the Duke of Wellington advancing with the spirit of the age? Is he at the head of any great mass? Does he rule, does he direct, does he control even the Tories? Has he not, since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, descended from the solid pedestal of greatness, whereon he was set by that wise and just measure? Lightly and recklessly he has stepped from it, to mix with the ignoble crowd below! Did he not start aside from the great road of enlightened freedom, to lose himself in the dark byeways of a selfish faction? And when the people, the millions, warmly hailing his first appearance as a liberal statesman, invited him to be their leader, did he not turn from them to become the coadjutor of Lord Lyndhurst! the pardoned, but still suspected, political friend of the Duke of Newcastle! It is for these reasons that we cannot follow the Duke of Wellington as a leader; for these reasons that we cannot yield our judgment to his authority, nor our political rights to his keeping. We prefer the ancient masters, and to abide by what they have taught us upon the principles of liberty, and we are thus,

without in any manner impeaching the honesty of the Duke of Wellington, led perforce to oppose him. We have also something beyond this genial argument to plead; we have objections to urge against his political career, founded upon his own authority; for we could easily show, from the publication before us, that he is not now the liberal statesman, the firm reformer, that he was in Portugal. The keen vision which then penetrated the inmost recesses of Portuguese official corruption, has become somewhat dimmed in England; the indignant voice, which denounced in thundering accents the evil ways of the Lusitanian, is now unheard, or raised in defence of the evil ways of the Englishman.

We have, however, dwelt long enough upon this matter. Let us turn to the work under consideration.

And first, with regard to India.—That India, which has been at once the shame and the glory of England. Her glory for the great battles there fought and won; for the eminent talent, political and military, there displayed; for the wonderful empire there created. Her shame for the cruelty, the injustice, the fraud, the rapine, the tyranny, the baseness, the crimes, the errors of all kinds, which stain the history of our career in that part of the world, and we believe that no historian has yet exposed one-half of the atrocities which the unnatural alliance of the conqueror with the merchant, the king with the trader, the honour and patriotism of the soldier with the cupidity of the counting-house, has produced. The desolating, unsparing fury of war, stimulated by the cold, calculating baseness of commercial avarice, and followed by the greedy oppression of the irresponsible and needy pro-consul. To enter deeply into this part of the volume before us would be to epitomise our Indian history, a matter quite beyond the bounds of a review; and to make even short extracts from the multifarious correspondence of Sir Arthur Wellesley would not do justice either to his character or his talents. It is not once or twice that he performs a great or noble action. It is not once or twice that he develops enlarged views of policy, or grand combinations of war. It is not accidentally or ostentatiously that he exposes and checks some gross abuse or detects the errors of others. His correspondence is a continual stream of profound views, of able argument, lucid exposition of well-considered plans; and a few meagre extracts from his letters would not make the reader more cognizant of the greatness of the man, than a cup of water drawn from the Nile would make him cognizant of the vastness and utility of the inundation of that mighty river: we must therefore content ourselves with such selections as seem to us illustrative of interesting questions, or of those qualities of his mind which we have noticed.

Wellington's military career has been rapid, but without leaping and bounding. He commenced with

a strong pace, but he has preserved it unchecked to the last. His faculties seem to be all upon a level; his temper, his courage, his fortitude, his perseverance, his industry, his conceptions, seem to be all weighed and measured with an even hand. His daring is never too much restrained by his prudence, nor does his caution ever unduly cool his ardour. This happy temperament Napoleon considers alone sufficient to make a great general, even when the qualities, so balanced, are not of a high standard. But in the Duke of Wellington they are all of a very high standard, inferior perhaps only to those of Napoleon himself. His success in war has been answerable. His has been no meteor course. His progress has been made with the regularity of the planet, whose steady light gradually augments until in full serene splendour it illumines the world, without dazzling the eyes of men. He made his first campaign in Holland, as a lieutenant-colonel, and being entrusted with the rear-guard in a retreat, gave some proof of his natural talent for war. He afterwards went to India, but his commencement in that country was unfortunate, inasmuch as that he failed in an attack at Seringapatam. For the most authentic particulars of this accident we refer our readers to an interesting work, called 'Twelve Years' Military Adventures in Three Quarters of the Globe.' This failure, trifling in itself, we should have passed unnoticed, but that it has given occasion for a curious similarity of calumny against the Duke and against the Emperor Napoleon. We have heard Wellington called a fool and a coward, and this failure instanced as the proof. In like manner we have heard Napoleon called a fool and coward! Extreme malice is certainly akin to imbecility.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's first essay as a commander-in-chief was against Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta adventurer, who being set at liberty from the prisons of Tippoo Saib, after the storming of Seringapatam, collected an army and endeavoured to form a kingdom for himself. The vigour and rapidity with which he was chased, forced to battle, defeated and slain, put an end to troubles that menaced great evils, for Dhoondiah was a brave and clever man in his way. He was called by the Indian government of the day, a freebooter, a robber, a murderer, and a rebel, and orders were issued to hang him on the nearest tree, if he should be taken. Doubtless he was a freebooter, and very probably deserved death for his ravages; but we cannot understand how he was a rebel. He was an adventurer, not a rebel. He was an Indian, not an European; a native, not a stranger; and he was sufficiently ambitious to endeavour to found an empire, as many of his countrymen had done in the same way before him. For this he was to be hanged on the nearest tree, and by whom? By the general of the East India Company of merchants; a company whose power and empire, in

the native country of Dhoondiah Waugh, was no doubt commenced and established with the most perfect regard to justice and decorum. No undue ambition, no love of lucre, no base unworthy acts, no ravages, no murders had ever marked the career of the Honourable Company. All was fair, just, wise, moderate, and religious in their advancements, from a licensed trading-house on the coast to the absolute dominion of the East. Alas, poor Dhoondiah! you should have been a little earlier to be respected; had you succeeded, you would have been the Indian Clive; but it is some consolation that you were not hanged; you died in battle like a brave man. Necessity was your plea; you could not establish your projected kingdom without an army; you could not feed your army without plundering and ravaging the country. Necessity was also the plea of your adversaries, and their necessity created your necessity. Behold one of the proofs!

* "My ideas," says Sir Arthur Wellesley, written to Major Munro, "my ideas of the nature of the late Governments, of their decline and fall, agree fully with yours, and I acknowledge that I think it probable that we shall not be able to establish a strong government on this frontier. Scindiah's influence at Poonah is great for us, and I see plainly, that, if Colonel Pakenham remains there, we shall not be able to curb him when he is going to war. There never was such an opportunity for it as the present moment, and probably by pushing forward, and by establishing in their ancient possessions the Bhow's family, under our protection, we should counterbalance Scindiah, and secure our own tranquillity for a great length of time. But I despair of it, and I am afraid that we shall be reduced to the alternative of allowing Scindiah to be our neighbour upon our frontier, or of taking this country ourselves. If we allow Scindiah to be our neighbour, or if the country passes into any other through his influence, we must expect more than what has passed—thieves of all kinds, and Dhoondiahs, and probably Dhoondiah himself. If we take the country ourselves, I do not expect more tranquillity.

"In my opinion the extension of our territory and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, we have added to the number and description of our enemies by depriving of employment those who before found it in the service of Tippoo and of the Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we grandise ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil. We throw out of employment the means of subsistence all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the army, or plundered the country. These people become additional enemies; at the same time that, by the extension of territory, our means of supporting our government and of defending ourselves are proportionably decreased.

"Upon all questions of increase of territory, the considerations have much weight with me, and I am generally inclined to decide that we have enough territory, at least, if not more than we can defend.

"I agree with you that we ought to settle the Mahratta business, and the Malabar Rajah's, before the French return to India; but I am afraid that to extend

rselves will rather tend to delay than accelerate the settlement; and that we shall thereby rather increase than diminish the number of our enemies.

"As for the wishes of the people, particularly in this country, I put them out of the question. They are the only philosophers about their governors that ever I met with—if indifference constitutes that character."

We would willingly close this part of our task here, at an instance of bad taste, for we are well assured that it is only bad taste, and not bad feeling, to be found in one of the letters relating to the war with Dhoondiah, calls for remark, since our object is not to compose an eulogium upon the Duke of Wellington, but to make an impartial commentary on the work before us. Writing to the same correspondent, the celebrated Sir Thomas Monro,* Sir Arthur Wellesley says, "I have taken and destroyed Dhoondiah's baggage, and six guns, and driven into the Malpoorba, where they were drowned, above five thousand people. I formed Dummel on the 26th of July. Dhoondiah's followers are quitting him apace as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment." And Sir Thomas Monro in reply,† says, "I have not been able to discover from your letter, whether Dhoondiah has gone towards Kittoor, or crossed the Malpoorba; I see, however, that five thousand of his people have gone to the bottom, which is some satisfaction in the mean time."

It was an unavoidable but horrible accident of war, and surely this is too light a way to speak of the sudden destruction of five thousand people; it is not even said that they were soldiers, and as it was a baggage camp, it is most probable that they were not all combatants. We have said that it was bad taste; we now not what other expression to use, because neither Sir Arthur Wellesley nor Sir Thomas Monro ever evinced, in their actions, the slightest tinge of ferocity; and they have upon numerous occasions shown their natural benevolence and kindness of disposition. The same Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the time of writing this reprehensible, and apparently unfeeling passage, having found the helpless son of Dhoondiah amongst the captured baggage, after an engagement wherein his father was killed, adopted and reared the poor infant, and procured him the means of existing honourably, and, on quitting India, gave him a considerable sum of money to aid him in his progress through life.

Before and after the war with Dhoondiah we find Sir Arthur Wellesley commanding the Mysore country and other districts, and engaged in various important political matters, in consequence of the governor-general's disposition to push forward a person so nearly related to him, and at the same time so able and deserving. Thus he was at first appointed to command the celebrated expedition which finally entered

the Red Sea, and crossing the Desert, joined the British army in Egypt; but this appointment was felt so keenly by General Baird, that it was rescinded, which was an equal injustice to Sir Arthur. "I believe you know," he writes to General Champagné,* "that I always thought that General Baird had not been well used when I was called to the command. But I do not think it was proper that I should be disappointed more than he was, in order that he might have no reason to complain."

His feelings were sorely hurt by this affair. In another letter to his brother, Henry Wellesley,† he thus expresses himself: "I shall always consider these expeditions as the most unfortunate circumstances for me in every point of view, and as such I shall always lament them. I was at the top of the tree in this country, the Government of Fort St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. Before I quitted the Mysore country I arranged the plan for taking possession of the ceded districts, which was done without striking a blow; and another plan for conquering Wynaad and reconquering Malabar, which I am informed has succeeded without loss on our side. But this supercession has ruined all my prospects, founded upon any service that I may have rendered. I then ask you, has there been any change whatever of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command? If there has not (and no one can say there has without doing injustice to the governor-general's foresight), my supercession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct, or by an alteration of the sentiments of the governor-general. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look for, and I did not wish for the appointment which was given to me; and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the government upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.

"I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought, and have no weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by the government upon this occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper, in consequence."

* Vol. 1, p. 60.

† Life of Monro, vol. 1, p. 228.

* Vol. 1, page 99.

† Vol. 1, page 83.

Neither did his chagrin upon this disappointment influence his conduct, for though he received permission, if it pleased him, to return to his former situation as commander in the Mysore, he accepted the appointment of second in command of the expedition, because, to use his own words, he *"never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary."*

—An observation from Colonel Wellesley, which we would recommend his Grace of Wellington to apply as a test to his present political coadjutors. However, a fever which seized him at this time prevented him from accompanying the expedition, and he returned to his former command, having first given in a memoir upon the prospects and means of the expedition under Sir David Baird, to which we would refer the military reader, as also to two other memoirs written immediately after, the one upon the value of Seringapatam, the other upon the operations in the Mahratta territory. They are all three models in their kind, and furnish complete lessons in the strategic art. These memoirs are too long for quotation, and will not bear garbling; but at the risk of extending this article too far, we will give some shorter specimens, taken at hazard, yet illustrative of the writer's character.

The first is a letter* upon the subject of a contribution which he had levied, and, as it would appear, contrary to the intention of the Government:—

"When I sent a division of the army to Burhampoor, I determined to raise a contribution upon that city. My reasons for this determination were, first, I had reason to believe from Colonel Collins's report, that Burhampoor was an open town, which it would not be possible for me to retain; and, therefore, to levy the contribution was a likely mode of distressing the enemy, who, in fact, did give orders upon that city to part of his troops for their pay. Secondly, although I was not in immediate want of money, I had the prospect before me of an approaching want.

"The expenses of this army had been vastly increased, first, by the course of the campaign, and the increased distance of our operations from the sources of supply; secondly, by the increased price of every article of consumption, particularly of grain for the horses of the cavalry; and, thirdly, by the necessity of paying the Peshwah's troops, and at times those of the Rajah of Mysore, when their money had not arrived. I had, besides, every reason to hope that Amrut Rao would join; and by arrangement made with the Peshwah, five thousand men were to be raised, three thousand of which were to serve with my army and to be paid by me. The rough estimate of our expenses would then stand thus." (Here follow some tables of expenses.)

"To answer these demands no funds had been provided, excepting what I could get at Poonah, for bills upon Bombay and Bengal, and what Major Kirkpatrick could get at Hyderabad. In respect to the supply from Poonah, I have to observe, that, besides my expenses, it was to pay those of the troops there, and at Ahmedmegger; and also that not a post came in that I was not

informed of, either directly by Mr. Duncan, or by Major Malcolm, that the Government of Bombay could supply me no longer. Mr. Duncan had been obliged to insist that we should draw at thirty days, instead of eight days, and then we could get no more money upon our drafts; and nearly at the same time we received accounts from Benares, that our drafts upon that place had not been paid. In the meantime no money came from Bengal, and the frigate which Mr. Duncan sent for specie was detained for another service.

"The supply from Hyderabad was likely to be plentiful, and has proved to be much so, but such a supply was liable to many accidents, from the number of desperate thieves who infest the road.

"Besides all these demands upon me, compared to my means of answering them, the governor-general desired that any chief who offered himself from an enemy should be taken into the service, and particularly Meer Khan, the Patan chief in Holkar's service. This expense would also have fallen upon me, as the Nizam's government have not supplied one farthing, and I have lately been obliged to lend Rajah Marud Ram three and a quarter lacs of rupees, to prevent mutiny among the troops usually in his service. I do not mention this circumstance as a reason for levying a contribution upon Burhampoor, as I was not aware of it at the time I ordered that measure.

"I knew that the moment at which I should cease to pay the troops regularly would be the date of the commencement of the disasters of the campaign in a quarter; and, therefore, I conceive that I should have neglected my duty to the governor-general if I had omitted to take any measures which could avert or crastinate that evil day.

"In respect to the amount raised at Burhampoor in this manner, I did not order that any particular sum should be raised. I desired Colonel Stevenson, generally, to raise a contribution, if he should be of opinion that the inhabitants would pay it. The most he demanded was ten lacs of rupees. Upon finding that sum could not be paid without difficulty, and without resorting to measures which I had forbid, he reduced the demand to two and a half lacs; and the inhabitants who had been charged to collect the money then demanded seventy-five thousand rupees more, which they levied beyond the reduced sum. This is the fact reported to me by Colonel Stevenson, and I have every reason to believe it is correct.

"You have now the whole story, and the governor-general may form his judgment upon it. I should have reported it before now, as I am desirous that this and every other part of my conduct should be investigated; only that I did not know the result of Colonel Stevenson's measures at Burhampoor until after he joined me at the battle of Argaum; and I did not know the extent of the sum which had been levied until a few days ago, when he was about to leave the army, and gave me the receipts of the paymaster. But I had intended, and shall still, make a regular report to the governor-general upon this subject, as I have upon every other, either to him or to General Stuart.

"The governor-general has trusted me to carry on an extensive service here, and I conceive that my duty to him requires that I should omit nothing which might ensure its success. It would have been no excuse to him, or to the world, if I had been obliged to give up for want of money; and yet I must tell you, that it had not been for this money, levied at Burhampoor,

in the produce of the sales of property captured at Seerghur, I should not have been able to have paid my troops in December, and I should not be able to pay them now, but for the sales of property captured at Gawilghur. There is to the value of two lacs of rupees of plate captured at Gawilghur, which, unless I get up money from Poonah or Hyderabad, is my only resource for next month.

"It is impossible to reason on the effect on the national character of levying a contribution, because no facts can be produced by which a judgment can be formed. I know that to levy a contribution is common in India and in Europe; that I should have levied one at Pomrawutty, and another at Nagpoor, if the Rajah Berar had not made peace; and that it would have been much more disgraceful and disastrous to have lost a campaign from the want of money, than to have secured in this manner the means of gaining it.

"I believe I am as anxious as any other man that my character should not suffer—I do not mean in the mouths of common reporters and scandal bearers, but in the eyes of a fair judging people. I declare that I think I have done what is right; but if the governor-general thinks it was wrong, it is easy to return the money to the people of Burhampoor. However, if he does this, he returns the money into Scindiah's pocket, for he will take it immediately.

"I have many other important matters to write to you on, but as nothing can go smoothly till this matter is explained, I have thought it best to begin with this, and to send off the letter without delay."

In another letter, writing to Colonel Murray,* upon a proposal which he judged to be both impolitic and perfidious, he thus expresses himself:—

"Major Walker's plan to get possession of Futteh Sing's person, before paying his ransom, I consider, between ourselves, to be one of the most unfortunate that has occurred. It may be called what they please; but it is as the Pattans must have brought Futteh Sing to Berar with a small escort, with the hope of receiving the ransom, and in the certainty that they would not be attacked, it is, in fact, a breach of faith, than which nothing can be more unfortunate and injurious to us at the present moment. Besides, the consequence of it will most probably be, that Hurty Khan, and a parcel of blackguards, who are hanging upon the Ghauts, and daily waiting for Holkar's signal to begin their operations, will enter the Attavesey upon the excellent pretence of punishing this act of perfidy of the English, and of collecting the ransom which has been promised to them."

In the same letter, alluding to some disputes which troubled the army, he says:—

"We must endeavour to stop these trifling disputes, and turn the attention of the officers of the army to public matters rather than to their private concerns. It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in our quarter; this must be put an end to; and there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the commanding-officer to be of no side, excepting that of the public, to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it and in

respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles, and the commanding-officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party."

These are wise and noble maxims, but we would ask the Duke of Wellington why they are not applicable to politicians as well as to military men? Why should the best patriots be crushed, and the worst knaves cherished, and factions encouraged in the state more than in the army? Why should exclusive dealing with tradesmen be used as a means to bias electors? Why should Englishmen and Scotchmen have rights and privileges which are denied to Irishmen? Why should a sectarian church be upheld in splendour at the expense of persons who derive no benefit from it? Why should Tories cling to Lord Lyndhurst and to Lord Roden, and yet oppose O'Connell, and drive Mr. Roebuck, a far better man, out of Parliament? Why, in fine, does the Duke of Wellington, who might be at the head of the nation, choose to be only one of the heads of a hateful faction? Does he wish the people of England to fall into that philosophical state of indifference as to who governs them, in which he found the people of India? Or has he never contemplated the evils resulting from bad government? Does he not know what oppression, and factions, and corruptions will end in—what a government of brute force, instead of reason, can do to sink a people? Let us hear him speak upon the state of Deccan in 1804.*

"Bengal, 'the paradise of nations,' enjoys the advantage of a civil government, and requires its military force only for its protection against foreign enemies. All the other barbarous establishments, called governments, without exception, even that of Fort St. George, have no power beyond that of the sword. Take from them the exercise of that power and they have no other; and can collect no revenue, can give no protection, and can exercise no government. The native governments, I mean those of the Nizam and the Peshwah, are fifty times worse than ours in this respect. They do not choose to keep armies themselves; their territories are overrun by a race of armed men, who are ready to enlist with any body who will lead them to plunder; and there is no power in the country to support the government and give protection to the industrious classes of the inhabitants, excepting the British troops.

"I have no apprehension of any future wars. Indeed no foreign powers now remain; even if Scindiah should not come into the defensive alliance, we have got such a hold in his Durbar, by the treaty of peace, that, if ever he goes to war with the Company, one half of his chiefs and of his army will be on our side. But I think we run a great risk from the freebooter system. It is not known to the governor-general, and you can have no idea of the extent to which it has gone, and it increases daily. I could state facts on this subject, which would prove the extraordinary weakness of the allied governments, and would show the necessity of our strengthening them. But a letter is not the proper place for them. Conceive a country in every village of which there are from twenty to thirty horsemen, who have

* Vol. 1, page 377.

* Vol. 2, p. 127.

been dismissed from the service of the state, and who have no means of living excepting by plunder. In this country there is no law, no civil government, and no army to keep these plunderers in order, and no revenue can be collected—indeed no inhabitant can nor will remain to cultivate, unless he is protected by an armed force stationed in his village.

"This is the outline of the state of the countries of the Peshwah and the Nizam.

"The extension of our arms and influence certainly increases this evil; because, wherever we go, it is soon found out that we are always ready and willing to fight; money is always wanted for the expenses of luxury and debauchery, and armies are discharged to procure it. The danger of the evil is also increased by the extension of our arms, our influence, and our protection; first, by the increase of the number of the people, who must and will subsist by plunder; secondly, by narrowing the scene in which the freebooters may plunder with impunity. The first requires no illustration. In respect to the second I have to observe, that, after having stood till nearly forty years (with the exception of the small acquisitions made by Lord Cornwallis from Tippoo), we have, within the last five years, extended ourselves by our policy and our bravery over the whole of India, excepting the territories of Holkar and the Rajah of Berar; supposing that Scindiah shall come into the defensive alliance. In this vast extent of country, in which the numbers of the people, with arms in their hands, who have no means of living excepting by plunder, are so much increased, no man can venture to plunder without incurring the risk, at least, of being destroyed by a British army. Habits of industry are out of the question; they must plunder for subsistence, or be destroyed, or starve, or be taken into the service of some of the allied powers. As we have now narrowed the scene so much we must not expect that our own territories will be entirely free from their depredations. In fact, if they are to meet the Company's troops in all countries, they have no choice excepting the richest and best cultivated, and those in which they are likely to meet the smallest number of these formidable troops. The Company's territories answer the description in every respect; and there, I think, is the danger of our present exalted situation.

"The governor-general has never had this picture before him. No man has ever had so many opportunities of contemplating the subject in all its parts as I have; and possibly no man has ever adverted to it. The remedy is clear; namely, to force the allies to keep up their military establishments. This is the first step: I would then give them no assistance in carrying on their internal government, excepting to oppose formidable rebellions. After this is done, by degrees a regulation may be introduced which I recommended in 1800, in Mysore, namely, that no horse be kept which is not registered, and that no horseman should be allowed to travel through the country without a passport from the Government. In this manner the breed will by degrees be diminished."

On reading such a statement as the foregoing we are forcibly struck with an absurdity which it is far from uncommon to find uttered by men who, having travelled and become acquainted with the degradation of the human species under bad governments, exclaim, "Oh! if our grumblers, our Radicals, were to see the state of these people, they would be content with their own

lot." Why, it is that we may not be so degraded so unhappy, that we do grumble at every approach of bad government. The miserable state of the country thus described by the Duke of Wellington as a scene to all sorts of horrors, and only to be governed by sword, should be a warning to all people, and especially to those of England, not to suffer their freedom to self-government, the only permanent foundation of prosperity, to be encroached upon; they should not suffer it either to be forced or stolen from them, but resist equally the open violence of Tories, and the insidious and degrading arts of the Whigs. There never should be a cessation of agitation in a free country, because there never is a cessation of abuses and encroachments upon the public interests. It is Sir James Macintosh, we think, who says, "*there is no hope of great political improvement from tranquillity*." A true doctrine, with which his practice did not simulate. And it is the same Sir James also who says that "*perpetual change and immutable establishments are equally indefensible in politics*." A silly Whig maxim, since the first is inevitable, and the second is possible.

There are numerous political papers like the *Edinburgh Review* to be found in the volumes before us, but we shall select two more, as throwing a useful light upon interesting subjects, namely, the real power of the hordes of irregular cavalry, which have at all times formed the chief arm of Asiatic warfare; and the value of that European discipline and arms which, amongst barbarians, which many people imagine sufficient to place them on a par with civilized nations in war. Speaking of the first,* he says, "The Marathas have long boasted that they would carry on a successful war against us: they will find that mode of warfare not very practicable at the present moment. At present events, supposing that they can carry their designs into execution, unless they find the British officers and soldiers to be in the same corrupted, enervated state in which their predecessors found the Mussulmans at the last century, they cannot expect much success from it. A system of predatory war must have some foundation in strength of some kind or other. But when the chiefs avow that they cannot meet us in the field when they are obliged to send the principal strength of their armies, upon which the remainder depends at a distance, lest it should fall into our hands, they have little knowledge of human nature if they suppose that their lighter bodies will act, and still less do British officers, if they imagine that, with impunity they can do the smallest injury, provided only that their allies, who are to be first exposed to their attacks, are true to their own interest." Again, writing to Col. Monro, he says, "I entirely agree in the opinion expressed in your letter, upon the subject of officers

defensive war. However, I think that you are taken respecting the possibility of checking, by offensive measures, a predatory war carried on by us only; indeed I have done it already in this campaign." The fact is, that a predatory war is not to be carried on now as it was formerly. All the principal villages in the country are fortified (excepting in this happy country, in which our wise men have found that fortifications are of no use), a few Peons keep them out; and it is consequently necessary that they should have a camp and a bazaar to resort to for subsistence, in which every thing that is got is very dear; besides, this necessity of seeking subsistence in the place prevents them from extending their excursions farther as they ought, to do any material injury.

The camp, on the resources of which an army of this kind must subsist, must be rather heavy; besides, there are great personages in it. They must have tents, servants, and other Sewary; and must have with them an efficient body of troops to guard their persons. The number of cavalry retained in such a camp must consequently be very large. Large bodies move slowly, and it is not difficult to gain intelligence of their motions. A few rapid and well-contrived movements made, not directly upon them, but with a view to prevent the execution of any favourite design, or its mischievous consequences, soon bring them to their bearings: they stop, talk about them, begin to feel restless, and are obliged to go off."

In another letter,* commenting upon some reverses sustained by Colonel Monson, he says, "Experience has shown that the Mahratta cavalry are not very formidable when opposed to our infantry; that of Holkar, in particular, made no impression upon Monson's detachment in its long retreat. All the impression was produced by the infantry and cannon, the want of water, and want of provision. *"The infantry is the strength of Holkar's as it is of every other army."*

To these extracts we will add a remark which we have heard the Duke of Wellington make upon the subject of cavalry charging good infantry. "The most brilliant charge of cavalry against infantry I ever saw was that made by Colonel Maxwell, at the battle of Assaye. The result convinced me that horsemen can never succeed against steady infantry, if the latter are well armed." This military truth, coming from such authority, we deem of so much importance that we cannot refrain from recommending it to the notice of those ingenious military writers who for some years past have so assiduously endeavoured to debauch the public mind, by maintaining such startling doctrines as, that cavalry can always master infantry, and if they fail to do so, it is cowardice; that irregular cavalry is more formidable than regular cavalry, Asiatics better than Europeans; that squares are easily broken; that the musket is the worst weapon and the most harmless ever used by soldiers; that bayonets are useless glitter-

ing gewgaws; that a sword is the only arm of execution; that the French troops under Napoleon were contemptible warriors, and that Napoleon himself and his marshals were ignorant of war; that Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd were the real military spirits of the age, with other such exquisite speculations, which have been well received, as if to show how wonderfully nature has contrived the brains of some men for conceiving absurdities, and of others for believing in them.

It would, however, be a great and dangerous error to imagine that large bodies of horsemen, well conducted, are not really formidable. The reasoning of the Duke of Wellington upon the predatory warfare of the Mahrattas was founded upon their mode of attack, their manner of living, and the peculiar state of the country to be invaded, and, though true in principle, cannot be extended without modification to other countries and other cavalry. But when large bodies of horsemen are united to a powerful artillery, equally capable of rapid movements, there is nothing more formidable, save the combination of all the three arms. In open countries infantry alone cannot face them. No village fortification can keep them out. Their ravages would extend far and wide, and the country thus invaded must submit, or they must be opposed by troops organized after the same manner, under whose protection and cover the infantry might operate upon decisive points. A defensive war would otherwise soon be reduced to the occupation of fortresses and mountains.

This is no slight subject for meditation, in the present state of the world, when the civilized nations of Europe seem struck with paralysis at the menacing appearance of Russia, the power which, of all others, can bring into the field, and with the least expense, the most enormous force of cavalry and artillery combined. We hear a great deal of the innate weakness of Russia; we see her wickedness, and we know her ambition: but we are told that she has no money; that it is impossible for her to invade India; that she cannot march her large armies into Europe. Strange infatuation! These are the paradoxes of folly, to cover the want of provident energy. The invasion of India is a matter of time, and no doubt difficult; but India has been three or four times invaded from the west, and conquered each time, and what has happened so often before may happen again. And how, with respect to Europe, can that power be called weak in offence which, having been continually engaged in European wars for fifty years, has, nevertheless, advanced her frontier line, without extending it so as to be weak from its length, but the contrary, until she now menaces the capitals of half the continent: a power whose intrigues are felt everywhere; whose fleets have been seen at once in the Black Sea, the Baltic, the Mediterranean, the British

* Vol. 2, page 392.

Channel, and the Atlantic; whose armies have fought successfully in Persia, in Turkey, in Poland, in Sweden, in Germany, in Italy, and in France. It was all done by the money of England! cry the advocates of Russian weakness. Oh! most foolish England, if it be so; but, though Russia greedily sought for the money of England for her own purposes, does it follow that she has no resources of her own when England fails to supply her? If she is weak at this moment, and we believe she is, it is from the critical state of her vast offensive combination. Let that critical hour pass, and she will be found strong enough, and rich enough, to make all Europe, England included, repent in tears of blood that Poland was abandoned to her ferocity. The revenue of Russia has been vastly increased by her conquests; it is increasing by reason of the improvements in her internal communication and traffic; valuable mines are continually discovered and worked; her roads, her bridges, her canals, her manufactures, her resources of all kinds, are advancing with a more rapid pace than in any other country of the old world; and she has discovered that it is for her interest to be scrupulously exact in her money transactions abroad, whatever she may be at home.

But setting aside these things, setting aside also her influence, her cunning intrigues, by which she can produce strife in every European State, has she not still that terrible power which Napoleon pointed out at St. Helena? "*Russia can, when she chooses, pour into Europe, as the precursor of her regular armies, three or four hundred thousand irregular cavalry, who will joyfully march, without pay for the chance of plunder.*" Let her strengthen those wild hordes with artillery, keeping her regular forces on the Polish frontier, and one hundred years would not repair the devastations they would commit. And this is only one of the resources of a power which England and France are tamely permitting to seize Constantinople and the Dardanelles! Oh! well might Napoleon exclaim at Leipsic, "Out upon the madness of the nations who are thus gathered to crush me, for the aggrandizement of Russia, a nation so vast at this moment it may have an army of equal strength invading the frontier of China, and all the space between is its own!"

We now come to the second point we have noticed, namely, the advantage of introducing an European organization among the native powers.

* "It appears," says Wellington, "that the governor-general is desirous that they (the Mahratta chiefs) should not have any Europeans at all. This prohibition will go to their having no infantry or artillery, and this is a point which I think deserves consideration.

"Scindiah's armies had actually been brought to a very favourable state of discipline, and his power had become formidable by the exertions of the European officers in his service; but I think it is much to be

doubted whether his power, or rather that of the Mahratta nation, would not have been more formidable at least to the British Government, if they had never had an European, as an infantry soldier, in their service, and had carried on their operations, in the manner of the original Mahrattas, only by means of cavalry. I have no doubt whatever but that the military spirit of the nation has been destroyed by the establishment of infantry and artillery; possibly indeed by other causes; at all events, it is certain that those establishments, however formidable, afford us a good object of attack in a war with the Mahrattas, and that the destruction of them contributes to the success of the contest and to the re-establishment of peace; because, having made the principal object of their attention (which they would not be to have them at all), and that part of their strength on which they place most reliance, they become the principal reliance of the army; and, therefore, when they are lost, the cavalry, as in the case of this nation, will not act.

"Two questions occur here—one is, whether the Mahratta cavalry were ever better than they now are. If they were, whether they would regain their former strength if the infantry establishment were to be destroyed. I believe they were formerly better than they now are. In regard to the second point, I have to observe that if there were no infantry in a Mahratta army, the cavalry would commence those predatory operations which they were formerly so famous; and although I am aware of the greater difficulties they would now have to encounter than their ancestors formerly had, and the practice, which is universal in the Deccan, to believe, in Hindustan, of fortifying every village. I know that there are means of opposing them successfully, I should still consider these operations more formidable to the British Government than that they can ever carry on by means of the best of infantry that they can form. On this ground, therefore, I think that they should be encouraged to have infantry rather than otherwise."

In this judgment of the matter we entirely concur, because we think, and have always thought, that modern warfare is the offspring of science and civilization, as much as of art, and that no barbaric, or barbaric nation, can possibly profit much from its own barbarism. They may indeed derive a momentary advantage, and they may obtain, as Scindiah did, the appearance of strength. Their organization may appear perfect, their troops may move regularly, they may have fine uniforms, and a fine train of artillery. But will these things last? Can they sustain a long test? Can they repair or renew their artillery? Can they provide ammunition and carriages, as often they are called for? In fine, can they keep up the internal arrangements and establishments necessary to the support of the system? The wear and tear of war is immense, and to supply it the native prince or government must have scientific men and warlike men, which are only to be formed by a long course of progressive civilization. The final result of introducing a new system, a new method of warfare, is the knowledge of the nation, and therefore dependent for its support upon what is not to be found, can only

to unsettle the national spirit, and to weaken the moral force of the military institutions, by disturbing the accustomed method of making war, which is, amongst fierce nations, generally the most suitable to their state of civilization. And this is done without giving them any permanent improvement in lieu of that which is taken away or weakened; for to be permanent it is necessary to commence the reform with civil institutions, which shall bring the habits, and customs, and knowledge of the nation into harmony with their military acquirements. To do otherwise is to fall between two stools. It is to bring home to the understanding of the soldiers the superiority of the new system in hands that are equal to its use. They feel that they are not complete masters of it, and they see that their enemies are. Thus fear is induced, instead of confidence.

We would willingly extend our extracts from the Indian correspondence, which is full of interesting and original views, but, as our space will not permit this, we must be content to refer our readers to the work itself, especially the observations upon the treaty of Bassein, the memoirs upon Seringapatam and the Mahratta operations, the correspondence from the Decan after the treaty of peace, the comments upon Colonel Monson's reverses, and in general all the great pieces of the collection, as furnishing excellent lessons in politics and war, and no despicable lessons in writing, since nothing is more forcible and clear than the Duke's method of examining such questions. Meanwhile, we will close this portion of our task by an extract from his account of the Battle of Assye, not the official despatch, but a critical narration made afterwards. To insert both would be too long. We select this, not only because it tells the story as well as the other, and guides the judgment better, both being alike remarkable for the simplicity and modesty of the relation, but because it enables us to place fairly in opposition a criticism made by Sir Thomas Monro upon the operations, which criticism appears to us remarkably acute and able.

"The information which we obtain regarding the position of an enemy whom we intend to attack is in general very imperfect. We cannot send our natives in the Company's service, who, from long habit, might be able to give an accurate account, because they, being inhabitants of the Carnatic, or Mysore, are as well known in this part of the country as if they were Europeans; and we cannot view their positions ourselves, till we can bring up the main body of our armies, because the enemy are always surrounded by immense bodies of horse. The consequence is, that we are obliged to employ as hircarrahs the natives of the country, and to trust to their reports. All the hircarrahs reported that the enemy's camp, which I had concerted with Colonel Stevenson to attack, was at Bokerdun. I was to attack their left, where we knew the infantry was posted; and Colonel Stevenson their right. Their camp, however, instead of being at Boker-

dun, had its right to that village, and extended above six miles to Assye, where was its left; it was all in the district of Bokerdun, which was the cause of the mistake.

"My march on the 23d was so directed as that I should be within twelve or fourteen miles of the enemy's camp on that day, which I supposed to be at Bokerdun. Instead of that, by the extension of their line to the eastward, I found myself within six miles of them. I there received the intelligence that they were going off; at all events, whether they were about to go or stay, I must have reconnoitred. I could not have reconnoitred without taking the whole of my small force; and when I got near them, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to return in front of their numerous cavalry. But I determined to attack them, as I really believed the intelligence I received at Naulniah to be true.—When I found the intelligence I received at Naulniah to be false, that I had their whole army in my front, and that they had a most formidable position, three or four times my number of infantry only, and a vast quantity of cannon, I deliberated whether I should withdraw, and attack on the following morning, according to the plan. The consequence of my withdrawing would have been, that I should have been followed to Naulniah by their cavalry, and possibly should have found it difficult to get there. They would have harassed me all that day; and as I had only ground fortified by myself to secure my baggage in, it was ten to one whether I should not have lost a part of it during the attack on the following morning; and, at all events, I should have been obliged to leave more than one battalion to secure it. During the attack on the 23d the enemy did not know where the baggage was; and, although it was so close to them, they never went near it. Besides this, on the other hand, there was a chance, indeed a certainty, that the enemy would hear that Colonel Stevenson also would move upon them on the 24th, and that they would withdraw their infantry and guns in the night. I therefore determined to make the attack.

"The plan concerted, you will observe, failed, from the deficiency of our information regarding the enemy's position, and consequently, my coming too near them on the 23d, with my camp, baggage, &c. &c.

"The enemy's first position was as shown in the plan.* The Kaitna is a river with steep banks, impassable for carriages everywhere, except at Pepulgaon and Warsor. I determined, from the ground on which the cavalry was first formed, to attack the enemy's left flank and rear, and to cross the river at Pepulgaon. I intended at that time to throw my right up to Assye.

"For a length of time they did not see my infantry, or discover my design. When they did discover it, they altered their position, and threw their left up to Assye, and formed across the ground between Kaitna and Assye; but in more than one line. Luckily they did not occupy the ford at Pepulgaon: if they had, I must have gone lower down; and possibly I should have been obliged to make a road across the river, which would have taken so much time, that I should not have had day enough for the attack.

"When I saw that they had got their left to Assye, I altered my plan, and determined to manœuvre by my

* For this plan we are referred by Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood to the Appendix to the Mahratta war; but we must say that, considering the high price of the Despatches, the compiler might have given us the plan himself.

left, and push the enemy upon the Nullah, knowing that the village of Assye must fall when the right should be beat. Orders were accordingly given. However, by one of those unlucky accidents which frequently happen, the officer commanding the picquets, which were upon the right, led immediately up to the village of Assye: the 74th regiment, which were on the right of the second line, and were ordered to support the picquets, followed them. There was a large break in our line between these corps and those on the left. They were exposed to a most terrible cannonade from Assye, and were charged by the cavalry belonging to the Campoos; consequently, in the picquets and the 74th regiment we sustained the greatest part of our loss. One company of the picquets, of one officer and fifty rank and file, lost one officer and forty-four rank and file. This company belonged to the battalion left at Naulniah. Another bad consequence resulting from this mistake was, the necessity of introducing the cavalry into the action at too early a period. I had ordered it to watch the motions of the enemy's cavalry hanging upon our right; and luckily it charged in time to save the remains of the 74th and the picquets. It was thus brought into the cannonade; horses and men were lost; it charged amongst broken infantry, and separated; the unity of the body was lost, and it was no longer possible to use it, as I had intended when I placed it in the third line, to pursue and cut up the defeated and broken enemy, and thus make the victory still more complete than it was. As I had foreseen, the corps at Assye was not defeated till worked upon by the centre and left of our line, notwithstanding the movements of the picquets, the 74th, and the cavalry; and then it went off directly, and was cut up.—N. B. The Juah river, or Nullah, has steep banks, impassable for carriages, scarcely passable for horses."

The only thing necessary to render this description complete is the following passage from the public despatch—

"The enemy's cavalry made an attempt to charge the 74th regiment at the moment when they were exposed to their cannonade, but they were cut up by the British cavalry, which moved on at that moment. At length the enemy's line gave way in all directions, and the British cavalry cut in among their broken infantry; but some of the corps went off in good order, and a fire was kept upon our troops, from many of the guns from which the enemy had been first driven, by individuals who had been passed by the line under the supposition that they were dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, with the British cavalry, charged one large body of infantry, which had retired and was formed again, in which operation he was killed; and some time elapsed before we could put an end to the straggling fire which was kept up by individuals from the guns from which the enemy had been driven. The enemy's cavalry also, which had been hovering round us throughout the action, were still near us. At length, when the last formed body of infantry gave way, the whole went off, and left in our hands ninety pieces of cannon."*

Such is the modesty with which Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the age of thirty-three, described this astonishing victory. The perceptions and reasoning, strong but simple, which, working in his mind, led to the wonderful exploit, are well developed and expressed

* There were above a hundred cannons taken.

by congenial language. The varying events are clearly set down; the record of motives and facts, of causes and effects, is complete. The picture is vigorously sketched, but not coloured? why should it? There are others to do that. Modesty is a constituent part of true greatness, and it is thus that a great man should describe his own exploits. But is it thus that we should speak of them? We think not, and we will enlarge a little upon that point, because of a passage in the compiler's introduction to these despatches of the Duke of Wellington.

Speaking of his compilation as of a complete history instead of the materials for a history, he says—

"No presumption of visionary advantages might have been produced by different conduct, or different circumstances, will be attempted; but what is far better, a simple description of the events, written as they occurred."

It is somewhat difficult to catch the real meaning of the above passage. To "*attempt a presumption of visionary advantages*," is neither a very elegant, nor a very intelligible expression. Did Colonel Gurwood mean to say, that he would not comment upon the operations of the Duke of Wellington? or did he mean, that the Duke would not himself comment upon his own operations, nor show the principles upon which they were founded, nor point out what other different line of conduct might have produced? In the first, we are of accord with him as to the propriety of not doing so; we think it would have been inappropriate to such a work, and though it were otherwise, we think Colonel Gurwood incapable of doing it. In the second, it is not true, seeing that the public despatch is full of such speculations. Belike Colonel Gurwood holds, that the tracing of causes to their effects, and effects to their causes, or the fixing of principles, and the application of principles to test the merit of military and political operations, does not belong to history. Or, that "a simple description of events, written as they occurred," is the best mode of writing history. If so, we deny his conclusions, and we call upon the authority of the Duke of Wellington to our aid. For, first, the most remarkable pieces in this collection are, as we have said, filled with such speculations; and the work is, therefore, not a "*simple description of events written as they occurred*."

Let us take the battle of Assye as an example. The public despatch of Sir Arthur Wellesley was a "*simple description of the events*;" yet it required from the commentary and the explanation which we have quoted above to place the real history of the action in its true light; and if the reader, imbued with Colonel Gurwood's *simple* notions of writing history, imagined that nothing more could with utility be said upon the subject, he would be mistaken. Let us hear Sir Thomas Monro's opinion, addressed to Sir A. Wellesley.

at the time, and after having duly considered the latter's explanatory commentary:—

"I have still some doubts whether the immediate attack was, under all the circumstances, the best measure you could have adopted. Your objections to delay are, that the enemy might have gone off and frustrated our design of bringing them to battle, or that you might have lost the advantage of attack, by their attacking you in the morning. The considerations which could have made me hesitate are, that you could hardly expect to defeat the enemy with less than half the loss you actually suffered; that after breaking their infantry, your cavalry, even when entire, was not sufficiently strong to pursue any distance, without which you could not have done so much execution among them as to counterbalance your own loss; and lastly, that there was a possibility of your being repulsed, in which case, the great superiority of the enemy's cavalry, with some degree of spirit which they would have derived from success, might have rendered a retreat impracticable. Suppose that you had not advanced to the attack, but remained under arms, after reconnoitring at long shot distance, I am convinced that the enemy could have decamped in the night, and as you could have instantly followed them, they would have been obliged to leave all or most of their guns behind. If they ventured to keep their position, which seems to be incredible, the result would still have been equally favourable: you might have attacked them in the course of the night; their artillery would have been of little use in the dark; it would have fallen into your hands, and their loss of men would very likely have been greater than yours. If they determined to attack you in the morning, as far as I can judge from the different reports that I have heard of the ground, I think it would have been the most desirable event that could have happened, for you would have had it in your power to attack them, either in the operation of passing the river: after the whole had passed, but before they were completely formed. They must, however, have known that Stevenson was approaching, and that he might possibly join you in the morning, and this circumstance alone would, I have no doubt, have induced them to retreat in the night.

"Your mode of attack, though it might not have been the safest, was the most decided and heroic; it will have the effect of striking greater terror into the hostile armies than could have been done by any victory gained with the assistance of Colonel Stevenson's division, and of raising the national military character, already high in India, still higher."

This is Parmenio and Alexander over again. "*I will not steal a victory,*" and "*I would do so too, were I Parmenio!*" Sir Thomas Monro's reasoning upon the matter unquestionably points out the true military bearings of the question, and such as a mere soldier ought to be guided by. But it did not involve the great view, the view which belongs to a great man; he felt it did not, for he was something more than a mere soldier, and his last passage marks his deep sense of Wellington's grandeur of mind. "*Your decision was the most heroic.*" And the value of this heroic temper in its moral influence is exquisitely illustrated by Napoleon, when he says, that the Achilles

of Homer is the emblem of war; born of a hero and a goddess, his mortal part represented the mere physical consideration of the art, his immortal part the moral power—the intuitive genius.

But is history to reject Parmenio because he was not Alexander; or Monro because he was not Wellington? Is Wellington himself to be rejected upon this occasion because of his "*attempting presumptions about visionary advantages,*" and because a simple description of events is better? Better for boys it may be, better for sycophants to put their flattering gloss upon the actions afterwards, but not better for men who desire to acquire an exact knowledge of public affairs, and to form their minds by reflection and study.

Every man is not an Alexander, neither is every compiler an historian. We deny that the "simple description of events" recommended by Colonel Gurwood is good even in regard to style; a chronological table is simple enough, but it is not history. It is proper and most valuable that a great man should narrate his own actions with a modest unobtrusive conciseness; but it is not at all proper that historians, who relate the actions of others, should follow that method. Truly great men may be, and are generally, from the very simplicity of greatness, inclined to treat what calls forth the wonder of others as their own natural course of action; they feel so strongly and see so clearly what was necessary to attain the result they have in view, that they do not easily understand the admiration of inferior minds; and hence it follows, that the writings of such great men, however admirable, have always required commentators to teach and convince the vulgar part of mankind that actions related so quietly were really surprising. Commentators never have been and never will be wanting; but it is the business of the historian, who has no other claim to attention than the clearness and ability with which he calls into relief the actions and motives of others, to bring the exploits of the hero into broad day-light, to show them in all their beauty of detail as well as in their grandeur of proportion, otherwise they will be passed unheeded, except by the few who judge from reflection, and thus fame, the great reward of great minds, would be lost because the men were truly great, and therefore modest. The multitude must be told where to stop and wonder, and to make them do so the historian must have recourse to all the power of words, which we inform Colonel Gurwood does not preclude good taste in composition any more than simplicity, of which there are two kinds namely, the simplicity of wisdom, and the simplicity of ignorance, insures it. There is no writer more simple than Xenophon when he is relating his own great deeds, too modest indeed for the satisfaction of the world; but when describing the actions of others his language is lofty, commensurate to the occasion. With what a poetic pomp he

describes the host of Epameinondas bearing down from the mountain at Mantinea, and like a great ship dashing upon the Spartan army. What a blast of war he blows when relating the battles of Agesilaus and those of Cyrus the Elder! With what heart-rending pathos he describes the death of Abrandates and Panthea! Would Brasidas have written of his own heroism at Pylus as Thucydides has done? Would he have told a delighted world of the rushing of the war galleys towards the rocky spear-lined shore—how the captains wavered—how he shouted forth his noble Hortatives, and with more than human daring urged on a battle entirely maintained by his martial fury, and which ceased as it were for want of aliment, when, covered with wounds he fell forward, still breathing, and upon the outside ledge of his vessel? Who would lose that noble stirring description of Thucydides in order to have a “simple description of events?” And who would judge from Sir Arthur Wellesley’s account of the battle of Assye, that it was an action to be advantageously compared even with the victory of Lucullus over Tygranes, of which it was said at the time, *“that the sun never beheld such another.”* Striking indeed is the resemblance.

The Roman general found himself, with about thirteen thousand troops, in front of two hundred thousand enemies, their main strength being cavalry. Their camp was strong, and covered by a river, fordable only at one place below their right, towards which Lucullus directed his march, and the enemy did not at first discover his design, and believed that he was retreating; the ford was thus left unguarded, and when he had crossed the river he threw his army upon the right flank of Tygranes, seized a hill which was the key of the latter’s position, and falling upon his ill-disciplined multitude, while they were in the act of changing their front to meet the Roman attack, utterly and entirely routed them, and with a facility most marvellous.

In like manner, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having about eight thousand men, came in front of the Mahrattas, who, to the number of sixty thousand, of which the greater part were cavalry, were also strongly encamped behind a river, fordable only at a point below their left. To this point he directed his march, and at first his movement was not discovered, or at least not understood. His purpose being, however, to throw himself upon their left flank, as Lucullus had thrown himself upon the right flank of Tygranes, and thus, by superior facility of movement, to fall upon them while in the confusion of changing their front. As it had happened with the Roman, so it happened with the Englishman. The ford was left unguarded, and the river was passed without hindrance. Here the resemblance ceased for a moment. The Mahrattas were sufficiently disciplined to change their front in time, and sufficiently brave to deliver a most bloody battle, which, however, ended in their utter rout and confusion.

The army of Tygranes was certainly more numerous in proportion to that of Lucullus, than the army of Scindiah was to that of Wellesley; yet not so much so it would at first sight appear, since the latter’s cavalry, which constituted half his force, never crossed the river, being occupied in checking some horsemen on that side, and thus he actually attacked at least ten thousand men, who had above one hundred guns to protect their line, with not more than five thousand soldiers, of which two-thirds were Sepoys! The Mahrattas fled at the first stroke. The Mahrattas fought so desperately, that nearly one half of the assailants fell before them. The moral resolution of the victorious generals was, therefore, alike, and they were distinguished by their personal courage. Lucullus was the foremost to ascend, sword in hand, the mountain which protected Tygranes’ right, and Wellesley had two horses killed under him, one of them by the thrust of a pike. But the danger and difficulty of the execution were all in favour of the Englishman’s plan, and in neither case did that glory spring from the display of military skill. It was the moral greatness of the men more than the acuteness of their minds that was so marvellous. Such were the first blossoms of a genius which has since produced fruit equal to the promise of the spring.

Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted India and returned to England in 1805, and in 1807 commanded a brigade in the army which took Copenhagen, an exploit which, to say the least of it, was, without the same circumstances, as perfidious and disgraceful to England, both in its execution, as the French invasion of Spain, and in its consequences, as the French invasion of Spain. And the injustice of it was felt by many. One officer of the 50th regiment, who bore the struggle between his duty as a soldier and his conscience as a man, jumped overboard and drowned himself when the order for disembarkation was known. And if the soldiers and sailors who only obeyed orders were answerable for the crimes of their officers, it might be supposed that the vengeance of heaven pursued the deed, for the loss of vessels and of men by storm on the return of the expedition was frightful.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was soon afterwards appointed Secretary of State in Ireland, but of his correspondence while in that station we have no traces in these volumes yet we dare to say that they would be found none the less valuable at this moment, if honestly and truthfully rendered in print; but, as we have said, there are none of them. In the fourth volume of the work we find him corresponding as the General in Chief of our army in Portugal, and this is continued up to the fifth volume, the last which has yet been published, and which brings his campaigns up to the siege of Burgos. How he fought and won the battle of Vimiero, how he was superseded in command, and how the convention of Cintra was made, is too well known to render a

ther illustration necessary: but we cannot forbear giving the testimony borne by the heroic, generous-minded Sir John Moore to the merits of Sir A. Wellesley. It is equally honourable to both, and could be a bitter reproach to those malignant intriguers who at the time laboured to place these two, best men of England, at variance.

"I was sorry," says Moore, "to find everything in confusion. Sir Hew, though announced to the army, did not as yet take the direction of it; much was still done by Sir Arthur Wellesley, and what was not done by him was not done at all. Sir Arthur seems to have conducted his operations with ability, and they have been crowned with success; it is a pity, when so much had been thrown into his hands, that he had not been allowed to complete it, and the conduct of Government on this occasion has been to a high degree absurd. I have told both Sir Hew and Sir Arthur that I wish not to interfere; that if the hostilities recommenced, Sir Arthur had already done so much, that I thought it better that he should have the command of whatever was left brilliant in the finishing. I waived all pretensions as to the command of whatever was detached; for my part, I wished I could withdraw myself altogether, but should aid as far as I could for the good of the service, and without interfering with Sir Arthur, I should take my part that was allotted to me."

Such was the testimony borne to his talents by a man whose soul no danger ever appalled, and whose virtue and ardent patriotism no prospect of worldly advantage ever warped. And we think it would not have been judged ungracious if some notice had been taken, in these volumes, of the intrigues which Sir Arthur Wellesley knew were in activity to prevent Sir John Moore from being employed in the manner which his great talents and virtues and reputation gave him a right to expect. We say Sir Arthur Wellesley knew of them, not as hinting that he was connected with them, but because we happen to know of a remarkable interview and conversation which he held in Portugal with Sir John Moore upon the subject of the latter's quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, and we know that after that conversation he took the pains to probe those intrigues, with a view to reconcile Sir John Moore to the Government, and we believe we are not mistaken in saying that he both thought and said, he had probed them to the bottom. It is impossible but some of his correspondence of the day should contain the result of his investigations on this head, and we again say it would not have been ungracious to have placed any letters relating to it amongst the rest: why should not a minute of his remarkable conversation with Sir John Moore have been inserted? it would do no dishonour to either.

From Portugal he returned to Ireland, and again repaired to Portugal after the death of Sir John Moore, to assume the command of the army, with which he chased Soult from the north by a series of the most

brilliant and daring operations. That effected, he advanced into Spain, acting in concert with the Spanish armies of Cuesta and Venegas, and Sanguine, to drive the French from Madrid, and even behind the Ebro. But here the truth of our observation, that a man may win a battle, and display the inherent qualities of a general, without being a consummate captain, and that he must abate somewhat of his youthful ardour when he is opposed by worthy antagonists, was made manifest. Sir Arthur was not yet a perfect commander. He marched into Spain with false notions both of the character of his allies and of his enemies, false views of the real state of the war, and false information of the numbers, positions, and resources of the French. He carried with him, however, a powerful and sagacious mind, and soldiers of indomitable courage. The result was answerable. He won his battles, but he lost his campaign. At every step his difficulties accumulated; he was betrayed by his allies, his adversaries gathered in unexpected strength, he was driven from the offensive to the defensive, and, though the bravery of his army and his own ready ability and experience in battles, joined to the errors of the enemy, carried him victoriously through the fight of Talavera, his campaign was a failure, and he narrowly and accidentally escaped destruction.

That his plan of campaign was a skilful one with respect to the data he possessed, no one can question who examines it; but the data were false, his information was defective, his views were heated views, partaking too much of the ministerial cry of the day, too much of that false enthusiasm, which is the life and sustenance of orators and newspapers, but the bane of generalship. He made his combinations for attack strongly, but his combinations for defence were weak and ill-judged; hence he was unable to hold his ground the moment his enemies changed their system of defence into one of attack. He had not considered sufficiently the military principle of Napoleon's invasion, the great line of which was by the north, neither had he judged correctly of the disposition of the French reserves, nor obtained accurate knowledge of their numbers, nor of their resources. He was also too fierce from his success over Soult at Oporto, and weighed too lightly the abilities and vigour of that general, as well as the extraordinary organization, the wonderful vitality, if the expression may be used, which Napoleon had given to his armies. He thought that he should turn the left flank of the French army covering Madrid, by the operations of Venegas's forces, while he and Cuesta pressed vigorously on them in front, but between him and Venegas there was no direct communication. The French possessed the advantage of a central position. The movement of Venegas, who was too weak to fight alone, was, consequently, necessarily cautious, and, this joined to other circumstances, rendered his army null

in the operations. Meanwhile Sir Arthur Wellesley did not perceive that his own left flank was more endangered than the left flank of the French. He did not indeed entirely neglect that essential part of a general's business, the security of his flanks, but, as he was ignorant of the extent of the danger which menaced one of them, his measures for its defence were much too feeble to be efficient, even if they had been executed, which, from the negligence of his allies, they were not. Thus stopped in front by a force which he had repulsed rather than defeated, he was menaced in rear by a still more formidable power, and was upon the point of being placed between two fires, when, by a quick retreat over the Tagus, by the only bridge which was left open to him, he escaped the impending danger, leaving a great part of his sick and wounded to the enemy.

Before the battle of Talavera he had ascertained the little value of his allies' promises of support and succour; at Talavera he ascertained the little value of their armies in the field; but he had not yet ascertained the real power of the French. He left Cuesta to keep the field of battle, and to hold the king in check, while he marched to fight the troops which, under Soult, had unexpectedly come down through the mountains upon his rear; he judged them to be at most twenty thousand men, and expected to beat them; he discovered while on the march, that they were above thirty thousand, and halted at Oropesa, covering the bridge of Arzobispo. At that moment, Cuesta, contrary to his promise, came up from Talavera; Victor followed him, and Sir Arthur then thinking the chances unequal, avoided an action by crossing the Tagus. But even then he was ignorant of the real force of his enemies, and if we were to judge from the present volumes we should suppose that to this hour he was unacquainted with the extent of the danger he had escaped. But it is not so, as we shall presently show, and this is one instance, and a most remarkable one, of the insufficiency of these papers to satisfy history as to the operations of the French in Spain. No, not even such a history as "*does not attempt presumptions of visionary advantages.*" The correspondence of the Duke would go to prove that there were only thirty-four thousand men under Soult, whereas there were fifty-three thousand fighting men actually under arms, and all veterans! The proof is to be found in the French muster-rolls, printed in the appendix to the second volume of Napier's History. The accuracy of those returns extracted from the Imperial muster-rolls in the Bureau de la Guerre at Paris, cannot be disputed, and on this particular question they have been corroborated by Soult himself, and by several French authors. Hence that which Sir Arthur Wellesley has condemned as a fault and want of faith in Cuesta, namely, the quitting Talavera, proved, without any merit on the part of the Spanish general, the safety of the English general, for it seems

certain that he would not otherwise have passed the Tagus, but advancing against Soult, would in a few hours, and with an exhausted, starving army, of less than twenty thousand men, have been engaged with fifty-three thousand veterans, fresh and full of confidence, and having above one hundred pieces of artillery and a most powerful cavalry.

And this was undoubtedly the best view of the case for had the king refrained from attacking him at Talavera, the allies would have been enclosed between two armies, each more numerous and better organized than the united armies of Cuesta and Wellesley. Or, after Marshal Jourdan's proposition to the king, if the allies had been permitted to enter Madrid, their position would still have been desperate, inasmuch as Soult would then have joined towards Toledo, and the allies, cut off from their base of operations and isolated, would have been driven towards the Ebro by an army so strong and powerful, that to escape destruction would have scarcely been possible.

In these observations we have carefully avoided any exaggerated argument or speculation; we have stated nothing that the Duke of Wellington has not himself hearing acknowledged to be true and just, for he is above the littleness of not acknowledging his errors. We well remember the noble simplicity and frankness with which, not many years since, on being asked for the real numbers of Soult, and the plan of Jourdan, after a short reflection, replied, "I got very well on a bad affair on that occasion. I thought so then. I did not know how strong the enemy were; I think with more reason now. If Jourdan's plan had been followed, none of us could have escaped."

And we find also in the present volumes a letter from Lord Castlereagh,* dated the 25th of August, written about a month after these events, which completely proves what we have affirmed as to his misapprehensions with respect to the nature of the war, and the comparative power of his allies and his adversaries. Although very long, we shall quote it entire, both as an illustration of the war and of the Spanish character, and as a fine specimen of the Duke's manner of writing a great question. At the same time we shall state that it is one of those letters in this collection which might greatly mislead future historians.

"My dear Lord,—I have received by Mr. Hay the day before yesterday, your letter of the 4th of August, and having for some time turned my mind seriously to the consideration of the points to which it relates, I am not unprepared to give you an opinion upon them.

"The information which I have acquired in the last few months has opened my eyes respecting the state of the war in the Peninsula; and I shall just state a few facts which will enable the King's ministers to form their own opinions upon it.

"I calculate the French force now in the Peninsula consist of about 125,000 men: of this number about 100,000 are in this part of Spain; St. Cyr's corps, about 10,000 men, are engaged in the siege of Gerona; Soult's, about 14,000, in Arragon; and the remainder employed in different garrisons, such as Avila, &c., all in keeping up the communications with France; of which, if necessary, are disposable for the field. These 125,000 men are exclusive of the garrisons of Malaga, Barcelona, &c. &c.

"These troops, you will observe, are all in Spain, all against this force the Spaniards have, under Venegas and Eguia, late Cuesta's army, about 50,000 men; Romana, the Duke del Parque, and every thing to the southward, about 25,000; Blake may have gotten together again about 5,000 or 6,000; and I believe there is nothing in Arragon and Catalonia, excepting an armament population.

"Thus the Spaniards have not at the end of eighteen months nearly after the commencement of the revolution, above 80,000 men, of which the composition and quality will be found still more defective than the numbers are deficient, to carry on the contest with the French, even in their present strength.

"To these numbers add all the troops we can bring to the field at present, which are about 25,000 men, and about 10,000 Portuguese, and you will see that the allies are at this moment inferior in point of numbers to the enemy in the Peninsula. However, in this point of the troops of the allies, I do not reckon any garrisons and towns occupied by both Spanish and Portuguese; nor do I reckon the French garrisons. I count only those men on both sides who can be brought into the field to fight.

"In respect to the composition of those armies, we find the French well supplied with troops of the different descriptions and arms required, namely, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, heavy and light.

"Cuesta's army had about 7,000 cavalry, Venegas's about 3,000, and there may be about 2,000 more cavalry distributed about Spain.

"The English have about 2,500 cavalry left, and the Portuguese army may have about 500 or 600. Probably, if all this cavalry were efficient, and could be provided as it ought to be, it might be sufficient, and might be found more numerous than that of the French in the Peninsula; but you will observe that all the cavalry is now in the south, and Romana (which it is most important to bring forward, as unless it is brought forward the allies can never make any impression on the French to the southward,) has neither cavalry nor artillery, and cannot quit the mountains; neither has the Duke del Parque more than one regiment, or Blake more than the same number.

"I come now to the description of the troops, and here I am sorry to say that our allies fail us still more than they do in numbers and composition.

"The Spanish cavalry are, I believe, nearly entirely without discipline. They are in general well clothed, armed, and accoutred, and remarkably well mounted, and their horses are in good condition; I mean those of Eguia's army, which I have seen. But I have never heard any body pretend that in any one instance they have behaved as soldiers ought to do in presence of an enemy. They make no scruple of running off, and in every action are to be found in every village, and every shady bottom within fifty miles of the field of battle.

"The Spanish artillery are, as far as I have seen of them, entirely unexceptionable, and the Portuguese artillery excellent.

"In respect to the great body of all armies, I mean the infantry, it is lamentable to see how bad that of the Spaniards is, and how unequal to a contest with the French. They are armed, I believe, well; they are badly accoutred, not having the means of saving their ammunition from the rain; not clothed in some instances at all, in others clothed in such a manner as to make them look like peasants, which ought of all things to be avoided; and their discipline appears to me to be confined to placing them in the ranks three deep, at very close order, and to the manual exercise.

"It is impossible to calculate upon any operations with these troops. It is said that they sometimes behave well, though I acknowledge I have never seen them behave otherwise than ill. Bassecour's corps, which was supposed to be the best in Cuesta's army, and was engaged on our left in the mountains at the battle of Talavera, was kept in check throughout the day by a French battalion. This corps has since run away from the bridge of Arzobispo, leaving its guns; and many of the men, according to the usual Spanish custom, throwing away their arms, accoutrements, and clothing. It is a curious circumstance respecting this affair at Arzobispo (in which Soult writes that the French took thirty pieces of cannon), that the Spaniards ran off in such a hurry, that they left their cannon loaded and unspiked; and that the French, although they drove the Spaniards from the bridge, did not think themselves strong enough to push after them. Colonel Waters, whom I sent in with a flag of truce on the 10th relating to our wounded, found the cannon on the road abandoned by the one party, and not taken possession of, and probably not known of, by the other.

"This practice of running away, and throwing off arms, accoutrements, and clothing, is fatal to every thing excepting a reassembly of the men in a state of nature, who as regularly perform the same manœuvre the next time an occasion offers. Nearly 2,000 ran off on the evening of the 27th from the battle of Talavera, (not one hundred yards from the place where I was standing), who were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack, and who were frightened only by the noise of their own fire. They left their arms and accoutrements on the ground; their officers went with them; and they, and the fugitive cavalry, plundered the baggage of the British army, which had been sent to the rear. Many others went whom I did not see.

"Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army, and it is extraordinary that, when a nation has devoted itself to war as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made in any one branch of the military profession by any individual, and that the business of an army should be so little understood. They are really children in the art of war, and I cannot say that they do any thing as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away, and assembling again in a state of nature.

"I really believe that much of the deficiency of numbers, composition, discipline, and efficacy is to be attributed to the existing government of Spain. They have attempted to govern the kingdom in a state of revolution, by an adherence to old rules and systems, and with the aid of what is called enthusiasm; and this last is, in fact, no aid to accomplish any thing, and it is

only an excuse for the irregularity with which every thing is done, and for the want of discipline and subordination of the armies.

"People are very apt to believe that enthusiasm carried the French through their revolution, and was the parent of those exertions which have nearly conquered the world; but if the subject is nicely examined, it will be found that enthusiasm was the name only, but that force was the instrument which brought forth those great resources, under the system of terror, which first stopped the allies; and that a perseverance in the same system of applying every individual and every description of property to the service of the army, by force, has since conquered Europe.

"After this statement you will judge for yourselves, whether you will employ any, and what strength of army, in support of the cause in Spain.

"Circumstances with which you are acquainted have obliged me to separate myself from the Spanish army, and I can only tell you that I feel no inclination to join in co-operation with them again, upon my own responsibility; and that I shall see my way very clearly before me indeed, before I do so; and I do not recommend you to have any thing to do with them in their present state.

"Before I quit this part of the subject it may be satisfactory to you to know that I do not think matters would have been much better if you had sent your large expedition to Spain instead of to the Scheldt. You could not have equipped it in Galicia, or any where in the north of Spain. If we had had 60,000 men instead of 20,000, in all probability we should not have got to Talavera to fight the battle, for want of means and provisions. But if we had got to Talavera, we could not have gone further, and the armies would probably have separated for want of means of subsistence, probably without a battle, but certainly after. Besides, you will observe that your 40,000 men, supposing them to be equipped, and means to exist of feeding them, would not compensate for the deficiency of number, of composition, and of efficiency in the Spanish armies; and that, supposing they had been able to remove the French from Madrid, they could not have removed them from the Peninsula, even in the existing state of the French force.

"I now come to another branch of the subject, which is Portugal itself. I have not got from Beresford his report upon the present and the probable future state of the Portuguese army; and therefore I should wish to be understood as writing, upon this part of the subject, liable to corrections from him.

"My opinion is, and always has been, that the mode of applying the services of the English officers to the Portuguese army has been erroneous. I think that Beresford ought to have had the temporary assistance of the ablest officers the British service could afford; that these officers ought not to have been posted to regiments in the Portuguese army; but, under the title of adjutants to the field-marshal, or any other, they ought to have superintended discipline, military movements, and arrangements of all descriptions, wherever they might be: fewer officers would then have answered his purpose, and every one given to him would have been useful; whereas many (all in the inferior ranks) are, under existing arrangements, useless.

"Besides this, the selection of officers sent out to Portugal for this service has been unlucky, and the decision on the questions which I sent to England on the

7th of June has been made without reference to circumstances, or to the feelings or opinions of the individuals on whom it is to operate; and just like every other decision I have ever seen from the same quarter, the men were stocks and stones.*

"To this, add that rank (Portuguese rank, I mean) has been given in the most capricious manner. In some instances a man not in the army at all has been made a brigadier-general; in others, another who is the senior of the brigadier-general when both are in the army, is a lieutenant-colonel. Then a junior lieutenant-colonel is made a brigadier-general, his senior a colonel, and his senior a junior-colonel; and there are instances of juniors being preferred to seniors in every rank. In short, the Prince Regent is a despot in the army, and his commissions have been given to the best officers and subjects in the most arbitrary manner. The Horse Guards; and the answer to all these complaints at the Horse Guards must be uniform; no man has any right to complain; the Prince Regent has the right to give to any body any commission he pleases, bearing any date he chooses to assign to it. The officers of this army have to a man quitted the Portuguese service, as I said they would, and there is not a single officer who has joined it from England who would not quit it if we would allow him; but here we keep them so much for that arrangement.

"The subject upon which particularly I have sent Beresford to report was the state of the Portuguese army in respect to its numbers. The troops have lately deserted to an alarming degree; and, in fact, the regiments are complete. The Portuguese are recruited by conscription constitutionally, very much in the same manner with the French army; but it must be recollected that, for fifty years nearly, the troops have never left their province, and scarcely their native town; and their discipline, and the exertions required from them, were nothing. Their pay has been increased, I fear that the animals of the description to bear up against what is required of him, and he deserts most terribly.

"The military forces stationed in the province have enabled the civil government to carry into execution conscription; but, under present circumstances, the military force is, upon principle as well as fact, removed to a distance. The civil government has been so frequently overthrown in all parts of Portugal, that it can hardly be said to exist; and there is another circumstance which I am afraid cramps its operations, particularly those operations which are to put the people under restraint upon the people, and that is, that they are armed, and they defy the civil magistrate and the government, who order them to march as conscripts, whose authority is unsupported by a sufficient military force. I am therefore very apprehensive, that Beresford will find it impossible to fill his ranks. However, as I said before, I should wish Government to be making their minds up on this part of the subject, so that they shall be enabled to send them Beresford's report, which I have called.

"The next point in this subject is, supposing the Portuguese army to be rendered efficient, what can be done with it and Portugal if the French should obtain possession of the remainder of the Peninsula?

* The questions were addressed to Sir David Dundas, who was then commander-in-chief.

pinion is, that we ought to be able to hold Portugal, *the Portuguese army and militia are complete.* The difficulty upon this whole question lies in the embarkation of the British army. There are so many entrances into Portugal, the whole country being frontier, that it would be very difficult to prevent the enemy from penetrating; and it is probable that we should be obliged to confine ourselves to the preservation of that which is most important, the capital.

"It is difficult, if not impossible, to bring the contest for the capital to extremities, and afterwards to embark the British army. You will see what I mean, by a reference to the map. Lisbon is so high up the Tagus, that no army that we could collect would be able at the same time to secure the navigation of the river by the occupation of both banks, and the possession of the capital. One of the objects must, I fear, be given up, and that which the Portuguese would give up would be the navigation of the Tagus, and of course, our means of embarkation. However, I have not entirely made up my mind upon this interesting point: I have a great deal of information upon it, but I should wish to have more before I can decide upon it.

"In the meantime, I think that government should look to sending back, at least, the coppered transports, as soon as the grand expedition shall have done with them; and as they receive positive intelligence that Napoleon is reinforcing his armies in Spain; for you may depend upon it that he and his marshals must be desirous of revenging upon us the different blows we have given them; and that when they come into the Peninsula, their first and great object will be to get the English out. I think the first part of my letter will give you my opinion respecting one notion you entertained, viz., that the Spaniards may be induced to give the command of their armies to a British commander-in-chief. If such offer should be made to me, I shall decline to accept it till I should receive his Majesty's pleasure; and I strongly recommend to you, unless you mean to incur the risk of the loss of your army, not to have anything to do with Spanish warfare on any ground whatever, in the existing state of things. In respect to Cadiz the fact is this, that the jealousy of all the Spaniards, even of those most attached to us, respecting Cadiz, is so rooted, that even if the government should cede that point (and in their present difficulties I should not be surprised if they were to cede it), to induce me to remain in Spain, I should not think any garrison which this army could spare to be safe in the place.

"If you should take Cadiz, you must lay down Portugal and take up Spain; you must occupy Cadiz with a garrison of from 15,000 to 20,000 men, and you must send from England an army to be employed in the field with the Spaniards, and make Cadiz your retreat instead of Lisbon. You ought, along with Cadiz, to insist upon the command of the armies of Spain. I think you would certainly be able in that case to get away your troops, secure the Spanish ships, &c. &c. &c. But you see, from the facts in the commencement of his letter, how little prospect you have of bringing the contest to the conclusion for which we all wish."

Besides this paper there are several others taking the same view of affairs, and not only repeating as fixed, the numbers of the French, such as they are given above, but arguing upon those numbers as data upon which he founded his speculations of the proba-

ble movements and intentions of the enemy. He even acts upon the view thus taken, and strange to say, with safety; for his speculations were borne out by the result, although, as we shall now show, the data were utterly false. First, as to the numbers, we see that he rates the whole of the French army disposable for field operations at 125,000 men, of which he allots 70,000 to the force in the Castilles, that is to say his own front, 20,000, to St. Cyr in Catalonia, and 14,000 to Ruchet in Arragon. But the imperial muster-rolls given in Napier's History and other documents, prove that, after deducting for the governments which included the garrisons, there were 253,000 men, exclusive of 5,000 French guards attached to the king, and which are never included in the rolls, as not belonging to the French army. The 7th corps of St. Cyr had passed under the command of Angereau, and was 52,000 strong; Suchet had 28,000 men, and consequently not seventy, but one hundred and seventy thousand men were in the Castilles, including sick men and detachments, and one hundred thousand were actually under arms with the eagles, and capable of operating against his army, without drawing a man from hospitals, without displacing a soldier of the garrisons, and without calling in a single detachment. Again, Sir Arthur Wellesley, adopting his own erroneous estimate of the French numbers, judged that they were too weak to follow up their attack at Arzobispo, too weak to force him in his position, or to dislodge him from it by operating against Venegas on his right, and to penetrate to Andalusia. And none of these operations did take place. Yet the reason is not to be found in the weakness of the French, but in the quarrels of the marshals; for Soult had actually commenced the attack upon the frontier of the allies by the defeat of the Spaniards at Arzobispo, and did not follow it up because Ney, who was to have attacked by Almaraz, could not, or rather would not, find the ford there. In like manner Soult was prevented from invading Portugal by the opposition of Ney, who was supported by the decision of the king. But this opposition was not founded upon the numerical weakness of the French armies, but rather on their strength, for Ney feared they would want provisions.

The errors noticed above are not the only points in this letter to which we would draw the reader's attention. Sir Arthur's opinion about the little that was lost by the miserable expedition to Walcheren, and his observations upon the value of enthusiasm in the efforts of nations, also call for remarks. With respect to the first, it can only be considered as a soothing compliment to the minister, because it does not grapple with the whole question, and is even at variance with some of the facts. Had the troops been sent to Spain, it is true that they could not have been equipped in the north of that country, but they could have been

sent to Portugal and equipped there. Then, says Sir A. Wellesley, we should not have got to Talavera at all! would that have been no advantage? Of what value, bating the glory, was the blood spilt there to the general cause; but could they not have remained upon the frontier of Portugal while the battle of Talavera was being fought, and thus have furnished a reserve which would have prevented Soult from moving over the mountains upon the English rear? Could they not have occupied the passes of those mountains, and so have secured Sir A. Wellesley's left flank? In fine, would not any thing have been better than their destruction in the marshes of Walcheren? Could they not have gone to Cadiz, and operated by the same line as Venegas did, thus rendering his army a match for the whole of the king's forces? No! says Sir Arthur Wellesley, because the jealousy of the Spaniards about Cadiz would not suffer them to land there. This we take leave to deny. Sir A. Wellesley's information upon that head was probably derived from Mr. Frere, and it had no other foundation than that gentleman's folly. The letters of Mr. Stuart, now Lord Stuart de Rothsay, who was then on the spot, and in full communication with the Spanish ministers, and with the citizens of Cadiz, are precise and positive as to the fact that there was no difficulty and objection on the part of the people, nay, that the latter were anxious to have the British enter the place.

But with respect to the observations about enthusiasm, we believe, and with sorrow, that there is but too much truth in them. Force and terror were, and, until the mass of mankind are generally more enlightened, will always be the main-spring of great and sustained national exertions in war. Still we cannot go the whole length of Sir Arthur's doctrine. The enthusiasm of the Spaniards was more in the speeches and writings of orators and newspapers, than in the people. There was an enthusiastic hatred of their French oppressors, but there was no enthusiastic love for their native oppressors. They were called upon to fight for a government which they did not like, and which they felt to be bad, though they did not know how to remedy it; and when they were told that every thing that was dear to them was at stake, they naturally asked what it was that was so dear? Their wives and children they would fight to defend, and their property also; but when the French respected these objects of their love they were content, and cared not to endure starvation and nakedness, and to encounter danger and death, for a government which they knew would make little account of their services, and still less account of the misery of their families, if they themselves fell in the field.

In France, terror and force were employed for the conscription, at first by the Republicans, and it was followed up by the vigour of the law under Napoleon;

but surely Sir Arthur Wellesley cannot deny that the enthusiasm of the French nation was necessary to enable the Convention and the Directory to establish that law. Where was the force to be found, if it was not in the enthusiasm of the people for liberty? The enthusiasm alone will not suffice for all, is beyond all question; yet a due mixture of it with coercion and order, is also, beyond all question, of more effect than force alone. Was not that Napoleon's system? Was it force alone that enabled him to lead such numbers of soldiers as he possessed to the conquest of Europe? Was it force alone that made those soldiers frantically shout his name, and call upon him with love, even in their last agonies on the field of battle? Was it force alone or enthusiasm that sent all Germany against him when the people were promised freedom as well as national independence? Was it force that enabled Napoleon to march triumphant from the Gulf of Cadiz to Juan to Paris, amidst the acclamations of a whole people. Is it the recollection of the force or enthusiasm he used, that even at this day places his portrait in every cottage, that makes every poor man's face in France beam with satisfaction if you praise Napoleon, and his eye become dim with tears at the recollection of his unhappy end? No, it was not force alone that produced the wonderful exertions of France, that placed Napoleon to the height of glory he attained; it was something which we earnestly adjure the Duke of Wellington to reflect upon. It was the feeling, and it by what name he pleases, enthusiasm, or any other name, but the feeling which struck him from his high seat when he declared all reform to be unnecessary, the "feeling of freedom of resistance to oppression" implanted in the breast of man by his Creator, proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure." The enthusiasm of nations is self-love, and therefore, when rightly directed, the most powerful and lasting of all springs of human action; and if the self-love of another be grafted on that self-love, it is because that person, so loved, has made himself the champion of the rights of mankind in the aggregate, against certain classes who would have all to themselves. And so the multitude love and reverence him, and will obey him, so, whatever force he uses to attain his end, seeing that they know, by that wonderful instinct which belongs to the unenlightened masses, who is their real friend, and who their foe. This was the secret of Napoleon's power, and of the love the people bore him, and still bear him; and not the people of France alone, but those of many other countries.

While upon this subject of Napoleon, we will quote another letter* appertaining to it, and also illustrating of the state of the war in the Peninsula, from the volumes before us, and perhaps the only really reprehensible one of the whole. The only one in which

* Vol. 6, page 62.

arsh, illiberal political feeling has led Wellington to a manifest injustice. It is addressed to Mr. Henry Wellesley, in April 1810:—

“I have received your letters of the 15th and 16th instant.

“In answer to the first, relating to the supply of provisions, you and General Graham are aware of the motives which induced me to desire that the British troops at Cadiz should be fed by the Spanish government, as one of the conditions on which I consented to detach them, and you and he must decide upon the propriety or necessity of departing from that condition.

“I trust that the government at home will have it in their power to supply the money which will be deficient for the support of the army, and for the performance of the king's engagements in this country, in consequence of the diversion of the money raised at Cadiz from those objects, to the payment for supplies and for the formation of British magazines at that place.

“I have long known of the dissatisfaction existing in the French army, but they will continue to march and to fight. It would be advisable for the Regency to offer a reward for every Frenchman, or soldier in the French service, brought in alive to any post occupied by any of the allied troops. This measure was adopted with some success by General Cuesta. The peasants refrained from the murder of the French soldiers, and many consequently deserted.

“I have perused your despatch of the 15th (No. 19), to the Secretary of State, with great interest. Sr de Souza's conduct is extraordinary; for, if I recollect rightly, I recommended to him not to urge the claim of his government to Olivenza at the present moment. I know that I had a conversation with Lord Wellesley upon that subject, and we agreed that it was best for the Portuguese government to refrain from urging the claim, and I think I communicated this opinion to Sr de Souza. Although the war, which ended in the cession of Olivenza, was unjust, and the Spanish Regency, and all those seriously opposed to the French and their political system, may be disposed to acknowledge it, I doubt whether the Regency, or any other Spanish minister, would or could cede that possession, merely as an act of grace and justice to the Portuguese government, or to induce the Portuguese government to agree to carry into execution an article of an old treaty regarding disputed boundaries in America. The acknowledgment of the right of succession in the Princess of Brazil is stated to be an object in both governments, and I shall state presently where I conceive our interest is involved in this article of the proposed treaty. I suspect, however, that the first article of the treaty is the motive for its execution, at least by the Spanish ministers.

“I do not know whether you have observed the difference in the statement made by Sr de Bardaxi and Sr de Souza, of the nature of this proposed treaty. The former states it to be a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance: the latter, of defensive alliance. Both powers being engaged in a war with France for their existence, this difference would not much signify, if it were not connected with opinions regarding the conduct and operations of the war which are very important. The fact is, that the Spanish government and officers have always entertained, or have pretended to entertain an opinion, that the Portuguese nation have not done their duty in the war; and they have wished to involve the

Portuguese army as well as the British army, more actively in their operations, as they term it, but, as I should say, to induce them to carry it on in their manner, which would have put the French in possession of the Peninsula about six months ago.

“I do not know whether the Portuguese ministers have entertained the same opinions, or have really participated in these wishes of the Spanish government regarding the operations of the war; but I have, upon more than one occasion, been obliged to refuse my consent to carry on certain operations with the Portuguese troops, proposed, and even urged, by the Portuguese government, at the suggestion of the Spanish ministers.

“The conduct of the Portuguese government in these instances, was possibly occasioned by their desire to conciliate the Spanish government, and thus to procure a decision in favour of the Princess of Brazil to the succession; or they might seriously believe that what was proposed to them was really an advisable measure.

“The Spanish government now seeing the total destruction of their own army, and means of carrying on the contest with activity, are desirous, by means of this treaty, of bringing the Portuguese army forward, or of persuading people that the Portuguese will be more active in future, in consideration of the sacrifices which have been made to the Portuguese nation, and thus gain for themselves a momentary popularity.

“The truth is, that the Portuguese army, which is hardly made yet, has been active in proportion to its means. Portugal has done as much, and will do more, in the contest than any province of Spain, of the same extent and population.

“It has defended itself; and with our assistance will continue to defend itself, unless attacked by very superior forces! and, in this manner, its defence must be a useful diversion to Spain. What province of Spain, with all the assistance of money from America, and of arms and clothing from England, has been able to send and maintain an army beyond its limits, or even to defend itself, if attacked by 20,000 men? Three times that number will not obtain possession of Portugal, or possibly four times.

“But then it will be asked, cannot Portugal and Great Britain do more. I answer, certainly not, as long as there is no army on foot in Spain.

“In drawing this first article of the treaty, therefore, I conceive that it will be very desirable to avoid giving the Spanish government any more influence than they have at present upon the operations of the Portuguese army.

“If this point is provided for, I doubt whether the Spanish ministers will execute the treaty; and it remains to be considered whether anything of importance will, in consequence, be lost. Olivenza is an object of vanity to the Portuguese; for, strange to say, it is the only territory their government has ever ceded. The settlement of the boundaries in America is of no importance to either party.

“The acknowledgment of the right of succession in the Princess of Brazil is, I think, an object to us, if we should fail in the contest in the Peninsula, greater than it would be if we should succeed. *If it should suit Bonaparte's purpose to murder Ferdinand, he will not be prevented from executing it by knowing that the right of the Princess of Brazil to succeed to the crown is acknowledged.*

“The object of the treaty in recognising the succes-

sion of La Carlotta is nugatory, unless Bonaparte should put Ferdinand to death.

"As I believe there is no doubt but that, by law, Carlotta cannot be Regent, if she is declared successor to the crown, the object of the Portuguese government in acceding to this article of the treaty will be equally disappointed. I do not believe that either party looks farther than the Peninsula in this arrangement, but we ought to view it in another light.

"First, if the allies should succeed in obliging the French to evacuate the Peninsula, which is not a very probable event at present; and secondly, if the allies should fail, and the French should obtain possession of the Peninsula:—in either case, but particularly in the last, *is is most probable that Ferdinand and his brother would be murdered.* I do not conceive that it would be a desirable arrangement for Great Britain, that the whole of the Peninsula and South America should be in the hands of one sovereign. However it is not a very probable event at present; and even if we could succeed in obliging the French to evacuate the Peninsula, I think that the Portuguese would take care that the King of Spain should never be King of Portugal.

"The second hypothesis is, I am sorry to say, the most probable; and in the view of this event, I do consider the acknowledgment of the right of Carlotta to be very important to us. It provides a legal government for all the colonies of Spain; and if our government should manage the evacuation of Portugal, as they ought, when we shall be obliged to evacuate this country, we shall carry away an army capable of establishing and maintaining her authority, and that of her race, in those countries. The interests of the Spanish and Portuguese governments are equally involved with those of Great Britain in this view of the question: and I acknowledge that I think it very important that this article of the treaty should be executed in some formal manner or other. You have now got my opinion upon this subject, which I will communicate to the king's ministers in some shape or other, or you may send it to Lord Wellesley if you choose."

We have marked by italics the reprehensible parts of this letter. Napoleon was no murderer: he was himself most inhumanly baited to death to satisfy the insatiable revenge of a tyrannical aristocratic faction in England; but he was too great, in every sense of the word, to have recourse to such dark practices himself. The man who gave the princess of Hatzfield the letter which contained the only evidence against her husband was incapable of assassination, and there was a want of magnanimity in thus gratuitously attributing such a sentiment to him. It was to be clever by the head without consulting the heart, and this is to be only half clever; for the instinct of the latter is often more certain than the reasoning of the former. It would have been a great and palpable political advantage to Napoleon to have put Ferdinand and his brother to death. It would have created division amongst the Spaniards; for, though the Princess Francisca Paula and the Queen of Etruria and the French Empress were, by the Cortes, excluded from the succession, they would have found means to obtain numerous partizans in Spain, and the death of Ferdinand and his

brother would have immediately brought upon the stage, and into power, the Princess Carlotta, the most intriguing, wicked, and mischievous royal personage of the day, and one who hated the English. Could anything have been more advantageous to Napoleon? What numerous jealousies and intrigues and disputes would have arisen? Nevertheless, Ferdinand and his brother were not murdered. They were placed in a country of the most healthy, beautiful, and magnificent climate of France, and furnished with every luxury but that of doing evil, which, if we may judge by their career, must have been a sore privation. Would God that the brother Carlos, the murderer of Duras, had been slain, and thus the lives of so many of our gallant countrymen, lately killed in obedience to sanguinary orders, would have been spared.

We have said that the enthusiasm of the Spaniards was not very apparent, unless it were the enthusiasm of hatred against the French: and as we have seen in the last published volume of the Despatches, the letters, which not only corroborate this assertion, but continue the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on the military character of the Spaniards up to the year 1812, we shall with them terminate our extracts. They are both addressed to Mr. Hervey Wellesley.*

"I am very sorry to tell you that affairs are going very badly at Ciudad Rodrigo. I sent General Anson there yesterday, upon hearing that they had not yet commenced upon the works; and, as far as I could understand him, the garrison were in a state of weariness because Don Carlos de Espagna had not performed the promise which he had made to pay the officers of the garrison for their extra allowance of provisions, which had been stopped from them during the blockade. He gave me to understand that he should write to the Spanish government this day to apprise them of his opinion, and that of the principal officers of the garrison, that it was absolutely necessary that a British officer should be appointed governor of that garrison, as far as I could understand him, that allied troops, meaning British and Portuguese should be in it.

"I am tolerably well acquainted with the statements of some of these officers, among others, of Alava himself, regarding the employment of British officers in the Spanish concern, and I am thoroughly convinced that this proposal does not proceed from any desire to improve the Spanish military system, but that it is attributed solely to the desire to get out of the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo. They dislike the restraint which must prevail soon in a Spanish garrison; they dislike being exposed to my view, in the occasional visits which I make to the place, and to my remonstrances on their indolence and want of discipline, which I have assumed a right to make, on the ground of the assistance which I have given them of different descriptions, and, above all, they dislike the prospect of some of our troops, or other, being attacked in Ciudad Rodrigo. The last feeling is common to all Spaniards. I refer you on this point to Roche, who says very truly, "that wh

Spanish officer or soldier is running away, the last he will run to is a fortified town, although he could be certain of receiving assistance of every description." It is very desirable that you, and the Spanish government, should be clearly informed of my opinions and intentions on this point.

First, I consider the British troops the best we have, I will not put them in garrison. Secondly, I consider the Portuguese troops, next to the British, the best in the Peninsula, and I will not put more of them in garrisons than I am under the necessity of employing in that manner. I am obliged to employ some Portuguese regular troops in Elvas, and one regiment of Alentejan, but the Portuguese forts in general are occupied by the Portuguese militia, who, like other militia, cannot regularly be marched beyond the Portuguese frontier; and if they should be sent beyond the frontier any length of time, they would desert.

I insist upon it, that Spanish troops are the proper garrisons for Spanish forts. If the Spanish government differ with me upon this point, and insist upon placing garrisons in those forts which we have taken from the enemy and I have made over to them; if they do not adopt measures to place and support them proper garrisons, I now give notice that I will occupy both Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo. It will not serve their purpose or mine, that I should be tied by leg to guard these two places against the evils to be apprehended from the want of proper garrisons or sufficient supplies in them.

The Spanish troops, however, will be no more fit to garrison these places, unless they should be disciplined, paid, and fed, than they are for other military services, and I see no chance of their being the first, unless they should be the two last.

But the British government having agreed to aid the Spanish government with one million sterling this year in specie, besides aids in other modes, I see no reason why a part at least of this sum should not be applied to the support of those garrisons and troops which are to act in concert with the British army, and aid and support our operations. The distribution of money having been referred to you, I am anxious to leave your decision, whether you propose to give, and what part of it, for the support of the garrisons of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and of the troops under Don Carlos de España, destined to act in Castile, and of the Conde de Penne Villemur, destined to act in Estremadura.

If I am to have any thing to say to the distribution of this aid I shall employ it in giving their pay, or a certain proportion of their pay, to a certain number of officers and soldiers, regularly organized and disciplined. Those who shall not be disciplined in two months, shall receive no more of this aid, nor any assistance whatever from the British government. The contributions levied from the province, and any money that could be sent by the government, should go to make up the deficiency of the pay from the British subscription. In this manner we might continue to discipline and maintain these Spanish garrisons, and to render them useful.

In regard to the employment of British officers with Spanish troops, I entertain the same opinion which I have always held upon this subject. British officers will be worse than useless, if they have not the support to their exertions of the authority of the com-

mander-in-chief, who must have the cordial support of the government, or he will have no authority. British officers, besides, require an authority of no mean description, exercised with considerable strictness, to keep them in order and within due bounds. The history of our service in Portugal will afford many instances of the truth of both these opinions. British officers would have more difficulties to contend with in Spain than they had in Portugal, and more temptations, and opportunities of abusing their authority.

"I retain likewise, the same opinions regarding my having the command of the Spanish armies. I consider troops that are neither paid, fed, nor disciplined (and they cannot be disciplined, and there can be no subordination among them, unless they are paid and fed), to be dangerous only to their friends when assembled in large bodies; as guerillas they might be of some use, but it would be better probably, if the same men were employed under the guerilla officer, who is much better acquainted with his trade than what is called the officer of the regular Spanish service, knows the country better which is the seat of his operations, knows the people better and is better known to the inhabitants; and above all has no pretensions to military character.

"I never will voluntarily command troops who cannot and will not obey, and therefore I am not desirous of having anything to say to the command of the Spanish troops till I see the means provided for their food and pay, and till I shall be certain that the regular issue of these has been the effect of introducing among them a regular system of subordination and discipline.

"Upon this subject of the introduction of British officers into the service, and of the command being given to me, I may be wrong, but I entertain opinions which I have not heard from others. It is my opinion that the officers of the Spanish army, and the employés of the government, in the military as well as the civil departments, are the principal excitors and supporters of the general sentiment which prevails among the people against the French. Excepting the grandes, and a few men of large estate, who resided in the provinces, every person in Spain of the class of a gentleman, or, more properly speaking, above the class of the cultivators of the soil, was in the civil, military, or naval service of the government. All these consider themselves deprived of their profession by the establishment of the government of Bonaparte, particularly the officers of the army: and it is a very remarkable circumstance, and tending strongly to support my opinion, that the officers of the navy, whose services are least likely to be required by their country, in case the Spanish nation should succeed in shaking off the Bonaparte yoke, and that the alliance with England should become the permanent system of Spain, have done least in the war, have seldom agreed cordially with us, and a larger proportion of them, than of the military, have taken the side of the usurpation.

"The conclusion which I draw from these observations is, that if we mean to encourage the continued resistance of the Spanish people, we ought not to disgust the officers of the Spanish army, and so far deprive them of their profession as to give to British officers the effectual control over the army. Mind, I do not say that the Spanish officers are the sole cause of the continued resistance of the people; for I believe the sentiment of hostility against the French is part of the nature of the Spaniard; but it must be admitted,

that the example and instigation of the superior class of officers must have some effect in continuing the resistance of the lower orders.

"But although I conceive that there are many difficulties and inconveniences in introducing our officers into the Spanish service; and in giving the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's troops the supreme command of the whole, I conceive that many of the advantages to be expected from both arrangements might be acquired in another manner. I think that I have already acquired such an influence over the officers of the Spanish army, that they would do anything I should desire them, excepting, perhaps, to discipline their troops, establish subordination and order among them, and overcome their habits of indolence and procrastination. I doubt that they can effect these objects till the troops shall be regularly paid and fed; and if what I have above suggested be adopted, you will see that the remedy for these defects is provided.

"It has always been my opinion that much might be done by the British government to increase the authority and influence of the commander-in-chief in this country.

"First, travelling missions ought to be put an end to, or ought to be under the immediate direction of the commander-in-chief.

"Secondly, no aid of any description ought to be given to any Spanish troops, or commander of an army, or guerillas, excepting under the direction of the commander-in-chief.

"I have above stated the condition upon which alone I would issue any aid to any regular troops. The discipline of guerillas might not be insisted upon, but it might be possible to couple with the grant of any aid, whether of arms, provisions, or money, even to guerillas, an arrangement for their following a certain system, or line of operations, connected with those of others.

"All propositions for increase and extension of authority are received in England with jealousy, and I have, therefore, never made any direct proposition upon this subject. I might have hoped that the desire which I have always expressed to be allowed to confine my attention to my own army might have satisfied the king's government that I want no extension of authority, and that I deprecate it as throwing upon me additional responsibility and trouble.

"But the state of the garrisons of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and the discussions into which we are about to enter respecting those establishments, render it necessary to speak out; and I have no hesitation in declaring my opinion, that the only remedy for the existing evils is for the British government to increase to the utmost extent the power and authority of the commander-in-chief, and to leave to his discretion the distribution of all the aids to the Peninsula."

The second letter is dated from Madrid, August, 1812.

"Since I wrote to you on the 18th, respecting the appointment of Senor — to be Intendant of Salamanca, I find that official notification of that gentleman's appointment has been received, which, however, I hope will be cancelled as soon as you shall have received my letter. Alava and O'Lalor (particularly the latter) know the reasons which I have to complain of this person, and both have made representations against the appointment.

"So much depends upon the regular supply of armies, that I hope the Spanish government will care to avoid making themselves so far responsible for this important object, as to dismiss from the office of Intendant of Castille a man who has hitherto given the greatest satisfaction, and to place in it one entirely efficient; one who before was a very efficient cause of our withdrawing from the Spanish territory, and who I was obliged to turn out of my house.

"I do not at all like the way in which we are going on, particularly with relation to appointments to offices, and great situations, in which branch of government alone I am afraid it is not in the power of the present Regency to do much good.

"They have sent an inefficient person, a — to command in Estramadura, displacing Mosquera, with whom we have all hitherto gone on well.

"Another equally inefficient, and without character, General —, has been sent to supersede Don — in Old Castille, and I learn that they have appointed General — to command in New Castille, in which is included that of Governor of Madrid, which is present by far the most important post in the country, with duties to be performed which require active intelligence: and yet the person selected to fill this post is, I understand, an idiot, of between seventy and eighty years of age.

"I assure you that I do not at all like the way in which we are going on, and persons here are much afflicted with the neglect of them by government.

"A month has elapsed since the battle of Salamanca, and I have not even heard of General Castanos.

"Excepting in this town, where there was no regular authority when I entered it, and where I had them to proclaim the constitution, and proceed to elections immediately, these ceremonies have been accountably delayed, and at Valladolid they contrived to delay them till the French came there the constitution has never been proclaimed, and the town is still governed by the French authorities.

"I am afraid also that, owing to the usual delay, the French found there their artillery and stores, which is particularly to be lamented, their muskets, of which they were much in want, as, even of those which were not wounded in the battle, the greatest number were thrown away their arms afterwards or during the retreat.

"What can be done for this lost nation? As for arming men or supplies, or taking any one measure to enable them to carry on the war, that is out of the question. Indeed, there is nobody to excite the exertion, or to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the people, or of their enmity against the French. The guerillas are getting quietly into large towns, amusing themselves, or collecting plunder of a more valuable description, and nobody looks forward to the exertions to be made, whether to improve or to secure our advantages.

"This is a faithful picture of the state of affairs, though I still hope to be able to maintain our position in Castille, and even to improve our advantages. I shudder when I reflect upon the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards, or, I may say, from any individual of the Spanish nation.

"I inclose the copy of a letter from Sir Howard

plas of the 18th, and the copy of intelligence from nanca of the 20th, which will show you how Spanish military affairs are going on.

I hope the French will carry off the garrisons of Astorga and Astorga, as well as that of Toro. Any-thing is better than that I should have to attack and take those places; but I am preparing my heavy train for that object, and my troops are in march in that direction, and I must go if the French should maintain the garrisons. But whether I go, or the French should withdraw those garrisons, what will the world say?

What will the Spanish nation, in particular, say of the Spanish officers and army upon such occasions as the failure to take such a place as Astorga, after nearly three months' siege, and of allowing the garrison of Zamora to be relieved and carried off by a defeated army? At the same time, I am so well aware of the inefficiency of the Spanish officers and troops on alone, that I recommended the measures which would enable the enemy to relieve Zamora; that is, foreseeing that the French would endeavour to relieve or carry off the garrison of Astorga, as soon as they should learn that I had marched towards Madrid, I recommended that Santocildes should take care to be first upon the Escla; but if I had conceived 8,000 Spanish to be equal to 4,000 men of any other nation, I should have recommended him to maintain the blockade of Zamora, to cover the siege of Astorga.

Pray request General O'Donnell to peruse the account of the transactions at the head-quarters of the army of Galicia, given by Sir Howard Douglas. Can the army carry on operations against the French under such circumstances? I have a great regard for General O'Donnell, but I should like to know what military part he plays in this drama. If he is a commander-in-chief, does he not place himself at the head of his troops? The army of Galicia is the only one in Spain, and the 10 men under Santocildes the active part of that army. Why is not the commander-in-chief with that army? These are the questions which must recur to every reflecting mind, but there is no inquiry in Spain of subjects of this description.

I am apprehensive that all this will turn out but ill for the Spanish cause. If, from any cause, I should be disempowered, or should be obliged to retire, what will the world say? What will the people of England say? What will those of Spain say? That we had made a great effort, attended by some glorious circumstances, that, from January, 1812, we had gained more advantages for the cause, and had acquired more extent of territory by our operations, than had ever been gained by any army in the same period of time, against so powerful an enemy; but that, being unaided by the Spanish officers and troops, not from disinclination, but from inability, on account of the gross ignorance of the matter, and the want of discipline of the latter, and the inefficiency of all the persons selected by the government for great employments we were at last disempowered, and compelled to withdraw within our frontier.

What will be Lord Castlereagh's reply to the next proposition for peace? Not that we will not treat if the government of Joseph is to be the guaranteed argument; but he will be too happy to avail himself of any opportunity of withdrawing with honour from a contest in which it will be manifest that, owing to the inability of those employed to carry it on on the part of the Spaniards, there is no prospect of military success.

Thus this great cause will be lost, and this nation will be enslaved for the want of men at their head capable of conducting them. Pray represent these matters to the government and the leading men in the Cortes, and draw their attention seriously to the situation of their affairs.

"I have a letter from General Maitland, of the 17th. He was at Montforte, Roche at Alcoy, O'Donnell at Yecla, and Suchet at St. Felipe, it is supposed, about to cross the Jucar. Maitland says that Soult is certainly about to retire, and, he says, through Valencia. I do not know how he has discovered either one or the other fact. I have later intelligence from Andalusia, and I do not believe Soult will retire till I go there. I have not heard of the king for two or three days. He was near Belmonte when I heard last."

We have no space for further extracts, and our readers will doubtless observe that we have generally chosen in preference to give those letters of the collection which contained passages on which some animadversions might be made. We have done so for this simple reason, that we could far more easily find fault than praise, seeing that we could bring our censures within the compass of a review, because the objectionable passages are very limited in number, and the excellent papers are so many and so various, treating of so many intricate and unconnected questions of war and policy, that it would require, not one, but many articles, to do even scanty justice. To the original work, therefore, we refer those who desire to drink deeply at these copious fountains of instruction. They will there find what innumerable cares attend upon the office of a general, and how much a good one deserves to be cherished by his country. They will learn how armies are to be governed, what war really is, how nations are to be ruined and how saved, and how strong the connection may be between tyranny and what is called national independence. They will discover how cleverly men may talk, and how absurdly they may act; how the fool's boast is accepted when the wise man's labour is scorned. They will make acquaintance with a man of whose extraordinary powers of mind, firmness of character, and Herculean labours, they had before, probably, formed a very inadequate notion. In short, they will really know and estimate the Duke of Wellington. They will be taught that the war in the Peninsula was not at all like what it was represented to be at the time by the ministers and their tools, whether of the press or of the parliament; that it was, in fact, in almost every respect the reverse of what the nation at large was taught to believe, and does still generally believe.—That Wellington, instead of being supported and upheld by the governments he served, upheld and supported those very governments, and brought them safely through the dangerous crisis, in despite of their continual thwartings and crossings of his designs, their follies, their vanity, and their deceptions. That, instead of being over-abundantly supplied with what was necessary to make war suc-

cessful, he was pinched and distressed always, and often reduced to absolute destitution and misery. That, instead of working with enthusiastic, brave, and grateful allies, he met with all the opposition that pride and ignorance, and arrogance, and cowardice, and corruption, and malice, could array against him. That, instead of directing dashing, reckless operations, in accord with newspaper and oratorical boastings and doctrines, and founded upon the superlatively absurd and vulgar notion that the French were a pusillanimous and feeble enemy, not able even to meet the Spaniards, much less the English, in equal battle, his campaigns were marked by the greatest caution, as having to deal with a foe powerful, skilful, and valiant. That, instead of commanding soldiers, such as at the installation of his Grace as Chancellor of Oxford, they were represented to be by the public orator, that is to say, devout, humble, meek, and docile, and so well behaved, so honest, so careful of offending against the laws of property, that even calumny itself could not find wherewithal to censure; instead of being served by such saints, he ruled a host of fierce and desperate warriors, capable of enacting every deed, whether for good or evil, that any soldiers of any age or any nation had ever enacted. Finally, they will learn the political state of Spain and Portugal at that time, and thus, obtaining a clue to their present miseries, may estimate the true value of Tory principles, by observing how "Church and King" policy, when unchecked for a long course of years, can debase and trouble a naturally brave and intelligent people. They may also learn that the distance between the proclaiming of a free constitution and the establishment of real freedom is immense, and that to follow the example of the Cortes, who engaged in all kinds of practical abuses while they mouthed of reform, is to be at once odious and ridiculous. That a generous, liberal spirit, and a strict regard for public order, are at least as essential as subtle arguments and turgid declamation to the attainment of well-regulated freedom, which will be enjoyed in the exact proportion that knowledge and public virtue are spread in the community, since, precisely in the ratio that baseness and ignorance prevail, will designing men use the people as their tools, and governments oppress them.

A parting word now to the compiler, Colonel Gurwood, upon one passage where, affecting to display his extreme accuracy and care, he has only discovered his extreme negligence. At page 285, ninth volume, he has the following note upon some remark of the Duke's touching the French military posts of Avila and Montbeltran:

Montbeltran—"Thus, in the copy of the despatch in the Secretary of State's office, *although there is no such place named in the map of Lopez, or in Minnano's 'Diccionario Geografico.'*" Now, if Colonel Gurwood had

deigned to look at Colonel Napier's History, he would have found at page 210 of the second volume, at page 218 of the fourth volume, and at pages 339 and 340 of the fifth volume, that is to say, in four different places, a great deal about Montbeltran, or Mombeltran. The name is spelt both ways; he would have found that it was a post through which ran an old Roman road, called by the French the route of Horcajada, and by them repaired because of its importance to their operations. Colonel Gurwood would also, with a little more perseverance, have discovered that in Lopez's General Map of Spain, and in his provincial maps, namely, that of Estremadura and that of Avila, that is to say, in no less than three places, the town of *Mombeltran* is marked with distinct characters, and that it is near Puerto Prieto, not far from the town of Avila. Moreover Colonel Gurwood will, by searching carefully among the Duke of Wellington's papers, which he is now editing, find an intercepted French military report, or memoir, giving the line of direction, the means of repairing the value of the Roman road of Horcajada, and that it passed through Mombeltran and Villa Franca de Manca, and furnished a short line of communication between the troops of the valley of the Tagus and those on the Tormes. In fine, that memoir, signed by a major of engineers, *Gentil de Culera*, will give every possible information he can desire upon the situation of Mombeltran.

We also recommend to Colonel Gurwood. In his introduction he seems to pride himself upon the accuracy as to names, to alter the name (as asserted at page 301 of the ninth volume) of *Chauvel*. General Clausel did not, as there asserted, arrive at Pollos with the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north. He commanded the second division of the army of Portugal; he was engaged in the battle of Salamanca, and took the command of the troops when Marmont was wounded; he had consequently nothing whatever to say to the army of the north, the cavalry and artillery of which, at least that part which was detached to aid Marmont, and which did arrive at Pollos, was commanded by General Chauvel. W. F. F.

From the Retrospective Review.

The Memoirs of the Honourable Sir John Reresby, and last Governor of York, containing several Private and Remarkable Transactions, from the Restoration to the Revolution inclusively. Published from the original Manuscript. London: printed for S. Harding, Bookseller on the Pavement in St. Martin's Lane, 1734.

The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby belong to that and valuable class of works, which appear to

en written not so much with any view towards fame or emolument, as for the private ends and satisfaction of the writers themselves. Not being professedly an author, he is divested of that formality and constraint, which mostly characterize those, who, writing avowedly for the world's eye, think it necessary, before they appear in public, to compose their features into an aspect of studied dignity. Easy and concise, simple and unaffected, in language such as a well-educated gentleman of the day might be supposed to use without effort or study, he relates the history of the times, as a man might tell his story to a friend. As no person is hero by his own fire-side, we are spared all those elaborate encomiums on the author's self and friends and those eloquent complaints of unrewarded services and the world's ingratitude—that studied abuse of political adversaries, and those fulsome panegyrics on people in power, which, like the exterior decorations of dress, are laid aside, as tending to make a man look ridiculous in private, and are only assumed when an author has to appear upon the stage of the world. Though both from interest and prejudice attached to the art, he does not appear to have entertained for it that religious devotion, which thinks it impiety to see any thing but rectitude in its measures, or aught but malice in those of its opponents. It being, therefore, no article of his creed, that a man is to deliver over his judgment and intellect into the hands of his party, he has not thought it a crime occasionally to make use of his discernment, but shewn considerable penetration in detecting the real, though not always apparent motives, which dictated the measures of government. For example, when in 1677 Charles II. was playing that treacherous game with his parliament, through which he hoped to have extorted supplies, by flattering them with the prospect of a war with France, our author is not to be deceived by the specious argument of the court. "How can I," reasoned his majesty, "depend on my parliament to furnish me with regular and equal supplies to carry on a war, which they will not so much as enable me to prepare for?" "But I easily saw through this," observes Sir John, "I plainly perceived it was all artifice to get the fingering of the money." Thus sharp-sighted enough in reading the sentiments of men, through the disguise which they generally assume, his summary view of the events of the time and the complicated intrigues of faction, both in parliament and at court, is much more consistent and unembarrassed than contemporary writers have in any ways been able to transmit. No dupe to hollow professions, nor taking men, on their words, to be what they represented themselves—apparently rather choosing not to perceive than actually blind to the faults of a party—and sometimes not so much believing as desiring to believe what was said against the other, he was one of the number of those politicians, who see

clearly to a certain extent, without being able, or, perhaps, willing to look beyond. His natural sagacity, sharpened by interest, made him a quick observer of the movements of parties and the course of intrigues, whilst prejudice, combined with a certain degree of interest also, rendered him unfit to take any large or patriotic view of the nature, consequences, and tendency of the various measures and proceedings which fell under his observation. It was thus that without any peculiar dereliction of political principle, (for though a courtier, and in a profligate court, we believe him to have been reasonably honest,) he was enabled to persevere, through good report and bad report, the constant supporter of two successive governments, among the very worst by which the affairs of the nation have ever been conducted. Sir John Reresby was one of that race of men, formerly so numerous in this country, but now, thank heaven, nearly extinct, who had their principles, like their estates, transmitted to them by inheritance, and were loyal because their fathers were. That kings could not be fickle and unprincipled—courts entertain improper views, nor ministers act with tyranny and injustice, he did not feel himself bound to believe; but farther than this, his spirit of opposition never appears to have led him—to resist what was injurious and despotic, or even to forbear lending himself as an agent, would have seemed to him nothing short of actual treason against the crown. Right or wrong, the court was to be obeyed and served—the opposition weakened and resisted.

It was in the year 1659, when our author, a gay young man, just returned from his travels, and, as we have observed, a loyalist by birth, not relishing the grave severity of the English court, betook himself to Paris, where he got an introduction to the queen mother, then residing at the Palais Royal. He had only once been near the person of the Protector, at the audience of an ambassador at Whitehall; so he "can only say, that his figure did not come up to his character: he was, indeed, a likely person, but not handsome, nor had he a very bold look with him. He was plain in his apparel, and rather negligent than not." Sir John, who was all his life through a quick observer of those little natural signs that portend a change in the tide of opinion, and pretty clearly indicate in what direction the current is about to set, now perceived that a way was paved to facilitate the king's return, though "the Rump still kept up some face of state." This reason, probably, as much as any other, influenced his departure: and on his arrival at Paris, he found the aspect of things there very different from that which they had worn a year or two before, when the restoration had seemed of all events the most improbable. There was now a greater resort to the queen mother's palace, than to the French court itself—balls were given—fêtes celebrated—and a grand mask danced at

the Louvre, in which the king and the princess Henrietta of England performed to admiration. Himself speaking the language of the country, and dancing pretty well, the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards him with all the civil freedom that might be; she made him dance with her, played on the harpsicord to him in her chamber, suffered him to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees; in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions. The queen mother was a woman of considerable wit and humour, and had a great affection for England, notwithstanding the severe usage she and her's had met with there. "With the great men and ladies of France she discoursed much in praise of the people and country, of their courage, their generosity, their good nature; and would excuse all the late misfortunes, as brought about by some desperate enthusiast, rather than proceeding from the genius and temper of the nation." Had she looked nearer home for the cause of her misfortunes, she probably would not have been farther from the truth. Lord Essex used to say, "He was amazed to see that a woman, who in the drawing-room was the liveliest of the age, and had a vivacity of imagination which surprised all who came near her, yet after all her practice in affairs, had so little either of judgment or conduct. And he did not wonder at the miscarriage of the late king's counsels, since she had such a share in them." It was on her kindness for him, and the influence she had over the king, her son, that Sir John Reresby chiefly relied for the promotion of his views at court. But this pleasing superstructure soon fell to the ground, in consequence of the queen's departure from England for the French court, where she died not many years after. "She was a great princess, and my very good mistress." Such is Sir John's short and emphatic eulogy.

That our author ever obtained any adequate recompense for his assiduous attendance at court, and uniform support in parliament, does not appear from the *Memoirs* he has left us. Though evidently a useful man to the party whose interests he espoused, his services, perhaps, were not of that marked nature to entitle him to demand a reward, with the authority necessary in a court, where a man was obliged to cry loud, indeed, if he hoped to be heard—when there were many to petition, and where there was but little to give. Without any of the evil qualities generally attached to the character, he discharged the functions of a useful go-between to the successive ministers, the Lords Danby and Halifax. Added to this, that he was a pleasant companion may be gathered, we think, from the style of his *Memoirs*:—that he was an accomplished man, we are told, though not ostentatiously, by himself. He could converse in Italian and French, and both the king and the dukes "were great lovers of

the French tongue, and kind to those who spoke it. He had travelled, and could tell in an agreeable manner what he had seen; a great collector of news, and the art of retailing it pleasantly, and Charles was great a gossip as his grandfather James. About the king he could lean on the back of the king's chair as he sat at supper, and—what we have the authority of the *Memoirs* for believing, he would do passing well to relate all that had been done and said in the house of commons that night. In return for this—he was liberally rewarded with gracious looks and kind promises, that were little or nothing, and were forgotten as soon as he was withdrawn from the royal presence. If ever Sir John hinted his desire for some appointment in such terms than ordinary, Charles would lay his hand on his shoulder, and say, "he was very sensible of his services, and that they should be rewarded." In his mind of some former promise—"he remembered particularly well, and upon the very first opportunity would be as good as his word." But that opportunity never arrived; so that when Lord Halifax once said to him, during the violent debates on the Exclusion Bill, "well, if it comes to a war, you must go together;" "I told his lordship," says Sir John, "I should be ready to follow happen what would, but if the king expected his friends to be hearty in the cause, and steady to his person, he should encourage them with himself, and encourage them a little; and upon I acquainted him with some of my dissentiments at court, notwithstanding the most solemnly iterated promises." That this was not for want of duly shewing himself there, and a proper regard to his interest, is clear from his own confession. In the year 1683, when the king was taking new measures with regard to affairs in general, and officers in particular, we find him posting up to town, when necessary, as he himself owns, that at such a conjuncture, he should be near his majesty's person; and however, that he obtained, during a life spent at court, was an appointment to be high sheriff of his county to which his rank alone entitled him,—the governor of a city, that had no garrison, and the command of a fort, which never appears to have been built. The emolument, arising from these two sinecure posts, is likely to have been, may be inferred from the following deplorable statement.

"Meanwhile the kingdom in general had a very melancholy aspect; the king was poor; the officers of the crown and of the household were clamorous for their salaries and dues, which had not of a long time been paid, and no wonder, when Sir Robert Howard, one of the chief officers of the exchequer, declared in the House of Commons, that there was not money sufficient to buy bread for the king's family; there were no stores of money where, either for the sea service or the land; the galleons were all out of repair, the platforms decayed, the cannon dismounted; the army divided for the defence of York and against him, the officers of state the same

parliament, for the most part, in a ferment, and glad these public misunderstandings, as favouring their sign of clipping the wings of prerogative, &c."

When it is recollected, that parliament had originally anted Charles a revenue, three times more than had been enjoyed by any King of England before, so that, to use Reresby's own words, "the country groaned under the pressure," it is not the parsimony of the commons we shall be disposed to blame for all this, but the extravagant profuseness of the court. And those, who censure the House for dealing out their grants with such a cautious and frugal hand, ought, in justice, to remember the suspicions which were generally and, as appears, not unreasonably entertained, that the very money, which they furnished, might be employed to effect the ruin of those who gave it. For it is clear from Danby's correspondence with the French court, laid before the House of Commons by the ambassador Montague, that at the very time Charles was soliciting parliament for money to raise an army for the war, he was in actual treaty with France for money to make a peace; "which," as Sir John confesses, looked as if a standing army was designed to humble England, and not France."

But whoever was to blame for the notorious poverty of his household, so he had but money for his own extensive pleasures—and his brother Louis took care he should not want that at least—Charles cared very little what became of his dependants. The history of Sir John Reresby certainly is not calculated to inspire the reader with any very strong passion for the life and profession of a courtier; but rather to make him wonder, that a sensible man, like the author, of good birth and respectable fortune, should have chosen to wear out the prime of his life in a hopeless attendance upon court, when he might have spent it with so much more honour and profit to himself in almost any other situation. The licentiousness which reigned in it could not have any charms for one, who, besides being married, appears also to have been a virtuous man; we can only suppose, therefore, that there is a pleasure in the obsequiousness and humility of that mode of life, which we wot not of, and that, contrary to the vulgar belief in the subject, it is pleasanter to serve in a higher sphere than to command in a lower.

At first, being of an age when men do not "pursue their advantages" as they ought to do, Sir John went to court, as to the common temple of pleasure, to converse and look about him; but, in process of time, he began to imagine that other ends might be obtained than those of mere private amusement. To this purpose, therefore, it was his business to get a seat in the House of Commons, and, if possible, make himself of consequence in parliament. Here, at the outset, he was without any other rule to go by, than what reason and conscience suggested; and this inculcated modera-

tion between the two extremes, and an equal regard for the prerogative of the king and the liberty of the subject. But it was not long before his neighbour, Sir Thomas Osborne, who, in a wonderfully short space of time, had risen to be Earl of Danby, and Lord High Treasurer, undertook to enlighten him on this head, and to infuse into him much more correct notions of the duty of a member of parliament. He, with many protestations, assured him, that the jealousies of those who called themselves the country party, were entirely groundless—that, to his certain knowledge, the king meant no other than to preserve the government and religion, by law established—that, if the constitution were in any danger, it was to be apprehended only from those who pretended a mighty zeal for it; and, in conclusion, he intreated him to be careful how he embarked himself with that sort of people. To these asseverations of the Treasurer, though wholly unsupported by any thing like argument, and contrary, we may add, to probability, Sir John, from some cause or other, found himself unable to refuse belief; and he was "pretty clearly convinced," on the sudden, "that the chiefs of the country party had most at heart their own private interest, whatever they asserted in favour and defence of the public." To make sure of his convert, and to confirm him in these sound political views, Danby next carries him to kiss his Majesty's hand; and he is presented as one, whose family having been "always loyal," is perfectly disposed himself to tread in their footsteps. With that apparent frankness and most profound dissimulation—that seeming benevolence, and most callous indifference, which he could so inimitably put on—the one to cloak the other—Charles condescended to shew him, "how little truth there was in the pretences set on foot to deceive gentlemen, and draw them from their duty."

"The king said he had known me long, and hoped I knew him so well, as to give no ear to such reports of him. I know, says he, it is said I aim at the subversion of the government and religion—that I intend to lay aside parliaments, and to raise money another way; but every man, nay those who insist the most thereon, know the thing in all its circumstances to be false. There is not a subject that lives under me, whose safety and welfare I desire less than my own: and I should be as sorry to invade his liberties and property, as that another should invade mine. Those members, continued the king, who boast this mighty friendship for the public, are of two sorts,—either those who would actually and irretrievably subvert the government, and reduce it to a commonwealth once more; or else those, who seem only to join with the former, and talk loud against the court, purely in hopes to have their mouths stopped with places or preferments."

The effect produced upon our author by this plausible language, was not such as to give the reader any very high idea of his understanding or discernment; but we ought, in justice, to recollect from the mouth of what an accomplished dissembler these flattering as-

surances proceeded—a prince, who had, in his time, made dupes of men of much greater sagacity, and much less prone to believe and trust him than a country gentleman, like Sir John Reresby, can be supposed to have been. Indeed, there never was, in this world, a man who could put on the air of honest, downright sincerity, better than Charles; and when his interest led him to court any man, whom he wished to make subservient to his views, he had such a command of himself, and could do it with such rare dexterity, that even those who had previous experience of his duplicity, could hardly prevail upon themselves to refuse him their confidence. Whilst his professions, on the one hand, were such as we have seen, and facts, on the other, were contradicting them in the plainest and most positive manner, there were other men besides our author, in whom the candour and openness of his demeanour wrought a similar conviction.—Among these, Sir William Temple, whose honesty and discernment are unquestioned, appears to have given him credit for the good intentions he so liberally expressed. At one time, the Prince of Orange, being then in England, after his marriage with the Duke's daughter, Temple imagined he had brought Charles to a hearty resolution of uniting cordially with the states, to demand certain terms of the French king. For this purpose, he was ordered to make ready for a journey to Paris, where he was to require a positive answer to the terms within two days. But the evening before he was to set out, meeting his Majesty in the park, Charles, "a little out of countenance," told him he had been thinking of his journey and errand, and how unwelcome both he and his message would be in France—that having a mind to gain peace, he was unwilling to anger them more than there was occasion.

"Besides, as the thing was not to be debated, any body else would serve the turn as well as I, whom he had other use of; and, therefore, he had been thinking to send some other person. I saw he doubted I would take it ill; but told him, and very truly, he would do me the greatest pleasure in the world; for I never had less mind to any journey in my life. The king, that was the gentlest prince in the world of his own nature, fell into good humour upon seeing I took it not ill, pretended to think whom he should send, and at last asked me what I thought of my Lord Duras? I said, very well; upon which he seemed to resolve it. *But the thing had been agreed in the morning.*"

The plain truth of the matter was, Charles was resolved not to fall out with France—however much he had seemed to give in to the wise counsels of Temple—and this was made clear by the event. The two days were prolonged into months,—the French evaded giving any positive denial. The king was softened, as Temple expresses it, by the softness of France,—and the categorical answer, to be given within two days, was drawn out into a series of messages and replies. Thus, whilst Charles was acting with the

deepest guile, did the goodness of his temper and plausibility of his manners conceal the depth of treachery from the otherwise quick discernment of Sir William Temple, whose error throughout, in every communication with the king, lay in imagining that aught of honesty and fair dealing were to be found in his position. The power he possessed of imposing on those whom he meant to delude into a belief of his sincerity, is well shewn in the following anecdote. He had written a cajoling letter to Duke Hamilton and Lord Tweeddale to come up to town, and prefer whatever charges they had to make against the Duke of Lauderdale.—On their arrival, he gave them some hearing, that they thought they had fully convinced him; he only blamed them for not sooner coming to himself of their grievances—and sent them down to Scotland, with full assurances that all should be to the judgement of parliament. They posted back through a most tremendous fall of snow; but when they got home, instead of a session of parliament, came an order for its prorogation! The fact was, his secret resolution to part with Lauderdale, and his kind offers of them, were designed to persuade the Commons to use himself better; but when he found it was his purpose to look for money from the House, and he had been obliged to sign a peace with the States, he dismissed them as of no further use. The imposition practised upon Sir William Jones, the attorney-general, related by Roger North with infinite glee, is still more discreditable. Charles appeared to give himself entirely to his advice, would hear him talk for a long time together; and it was observed in the House of Lords, "that he would sometimes lean on the back of him in conversation for a considerable time; that not only others, but he himself, began to think that he had the king's ear, and would be a very useful man. But all this while, says North, he had considered the king's character, who, finding the monarch inclined to melt in discoveries, afforded his ear thus to him, in order to sound his depth, and find what his party aimed at. After his Majesty had drawn from him all that he was able, there was an end to his freedoms and familiarities; the king laid him aside, and shewed him no countenance at all. And for this proof of duplicity, he is applauded by the author of the *Examen*,—how wonderfully does party spirit improve a man's notions of morality! His telling the Lord ministers, who presented him with a richly-adenoted bible, that it should be "the rule of his actions"—and he would bring virtue and sobriety into reputation, and discountenance profane drinkers, "who were of the devil's party, and not his," was but a vulgar secret imposition. Occasionally his dissimulation seems to have been without any object—the mere trick of an inveterate habit—as a practised stealer is unable to keep his hands out of his neighbour's pockets, though

knows them to be perfectly empty. Sometimes it is nothing but politeness, arising from the only good property of his nature,—that peculiar delicacy and fitness of temper, which made him reluctant to hurt the feelings of men, by a too open avowal of his real sentiments. This benevolence of language and manner so imposed upon a poor priest, who had been attempting his conversion, and whom Charles had treated with his wonted politeness, that he concluded his business done, and wrote immediately to the *frère de la Chaise*, at Paris, that they would quickly hear news of the King of England's having gone only to mass.

What Sheffield means by saying that Charles, though full of dissimulation, was not false to his word, after these examples, is not very intelligible. By whatever name we are to call it, however, he had made such unsparing use of this artifice, that, in the latter end of his reign, he lost all credit, and could deceive none. "Men," says Lord Halifax, "compared to stones, and got evidence—those who knew his face, fixed their eyes there, and thought it of more importance to see, than to hear what he said. His face was a little a blab as most men's; yet, though it could not be called a prattling face, it would sometimes tell tales to a good observer." It is thus his favourite minister lamely apologizes for his master:—"If he is assembled, let us remember, first, that he was a king, and that dissimulation is a jewel of the crown; next, that it is very hard for a man not to do sometimes too much of that, which he concludeth necessary for him to practise."

That a plain, country gentleman, with all his natural shrewdness, should have proved no match for so practised a deceiver, is not to be wondered at; but whether Sir John Reresby really felt the conviction he professed, seems to us extremely doubtful.

"The condescension of the king, in giving this satisfaction to so mean a person, convinced me very much of the truth of what he said; as did also his natural temper and constitution; for he was not an active, busy, or ambitious prince, but perfectly a friend to ease, and fond of pleasure; he seemed to be chiefly desirous of peace and quiet for his own time."

Under this conviction, we find him, when the great question of supplies comes to be debated, and doubts of the king's sincerity are freely and openly vented, endeavouring to convince the House of the propriety of reposing trust in the government; though, he confesses, there was ground for suspicion, and that it was very generally apprehended that his Majesty indeed meant to raise an army, but never designed to go on with the war:—"to say the truth, some of the king's own party were not very sure of the contrary." This is one of those inadvertencies of expression, which has led us to suspect that our author's credulity was wilful—that his blindness was feigned as conve-

nient for one who hoped to thrive at court—and that, in reality, he himself was an unbeliever too.

However that be, we cannot but remark, when such were the half-avowed suspicions of an hereditary loyalist, and thorough-going courtier, like Reresby, how just and reasonable must have been the apprehensions entertained by the popular party; and nothing more, we think, is wanting to account for and explain that connexion, which, at this time, is known to have subsisted between its leader and the French king, than the alarm which, on this head, for very different reasons, they alike entertained. To Louis, this army was an object of dread, as threatening to place a bar to his aggressions upon the States, for whose protection it was professedly raised. To the independent leaders in parliament it was a subject of much more reasonable and serious alarm, as designed rather to overawe the liberties of England, than to repress the encroachments of France. Their views thus happening to coincide, each made use of the other's agency to bring about its dissolution,—an object alike ardently desired by both; and surely, when we bear in mind Charles's mercenary treaties with the court of France—the pension he was to receive—the army stipulated to be maintained to assist him in establishing absolute monarchy at home, we have no great reason to blame the opposite party for making use of French gold to defeat his machinations, and attempting to foil him with his own favourite weapons. There are few rules so general among those by which men have to regulate their conduct, whether in public or private affairs, as not to admit of some exceptions; and if such intrigues can in any case be considered justifiable, they must have been so in that of the popular leaders—for this was an extreme case. Against them bribery was employed by the court, to procure votes, to such a degree, as to gain for the parliament in which they sat, the appellation of the "pension parliament;" of whose members it was not unaptly said by Charles,—"they cried the louder to be the better bought." Of the state of this parliament, Andrew Marvel, a man himself of incorruptible integrity, drew up a view, shewing how large a portion was under the influence of the crown. From this it appeared, that one-third of the House held benefices from his Majesty; and, with great reason, the author asks—what soldier in pay—what officer in the navy—what householder under government, can forget that he is his Majesty's servant and domestic. Yet these gentlemen, says he, being *full*, are less dangerous. Those from whom the worst evils were to be apprehended, were such as were still in expectation of places and pensions—who had yet to earn their reward—and these constituted the majority of the House. The small remainder bore no greater proportion to the whole mass, than that of a handful of salt, which preserved the gross body from

corruption. This representation is, in the main, doubtless true. Now that the views and intentions of the popular chiefs were good and honourable, is testified by the French despatches themselves, from which we derive our knowledge of the intrigue—that bribery and corruption were employed against them to a most alarming extent, is proved by Marvel and others. The only question to be considered, therefore, is, whether, in this extreme case, they were justified in using the same arts in their defence, which their adversaries had recourse to in the attack. This is a question which it would require some nice casuistry accurately to determine; and however we might be disposed to decide, it must be confessed, the moral feelings are not likely to be improved by the consideration.

But to return: for whatever secret purpose this army might be intended, the pretext of war was still kept up by the court; and, at the king's levee, his Majesty told Sir John Reresby, and some other members then present, that "unless they speedily raised the money they had voted, it would come after the French king had done his work." War—nothing but war—dwelt ever upon the tongues of him and his brother; though it was shrewdly suspected that peace lay at their hearts. Even Lord Danby himself, when it was insinuated against him that he had advised the king to conclude one, acknowledged, "it was not impossible but such a design there might be; but that if so it were, it proceeded from nothing but the king's own judgement, who was that way very much bent, if lawful it were so to say." Finally, Sir John thought the thing had but an unlikely aspect, particularly after he had "seen the king, duke, and French ambassador, so very often merry and intimate together at the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings, laughing at those who believed it in earnest." We shall not be surprised, after this, to find the House "full fraught with jealousies and fears"—members, in their speeches, hinting at the army, then levying, as rather "designed to erect absolute monarchy at home, than infest the enemy abroad"—complaints of evil counsellors—and a long debate, producing nothing but an address to the king, "that before they proceeded to grant any more money, his Majesty would be pleased to declare war."—One method which the minister took to allay the heats and overcome the repugnancy of the House, strikes us as somewhat strange, in whose days, affairs of this sort are managed in so much more dexterous and delicate a manner. He sent for several members of the House—Sir John among the rest—to the Treasury chamber, and there delivered them a sort of lecture. "He told us, it became all good subjects to withstand such motions and proceedings, which tended only to perplex the minds of men, and disturb the public tranquillity; in short, to raise jealousies against the government." The end of the whole business,

however, was this: whilst the Commons were addressing the king to lay aside evil counsellors, and the king was replying, that their addresses were so extravagant, he was unwilling to give such answers as they deserved, the confederates were obliged to pick up the best peace they could with France.

"We blamed the States for their ready compliance; the States blamed the Spaniard, who was full of offers, while he had neither men, arms, nor money in Flanders, to defend it; and they both fell upon the Parliament of England, who, when they should have been making money, and made other preparations for the war, were wasting their time quarrelling at home with the government, and with each other."

The king threw the blame on the commons. In telling them, in his speech, that it was owing to their negligence; whilst the country in general blamed the king, who had so long deferred to engage in an alliance; which, if he had sooner done, the French would not have been "able to make so good a market as they had done, by the peace." From this charge the king defended himself by a strain of reasoning quite characteristic of the man; and discovering pretty plainly what his notions of foreign policy were. He could not have believed, he said, that France would have been able to weather out the war so well as she had done,—that in case that kingdom had been humbled, "England might well have been satisfied with having been an unconcerned looker on, whilst she engrossed all the commerce of Europe, and might, in the end, have reaped an equal share of advantage as even the labourers themselves, who had been at all the pains and expense." Charles is acknowledged by Burnet, who was not likely to give him credit, to have ought he did not possess, to have known the nature of England, and understood foreign affairs well. We cannot therefore imagine he was duped by his own reasoning, or that he entertained any sincere conviction of the truth of the argument he used. Could England have, indeed, stood aloof from all foreign connections such, no doubt, would have been her true policy; but even inextricably interwoven as her interests have at different times, unfortunately become with one or more of the European states, it is not every quarrel that may arise on the continent that should be deemed sufficient ground for draining her blood and treasure. But at this particular period, when the balance of power was necessary for her security, was on the point of being for ever lost, and Louis XIV. making rapid strides to universal dominion, such temporizing policy as was recommended by Charles, were merely playing into his hands, and affording if not open at least equal effectual co-operation. "I saw," says Sir John Reresby, "a copy of the letter"—meaning one that had been sent over by Louis, on occasion of some victory obtained over the Prince of Orange—"beginning with this style or title,—*Tres haut, tres excellent & tra*

issant Prince, tres cher, tres aimé bon Frère, Cousin, Allié.—and in truth," he remarks, "our king's neutrality deserved all this from France, and much more."

From this period we hear of no further political scruples on the part of Sir John, or of any disposition to relapse into a too popular way of thinking. Indeed, during the following sessions of parliament, in which the country leaders, partaking of the universal mania, prosecuted with such unaccountable vehemence the unhappy victims of a vile imposture, the duty of a member of parliament became one of much more than ordinary difficulty; whilst the ensuing debates on the conclusion bill, it must be confessed, were such, as not only to alarm the prejudices of a confirmed Tory, but even to startle the understanding of all, but men of the keenest views and strongest minds. "Nobody can conceive," says Sir John, "that was not a witness thereof, what a ferment this raised among all ranks and degrees;" and though a great deal of what was advanced "bore the face of improbability, yet such was the torrent of the times, that no doubt was to be made of all that was heard." Even those, whom we cannot for a moment purpose to have been deluded by the gross fabrications of the witnesses, are subject, on that very account, to yet stronger animadversion, from the virtuous and even wicked policy they appear to have pursued. Among these, Lord Halifax, a man of the most subtle and piercing intellect, not even excepting his uncle, Shaftesbury, of any in that age of lively and pregnant wits, drew down upon himself the honest reproof of Sir William Temple, by affirming that the "plot must be handled as if it were true, whether it were so or not, in those points that were so generally believed by city and country as well as the two houses"—

"Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies."

Even this we think is acknowledging too much; at all events there is much less "folly" in believing "nothing" than believing "all." The fears very generally entertained through the nation of a disposition in the court inimical to the established religion were, doubtless, sufficiently well grounded; and to these alone did the plot, which else would have died prematurely, owe its rapid and monstrous growth. But in any other circumstance of the whole business there does not appear to have existed a grain of truth. Of a very different opinion, however, was the parliament of that day. First, says Sir John, the "commons fell upon my lord treasurer, for keeping the plot so long in the dark—seeing that the king might have been made away with in the mean time"—next they proceeded to the examination of witnesses, who came in plentifully—then they granted an indemnity to all who would make any discovery, though ever so deeply and blackly engaged themselves, and not only indem-

nity but subsistence into the bargain,—and finally they came to the resolution, that upon the evidence before them, it was plain there was "a hellish and damnable design to assassinate and murder the king, and to subvert the religion and government as by law established."

"Some thought they god's anointed meant to slay
By guns invented since full many a day."

The most awful delirium, to be sure, was this, by which it has ever been the ill fate of any country to be agitated; and, if we except the mysterious affair of the Mercuries at Athens, unparalleled for atrocity and madness, by aught that the history of any other people can produce. Indeed, between the two impostures—for that the Athenian affair was a fabrication no less than our own can hardly be doubted—there are many points of striking resemblance, with this single difference in their origin, that whilst the first was, most probably, an invention of some political leaders, the latter, beyond a doubt, sprung up among the dregs and refuse of society, and was only adopted by abler men, when it had grown and expanded amid the preposterous fears of the nation. At Athens, as in our own country, there had been continually floating about among the people certain jealous fears, more or less well founded, derived from the memory of a former tyranny, of a disposition somewhere latent in the state adverse to the democracy "by law established." When, therefore, after many previous rumours of plots and conspiracies, whether the act had been perpetrated by some young men, in a drunken frolic, or, more probably, by the contrivance of a few factious politicians, all the statues of the god Mercury, standing in various places up and down the streets of Athens, were, in one night, defaced and mutilated, and from the same intimate connexion between the religion and law of the land, which subsists in our own constitution, the popular suspicion was instantly alarmed, and the safety of the state, no less than of the hierarchy, apprehended to be in danger. In the history of the transactions which ensued, we may discern the prototype of those monstrous proceedings, that followed the first announcement of a popish plot. Witnesses were forthwith sought with diligence—heard with eager attention—believed without examination; and on the testimony of some men of abandoned character many of the best and most reputable citizens were thrown into prison; it being deemed more adviseable that men, though innocent and upright, should suffer, than that the truth of the plot, to be extorted from them, if necessary, even by torture, should fail to be ascertained.* At length, when the commissioners, who had been appointed to investigate this mysterious affair, reported to the assembled people that there was a "hellish and damnable design" abroad, to subvert the religion and

* *Thucyd.* vi. 53.

government of the state, such was the terror this communication excited, that the imperial demus itself forsook its own agora and fled. The longer it raged, more furious grew the delirium—the people waxed every day more savage in their terror—numbers were taken up—the prisons were crowded—and yet more still continued to be sought. At length a certain one among the persons apprehended, who appeared particularly obnoxious to suspicion, was prevailed upon by some of his fellow prisoners to accuse, whether false or true, somebody or other, in order to secure himself and friends from the jealous rage of the people, by giving it a vent, and directing it upon the heads of others. The people received the information with insane and brutal joy—the informer was set at liberty with all, whom he had not denounced—the accused were put instantly upon their trial, condemned, and executed. The blood of the best and noblest in Athens flowed freely; and the city having thus, as it were, breathed a vein, the fever abated—the passions of the people cooled—the judgement resumed its seat and office—and men began to wonder at the delirium into which they had been betrayed.

As in its origin, so in the conclusion, the oligarchal conspiracy at Athens, for such was it considered to have been, differed widely from the popish plot in England. The Shaftesbury of his age and country, who had hitherto steered successfully amid the conflicting factions of the state, instead of being the “arch-demon” who bestrode the tempest, was himself wrecked in the storm,—and, by a long train of remote consequences, involved in his fall that of the imperial democracy itself. Our own constitution, framed of more durable materials than the Athenian, weathered the storm of protestant fury; and the popish plot, destructive only to its victims, and a few of its managers, has left behind, among many other similar warnings, an awful but salutary memorial of the danger of spreading religious delusion among a devotional and deeply feeling people—affording us additional reason to thank God for the increasing light of the present age, which makes it less easy for designing men to practise upon the superstition of the vulgar. One other distinction, honourable to the nation, however grievously sinning, exists between our own plot and the one with which we have compared it; and this was owing neither to the temper of parliament nor the conduct of government, but solely to the spirit of the people. It has lately been remarked by a writer, whose works will distinguish the present age of our country more memorably than any thing else that has been done, said or written in it, by any man or any set of men, that the English people, though clamorous in the pursuit of vengeance, yet, like the sleuth hound, desist from the chase, as soon as blood is sprinkled on their path.*

* *Peveril of the Peak.*

And so it happened on the present occasion: the appetite for vengeance was quickly sated; and after the mention of the aged and venerable Lord Stafford, the Roman catholic plot lingered and died away. “It was the deepest solemnity,” says Sir John Heresby, speaking of that nobleman’s trial, “I have ever seen—and great were the expectations of the issue.” He had been selected for impeachment, as being supposed unable to defend himself than any of the other lords in the Tower; but “he deceived the managers so far as to plead his cause to a miracle.”

“The three chief evidences against him were Oates, Dugdale, and Tuberville: the first swore that his lordship had brought him a commission signed by the pope, to be paymaster of the army to be raised against the king; the second, that he had offered him five hundred pounds to kill the king; and the third, that he had offered him a reward for the dreadful deed at a different time. And so positive seemingly were they in this and other dangerous evidence, that I was sat and heard most of the trial, had not known what to think, had the witnesses been but men of any credit. But such were the incoherences, and towards the latter end, that considering them, and the very contradictions, which seemed to me to arise towards the name of the people that swore against this lord, I was fully satisfied that all was untruth they laid to his charge: but the poor gentleman was condemned by a majority of twenty-two. He heard his accusers, defended himself with great steadiness and resolution, and received his sentence with great courage and composure; nor did he stoop beneath the weight of his doom till he submitted his head to the block, with his last breath protesting his innocence, and the cruel wrong he suffered.”

“The king,” adds Sir John, “who heard all the trial, was extremely concerned at the rigour and abruptness of his fate.” He disbelieved too, it is supposed, the whole of the plot—why, then, did he allow the prerogative of mercy to be idle in his hands? He said he dared not exercise it—he dared do, however, or, at least, attempt things much more dangerous and equivocal. The patient and manly demeanour of the unfortunate nobleman on the scaffold seems to have excited the pity, and awakened the late repentance of the people. His protestations of innocence were answered by broken exclamations from the assembled multitude—“God bless you, my lord; we believe you.” Of this, the most illustrious victim to the fanatical delusions of the time, we were lately unexpectedly reminded, by reading in the public papers of a new claimant to the dormant title of Stafford; and it was with some surprise and considerable regret we found that the attainder so iniquitously passed against its last possessor, had never, during so many ages of better feeling and juster sentiments, been reversed. What, however, we reflect how long the illiberal prejudices against the catholic sect, derived, in great measure, from the very imposture of which we have been speaking, were allowed to influence the counsels of the nation.

n, perhaps we should be justified in attributing this mission to some other cause than simple neglect. For, use the words of the author above alluded to, when, vested of his masquerade habiliments, he is officiating the humbler duty of a commentator—"after this last storm, the popish plot, like a serpent, which had tasted its poison, though its wreaths entangled many, and its terrors held their sway over more, did little spectral mischief. Even when long lifeless and extinguished, this chimera, far in the succeeding reigns, continued, like the dragon slain by the Red-cross knight, to be the object of popular fear, and the theme of credulous terrorists:"

Some feared, and fled; some feared, and well it fained.
One, that would wiser seem than all the rest,
Warned him not touch; for yet, perhaps, remained
Some lingering life within his hollow breast;
For, in his womb, might lurk some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another said he saw him move his eyes indeed."

Whilst the terrors of the plot were thus agitating the kingdom from one extremity to the other, the houses of parliament were the theatres, in which opinions were conflicting with extraordinary violence, on a question of greater moment than has, perhaps, ever before been discussed. We allude to the ever memorable debates on the bill of exclusion, the argument for and against which, though our author has drawn them up in something like battle array, he has neither fully nor faithfully stated. We shall not, however, travel over ground that has been so repeatedly trod before; but content ourselves with observing, that the palpable and gross absurdity of the disposition, on which every plan of limitations necessarily proceeded, sufficiently evinces the duplicity of the sovereign, with whom these plans originated. To imagine, for a moment, that James,—a man by no means easy to be governed,—but one, whom his brother himself had repeatedly pronounced "as obstinate as a mule"—and who was indubitably the most wrong-headed gentleman that ever wore a crown, should voluntarily, or without the most violent struggles, be compelled to submit either to legal restrictions, or to the authority of a regent, whether administered in the person of his nephew or his daughter, was that species of wilful blindness that argued the deepest insincerity in the person, who could profess such a monstrous belief. Had the country leaders suddenly thrown up the exclusion bill—turned short round upon his majesty, and accepted his limitations, it is hardly possible to conceive the embarrassment, into which he would have been thrown. To have extricated himself from this dilemma, he must have taken a quicker "turn upon the toe," than any, to which, during a reign of crooked politics, his own or the dangerous machinations of his ministers had ever yet reduced him. The uniform adherence of the

exclusionists to their original plan, founded upon the presumption that Charles would finally accede to it, though it proved fatal in the end, was authorized by every thing that, till that time, had been observed of his political conduct. It appears from the present *Memoirs*, how very distrustful the courtiers were of their master's firmness and constancy—how dreadfully alarmed, lest the offers of parliament so very fair, and the temptation of money so miserably wanting, should prevail upon his majesty to give up his brother, and part with "a snip of the prerogative" into the bargain. But there was a peculiarity in the present case, which distinguished it from all those, in which the king had been known to retract or change his resolution. The interest, or welfare, of any mortal on earth, when his own did not happen in some way or other to be involved in it, was never, for a moment, put by him in competition with his own ease and pleasure. Danby might rot in the Tower for signing letters, which himself had dictated—the innocent catholic archbishop Plunket, at a time when no personal fears could be alleged in excuse of his not exerting his prerogative, might perish on the scaffold, without his thinking it so much as worth his while to release the one, or save the other. No—his spirit of resistance was husbanded with the utmost frugality, and systematically confined to the defence of his own prerogative and power. This Lord Halifax appears to have well understood, when he calmed the fears of Sir John Reresby, by an assurance that there was not the least danger of his majesty's complying with the liberal offers of parliament; observing—"it was like offering a man money to cut off his nose." This peculiarity in Charles's character is repeatedly avowed and even extolled by his staunch defender, North:—"The king's way was to let things have their full swing, without his interposing to protect any persons, who might happen to be endangered by the violence: but all the while that he yielded thus to the current, "he kept the reins of his authority tight in his hand, and would not quit an iota of his prerogative."

This saving regard to himself and utter indifference as to every body else made his ministers, at length, afraid to serve him, when the aspect of the times happened to be cloudy and troubled. Early in the year 1680, when parties were at the highest, the Duke of Newcastle being offered employment, declined accepting it: his majesty, he said, had not given him any in better times; he therefore, begged to be excused now that they were so dangerous. Lord Halifax, the ablest of Charles's ministers, who served him most effectually and at the most critical period of his reign, often complained feelingly to Sir John Reresby of the slipperiness and precarious condition of the path he was obliged to tread; so that occasionally he would even talk of retiring from court. Particularly the vote

of the House of Commons, "that he was a promoter of popery, and a betrayer of the people"—too heavy, as he said, for the shoulders of an individual, however innocent, to bear unsupported, seems almost to have alarmed him into retirement. The example of so many ministers driven by similar votes from the helm of affairs into prison, or banishment, must have been to him a fearful warning, however signal were the services on which he rested his claim and protection. Nor, after the experience of so many ministerial downfalls,—and happy was the man, who on going out of office, was allowed to hide his head in the country—after the signal ruin of so many who had served the monarch in high official situations, by each of whom, in succession, he had resolutely sworn to *stick*, was any reliance to be placed on his assurances of support, however deeply and solemnly pledged. "For," says North, "when by saying aye to the projects of the ministry they thought they had him fast by his personal assent, as soon as he found himself among the thorns and briars, he made no scruple to set himself right, whatever became of them." Sir William Temple acknowledges "he was very easy to change hands, when those he employed seemed to have engaged him in difficulties;" at the same time that his softness of temper made him "apt to fall into the persuasions of whoever had his kindness and confidence for the time," how different soever from the opinions he had previously held. Nor was it merely the effects of terror upon his mind, or his abhorrence of all trouble and disquietude, which his ministers had to apprehend, though in that case they were sure to be "let down the wind to prey at fortune;" almost as much was to be dreaded from the indolence and facility,—the fickleness and incertitude of his temper. While he seemed perfectly, said Lord Halifax, to approve of the council you gave him, he would hearken to others from a back door—you were never sure of him. Being once asked, how he stood with the king, he answered he had not the making of the king—God had made him of a particular composition—he knew what the king said to himself—he did not know what he said to others. Sir William Temple says of him, that he had great quickness of conception, with a great variety of knowledge,—more observation and truer judgement of men and things, than one would have imagined from so careless and easy a manner as was natural to him in all he said and did:—and even Burnet allows him to have had a very good understanding, and a great compass of information. Yet he was as incapable of thinking justly as he was of acting honestly; and there was no man, according to Sheffield, who was easier to be imposed upon than he. So that though his service was hazardous it was extremely easy to his ministers. When affairs went wrong, their artifice was to attribute the miscarriage to some unforeseen acci-

dent, which, for the future, they would take care to provide for; and excuses of this sort he would accept without examination—or hearing any thing to the contrary. He held that all apologies were lies, and if one told him to his face, he always chose to believe the first lie. Lord Danby, who got higher in his confidence than almost any other minister that ever served him, reached this elevation rather by the dexterity with which he excused his failures than any success he had in his undertakings. Besides, North says, not being of a disposition "to break his head with study," he was resigned to the will of his ministers, yielding to every thing they proposed, sometimes they would purposely apply to him, when they knew his head was full of something else, which he would bid them do what they wanted, and not trouble him longer. And yet such were the incongruities of his temper, that though he hated business, and could not be easily brought to mind, still, when he was once got down to it, he would do as long as his ministers had work for him. "A wonderful mixture," says Sheffield, "loosing and binding time, and, till of late, setting his whole heart on a fair sex," yet "in the midst of all his remissness, industrious and indefatigable, on some particular occasions, that no man could either toil longer, or be able to manage it better." "They are clever fellows," says some one in *Peveril*, "who kept Rowley from business"—perhaps so—but clever were those who kept him to it. But besides Charles's indolence and caprice, there was another peculiarity of temper yet more irreconcilable with the character and office of a ruler: he could no more withstand a lively saying, or a piece of mimicry, than in ordinary cases he was proof against a thundering speech in the House of Commons. The fall even of Clarendon is said to have been accelerated in some measure much by the wit and humour with which Buckingham strove to make his councils appear ridiculous, by the grave representations and perpetual railing of his whole bed-chamber put together. And Charles took such delight in seeing Buckingham, or some other courtier, by the help of a black patch across the eye and a white staff, enact Harry Bennet, that, from a ludicrous association, Arlington, though a good manager of business, could never find credit for the abilities he really possessed.

Such was the man, who had, in the latter part of his reign, to bear up against a more stern and resolute majority of the House of Commons, than ever sat in that reign, perhaps—if we except his father, had to contend with. Deep, indeed, must have been his sense of the peril likely to result to himself, from complying with the house, and abandoning his brother; and this, we find, from Sir John Reresby, was what every body about court was strenuously inculcating. He

1, that if "he quitted his brother, it would be but immediate step to ruin all his friends, and to be himself exposed to the will and wishes of those, whom he had no reason to think were over and above devoted to him." "The king," adds Sir John, "dreaded the consequences and resolved accordingly." An observation of Lord Danby's, when Sir John was one day conversing with him in the Tower, during his imprisonment, strikingly shews how completely that nobleman believed self to predominate with Charles over all other considerations. He said, with emphasis, "that though the Duke of York had but little influence with him, as to what purely regarded himself, the minister would find him an overmatch with his majesty, to any other person or concern:" that is to say, the strongest external influence was nothing compared with the mastery which his own close and selfish temper exercised over his actions, and this is confirmed by the whole tenor of his life—his conduct in all affairs of greater or less importance—and by the very colloquial expressions he was in the habit of using. This customary phrase, when giving individuals an assurance of protection, denotes much more strongly his use of what was due to his own interest, than to their's, who solicited his favour. "Do not trouble yourself," said he to Sir John when the latter was expressing his fears lest the house should fall upon him, for having penned the Yorkshire petition of abhorrence, "I will stick by you and my old friends; for if I do not, I shall have nobody to stick by me." And on another occasion, when Sir John was in reasonable alarm, lest the lords who were scrutinizing the list of military offices, should vote his place useless, "there being neither company nor gunner at Burlington, where I was governor, to make it appear a garrison,"—"let them do what they will," said the king, "I will never part with any officer at the request of either house; my father lost his head for such compliance; but as for me, I intend to die another way."* Yet so notorious had he become for the cold-blooded indifference with which he had been wont to extricate himself from difficulties, by the sacrifice even of ministers the most favoured, and measures the most solemnly resolved upon, that the exclusionists were justified by all their past experience in acting upon the conviction that the king, rather than suffer any annoyance, would, when he came to be pressed, desert his brother, as he had done every body else, who had trusted him; and they had many signal instances in support of this conviction. After having embarked with all his heart and soul in the intrigues of the cabal; and (by way of feel-

ing the pulse of the nation) issued his memorable declaration of indulgence, such was the precipitation with which he veered about, when the storm began to whistle round his head, that even Shaftesbury himself, so adroit in shifting with every turn and change of the tide, had hardly time to tack about and get the start of his majesty. And it was not so long before, that, having granted Lord Danby a full pardon, and swore that he would give it him, if occasion required, "again and again ten times over,"—he had suffered him to be committed to the Tower; where he lay for years after the storm, which had beat so furiously upon him, had subsided into a dead calm, and his majesty had no longer any thing to fear from the resentment of the commons. This desertion of Lord Danby reflects yet more dishonour upon Charles, as that minister, though false to most other people, had been true to him. "For had the treasurer," says Sir John, "considered nobody but himself, he might certainly have fared better;" but he resolved rather to suffer, than to do any thing that might draw discredit upon the king. "A most unhappy thing," he adds, "it is to serve a fickle prince, which, it must be owned, was part of our master's character." The word *fickle*, here made use of, is, we suppose, a courtier's euphuism for selfish and ungrateful. These glaring facts afford a striking commentary upon those high sounding verses of his *laurelled* poet, (for *laureate* we cannot bring ourselves to call the mighty bard.)

"No groundless clamours shall my friend remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress."

In short, to use the language of his vindicator, North, there was no dependence to be placed upon the king, such dexterity did he always manifest in saving himself at any time,—by any turn, or by the sacrifice of any person whatever. Thus, when his own ease and quiet appeared to demand that his brother should be sent away, he could, with the most frigid indifference, tell him, he saw fit he should "absent himself some time beyond the seas." Again, when fears had been instilled into him, that, by removing his brother, he would only leave himself exposed to the aggressions of parliament, he could recall, and with the utmost show of affection embrace him; swearing, as our author heard, that "nobody should ever part them for the future." But interest—his own sole and proper interest—was alike the moving spring of his conduct in both cases. Here the exclusionists did not discriminate motives with sufficient nicety—he had yielded, they said, ninety-nine times before he would yield the hundredth—and, in blood and confiscation, they paid the penalty of their error.

The period that elapsed between the dissolution of Charles's last parliament and his own death, furnishes

* This dutiful and respectful mode of mentioning his father was not uncommon with him. When parliament was inquiring into the conduct of the judges, Charles observing in the House of Lords, one of them sit pensive upon the wool-sack, went and sat down close to him, and "be of good comfort," said he, "I will never forsake my friends as my father did."

more deep and useful reflection than whole centuries of happier and more flourishing times. It is that portion of our history on which we least like to dwell—from which our eyes are most frequently turned away in abhorrence, and where the feelings, implanted and cherished by our free constitution, its own best and firmest supporters, are most irritated and offended. But those who would deduce from the annals of our country the most salutary warning they are calculated to afford, must force themselves to look steadfastly upon these events, however painful and loathsome to contemplate; and in the temporary grave of English liberties to read the fearful secrets of that *euthanasia*, which the great historian and philosopher has predicted, as the final close of our mixed constitution. Were it only that they tended to interrupt the confiding security with which, from a presumptuousness common to all free nations, we are apt to repose upon the durability of our institutions, such studies, however uninviting, were of far more use to us than the perusal of the brightest triumphs and most splendid era of our freedom. The condition of every government, both reason and experience alike teach us, is, at the best, but precarious. Even our own, however artfully constituted, is subject to the common law of all human institutions; and, like our bodies, containing within it the seeds of death, can only hope for a longer existence, from our superior knowledge—derived from a longer experience—of the diseases to which governments are subject, and our superior skill in the application of the proper remedies. Every state, in its turn, appears to have believed, that in its institutions there was a kind of immortal essence, which, both in defiance of time and chance, would suffice to preserve them from decay; and to this overweening confidence in their fancied imperishable nature their ruin may, generally, in great measure, be attributed. The free republics of Greece, superior to all the world in arts and arms, vainly imagined that no circumstances were ever likely to arise within, or power without, of a nature strong enough to destroy their independence. Yet while, in this security, in ruinous wars with each other they wasted the energies they should have reserved for its defence, on their very borders was growing up a comparatively barbarous state, which in one short day dissolved the charm for ever. While the Roman contemplated with pride the spoils of a conquered world piled up in his capitol, and believed his power as everlasting as the rock on which he stood, he saw not—what we see—the barbarians lurking, in dim perspective, behind. Far less did either Greek or Roman perceive the changes which time and corruption had wrought upon the constitution of their own states, or mark the progress of that internal decay, which was preparing them for servitude, and in the

case of the latter, at least, had destroyed his freedom long before the downfall of his power.

As a nation, we have our full share of this vain uncalculating self-confidence; but whether there be brewing in the east, or the west, we may be certain that—should it be destined ever to break upon us—we shall best prepare ourselves to weather its violence by preserving unimpaired the freedom of our political institutions—"Whilst the Coliseum stands Rome shall stand"—a vain prediction, built upon the imaginary grounds of a superstitious faith. Our own vigilance is a better protection than stone walls; but a better still is to be found in the free population it encloses; and be it our boast—a fairer than the Romans—that whilst round us rolls the ocean, and within lives the spirit of our fathers, our country shall cease to be—what it has ever been—the fortress and strong hold of retiring freedom. But as no state can hope for duration, whose rulers keep not a watchful eye on all around, not only observing the powers that actually exist, but as far as it is given to man, into futurity—discerning such as are likely to rise, so no people can expect to retain their freedom who are not apprehensively alive to the dangers that surround it, and who do not scrutinize with vigilant attention the tendency of every—even the most trivial act of their government. To the care and vigilance of their rulers they must, in great measure, depend for security against the dangers from without; but themselves alone can they depend for protection against those from within. The statesman who should repose with unlimited faith, to the good-will of any foreign power on earth, would not commit a more fatal error than the people who should repose implicit confidence in the honour, however high, or the integrity, however great, of any government whatever. The constant watch and be watched is the sole condition on which the component members of a constitution, framed by our ancestors, can possibly adhere together, is a principle which we deduce, at every step, in reading the history of the reign of Charles; and no less clearly do we see, in the respective duties incumbent upon subjects and their rulers, that of the former is much more arduous in its nature, and more incessant in the attention it requires. Nor is it a duty which has grown more easy or less necessary in the course of ages; but, on the contrary, has become only the more difficult and imperious by the substitution of a new enemy, much more subtle in its operations, and consequently demanding much greater attention than the former. Prerogative, though a strong and dangerous foe, could never effectually conceal his aggressions which might, therefore, always be withstood and checked before they had proceeded to any fatal extremity. But influence working underground, and in

ceptible in its motions, sounds no note of alarm, and offers no point of attack. Like some subtle poison, stealing through all the veins of the body politic, unnerves every arm, and corrupts every heart. Creating an opposition among our passions, and making interest rebel against honour, it arms us against ourselves, and deprives us not merely of the power, but even the will to act with freedom and resolution. Added to this, the science of politics having become much more complex than heretofore, and speaking a new language of its own, it is both much more difficult, on the one hand, to perceive the bearing and tendency of any particular measure; and, on the other, much easier to wrap up a pernicious meaning in an envelope of ill-defined or unintelligible phrases. Then the various parts of the government being more nicely adjusted than formerly, the whole works more smoothly and silently, and, therefore, less frequently draws our attention; and seldom stopping or going flagrantly wrong, never startles us into examining the state of the internal machinery. But it is not therefore certain, that it may not one day stop, and the derangement be found irremediable;—the most fatal and absolute decay is generally that, which, in the beginning, was the least perceptible. In the fortunate absence of such provocatives as are wanting to preserve in us the requisite attention to the motions of our vessel, it is well to get imbued with the spirit of more suspicious times; and to learn by the dire experience of others, rather than our own, the necessity of an alert and even watchful jealousy. This lesson, so needful in every free state, is inculcated more forcibly by the whole tenor of government proceedings in the reign of which we have been treating; than by that of any other period we could possibly select for the purpose. Besides, the elements of the constitution being not then reduced to that perfect subordination one to another to which they have since attained, those different principles, that are to be found in every mixed constitution, and which, though more covertly, are not less surely working now than then, are there seen in open conflict, and give us the means of more duly appreciating their influence upon the whole machine of government. Finally, the catastrophe, though of a nature to inspire us with the profoundest melancholy, yet affords a memorable example of the madness, as well as danger, of trusting to the personal qualities of the monarch for the just administration of the laws; and consigning into his hands those reins on his authority, which the wisdom of our forefathers had lodged with the representatives of the people.

In reading the history of this singular issue of the disputes between Charles and his parliament, it seems, at first sight, as though we were unable, on reasonable and sufficient grounds, to account for the mighty revulsion of feeling in the people, which gave the mon-

arch so complete a triumph over the exclusionists. The wonder is enhanced, when we consider that the fathers of that generation had contended in arms with his father,—and that they themselves, shortly afterwards, rose up against his successor, in defence of those very privileges, which they now were not only willing, but apparently delighted to resign. And indeed, the causes of this phenomenon, though, as was seen by their effects, powerful in operation, are not very ostensible or marked in their character. Perhaps it was that very recollection of the war the country had waged, and of the military despotism in which it had terminated, that, having left a most disagreeable impression on their minds, made them feelingly alive to the danger of a like result to the present contest. The excesses of the republican party too had tended to lessen their respect for the cause of liberty in general; and giving the royalists a preponderance throughout the nation, furnished them also with the opportunity of raising a cry against their opponents, as aiming at a similar subversion of monarchy and episcopacy. The church and king in danger,—this—a watchword of alarm in all periods of our history—was never more successfully raised than now, by the opposers of the exclusion bill: and we must be well aware, how mighty in operation, in this country, is any cry that has once fairly got possession of the mouths and ears of the vulgar. Besides, the character of Charles was not seen in the same light by them that it is by us. That steady support of his brother,—which, if not virtue, at least, as Mr. Fox observes, bears strong resemblance to it,—though really to be ascribed to the influence of very different feelings, would doubtless appear to them to result from a noble affection, and strict regard to justice. They thought him hardly used—his appeal softened their hearts—they compassionated him as a “very honest gentleman,” ill-treated by a set of designing men—and as a king, they believed and trusted him.

On whatever principles we are to account for this revolution in the feelings of men, it certainly manifested itself in the most striking and portentous manner. No sooner had he dissolved the parliament, which met at Oxford, and issued a declaration, “fraught,” as Sir John Reresby expresses it, “with the fairest promises to his people, and assuring them of his firm intentions to govern inviolably according to law, and the like,” than he received “the thanks of the city of London, and of several counties and corporations throughout England.”—Address followed address—each vying with the other in abuse of all those principles, which had both before and have since been entertained, with religious devotion. “The petitions for a parliament,” said Lord Halifax, who never hesitated between his friend and a joke, “spit in the king’s face, but these spit in his mouth.” Among these, the

addresses from the two universities were particularly distinguished by the virulence with which they condemned every principle on which a free government must necessarily depend for its existence; and, in that of Oxford especially, the day of Lord Russel's execution was, in a manner, celebrated by committing to the flames, in the absence of the authors, certain pamphlets which presumed to advocate more liberal sentiments. But it was not long before both the corporations and universities met with their reward.—The punishment of the latter, indeed, was deferred till the succeeding reign; but the former were almost instantly called upon to make good their assurances, and prove, by the voluntary surrender of their charters, that they did, indeed, believe his Majesty to be the “breath of their nostrils,” and him of whom they held rights, property, and all. They had made an idol of their monarch; and he, instead of justifying their devotion, like most other idols, exacted, from his worshippers, offerings, which they were loth to pay, and yet durst not refuse. “A happiness, indeed, it was,” exclaims Sir John Reresby, in a tone, which, if not meant to be ironical, might easily be mistaken for such—“a happiness, indeed, it was for his people to live under so good and so gracious a prince! And now we begin to have a prospect of halcyon days again.”—What sort of days these were, we shall presently see.

The city of London, as in all time, both before and since, leading the way in every opposition to the court, and the first to remonstrate against every abuse of power, was the most obnoxious of all the corporations, and, therefore, the first marked out for vengeance. When, by the aid of his law officers, with Lord Chief Justice North at their head, his Majesty had succeeded in storming this strongest hold of the independent party, and despoiled it of its charter, almost every other corporation in the kingdom, at the sound of the talismanic words *quo warranto*, was obliged, as our author says, “to truckle” to the crown, and make voluntary surrender. One instance, among many, deserves our particular attention, both from the share which Sir John seems to have had in the aggression, and as it shews on what grounds, and from what motives, his Majesty was induced to make it. The city of York, of which Sir John Reresby, through the interest of Lord Halifax, had obtained the government, had, it seems, (but he shall tell his own story)

“been more noted than most places in England, for the height and virulence of faction; but, after I had been there some time, finding some of the leaders willing to abate of their warmth, I engaged myself in some private discourse with Mr. Alderman Ramsden, one of the most extraordinary of the whole fraternity, and so well explained to him the danger they were in, if they did not shew some speedy signs of remorse and repentance for their former behaviour, that he confessed himself sensible of errors committed upon several occasions, (viz.) in that they had so often persisted in their choice of

such members as they knew to be quite ungrateful to the king; in that they had so unhandsomely received the Duke of York, when he passed through the city in his way to Holland; and in that they had petitioned for a parliament, but never addressed or abhorred that, after all, he was afraid their offences were *enormous* to be pardoned, upon a consideration less than the surrender of their charter, which they did not know how to think of. I then asked him what he thought the city might be persuaded to do, by way of atonement? To which he answered, they might be brought to do three things, if they might be accepted. First, to lay aside Alderman Thomson, a parish and narchical fellow, to whom it fell of course to be lord mayor the next year; secondly, to choose a new high steward, and to offer the honour to his Royal Highness, in the Duke of Buckingham, whom they would put in case his Highness should refuse it, to his Lordship Halifax; and thirdly, to elect better members for the city, when occasion should offer. These three, he said, were feasible, might they be thought sufficient.

We think it was not without good reason that John denominated Mr. Ramsden an extraordinary man for a provincial alderman, he appears to have understood sufficiently well the way of courts, and the temper of princes. Lord Halifax, however, was prudent to venture the king's letter to the corporation upon the strength of these proposals; particularly the impending decision against the city of London charter, would leave that of York, as well as of every other town in the kingdom, at their mercy. As to their choosing his Highness to be their steward, he judged it improper and unfit, upon many accounts; but as to their choosing himself, he was very willing they should do it, “provided it did not seem to be of his own request.” But the corporation, like experienced courtiers, judged it more advisable to send the petition of the office, in a gold box, to the little Duke of Richmond, the king's son by Lady Portsmouth; for a compliment, they received her Grace's thanks in a letter, “wherein she said the king was very well pleased that the second city in England had had that favour for her son.” But not so did the storm blow over the second city, after all: “the king had conceived a displeasure against it, and coming one evening to the Duchess of Portsmouth's, he said to Sir John, leaning upon his arm, he was afraid that the lord mayor was but a bad man; and asked him, if “he knew sufficient matter for bringing a *Quo Warranto* against their charter.” Sir John replied he did not, but would endeavour to inform himself thereof: to which his Majesty replied, “I only recommend it to you.” Soon after, in consequence, the action was brought—and the charter was rendered at discretion. And what, think you, was the cause of this his Majesty's displeasure? Not the electing opposition members—not their unhandsome reception of his Highness—not their petitioning for a parliament, and never abhorring: No—all this was venial, and might have been pardoned. The unpardonable offence was this:—“The lord mayor, it seems

and refused to let a mountebank erect his stage in that city, though he was furnished with the king's recommendation, which the man complaining of, his Majesty thought himself thereby slighted or injured!"

—Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Meantime, whilst Charles was thus instructing his people what degree of trust was to be reposed in the lighted word of a king,—“that in all affairs relating to himself, the laws should have their regular course,” by making them the instruments of ruining every man, and every set of men, who had ever happened to give him the least offence,—people began anxiously to inquire of one another whether a parliament was ever to be called again. “This was the great point in expectation,” says Sir John, “all over the country, and, indeed, throughout Christendom, which looked to it as the only chance left of preserving Flanders from the yoke of France; but I learnt, (he adds) from a great man, that we were in no way of having one, his Majesty being bent upon ruling his kingdom in another manner.” Even Lord Halifax, who was the only one of Charles's ministers who really desired to see a parliament, “was, notwithstanding, quite willing,” to use his own words, rather than relinquish his Majesty's service, “to invent excuses for him, and make the people easy.” That nobleman was supposed to stand on higher and firmer ground with the country than any of the other ministers; and, therefore, being better able to stand the shock of a parliament, was the more willing that one should be summoned: “but, alas!” sorrowfully exclaims Sir John, “parliaments seemed to be no longer thought of, and to be quite out of doors.” His regret appears to have been partly patriotic, for he, doubtless, loved his country, according to his own ideas of what was patriotism; and partly interested, for the court, being no longer in fear of a House of Commons, had no longer the same necessity for cultivating the good-will of men like himself. So that it is not merely to the “generous ambition” of high political characters that a free and popular government appeals for support, but we see that it affects even the private interests, consideration, and respectability of simple and undistinguished individuals.

Nor was Sir John Reresby the only gentleman in the country who was uneasy under the loss of that influence he was wont to exercise, and that voice he had formerly held in the counsels of the nation. Previous to the calling of the Oxford parliament, when very general alarm was entertained that the king never meant to summon another, and men yet dared to exercise their right, petitions were sent in from all quarters. To that of the city of London, praying that his Majesty would be pleased to call a parliament, he merely answered, “it was none of their business.” Again, when the gentlemen of Wiltshire, headed by

Mr. Thynn, the richest commoner in the kingdom, and the “wealthy western friend” of Monmouth, presented a petition, praying that parliament might sit for the redress of grievances, no otherwise to be redressed, his Majesty was pleased to ask them, “Whether they had their directions from the grand jury?” Mr. Thynn answered, No. The king presently replied, “Why say you, then, that you come from the county? You come from a company of loose, disaffected people. What do you take me to be? and what do you take yourselves to be? I admire that gentlemen of your estates should animate people to mutiny and rebellion. You would not take it well I should meddle with your affairs; I desire you would not meddle with mine.” To the gentlemen of Essex, he said, “he was extremely surprised to see them meddle with matters that concerned none but himself;” adding that he was unwilling to call to mind things past; yet, that he could not but remember the act of oblivion, though not as some did: that those who stood in need of that act, would do well not to take such courses as might need another; and that he very well remembered forty;” and so turned away. As for the Berkshire gentlemen, and their petition, which was presented on the same day, he answered in another vein, drolling on them, “that they would agree that matter over a cup of ale, when they met at Windsor; though he wondered that his neighbours would not let him alone, but must be meddling with his business.” Nor were these rude and threatening replies the mere effusions of resentment—forgotten as soon as uttered; on the contrary, they were publicly inserted in *The Gazette*, that the whole nation might be aware of their import.

However, in defiance of what the court lawyers had asserted in the proclamations, and Charles himself uttered in discourse, we find it resolved by an unanimous vote of that House of Commons,—

“That it is, and ever hath been, the undoubted right of the subjects of England to petition the king for the calling and sitting of parliaments, and redressing of grievances. That to traduce such petitioning, is a violation of duty, and to represent it to his Majesty as tumultuous and seditious, (this was called “abhorring”) is to betray the liberty of the subject; and contributes to the design of subverting the ancient legal constitution of this kingdom, and introducing arbitrary power.”

After the dissolution of this parliament,—when the king, in consequence of his final triumph, had got the reins of the law into his own hands,—men chose to let their “undoubted rights” lie dormant awhile, rather than risk the danger of incurring such heavy penalties, as the courts of law were now in the habit of dealing out against all acts, however legal, which they were pleased to construe into a breach of his Majesty's peace. Charles's present mode of thinking and speaking of parliaments presents a strange contrast to the fond expressions which he was in the habit of using,

whilst the union betwixt him and his parliament was yet in the honey-moon. "When God brought me hither," said he, at the close of the first session of his reign, "I brought with me an extraordinary affection and esteem for parliaments." Again, "I deal truly with you.—I shall not propose any other rule to myself, in my actions and counsels, than this: what is a parliament like to think of this action, and this counsel?" And again, when he reminded his second and *pensioned* parliament, that they had neglected to repeal the triennial bill, "I admire," said he, "that you have not considered the wonderful clauses in that bill. I pray, Mr. Speaker, and you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, give that triennial bill once a reading in your house; and then, in God's name, do what you think fit for me, and yourselves, and the whole kingdom. I need not tell you how much I love parliaments: never king was so much beholden to parliaments as I have been; nor do I think the crown can ever be happy without frequent parliaments: but assure yourselves, if I did think otherwise, I would never suffer a parliament to come together by the means prescribed by that bill." Even after he had dismissed the last he ever intended to call, he persisted in the use of the same honied expressions. "Let not," says he, in his famous declaration of 1681, for which he was thanked in loyal addresses from all parts of the kingdom,—“let not the restless malice of ill men, who are labouring to poison our people, persuade any of our good subjects that we intend to lay aside the use of parliaments: for we do still declare, that no irregularities in parliaments shall ever make us out of love with parliaments, which we look upon as the best method for healing the distempers of the kingdom, and the only means to preserve the monarchy in that due credit and respect, which it ought to have both at home and abroad. And for this cause we are resolved, by the blessing of God, to have frequent parliaments; and, both in and out of parliament, to use our utmost endeavours to extirpate popery, and to redress all the grievances of our good subjects; and, in all things, to govern according to the laws of the kingdom. Now, not to mention that he himself was secretly a member of the religion he here swears to extirpate,* and, as for governing according to the

* "I dare confidently affirm," says the Duke of Buckingham, "his religion to be only that, which is vulgarly (though unjustly) counted none at all: I mean Deism. And this uncommon opinion he owed more to the liveliness of his parts, and carelessness of his temper, than either to reading or much consideration: for his quickness of apprehension, at first view, could discover through the several cheats of pious pretences; and his natural laziness confirmed him in an equal mistrust of them all, for fear he should be troubled with examining which religion was best." And, he adds, that it was by a kind of accident only he came to embrace Catholic opinions, "in his weakness." But Lord Halifax, with more apparent truth and knowledge of man, concludes, "that when he came into England, he was as certainly a Roman Catholic, as that he was a man of pleasure; both very consistent by visible experience." "There were broad peepings out," he continues, "glimpses so often repeated, that, to discerning eyes it was glaring. In the very first year

laws, had, in 1670, concluded a treaty with Louis XIV. for the express purpose of establishing absolute monarchy in England; in that other particular of frequent parliaments," he attests God's blessing in a very utterance of a gross and palpable lie! From the dismissal of the Oxford parliament, he not only never intended, but was absolutely bound by treaty with Louis, as the condition on which he was to receive his pension, never to call another. And yet a solemn and egregious falsehood was ordered by Majesty in council, on the motion of Archbishop Sancroft,† to be read in all churches and chapels throughout the kingdom! We have never called to mind that saying of *Junius*, respecting this king—"Charles II. was a hypocrite of a deeper dye than his father) and should have perished on the same scaffold"—without wincing at it, as beyond measure decorous and vindictive. But really, at present, we hardly know what to say.

In the present emergency, it is scarcely possible to say what should have been the conduct of the parliament, and all the friends of the constitution and religion of the land. From the beginning of the year 1681 O. S. to the month of June, 1683, when the nation was alarmed by the report of the Rye-house plot, an interval crowded with acts of atrocious violence perpetrated under the form of law, England had been without a parliament, and the king had ruled more despotically than any of his predecessors had done, even in ages the most remote and barbarous. That by these tyrannical aggressions on the liberty of the subject, he had broken his coronation oath, and forfeited all right to the allegiance of the people, no one, at this day, will for a moment dispute. But even those who attempt opposition by force of arms to the violence of even an usurping government, must not only have strict justice on their side, but also a fair and rational probability of success. If this be wanting, the justice of the cause will be but a weak apology for the rashness of the undertaking; resistance, however legal, if not justified by circumstances, is no more than sedition, and the patriot hardly better than mere insurgent. If, therefore, the popular leaders embarked, at a time so unpropitious to the under-

there were such suspicions, as produced melancholy shakes of the head, which were very significant."

A law was passed making it penal to affirm, that the king was a papist; and yet, in his correspondence with France, he affected so deep a conviction of the truth of that religion, as to represent himself as uneasy at not being able to make a personal avowal of his faith. This was urged by him, frequently, as an argument to increase the pension and hasten the supplies to be received from France.

† It is much to be regretted that this exemplary prelate should have lent his name and authority to a piece of immemorial falsehood and profane. He received, however, retributive justice in the following reign, when James was for obliging him to cause his declaration for liberty of conscience—designed as a death-blow to the church of England—to be read in all churches, in time of divine service.

g, in any actual combination against the government, their conduct was not only indiscreet, but highly uneasable. But as far as any thing was ever proved against the persons of higher rank implicated in that edley of all sorts of plots, called the Rye-house plot, their conduct appears to have been not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. What were they to do?—The only regular mode of obtaining redress of grievances by parliamentary remonstrance was not within their reach for the disuse of parliament was one of the grievances to be redressed. To petition, in the customary way, the power that committed these violations of law to forbear violence, would have been absurd—and even if not absurd, would have been punished as “mutiny and rebellion.” The people, in general, regarded with supine indifference the wanton outrages committed by the government upon the constitution of the country. From a change of monarchs little good was to be expected;—and besides, Charles might live long enough to oppress the land. The dictations of the courts of law, pronounced in perfect coincidence with his tyrannical views, and which now superseded the laws, would, in the lapse of time, become laws themselves. In these arduous circumstances, some of the popular leaders, particularly Shaftesbury, appear to have thought, that no remedy but absolute force could be applied to evils so intolerable. But the conduct of that statesman, at this eventful crisis, was little consistent with that character for deep sagacity, which he had earned in a long course of subtle and artful policy. However, in his counsels, or those of the other “hot men,” as Monmouth termed them, neither Sidney nor Lord Russell, it is clear, had any participation, though common connexions and former intimacy might occasionally bring them together. In what they appear to have actually done—meeting together to consult about the means they either possessed or could devise, to avert the impending destruction of all that was glorious or free in the institutions of the land, they deserve the thanks of every one who duly appreciates the inestimable benefit he derives from our free constitution. And for this, and this only, were those two illustrious patriots called to seal with their blood the principles they had ever been wont to assert. Even we believe, in its full extent, the evidence of the witnesses against Lord Russell, his crime went no further than bare misprision of treason: “and yet,” said he in the paper he delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold, “I am condemned as guilty of a design of killing the king. I pray God, lay not this to the charge either of the judges, or sheriffs, or jury.—I will not reckon up the particulars wherein they did me wrong, I had rather their own consciences should do that.”—“I have always loved my country,” he adds, “much more than my life; and never had any sign of changing the government, which I value,”

and look upon as one of the best governments in the world; and would always have been ready to venture my life for the preserving of it.” The still more flagrant violation of the law in the trial of Sidney, committed by producing, as a substitute for the second witness necessary in a case of treason, some papers, written long before—never intended to be published—and containing mere speculative opinions, surpasses all the annals the bar can furnish, of what is most illegal and atrocious. Besides this, in his petition to the king, he shews, “that he was brought to trial; and the indictment being perplexed and confined, so as neither he nor any of his friends that heard it, could fully comprehend the scope of it, he was wholly unprovided of the helps that the law allows to every man in his defence”—neither was he allowed a copy of it before his trial, according to the provisions of the statute of treasons. Moreover, when several important points of law were started, and Sidney desired counsel might be heard, his motion was over-ruled by the violence of the Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies) and himself “so frequently interrupted, that the whole method of his defence was broken, and he not suffered to say the tenth part of what he could have alleged in his defence: so the jury was hurried into a verdict they did not understand.” This plain statement his majesty, in Sir John Reresby’s hearing, qualified with the epithets “treasonable and evasive:” however, adds our author, “it was not thought proper to be printed.”

It was in the following style and language that the brutal Jefferies, on the trial of Barnardiston for having in a *private* letter expressed sentiments deemed improper, could insult the memory of these illustrious victims to court violence and judicial iniquity—“Here,” said he,—speaking of that gentleman’s letters, which were given in evidence,—“here is the sainting of two horrid conspirators. Here is the Lord Russell sainted, that blessed martyr; my Lord Russell, that good man, that excellent protestant, he is lamented. And what an extraordinary man he was; who was fairly tried, and justly convicted and attainted for having a hand in this horrid conspiracy against the life of the king, and his dearest brother, his royal highness, and for the subversion of the government. And here is Mr. Sidney sainted—what an extraordinary man he was! Yes, surely, he was a very good man: because you may some of you remember, who have read the history of those times, and know what share Mr. Sidney had in that black and horrid villany, &c. . . And it is a shame to think, that such bloody miscreants should be sainted and lamented, who, to their dying minutes, when they were upon the brink of eternity, and just stepping into another world, could confidently bless God for their being engaged in the *good cause*,” &c.

But the greatest delinquent, in the present instance, without excepting even Jefferies, was Charles himself,

to whose policy or vengeance, they were sacrificed. We find him personally implicated in all the proceedings—himself taking their examination—displacing one judge to procure another better adapted for the service—active in the prosecution, and closeted with the judges,—for not by the very panders of the court was the king's back stair-case more frequently trod than by the law officers of the crown. The last scene of this legal farce was a deeper tragedy than had ever before, or has ever since, been acted in our country. A series of impossible fictions—false charges constructed without ingenuity, and tyrannical oppressions under the form of law, ended in a scaffold, to which Sidney went as to a victory, and where Russell displayed the mild fortitude and equanimity of an English patriot. His mind was not like that of the other, filled with images of liberty drawn from the classical ages of Greece and Rome, but stamped with all the constitutional virtue and attachment, which are more peculiarly the growth of our own country.

Mr. Fox has said, that when the memory of Sidney and Russell "shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation." We devoutly hope that there is more generous feeling than truth in this observation; for it seems to us as if indifference had nearly already superseded that veneration which Mr. Fox has supposed would be coeval with our liberty. If, indeed, there really be in the present age a disposition to regard these two illustrious names as transmitted down to us with applause, rather, like those of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in consequence of the triumph of a party, than from the intrinsic merits of the persons to whom they belonged, we do wrong to their memory, and an injury to ourselves. We wrong them, by depriving them of the prerogative which they are entitled to enjoy in common with all who have deserved well of their country—that of living, for ever, in the memory and affections of their countrymen. We injure ourselves, inasmuch as the more we cultivate such affections and cherish the remembrance of the illustrious dead, the more likely are we to tread in their steps, and preserve inviolate the principles they have bequeathed us. The celebration of departed worth and patriotism has distinguished every age of generous freedom, or liberal sentiments. In the enjoyment of their rude liberty our remote ancestors sang the deeds of their heroes, and the triumphs of their race. In the purest ages of classical freedom, the citizens of Greece and Rome perpetuated the memory of their deliverers, and animated their own patriotism by reviving the recollection of their forefathers.

"— coronati, Thræsea Helvidiusque bibebant
Brutorum et Cassi natalibus."

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Texas.* By Mrs. Mary Austin Holley. pp. 1. Lexington, Kentucky. 1836.
2. *Trip to the West and Texas, with a Brief Sketch of the Texian War.* By A. A. Parker, Esq. pp. 1. Concord, N. H. 1836.
3. *A Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay on the Annexation of Texas to the United States.* By William E. Channing, D. D. Boston. 1837.

Our own internal difficulties and dangers have naturally, but so completely, absorbed the public attention, that it has required nothing less than a rebellion in Canada and the imminent risk of a collision with the United States, to awaken our minds to any question of foreign policy, or indeed to any subject which does not affect us immediately and personally. The Spanish contest affords no exception to this general apathy. The interest which it creates or may still create—is not only in degree wholly disproportioned to the great principles which are at stake in that contest, but the nature of the interests is altogether different from that which in other circumstances it could not have failed to excite. It is not the question of the Spanish succession—nor the independence of the Basque provinces—nor the extraordinary and perilous precedents which our infraction of international law might establish—nor the danger that such precedents might be eventually turned against ourselves in other quarters, that create the public interest. It has been regarded almost as a domestic concern: the proceedings of the *Minister* and the fate of the *British Legion* have been the real objects of anxiety, and that, too, with reference only to their ultimate effects on our own parties and affairs.

But the recent outbreak in Canada, and the war which was and is still felt as to the line between the United States might, or may ultimately, take the matter, have, we hope, so far awakened the public, that they may be inclined to pay some degree of attention to questions which, although hitherto regarded, are in principle, and may soon be in practice vitally important to the colonial interests, the relations, and even the internal prosperity of this country. If the cabinet at Washington had been so shortsighted or so reckless of the laws and rights of nations as to have imitated in Canada Lord Palmerston's proceedings with regard to Holland and, above all, Spain—if they had permitted their officers and citizens to form an army of 10,000 men, and had their naval power landed and maintained them in

* When we say *Lord Palmerston*, we do not mean of course to disculpate his colleagues, though we name him as being the first and most prominent degree, responsible for a policy which England will one day rue, as certainly as that that justice in heaven or retribution on earth.

neutral territory, and when necessary protected and supported their military operations with a national naval force, it is clear that war would have been kindled between the two hemispheres, and that Canada, not wholly lost, could have been preserved only at the expense of thousands of lives and millions of money. In vain would Lord Palmerston plead that in helping an established government against rebels could afford no precedent for helping rebels against an established government. That excuse would avail but little—it is false in fact and still falser in law. The Spanish question of 1837, like the Spanish question of 1701, is one of disputed succession. In 1701 our Whigs took the side of a Don Carlos, who finally failed. In 1837 they take part against another Don Carlos, who may eventually succeed; but failure or success does not affect the principle of intervention while the matter is in dispute: such statesmen as now hold the British helm know little and care less about Grotius or Puffendorf, but they might at least remember the old Jacobite verses—

Long live our sovereign Lord—the Faith's defender,
Long live the King! and down with the Pretender:
But which Pretender is and which is King—
God bless my soul! that's quite another thing!

We are not now speaking of a state of actual war existing between two nations, in which either may have a right to avail itself of the assistance of rebels or Pretenders—but we view with the greatest alarm such aggressions as Lord Palmerston has made in the name of professed peace against Holland and Spain,—a precedent the effect of which we may, by and by, feel in Ireland, and which we might have felt, which for a season every one feared that we should have felt, and which many still fear that we may be made to feel, in Canada.

Any distinction which Lord Palmerston could pretend to draw from considering the *Spanish* Carlists as rebels is not only, as we have said, utterly untenable in law, but it is, in his mouth, a shameless inconsistency; for the intervention against *Holland* was on exactly the *contrary* principle, being in favour of insurgents, and against—not merely an ally, but—an ally to whom we had *guaranteed* (*assuré* is, we believe, the expression of the treaties) the possession of the very territory against the very power whom we assisted in conquering it.

But if amongst the legists of ancient Europe Lord Palmerston's distinction would meet little countenance, it would certainly have no effect at all with the United States who had established themselves by so recent an insurrection, supported by the intervention—justifiable in law however fatal in policy—on the part of old France in favour of *insurgents*. It is true that in the recent crisis in Canada the United States could not *under the laws of nations* have imitated the British precedent of 1701, or the French one of 1775, without

an open declaration of hostility of nation against nation, to be justified by such reasons or pretences as they might assign; but under the *Palmerston precedent* that Republic might have done us as much (if not more) mischief, without so much risk to herself, and probably—considering the British ministry with whom she has to deal—without any risk at all. Lord Palmerston was obliged to pass a bill to suspend the law both of England and of nations, and to enable this great country to interfere shabbily and *piratically* where she had no pretence for open intervention. Mr. Van Buren would not have had even that preliminary difficulty in his way; the law in his country was in a state that would have allowed of this surreptitious interference, and the temper of his countrymen on the frontier would have spared him all the trouble which the British government had to raise General Evans's legion. Fortunately—we believe for the interests of his own country as well as ours—Mr. Van Buren has not condescended to avail himself of this legal excuse, or this popular delusion. He, indeed, like Lord Palmerston, introduced a bill to alter the existing law; but it was in the precise contrary direction of the British legislator's—and the Van Buren law prohibits the very subterfuge which the Palmerston law created.* We acknowledge, with shame on our parts, but with sentiments of respectful approbation towards the American government, a course of conduct which, though in strict accordance with international law, is so very unlike the examples which this country has lately exhibited to astonished and disgusted Europe.

Our readers will see presently that these observations on the affairs of Holland, Spain, and Canada, are in principle intimately connected with the subject of the Texas controversy which we are about to introduce to their notice; and they afford a reasonable hope, nay, an expectation, that the policy of the American cabinet may be, in the important question which has grown up on their southern frontier, as wise, as just, and as deserving the approbation of mankind, as that which seems to have been so honourably attempted on their northern frontier.

The case is this.

Texas is a province of Mexico, which reaches from the *Sabine* River on the east to the *Rio de las Nueces* on the west, and from the Red River, one of the confluent of the Mississippi, on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and is stated, by some, to be *four times the size* of Virginia, and by other, *nine times* that of Kentucky (Channing, p. 25); but this must be an exaggeration. It is watered by a number of con-

* The account of the passing of this bill has not yet reached us, and we are sorry to observe that it had lingered in Congress; we look to its ultimate success with considerable anxiety, not so much on account of Canada, which is, we trust, safe, as on that of the character of the United States, and their government.

siderable rivers—navigable from 50 to 250 miles inland—which flow from an extensive plateau of elevated prairie, through a wide alluvial belt, down to the Gulf, along which its sea-board extends above 300 miles. The land-jobbers by whom the country is at present held as a matter of speculation, have published the most seductive accounts both of the soil and climate, and though these are probably somewhat exaggerated, it is undoubtedly a region of great capability, but it is almost in a state of nature, having been, till the very recent immigration from the United States (which has created the present question), very thinly inhabited by small and scattered tribes, whether Indians or Mexicans, which possessed neither the means nor the desire of cultivating the natural advantages of the soil. Our readers will see at once that a country thus inclosed on two sides by the United States, or by territories over which these States are gradually extending themselves—so inadequately peopled and yet affording such flattering prospects both to agricultural and commercial industry—our readers, we say, will see that a country so situated must be an object of great interest, not to say *temptation*, to even less enterprising neighbours than the back settlers of Kentucky or Tennessee.

Political circumstances came in aid of these natural and local affinities. It is unnecessary to bewilder our readers with the details of the countless insurrections and revolutions which have desolated, and still continue to desolate, Mexico from 1810 even to the present hour. For our present purpose it will be enough to say that in the year 1819—before the old Spanish authority had been entirely overthrown in Mexico—one Mr. Moses Austin, a man of enterprising character, after having failed in several minor speculations in the Old States, and lastly in Missouri, turned his thoughts to the colonization of the fruitful wilderness of Texas, and began a negociation with the authorities at Mexico for the grant of a suitable location. This Moses, in January, 1821, obtained permission for the introduction and settlement of 300 families, on certain conditions, rational in themselves and entirely satisfactory to all parties. But before any precise location had been fixed, the Patriarch died, leaving to his son, Stephen Fuller Austin, called successively *Colonel* and *General* Austin, the duty of accomplishing his design. The General set about his work with alacrity and, it seems, good sense. He examined the whole province, and finally fixed his colony on the banks of the Brazos, the greatest and most central river of the region. This colony appears, from the maps annexed to two of the works named at the head of this article, to be nearly a parallelogram of about 150 miles eastward and westward, and extending from the Gulf of Mexico inland about 200 miles. Mr. Austin seems to have been—at first, at least—a *bonâ fide* colonist: he proceeded to fulfil the conditions of his contract by importing and

settling some hundred families of immigrants from the United States, and has successively founded on the banks of the Brazos, first, *San Felipe de Austin*, the destined capital of his colony, about the centre of the grant, and subsequently *Washington*, about fifty miles higher up, and *Brazoria* lower down, about fifty or twenty miles from the sea. These two last foundations seem to have failed.

While this colony was advancing, Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke altogether, and after two or three revolutions assumed, in 1824, the form of a free republic, after the fashion of the United States, in which Texas, with the province of Coahuila (adjacent to it on the south-east), formed one of the *States*. In the constitutional act there is a provision (on which the Texans now rely) that the union with Coahuila is only *provisional*, until Texas should acquire sufficient population and strength to become a separate state, but, even admitting the fact, the meaning was not a *rate* and *independent* state, (which the Texans affect to be), but a distinct portion of the Mexican federation.

It is here proper to pause for a moment to contemplate what the condition of the Texas was when Austin began his colonization. In truth, it was an almost peopled wilderness; on the western frontier and in the neighbourhood of the town of St. Antonio de Bexar, the ancient seat of the provincial government, situated on one of the tributary streams of the boundary river, the *Nueces*, there existed a small Mexican population, not amounting in the whole to above 5000 souls; the rest of the country was visited rather than inhabited by several tribes of Indians.

The Carancahuas inhabited, formerly, the whole of the sea coast. They were reputed to be cannibals, and very ferocious. Hence, probably, the Spaniards were little disposed to invade them, or to visit the coast without a strong military escort. Hence also, it is not surprising that they acquired little knowledge of the coast; and thus they supplied the place of knowledge with tales of fictitious horrors.

The first settlers in this part of the country, General Austin, arrived in considerable force and were well armed. The Carancahuas were sufficiently manageable as long as the settlers remained in a body, and kept them only by begging, and stealing whatever they could find in their way. But when the settlers separated to explore the country for the purpose of selecting a suitable location, four of the number who were left with provisions and baggage to protect them, were killed by these Indians, and their goods carried off.

Thus hostilities commenced. The colonists, at first, were not strong enough to inflict the chastisement the Indians had provoked, being unaided by a single soldier from the government; and were compelled to submit to the insolence they could not resist. These vexations were endured for some years, when, at last, the number of the colonists being much increased, they mustered a party of sixty riflemen, to punish them for some murders they had committed. Gen

Austin commanded this expedition in person. The result was the slaughter of half the tribe. The remainder took refuge in the church of the Mexican Mission La Bahia. The priests were ordered to turn them out, on pain of having the sanctuary violated in case of refusal. But after much entreaty by the priests and the aid of a truce was granted them, on condition, that they should never again cross the La Baca river, the western boundary of the colony. The alcaldes and justices became surety for their good behaviour. This management they have faithfully kept.

Recently, the Mexicans have commenced killing the remnant of this tribe, for some robberies and murders committed by them. The survivors have crossed the La Baca, to the number of forty or fifty, to beg the protection of the colonists, offering to perform any kind of service or labour, in return for protection and food. The people on that frontier have, accordingly, distributed them amongst their families as servants.

Thus the shores and bays of this beautiful region, in which these fierce children of the woods once roamed, as the lion of the desert, have been transferred to other hands. From being the rightful proprietors of the domain, they have become the hewers of wood and drawers of water to their invaders.

There are remnants of several other tribes of Indians, the Waccos, Tawackannies, Caddos, Tankays, Lepans, &c., which still exist in Texas, but of little note to merit particular notice. They are never too few in number to be formidable, or so far civilized as to provide well for themselves without disturbing others.

The Cushatees are most worthy of notice. *They live in their villages on the Trinity River; their houses are all constructed, and their fields well cultivated. They have good stocks of horses and cattle, use culinary utensils, and are hospitable to strangers.* In autumn, when their crops are laid by, they range the country in small parties, to procure a winter's stock of venison and bear's fat, leaving their villages often without a single individual to protect them. They are few in number and quite friendly. When among the settlements, *they conduct themselves with great propriety, and know the difference between a wild hog and one that has a mark on its ear.*—*Texas*, pp. 158—161.

This, we beg our readers to observe, is extracted from the work which bears in its title page the name Mrs. Mary Austin Holley, and is evidently intended to give the most favourable prospect of the new country, and to induce the immigration of settlers from the United States. We must say, that colonization to be purchased by such injustice and cruelty as is practised towards these poor Indians, instead of being an honour to the American name, is an indelible disgrace; and we can wonder that in the eloquent exposure which Dr. Manning has made of the whole proceedings of his countrymen on Texas, this subject has not received a marked disapprobation;—particularly when we have evidence (both here and from other sources), that

judicious management and kindness, these poor people might be eventually civilized and restored to the rank and rights of human creatures:—but the pursuit of this question would carry us too far from our

present object, and we must return to the progress of the colonization.

Our readers need not be told what a spirit of speculation, particularly in land, exists in the United States, and they will not wonder that the tidings of Austin's grant excited amongst his roving countrymen a strong appetite for similar slices of the Texian territory. In the confusion and weakness in which the struggles of various factions involved the Mexican federation, it is not surprising that the occasional inroads and temporary settlements of the predatory intruders on so distant and unprofitable a province, should meet little resistance or even notice: but the usurpation soon assumed a more systematic and formidable appearance.

In the distraction and impotence of the general government, the provincial legislature of Coahuila and Texas assumed, contrary (as it is stated) to the general constitution of the federation, the sovereign power of granting away the unoccupied lands—that is to say, nearly the whole province; and they proceeded to exercise this usurped power in the most improvident manner, and as it seems, for the most illegal and fraudulent purposes. We find by the maps before mentioned, that nearly the whole surface of the country is covered by about seventeen or eighteen grants—larger than so many English counties—made to individuals. The local works before us afford no clue to the means by which these enormous grants were obtained; but the subsequent proceedings of the general government against the members of the provincial legislature tend to confirm the *a priori* natural opinion, that it was a *corrupt personal traffic*. One case only has been brought to light, and this disclosure has probably happened because the transaction was not with an individual, but with a *company*—but more of this presently. But these grants, originally unjustifiable, have been since practically abused, to a degree that would have invalidated them, even had their origin been legitimate. They were in form, at least, similar to that which the Mexican government had made to Moses Austin—that is, they were not of the absolute property, but of rights to be confirmed by occupancy—and not granted to individual settlers in detail, but were conceded to an undertaker or manager, technically called *Empresario*—on condition that he should introduce—within a stated time, and to a stipulated number—an immigrant population, adequate to the gradual colonization of the whole; to which was added, of course, the general proviso of obedience and allegiance to the constitution of Mexico.

It turns out that all these *Empresarios*—still so called, though they seem to have merged the duties of that character in the assumed rights of absolute possessors—are Americans of the United States, with

two exceptions—one an Italian, the other a native of Yucatan—who took an active part in the revolutionary struggles in Mexico, and being outlawed by the general government, found refuge and a principality in Texas. But it does not appear that any one single Texan, nor even any native of the adjoining provinces, has had any share in this wholesale and retail partition of their country. Nor have we the slightest clue as to the means by which ‘Cameron’—‘Beale’—‘McMullin’—‘McGloyne’—

‘And twenty more such names and men as these,’ obtained possessions larger than Yorkshire or Wales. But by whatever mysterious intrigues these matters were arranged, it soon became notorious that the whole speculation—subsequent to Austin’s first grant—was founded in fraud, and that an extensive system of land-jobbing was the immediate object of the parties.

‘It became a matter of greedy speculation; and it is a notorious fact, that many of the *empresarios*, forgetting the contingent character of their own rights to the soil, and the conditions upon which their future colonists were to receive allotments of land, proceeded at once to make out scrip, which has been sold in the United States to an incalculable amount. In addition to this, we are informed on the best authority, that the manufacture of land-titles, having no foundation whatever, has been carried on as a regular business. . . . It is not hazarding too much to say that millions have been expended in the Southern and South-western States. Texas, indeed, has been regarded as a prey for land-speculators within its own borders and in the United States. To show the scale on which this kind of plunder has been carried on, it may be stated, that the legislature of Coahuila and Texas, in open violation of the laws of Mexico, were induced by a company of land-speculators, never distinctly known, to grant them, in consideration of twenty thousand dollars [about 4000*l.*], the extent of *four hundred square leagues* of the public land. This transaction was disavowed, and the grant annulled, by the Mexican government, and led to the dispersion of the local legislature and the imprisonment of the governor, Viesca. And yet this unauthorized, and perhaps corrupt grant of public lands, formed the basis of new speculation and frauds. A new scrip was formed; and, according to the best information we have been able to obtain, four hundred leagues became, in the hands of speculators, as many thousands.’—*Channing*, pp. 11, 12.

The proceedings of the general government of Mexico to defeat these enormous frauds afforded the first excuse for the revolt of the Texan colonists; but as yet they thought it necessary to proceed with some caution and semblance of legality. Their first step was an attempt to get rid of the tie—slight as it was—which united them to Mexico by their union with Coahuila; and General Austin proceeded to the Congress of the Mexican Republic, to advocate the separation of these provinces, and the admission of Texas to the Mexican Congress as a separate State. This demand—the population of Texas being at the time of the insurrection no more than 20,000, of all races and colours, in-

cluding women and children (*Channing*, p. 9)—found it impossible to obtain; and he wrote his friends to inform them that he had failed in negotiation, and that Texas must therefore take the matter into its own hands and erect itself into a separate government. One of these letters came to the knowledge of the general government, and Austin was then on his way homeward, was arrested on charge of high treason for this attempt to dissolve the Republic. This occurred in October, 1834. While all these things were in progress, Mexico was suffering under a series of revolutions and a succession of ephemeral governments, and the states of Texas and Coahuila in addition to the general disorganization were distracted by local dissensions, revolts, and assassinations. In short, the whole region was in a state of complicated confusion and misery. In 1834 General Don Lopez de Santa Anna, who had for some time played a distinguished part in these disturbances on all sides in turns, but who latterly had been the champion of the liberal party, was raised to the presidency of the Mexican Federation; but was no sooner installed than he, naturally enough, repudiated the disorganizing principles by which he had risen to power, and endeavoured to form a strong and *central* government at the expense of the Federative system. This change from Federalism to *Centralism*, as Santa Anna’s system is now called, though effected under the sanction of the National Congress, was opposed by various of the Federalists, who formed two or three small armies—all of which, however, were defeated in a succession of victories obtained by Santa Anna over all his rivals. But the remote province of Texas and Texas still held out, and it was about this time that the provincial legislature made the extraordinary sale of the 400 square leagues of land, which alarmed the general government, but had distressed the colonists themselves—(*Texas*, p. 331)—who, we suppose, did not like to see a *company* brought into competition with their individual projects. A government force was therefore despatched against Coahuila which dissolved the legislature, and forced the governor to take refuge in Texas, which had now thrown off all obedience to the central authority. In August, September, 1835, Austin, who, after having been some time a close prisoner, had been latterly let out on parole to keep within the limits of the city of Mexico, was unconditionally released by Santa Anna, and sent with a conciliatory message to the Texan insurgents; but as might have been foreseen, this step only encouraged the revolt, which now assumed a general, and began to effect a national character. ‘Every voice’ of the Convention which Austin had assembled to hear Santa Anna’s overtures ‘was raised without hesitation in *war*.’ Austin himself was declared commander-in-chief, and on the 23d September, 1835, he set out for

own town of San Felipe de Austin to attack the of the state government, Bexar, at the head of the *an army*,¹ amounting to 700 men. 'The first blow a cause of liberty was struck on the 28th September at Gonzales—thence called the *Lexington* of us.' (Texas, p. 335.) It is not unimportant to observe that this formal declaration of independence this hostile movement took place a few days before final acceptance and promulgation of the new constitution called *Centralism*, against which the insurrection was professed to be mainly directed. The general government had previously sent an 'army' of 400 men (which here would be called battalions in Europe) to garrison the two fortified posts of Bexar and Goliad, to maintain order on the western border. The north and east were quite beyond any Mexican control. The force was easily defeated—Goliad was taken in October by a Texan force of fifty-two men, Bexar surrendered in December, and the Mexicans were driven out of Texas altogether.

These events obliged Santa Anna to bestir himself, and in February, 1836, he set out in person at the head of an army of 1000 men, to restore the Mexican authorities. On the 6th March he retook Bexar by assault, and the Texan garrison under Colonel Travers was all put to the sword, and amongst them the celebrated *Colonel Crockett*, the Kentucky adventurer, whom, I dare say, most of our readers have hitherto believed to be a fabulous personage.

After the capture of Bexar, Santa Anna advanced with a force of about 1500 men and one twelve-pounder to the river San Jacinto, on the western side of Austin's colony, where he met the Texan army under General Houston—(Austin himself had gone into the United States to endeavour to raise men and money.) Here on the 21st April was fought a decisive battle, in which Santa Anna was defeated and taken, and his army utterly destroyed. Santa Anna had run a long career of victory, and was a kind of Mexican Napoleon, but he found the Anglo-Americans made of much sterner stuff than those over whom he had been used to triumph. When we recollect, however, that he had, even by his enemy's account, only 1500 men and one gun, we could not feel much surprise that so small a body could be defeated by an *army*, which General Houston describes in the following manner:—

'At half-past three o'clock in the evening I ordered the officers of the Texan Army to parade their respective commands. . . . Our troops paraded with alacrity and spirit, and were anxious for the contest. . . . Our situation afforded me an opportunity of making the arrangements preparatory to the attack, without exposing our designs to the enemy. The *1st Regiment*, commanded by Colonel Burleson, was assigned the centre. The *2nd Regiment*, under the command of Colonel Sherman, formed the left wing of the Army. The *Artillery*, under the special command of Colonel George W. Herkley, inspector-general, was placed on the right

of the *1st regiment*; and *four companies of Infantry*, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Millard, sustained the Artillery upon the right. *Our cavalry*, commanded by Colonel Mirabau B. Lamar, placed on our extreme right, completed our line.'—*Texas*, pp. 358–9.

But, when stripped of General Houston's strategic verbiage, it turns out that the '*Artillery*' was two six-pounders—the '*Cavalry*' 61 men only, and the entire of the Infantry of all the enumerated companies and regiments only 700—all ranks included. Though we smile at the grandiloquence of the General, we cannot but admire the gallantry of the handful of Anglo-American adventurers who composed the Texan Army. This victory settled the question between Mexico and Texas—for two or three years at least; and the latter now boldly inscribes on her victorious banner the word 'INDEPENDENCE;' but that banner displays also the very significant bearings of 'an indefinite number of *stripes*, with, in the upper canton, a *single star*'—that single star evidently aspiring to be united with the *constellation* in the flag of the United States.*

In fact, the entire army which won the battle of the San Jacinto, and the whole people which call themselves Texans, are neither more nor less than Anglo-American adventurers, of whom a very few—namely, the original settlers on Austin's Colony—appear to us to have any even colourable settlement in Texas, or any pretence whatsoever to the name of Texans—much less any right to erect the country, which they have illegally occupied, into an independent state. This, which perhaps is already clear enough from the foregoing narrative, will be rendered unquestionable by two or three details. In the first place stands the fact that almost every one of the occupants of the territory of Texas are *Anglo-Americans*—there is not one native of the soil amongst them. In the next place, we cannot find in the lists of officers of the government, or of the army, nor in the ranks of the army, a single name which is not clearly Anglo-American. Thirdly, when Colonel Travers was besieged in Bexar, he issued a proclamation:—

'To the people in Texas, and *all Americans in the World*.
'*Fellow-citizens and compatriots!*—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat*: then I call on you, in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the *American* character, to come to our aid with all despatch.'
—*Texas*, p. 349.

And, finally, it appears that the army was composed not merely of regular settlers, but in a great proportion of volunteers from various parts of the United States,

* In the *American Almanack* for this year, the independent state of Texas is honoured with the same degree of detailed notice and in the same form as the States of the Union—in fact, on the face of this publication it looks, at first sight, as if the annexation had been already perpetrated.

nity recoils at the perpetration of such barbarous deeds as this. Such summary proceedings, dictated by rage and vengeance, cannot, on any ground, be either justified or excused.'—*Trip to the West*, pp. 346, 347.

Our readers will recognise in Mr. Parker's tirade, the spirit which dictated the false and furious complaints of the recent capture of the *Caroline*, at Navy Island. If these poor people were victims of treachery—it was the treachery of their own leaders—and if they will take arms and ammunition, and proceed to plunder unoffending parties, they must suffer the penalty—nor can there be any reasonable complaint against the proceedings as too summary:—they might, according to the law of nations, have been executed on the spot—instead of which they had a month to prepare for trial—a trial, against the fairness of which imputation is raised—and the interval between sentence and execution (if execution were to follow at all) is not unusually short. Can there be any doubt of the original design for which a steam-boat had been previously despatched!—can any one believe that such adventurers take arms from *curiosity*? and while we lament the fate of the offenders, we must not forget the thousands of innocent persons of all sexes and ages who would probably have perished if they had succeeded in storming the town.

We have dwelt on this case, not only because it shows the true character of the system by which Texas has been severed from Mexico, but because it affords a case so exactly similar in its principles to the attacks still threatened upon our Canadian frontier by Generals Vanrensselaer and Sutherland, and their followers, whose *curiosity* has induced them not only to accept arms offered to them, but to help themselves to depôts belonging to the Government of Washington.

But although the victory of San Jacinto has enabled Texas to achieve a present independence, it is clear, and to none clearer than to the Texan adventurers themselves, that the independent sovereignty of a state, the population of which does not—even now, and by the most partial accounts—exceed 65,000 persons of all ages and sexes, (*American Almanack*, 1838, p. 2,) must be very precarious;—and that all the interests created and so extensively spread over the United States by the land jobbers and speculators in Texan property cannot hold good, whether Mexican law resume its authority, or the lawless adventurers of Texas be left to scramble amongst themselves for territorial plunder. The whole, therefore, of 'the Texans' who have obtained the grants, and the great body in the United States who have speculated in them, are endeavouring to procure the admission of Texas into the Union, which would at once relieve them from all apprehension from the side of Mexico, and would legalise their now fraudulent possessions, by giving all au-

thority over the territory to the Washington legislature—that is, to themselves.

To this scheme, founded in robbery and prosecuted in fraud, the weightiest authorities in the Union are strongly and rationally opposed. Miss Martineau herself was taught to call 'the *stealing* of Texas the most *high-handed theft* of modern times,' (vol. i. p. 106.) Foremost in this respectable opposition is the high authority of Doctor Channing, who, in a letter to Mr. Clay, examines with critical justice, and refutes by unanswerable reasons, all the pretences under which the Texans justify their revolt from Mexico and solicit their reception into the Union—and he adds some most powerful considerations on the part of the United States themselves against the proposed annexation.

Doctor Channing is so considerable a name that we shall not feel ourselves obliged to follow the detail of facts or the reasonings by which he arrives at his conclusions. These facts and reasonings are irrefragable; but for the English reader it will be sufficient to quote the issues to which a judge so impartial and so intelligent brings the question in discussion.

Wherever there is a revolt the insurgents will, as a matter of course, allege grievances, and will conceal the designs of personal cupidity under an affected zeal for public rights and the liberties of their country. So have the Texans.

'But I ask you, Sir,' says Dr. Channing to Mr. Clay—

'I ask you, Sir, whether it is not your deliberate conviction, that Mexico, from the beginning of her connexion with the colonists, has been more sinned against than sinning? But allowing that the violent means used by Mexico for enforcing her authority, were less provoked than we believe them to have been, did not the Texans enter the country with a full knowledge of its condition? In swearing allegiance to such a state, did they not consent to take their chance of the evils, through which it must have been expected to pass in its way to firm and free institutions? Some of the grounds on which the Texans justify their conflict for independence are so glaringly deficient in truth and reason, that it is hard to avoid suspicion of every defence set up for their revolt.'—*Channing*, p. 7.

These minor grievances he easily refutes, and then proceeds to examine the grand grievance of *centralism*—which, although it did not occur for a long period subsequent to the original disturbance, and was not finally settled till after the revolt had actually broken out, is now dwelt upon as the main justification of that revolt:—

'One of the greatest grievances in the eyes of Texas, was the change of the Mexican government from a federal to a central or consolidated form. But this change, however violently brought about, was ratified by the national congress according to the rules prescribed by the constitution, and was sanctioned by the Mexican people. The decree of congress introducing this "reform" of the national institutions declares the system

of government "republican, popular, and representative," and provides all the organs by which such a government is characterized. What also deserves our consideration in estimating this measure is, that the whole history of Mexico has proved the necessity of substituting a central for a federal government. Liberty and order can be reconciled and preserved in that country by no process but by the introduction of more simple and efficient institutions. And yet the Texans, a handful of strangers, (at the breaking out of the insurrection about twenty thousand, including men, women, and children,) raised the standard of revolt, because the government was changed by a nation of nine millions without their consent.'—*Channing*, pp. 7, 8.

Having considered the alleged grievances of the Texans, he proceeds to explain 'the real and great causes of the revolt:—

"These are matters of notoriety, so as to need no minute exposition. The first great cause was the unbounded, unprincipled spirit of land speculation, which so tempting a prize as Texas easily kindled in multitudes in the United States, where this mode of gambling is too common a vice. Large grants of land in Texas were originally made to individuals, chiefly citizens of our country, who, in many cases, transferred their claims to joint-stock companies in some of our cities.'—*Channing*, p. 10.

Then follows the story we have already given of the grants to the *Empresarios*, to which Dr. Channing adds:—

"In consequence of these lawless proceedings, great numbers in this country and Texas have nominal titles to land, which can only be substantiated by setting aside the authority of the general congress of Mexico, and are, of consequence, directly and strongly interested in severing this province from the Mexican confederacy. Texan independence can alone legalise the mighty frauds of the land speculator. Texas must be wrested from the country to which she owes allegiance that her soil may pass into the hands of cheating and cheated foreigners. We have here one explanation of the zeal with which the Texan cause was embraced in the United States. From this country the great impulse has been given to the Texan revolution; and a principal motive has been the unappeasable hunger for Texan land. An interest in that soil, whether real or fictitious, has been spread over our country. Thus "the generous zeal for freedom," which has stirred and armed so many of our citizens to fight for Texas, turns out to be a passion for unrighteous spoil.'—*Channing*, p. 12.

This *was*, in fact, the first and sole object; but out of it has grown a subsidiary matter of still greater and more extensive importance—one which affects not Texas singly, but the United States—and not the United States alone, but the European powers, and eventually mankind:—

'I proceed to another cause of the revolt; and this was, the resolution to throw Texas open to slaveholders and slaves. Mexico, at the moment of throwing off the Spanish yoke, gave a noble testimony of her loyalty to free principles, by decreeing, "that no person thereafter should be born a slave, or introduced as such into the Mexican States; that all slaves then held should receive stipulated wages, and be subject to no punish-

ment but on trial and judgement by the magistrates. The subsequent acts of the government carried out these constitutional provisions. It is matter of grief and humiliation, that the emigrants from the country, whilst boasting of superior civilization, refused to second this honourable policy, intended to limit to one of the greatest social evils. . . .

'This settled, invincible purpose of Mexico to exclude slavery from her limits, created as strong a motive to annihilate her authority in Texas. By the prohibition Texas was virtually shut against immigration from the Southern and Western portions of this country; and it is well known that the eyes of the East and West had for some time been turned to Texas, as a new market for slaves, as a new field for slave labour, and as a vast accession of political power to the slaveholding states. That such views were prevalent we know; for, nefarious as they are, they found their way into the public prints. The prospect of dismembering a neighbouring republic that slaveholders and slaves might overspread a region that had been consecrated to a free population, was discussed in newspapers as coolly as if it were a matter of obvious right and unquestionable humanity. A powerful interest was thus created for severing Mexico her distant province. We have here a powerful incitement to the Texan revolt, and another explanation of the eagerness with which men and money were thrown from the United States into that region to support on the war of revolution.'—*Channing*, pp. 12, 13.

In a subsequent part of his letter Dr. Channing turns to this subject, and shows, by a variety of facts and arguments, that the annexation of Texas would tend and perpetuate slavery, and that this is one of the main sources of support that the proposition has in the Southern States:—

'As far back as the year 1829, the annexation of Texas was agitated in the Southern and Western States, and it was urged on the ground of the strength and extension it would give to the slaveholding interest. A series of essays, ascribed to a gentleman, an orator in Congress, it was maintained, that the slaveholding States would by this measure be strengthened in the Union; and he even intimated that as many States as large as Kentucky might be formed within the limits of Texas. In Virginia, about the same time, speculations were made as to the increased value of land which would thus be given to slaves, and it was even said that this acquisition would raise the price fifty per cent. The language on this subject is most explicit. One of the great arguments for annexing Texas is, that it would strengthen "the peculiar institutions" of the Southern States, and open a new and vast field for slavery.

'By this act, slavery will be perpetuated in the old States as well as spread over new. It is well known, that the soil of some of the old States has become exhausted by slave cultivation. . . . They now adhere to slavery not on account of the wealth which it extracts from the soil, but because it furnishes men and women to be sold in newly settled and more southern districts. It is by slave-breeding and slave-selling that these States subsist. . . . By annexing Texas, we shall not only create it where it does not exist, but breathe new life into it where its end seemed to be near. . . . Nor is the worst told; we shall not only quicken the domestic slave-trade, we shall give a new impulse

foreign. This, indeed, we have pronounced in our laws to be felony; but we make our laws cobwebs, when we offer to rapacious men strong motives for their violation. Open a market for slaves in an unsettled country, with a sweep of sea-coast, and at such a distance from the seat of government that laws may be evaded with impunity, and how can you exclude slaves from Africa?—*Channing*, pp. 25, 26.

But this moral turpitude is not all. The annexation of Texas would be, Dr. Channing shows, a great political crime, and a great political danger—one which will not only shake the internal constitution of the Union, but cannot fail to involve it in discussions and hostilities with the powers of both continents. This is urged with great force, in many such passages as the following:—

‘I now proceed to a very solemn consideration, namely, that by this act, our country will enter on a career of encroachment, war, and crime, and will merit and incur the punishment and woe of aggravated wrongdoing. The seizure of Texas will not stand alone. It will darken our future history. It will be linked by an iron necessity to long-continued deeds of rapine and blood. Ages may not see the catastrophe of the tragedy, the first scene of which we are so ready to enact. . . . We are a restless people, prone to encroachment, impatient of the ordinary laws of progress, less anxious to consolidate and to perfect than to extend our institutions, more ambitious of spreading ourselves over wide space than of diffusing beauty and fruitfulness over a narrower field. We boast of our rapid growth, forgetting that, throughout nature, noble growths are slow. . . . Texas is a country conquered by our citizens; and the annexation of it to our Union will be the beginning of conquests, which, unless arrested and eaten back by a just and kind Providence, will stop only at the Isthmus of Darien. Henceforth, we must cease to cry, peace, peace. Our Eagle will whet, not gorge, its appetite on its first victim; and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood, in every new region which opens southward. To annex Texas is to declare perpetual war with Mexico.’—*Channing*, p. 16—18.

In pursuing this part of the subject, Dr. Channing is led to consider the interest which England ought to take in this system of territorial aggrandisement:—

‘First, England has a moral interest in this question. The annexation of Texas is sought by us for the very purpose of extending slavery, and thus will necessarily give new life and extension to the slave-trade. A new and vast market for slaves cannot, of course, be opened, without inviting and obtaining a supply from abroad, as well as from this country. The most solemn treaties, and ships of war lining the African coast, do not and cannot suppress this infernal traffic, as long as the slaver, freighted with stolen, chained, and wretched captives, can obtain a price proportioned to the peril of the undertaking. Now England has long made it a part of her foreign policy to suppress the slave-trade; and, of late, a strong public feeling impels the government to resist, as far as may be, the extension of slavery. Can we expect her to be a passive spectator of a measure, by which her struggles for years in the cause of humanity, and some of her strongest national feelings, are to be withstood?

‘But England has a political as well as moral interest in this question. By the annexation of Texas we shall approach her liberated colonies; we shall build up a power in her neighbourhood, to which no limits can be prescribed. By adding Texas to our acquisition of Florida, we shall do much toward girdling the Gulf of Mexico; and I doubt not, that some of our politicians will feel as if our *mastery in that sea were sure*. The West Indian Archipelago, in which the European is regarded as an intruder, will, of course, be embraced in our ever-growing scheme of empire. In truth, collision with the West Indies will be the most certain effect of the extension of our power in that quarter.

‘Can England view our encroachments without alarm? I know it is thought that, staggering, as she does, under her enormous debt, she will be slow to engage in war. But other nations of Europe have islands in the same neighbourhood, to induce them to make common cause with her. Other nations look with jealousy on our peculiar institutions and our growing maritime power. Other nations are unwilling that we should engross or control the whole commerce of the Mexican Gulf. We ought to remember, that this jealousy is sanctioned by our own example. It is understood, that, at one period of the internal disorders of Spain, which rendered all her foreign possessions insecure, we sought from France and Great Britain assurances that they would not possess themselves of Cuba. Still more, after the revolt of her colonies from Spain, and after our recognition of their independence, it was announced to the nations of Europe, in the message of the President, that we should regard as hostile any interference, on their part, with these new governments, “for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling their destiny in any other way.”’—*Channing*, pp. 21—23.

This is honest and enlightened—the language of a patriot and a statesman, and we receive with satisfaction these acknowledgments of the extension and acceptance, in the United States, of those great principles of international law, by which alone the rights and independence of nations can be guaranteed; and which must, in process of events, become as important and valuable to the States of America as they are to the people of the Old World. But Dr. Channing brings the matter still more home to our individual interest:—

‘I, of course, have no communication with foreign cabinets; but I cannot doubt that Great Britain has remonstrated against the annexation of Texas to this country. *An English minister would be unworthy of his office*, who should see another state greedily swallowing up territories in the neighbourhood of British colonies, and not strive, by all just means, to avert the danger.’—*Channing*, p. 23.

We are no more in the secrets of Cabinets than Dr. Channing—but ill as we think of all that we have ever seen of Lord Palmerston’s administration of our foreign affairs—ignorant as he seems to be of the laws of nations—blind as he surely is to the fatal tendency of his precedents—and indifferent as he appears to every consideration beyond the conservation of his seat in Downing Street by countenancing the revolutionary movement at home and abroad—we yet think it impossible that he should have waited for the suggestion of Dr.

Channing as to the course which 'a British minister, who was not *unworthy of his office*,' must have taken towards strengthening, by amicable representations, the reluctance of the Cabinet at Washington to be drawn or driven into this torrent of piratical acquisition, which, in the opinion of the best-informed Americans themselves, would whirl all parties down the Niagara of interminable hostilities.

Nor is this a mere metaphor.

Important as the question is—as Dr. Channing states it—to our West Indian possessions, and to the existing balance of power in those regions of the world, it becomes infinitely more so in relation to Canada and New Brunswick. Even Lord Palmerston must, we suppose, be aware of what has been going on for nearly a dozen years past in Texas, and if so, we cannot imagine that he should not have seen in the whole of those proceedings a precedent pregnant with danger to our own frontier. Such encroachments on the Mexican provinces—if sanctioned, or even connived at, by the Government—would afford not merely a precedent, but an inducement to similar attempts on the British Colonies; and, in fact, we have seen that one of these expeditions to Texas did, on the way to its avowed destination, make a parenthetical piracy on one of our own islands.

We do not find in the works before us any clear indication of the opinions of the American Government on this important subject. The earnestness with which Dr. Channing has thought it necessary to oppose the annexation of Texas would lead to an apprehension that the Cabinet of Washington was secretly favourable to this usurpation. Some years ago (about eight or ten), during the mission of Mr. Poinsett, the interference of the American Government in the affairs of Mexico was very active. It is certain that a loan of twelve millions of dollars was proposed to the Mexican Government on the security, as it was reported at the time, of the provinces of Texas and Coahuila. And even the sale of the province of Texas was generally believed to have been in contemplation; and to this Dr. Channing seems to allude with strong disapprobation; but, on the other hand, the conduct of the American Government with regard to Canada appears to be a public and honourable indication of its *disposition*, whatever may be its *power*, to respect the rights of its neighbours, and to repress the irregularities of the lawless spirit of its frontier—a duty which, we agree with Dr. Channing, is as essential to the real interests of the United States themselves as those of their neighbours.

These hopes are confirmed by another view of the subject which we should not, on our imperfect information, have ventured to take, but which is opened by Dr. Channing with a force and gravity which will startle our readers. In the opinion of this able and patriotic writer, the question of Texas involves the

very *existence of the Union*! That the principle, greedy, unjust, and indefinite territorial aggrandisement would *eventually* lead to the dissolution of the Federation is clear enough to any thinking man, but we are not prepared to find it contemplated by our American patriot as so early a possibility.

'I now proceed to another important argument against the annexation of Texas to our country, the argument drawn from the bearings of the measure on our National Union. Next to liberty, union is our great political interest, and this cannot be loosened—it may be *solved*—by the proposed extension of our territory. The objection to the annexation of Texas, drawn from the unwieldiness it would give to the Union, though very serious, is not decisive. A far more serious objection is, that it is to be annexed to the avowed purpose of multiplying slaveholding States, and thus giving political power. This cannot be borne. It will justify, *it will at length justify, the separation of the States*.'—Channing p. 34.

'To me it seems not only the right, but the duty of the free States, in case of the annexation of Texas, to say to the slave holding States, "*We regard this as the dissolution of the Union*." The essential conditions of the national compact are violated. To you we will faithfully adhere, but will not join ourselves to this and iniquitous acquisition. We will not become partners in your wars with Mexico and Europe. We will not support schemes of spreading and perpetuating slavery, or hopes of conquest, in your unrighteous spoils. No one prizes the Union more than myself, as the basis of peace. But, with Texas, we shall have no peace. Texas, brought into the confederacy, will bring domestic and foreign strife. It will change our relations to other countries, and to one another. A more division in the first instance seems to me to threaten less contention than a lingering, feverish dissolution of the Union, such as must be expected under this innovation.'—*ib.* p. 38.

Such a prophecy from the mouth of a transient stranger, or even of a native excited by party passions, would appear very serious; but it is surely an unexpected warning from the lips of a citizen possessing the high talents and still higher moral character of Dr. Channing. And it is still more so when taken in conjunction with what follows:—

'I have said that we shall expose our freedom to great peril by entering a new career of crime. We are corrupt enough already. In one respect, *our institutions have disappointed us all*. They have not wrought for us that elevation of character, which is the most precious, and, in truth, the only substantial blessing of liberty. Our progress in prosperity has indeed been the wonder of the world; but this prosperity has done much to counteract the ennobling influence of free institutions. The peculiar circumstances of the country and of our times have poured in upon us a torrent of wealth; and human nature has not been strong enough for the assault of such severe temptation. Prosperity has become dearer than freedom. Government is regarded more as a means of enriching the country than of securing private rights. We have become wedded to gain, as our chief good. That, under the predominance of this *degrading passion*, the higher virtues of moral independence; the simplicity of manners, the

ghtness, the self-reverence, the respect for man as such, which are the ornaments and safeguards of a republic, should wither, and give place to selfish calculation and indulgence, to show an extravagance, to jealous, envious, discontented strivings, to wild adventure, and to the gambling spirit of speculation, will surprise no one who has studied human nature. The passion of Texas by our citizens is a mournful comment on our national morality. Whether without some great trial; some signal prostration of our prosperity, we can rise to the force and self-denial of freemen, is a question not easily solved.

There are other alarming views. *A spirit of lawlessness pervades the community, which, if not repressed, threatens the dissolution of our present forms of society. Even in the old States, mobs are taking the government into their hands, and a profligate newspaper finds little difficulty in stirring up multitudes to violence. When we look at the parts of the country nearest Texas, we find the arm of the law paralysed by the passions of the individual. Men take under their own protection the rights which it is the very office of government to secure. The citizen, wearing arms as means of defence, carries with him perpetual proofs of the weakness of the authorities under which he lives. The substitution of self-constituted tribunals for the regular course of justice, and the infliction of immediate punishment in the moment of popular phrensy, are symptoms of a people half redeemed from barbarism. I know not that any civilized country on earth has exhibited, during the last year, a spectacle so atrocious as the burning of a coloured man to a slow fire, in the neighbourhood of St. Louis! and an infernal sacrifice was offered not by a few fiends selected from the whole country, but by a crowd gathered from a single spot. Add to all this, the invasions of the rights of speech and of the press by lawlessness, the extent and toleration of which oblige us to believe that a considerable portion of our citizens have no apprehension of the first principles of liberty.*

It is an undeniable fact, that, in consequence of these and other symptoms, the confidence of many reflecting men in our free institutions is very much impaired. Some pair. That main pillar of public liberty, mutual trust among citizens, is shaken. *That we must seek security for property and life in a stronger government, is a reading conviction. Men, who in public talk of the stability of our institutions, whisper their doubts (perhaps their scorn) in private.*—*ib.* pp. 40, 41.

These most important views of the futurity of his country, Dr. Channing further elucidates and enforces the following eloquent passages—which we quote, and upon which we shall offer something like a commentary, because they appear to us to open the—at this moment—most important, moral and political, question that can be offered to the consideration of either the old world or the new—the probable fitness of republican institutions to protect, to cultivate, and to advance the general and individual happiness of mankind:—

I may be thought inclined to draw a dark picture of the moral condition. But at home I am set down among those who hope against hope; and I have never used to condemn as a crime the despondence of those who, lamenting the corruptions of the times, do not linger to withstand it. I am far, very far from despair. I have no fears but such as belong to a friend of free-

dom. Among dark omens I see favourable influences, remedial processes, counteracting agencies. I well know that the vicious part of our system makes more noise and show than the sound. I know that the prophets of ruin to our institutions are to be found most frequently in the party out of power, and that many dark auguries must be set down to the account of disappointment and irritation. I am sure, too, that imminent peril would wake up the spirit of our fathers in many who slumber in these days of ease and security. It is also true, that, with all our defects, there is a wider diffusion of intelligence, moral restraint, and self-respect among us, than through any other community. Still, I am compelled to acknowledge an extent of corruption among us, which menaces freedom and our dearest interests: and a policy, which will give new and enduring impulse to corruption, which will multiply indefinitely public and private crime, ought to be reprobated as the sorest calamity we can incur.

‘That the cause of *republicanism* is suffering abroad, through the defects and crimes of our countrymen, is as true as that it is regarded with increased scepticism among ourselves. Abroad, republicanism is identified with the United States, and it is certain that the *American name* has not risen of late in the world.’—*Channing*, p. 42.

This view of the actual influence of the example of the United States is contrasted with the following beautiful and lofty conception of what it might and ought to be:—

‘I have alluded to the want of wisdom with which we are accustomed to speak of our destiny as a people. We are *destined* (that is the word) to overspread North America; and, intoxicated with the idea, it matters little to us how we accomplish our fate. To spread, to supplant others, to cover a boundless space, this seems our ambition, no matter what influence we spread with us. Why cannot we rise to nobler conceptions of our destiny? Why do we not feel that our work as a nation is, to carry freedom, religion, science, and a nobler form of human nature over this continent; and why do we not remember that to diffuse these blessings we must first cherish them in our own borders; and that whatever deeply and permanently corrupts us, will make our spreading influence a curse, not a blessing, to this new world? It is a common idea in Europe, that we are destined to spread an inferior civilization over North America; that our slavery and our absorption in gain and outward interests mark us out as fated to fall behind the old world in the higher improvements of human nature, in the philosophy, the refinements, the enthusiasm of literature and the arts, which throw a lustre round other countries. I am not prophet enough to read our fate. I believe, indeed, that we are to make our futurity for ourselves. I believe that a nation’s destiny lies in its character, in the principles which govern its policy and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens. I take my stand on God’s moral and eternal law. A nation, renouncing and defying this, cannot be free, cannot be great.’—*Channing*, p. 44.

This from the mouth of a learned and able republican affords, our readers will perceive, no flattering picture of the present state of political society in the United States, nor any very confident hopes of its duration. ‘A tree shall be known by its fruits,’ and a government must be, in some degree at least, judged by the man-

ners it creates. We are well aware that the revolutionary party in Europe have pushed this proposition to an untenable extent, by attempting to make the ancient and established governments responsible, not merely for the abuses which may have grown up, but for the natural follies and vices of mankind; and we agree with the philosophic poet—

'How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!'

This—as it regards manners and social and political relations—is peculiarly true of the old European countries, where the forms of government have grown out of a *pre-existing* state of society, and have only followed—not created—the national temper and character. But in a new country, where the political constitution *precedes* the social combination, where—as in a kind of Utopia—men are born and societies created to bear an allotted share in *pre-ordained* institutions, it is clear that those institutions must have a predominant influence on the nascent society. They are the education of the infant people!

None of the human race, we confidently believe, possess higher natural qualities than what Dr. Channing calls the Anglo-Saxon American. In physical advantages, they are above the average of mankind and not inferior to their progenitors; their courage is equal to the highest, and their talents are great, varied, and vigorous. If, then, as Dr. Channing seems to concede, they have attained only 'an inferior civilization,'—if they 'fall behind the old world in the higher improvements of human nature,'—we cannot hesitate to pronounce, that this inferiority must be mainly attributable to the institutions under which their great natural advantages are cramped, or rather, we should say, warped and distorted into those defects which have, of late, 'lowered the American name in the world.'

We confess that we look with still greater apprehension than Dr. Channing *expresses* to the spread of this inferior civilization—these corrupted manners—these distorted energies over the vast continent, which we do think the Anglo-Saxon race, with its coloured progeny, is (*pace Doctoris*) 'destined' to colonize; and we shall not, therefore, affect to deny that we should—for the sake of this growing world—hail with satisfaction any circumstances that should induce the American people to a revision of all, and a re-construction of some, of those institutions which we believe in our conscience to be unfavourable to the developement of all the best parts of the American character, and to be the main cause of all the graver defects with which they are reproached, by either the judicious criticism of foreigners, or the enlightened candour of their own countrymen.

Let us not be misunderstood: we heartily rejoice in the advance of the Anglo-American people in wealth

and power. They are our brothers, our social cousins—and our being permanently divided by interests, or even occasionally alienated by personal antipathies, does not alter the great fact that we are the same family, that we speak the same tongue, read the same books, and acknowledge as the basis of our society the same general principles of civil and religious liberty. But we desire that their advance in wealth and power should be accompanied by a corresponding growth of general civilization—of moral and political principles—and of an honest and honourable spirit of international policy;—in all which points it is acknowledged by themselves that they are gradually 'falling behind the rest of the world.' It is not for us to attempt the introduction of the monarchical or aristocratic system into America, nor indeed of any other *dry* system—though we believe that some form of monarchy will be found, in the long run, to be the best protection for the liberties and happiness of the human race; but what we more immediately deplore is the growth of a fraternal and not a rival spirit, is the growth of an extreme and *unmixed* democracy, which checks civilization, defeats law and justice, corrupts and brutalizes the national feeling, and tends immediately to aggression and robbery, and eventually to barbarism and anarchy.

We admit, for we are anxious to conduct this important discussion in the fairest manner—we admit, that if, what is now generally called a democracy—that is an unmixed democracy, has any chance of political and permanent success, it is in the United States of America. They have no adverse antecedents; democracy has there no prejudices to overcome, no precedents to overrule, no habits, no manners, no institutions to contend with. They have no *anti-popular* authority to pull down; they have no traditional aristocracy to restore; they are, as Dr. Channing says, 'native and endued unto that element.' We find in England a phrase which strongly expresses the feeling which institutions take of an old and long settled country, when we talk emphatically of the 'law of the land.' The law of the land is a title of such authority amongst us, that it is, as we may say, sanctified in *Magna Charta*, and our habit of respect for it, though sadly weakened by modern theorists, is still our best human hope against revolutionary innovation; but universal suffrage—popular election to *all* offices in the State—the absence of the right of primogeniture—the distribution of property by *gavel*, and a system of not merely legal but of moral equality, are, in the United States, the laws of a country which has never known any other, and which—far from any intrinsic merits they may or may not possess—possess the general approbation, not to say admiration of a people who have grown up under them, and whom we believe, justly or erroneously, that to them is mainly

the unexampled—the enormous strides that they made in prosperity at home and power abroad. American democracy is therefore an indigenous growth, in a favouring climate and in a congenial soil.

But besides these and other moral considerations, there are some *material* causes which render the democratic institutions of America peculiarly congenial to its condition and its wants. The inexhaustible energy which the back settlements afford for individual enterprise serves to drain off—not merely harmlessly, but beneficially—all the exuberant and irregular spirit, personal ambition and insubordination—the feuds, factions, and the party struggles which have been the essential and characteristic dangers of all the democracies which the world has yet seen. *Eò ex finibus populis, turba omnis sine discrimine, liber animus esset, avida novarum rerum perfugit; idque principium ad ceptam magnitudinem roboris fuit.* These back settlements are the great *safety-valve* of the American republic. Had the Alleghanies been impassable, we do not believe that it would have lasted even to this day.

And, moreover, the force of the valve seems providentially graduated to insure the most beneficial action. There is enough of risk and difficulty in the life of the emigrants to keep at home all those who, either by temper or by property, are satisfied with their lot and position; in short, the conservative portions of the population: while, on the other hand, there is nothing deterrent, but, on the contrary, enough to allure those bold and enterprising spirits, whose energies would be dangerous in a more limited and densely cultivated country.

This facility and habit of emigration affords, also, a way to a probably distant period continue to afford, a complete and admirable preventive remedy against that heaviest scourge of European societies, and that most awful danger of European governments, *able-bodied Pauperism*. This is the greatest, and perhaps the only substantial *moral* benefit that the state of American society receives from the western wilderness; but it is not an advantage which depends altogether on the form of government, and it is accompanied by many drawbacks, both moral and political—such as the encouragement of unsettled, wandering, and, eventually, lawless habits; the spread of inferior civilization; the retrocession of mankind to primitive barbarism, and the stimulation of a dishonest and predatory spirit. But whichever way the balance of advantage in this matter may incline, we must further admit that the great democratic principle—the paramount rights of *individual* man—is in every respect best fitted for the colonization of western America. Such a wilderness can only be planted with any profit by individual and unrestricted energies, which no government could direct—under local circumstances

which no government could reach. The settler must depend on himself alone, under circumstances where no other elements of colonization are to be found—

‘Than man and steel—the *woodman* and the *axe*!’

Such a state of existence—we can hardly call it society—if to be maintained in its proper efficiency, is evidently beyond the pale of monarchical or aristocratical government, or indeed of any government at all; and if this were not *a priori* clear, it would be made so by comparing the success of American enterprise with that of any other system of colonization with which we are acquainted.

Such appear to us to be the chief causes of the success of the republican institutions in the United States—causes which, of course, cannot exist in any European country, and without a combination of which, no democratic republic of any extent or international importance could, we are convinced, exist ten years.

But when we come to trace these causes to their essential principles, and bring the result into combination with other unquestionable facts of human history, and other irrepressible tendencies of human nature, we see strong reason to suspect that America herself, with all the advantages for the experiment which we have fairly stated, is ‘*destined*’ also to afford another proof that such a democracy is not long reconcilable with great national power and a high state of moral civilization.

First, we think we might almost venture to assert that no pure democracy has ever existed for any length of time in any country ancient or modern. The democracy of Athens, the simplest we read of, was periodically interrupted by the intervention of *Tyrants* (we use the word technically), or eminent persons who emerged out of various degrees of anarchy to a *tyrannical* influence; and these were the days of its power and its glory. All the other republics of ancient or modern times found their principle of vitality and permanence in a large mixture of oligarchy, which always constituted the permanent governing power, to which the action of the democracy was auxiliary, and formal rather than substantial.

In the next place, all those republics were limited to a comparatively narrow territory, and were compressed, and therefore supported, by powerful neighbours. This is obvious in the cases of all the Grecian and all the modern European republics. That of Rome seems to offer an exception—but it, in truth, does not. The Roman republic was an oligarchy, and the government was so essentially *patrician*, that it has bequeathed its name to the highest forms of modern aristocracy. Though the Roman arms covered the world, the Roman republic existed only in the heart of Italy, and in the few towns admitted (*exceptio probans regulam*) to the rights of citizenship; all the rest was military domination; and Gaul, Iberia, and Hel-

vetia were no more republican under Marius or Pompey, than France, Spain, Italy, or Switzerland were under Bonaparte. Small republics are possible, because their powerful neighbours guarantee them alike from foreign aggression and from their own internal factions; but a large republic must, we think, inevitably break up into separate states, or maintain its integrity by subsiding into some form of despotism. There can be no alternative.

If this, or any thing like this, be true of a single state derived from one origin, under one climate and having a singularity of interests, how much more so must it be with regard to a number of states, each as large as a European kingdom, spread over more climates than Europe occupies, and divided therefore into that endless variety of material interests, arising from such extensive territories and such various natural wants and capacities! We can no more confide in the duration of an unity of interests, feelings, and government in Massachusetts and Louisiana, than in the declarations of Louis XIV., or Napoleon, that there were no longer Pyrenees!

The system of *Federation* has, it must be admitted, one advantage, which tends to delay or avert a crisis of the nature we are now contemplating. As in the celebrated process of taming elephants, a refractory state may find itself between two sober and peaceable neighbours, who will speedily reduce it to obedience to the general will: but, as mankind are not so docile as elephants, it may be doubted how long such a process would preserve national harmony.

It is also certain that there would be in the United States a strong reluctance to give the institutions of the old country such a *triumph* as they imagine we should feel at the failure of their great experiment; but a feeling arising out of mere *temper* cannot have very durable effects, and America will by and by come to understand that if we wish for any change in their institutions, it is not from a spirit of party, but because we think it will ultimately conduce to their general prosperity, in which, if for no higher motive than that they are our *best customer*—we must feel a sincere and almost a personal interest.

We, therefore, on a balance of all the premises, incline to the conclusion that, whenever the elder American States become really and substantially condensed in population, property, and civilization, then individual interests will grow into irreconcilable rivalries, and that the preservation of peace amongst them will require *permanent governments*, still responsible, no doubt, to the substantial good sense—but strong enough to resist the occasional impulses of—their diversified people. Of this tendency to disunion we have already seen some notable indications: first, doubtfully, during the late war with England; latterly, more strongly, in the *Nullification* controversy; and

now, still more seriously, in the opinions of grave and so patriotic as Dr. Channing, on the question of the Texas.

We concur, as our readers have seen, in all that Channing says of the danger to the Union from spirit of territorial aggrandizement, which indulged cannot, we agree with him, be stopped at the Icy sea, the Pacific, and the Isthmus—a war which would involve wide-spread foreign wars—whether such wars should be successful or the very—inevitable internal dissension and ultimate ruin.

But the more immediate danger, we also agree with Dr. Channing, arises from the Slavery question. We can add nothing—comparatively uninformed and prejudiced as to a certain degree we may be supposed to be—which could be of any importance to the testimony of Doctor Channing. There is, however, one circumstance which he has overlooked, which seems to us to deprive the Slavery question of what of its vital, or at least of its instant importance. We are informed that the growth of manufactures, particularly of the cotton manufactures in the Southern States, has had a tendency to reconcile these States to the system of slavery in the South. The cotton grown by slave labour in Louisiana employs the operatives of Massachusetts, and the manufactured goods of Massachusetts return to clothe the slave population of the South; and thus, by a cycle of commerce, the Northern and Eastern States begin to feel that there is some *material* compensation for the magnitude of the system of slavery.

We do not pretend to be able to guess how the feeling may go towards *retarding* the expansion between the antagonist principles of free labour, but we have thought it but fair to notice this ingredient in the discussion which, though it has not been, that we know of, publicly noticed, is, if we are rightly informed, already plainly visible and to a slight degree effective.

There is another most important, though but little observed, consideration, applicable to the whole of the subject, which has grown out of the system, but is now assuming a formidable aspect of its own: we mean the condition and the growth of the *free people of colour*. An English reader can hardly form an idea of the feelings of inveterate and irreconcilable antipathy with which the pure whites look upon a mixture of black blood: contact with any of the *coloured* of colour is contamination—connexion would be fatal. They despise, or, at least, hate them worse than the absolute Negro slave—because they seem to approach them more nearly—because, as they would say, 'they imitate humanity so abominably.' Yet this *tabooed* race, these *exiles at home*, possess physical and moral qualities already little inferior to those who

n upon them, and are rapidly growing in number, wealth, and—in spite of the contempt of their white ins—in respectability. If we read aright the various accounts, both of travellers and natives, the prospect of amalgamation, or even of conciliation, between these consanguineous races seems indefinitely distant, and we are inclined to suspect that slavery is hardly a more awful question to society in the United States, than the condition of the free citizens of colour. These people, it may be added, meet no inveterate prejudices in Canada; and this is another fact which may have important consequences on the destiny of the West.

Miss Martineau is the only writer we recollect, foreign or native, who discards absolutely all idea of the future dissolution of the federation as a mere vision alleged by those only who are prejudiced against the great republican experiment; but she adds, not quite consistently, we think, that '*happen hereafter what will*, the existence of the Union up to this day has proved the great fact of the capacity of mankind for *government*;' by which it appears, from the context, that she means a *perfect democracy*. Now we leave to say that no such thing has been yet achieved, nor can, we apprehend, be proved, till the experiment shall have been brought to the test—first, the gradual closing of the physical safety-valves have alluded to, and, secondly, by the gradual growth of those political interests which tend to individualize the States and to aristocratize societies. So we can by no means concur with Miss Martineau in treating with such dogmatical contempt as she has the prudent suggestion of '*Wait; these are early days; the experiment may yet fail.*'

But Miss Martineau's reasoning is, in other respects, quite inconsistent with her facts. She alleges the existence, up to this time, of the Union, demonstrates the final accomplishment and *irrevocable* success of the democratic principle; and then she proceeds to complain at great length, and with suitable earnestness, that a lamentable quantity of aristocracy, the vestiges of the old governments—is still interwoven with the existing laws and manners; and she presses her further conviction that the republican principle cannot receive its full and fair development till all those aristocratical anomalies shall be brought down to, or rather merged under, the level of *absolute and indiscriminate equality amongst all human creatures*, a happy state, from which Miss Martineau laments that the Union is still too distant. But in pursuing this theme, she chooses to forget that these very aristocratical ingredients, few as they are, may have been the very checks which have hitherto kept the machine in the order which she admires—that they may be, as we were, the unseen pendulum which regulates the movement of the clock. Some of the wisest men in America think so, and we presume to incline to the same opinion. Let us take one example: Miss Mar-

tineau thinks the American senate aristocratical, and predicts its not distant downfall. 'The senate is an *anomaly*—an anomalous institution cannot be long-lived even if it works well; its well-working is only a temporary affair, an accident. Its radical change becomes a question of time merely, and recent events seem to indicate that the time is not far distant.'—(*Society in America*, i. 55.) Without dwelling on twenty other inconsistencies of the same kind, are we not justified by this single but most remarkable instance, in rejecting altogether the judgement of a writer who asserts that the pure democratic theory has been tested and established by an experiment in which she confesses that there has existed so influential an *anomaly* as a senate; and who predicts the eternal stability of a constitution at the very moment in which she announces the speedy dissolution of one of its most important, and its very most conservative, ingredients?—We confess that from almost every fact stated by Miss Martineau in her very rambling essays, it is our misfortune to have drawn conclusions extremely different from hers—we think the experiment is far from being concluded, and even on the mere *political* and *material* aspect of the affair, we see strong reason to doubt its ultimate success.

But when we take into the account some *moral* considerations that belong to the subject, our doubts become still stronger. We cannot believe that an extensive, rich, cultivated, and highly civilized society can permanently exist under the sole dominion of the physical majority, whose feelings and whose interests must tend to bring all men to one indiscriminate level, both of property and intellect, and that level of course the lowest. It seems to us, that to state such a proposition is to refute it; yet that such is the ultimate tendency of the American experiment may be easily proved, not merely *à priori*, but by every kind of evidence. We could produce abundance of such testimony, but the extracts which we have lately made from their own writers render any additional proof supererogative.

But it seems that even the alarming progress which this system has made, and must naturally continue to make, is not rapid enough for the exigency of the democratic principle. We learn that an association of what in England would be called the lower classes, but which in America are the most influential, has been formed at New York, under the title of the *Workies*. These people appear to look at their political system shrewdly, and to deal with it logically. They have discovered that *education* is an inroad on natural equality, and they therefore propose that there should be for all citizens, without any personal exception, one uniform education.

This, extravagant as it may appear, is at least a proof of two not unimportant points—first, that the degree of equality which exists in the United States does not satisfy all its possessors, and that they are for

this extreme principle is impracticable nonsense! For, supposing the *Workies* to succeed in establishing these common schools and prohibiting all others, how will they continue to evade the innate *inequalities* of the human intellect, which enable one boy to attain with little trouble what another never can learn? and, however low the level of education may be laid, he that profits most by it will acquire in practice as complete a social superiority—*unoculus inter cæcos*—as if he had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge. Another principle of the *Workies*—a logical corollary of the former—is the equality of property—a kind of agrarian law by which, at stated intervals, all property is to be publicly and equally divided amongst all citizens. This—which is the real conclusion of all *systems* of social equality, and which is the only foundation on which such a system could exist—may perhaps be attempted—nay, it might be carried, wherever the absolute principle of universal suffrage may be established. Its success would make a nation of paupers; if the attempt itself was not likely to create a civil war, which, whatever might be its first fluctuations, could have no other result than some species of protective despotism.

We shall be told that these are the wild extremities of an inconsiderable sect. *Extreme*, we admit they are, but not *wild*—for they are the practical and logical conclusions from the *principles* which are now in mitigated operation in the United States—of which Miss Martineau and such wandering intellects advocate the full developement, and which we believe, will continue gradually to be developed, until a sad experience shall prove them to be utterly inconsistent with civil society—certainly with 'all rational liberty:—for if you give *power* to the mass, while civilization gives *wealth* to the few, the former will sooner or later—*per fas aut nefas*—swallow up the latter, till at length their insane energies shall be curbed by the chains and strait-waistcoats of despotic discipline.

A great cause of that rapid demoralization which Dr. Channing laments, arises, we apprehend, from the still more rapid accumulation of wealth. Nations can no more stand such sudden prosperity than individuals. The gambling nation, like the individual gambler, will be profligate. Wealth to do good to either must be gradually acquired by industry and prudence; and when so acquired, must be capable of being safely, honourably, and intellectually enjoyed—without the latter, it can purchase little more than is common to man and to beasts. For this reason it is that we regret, and altogether for the sake of America herself, the strong inclination and the arbitrary devices* to prevent the

* We have before us a letter from a gentleman almost equally well acquainted with America and England, and as able and intelligent as any man in either. He writes, 'It is perfectly true that a certain degree of persecution always attends any person who has the good, or as it sometimes turns out the bad, fortune to be richer than his neighbours, and persons of this description come every day to Europe to avoid it; many of them now live in Paris. Taxes in the town are heavy, and have the vexatious appendage of being arbitrary. Wealth is, in fact, a

growth of any thing like an hereditary aristocracy of property. 'The land'—says Mr. Jefferson in those plausible *jeux de mots* which dupe and delude the popular mind—'is made for the living, and not for the dead;' and, in the spirit of this heartless aphorism, the institutions of America, under the pretence of liberty, tend to curtail mankind of one of the first rights of nature—the free enjoyment and disposal of what he has acquired by his own industry, and to defeat one of the most ennobling instincts of our nature—that of bequeathing ourselves, as it were, to our own posterity, and to secure an after-life in the foreseen affluence, respectable for the honour of our children and their descendants. This kind of obstacle is raised to impede or defeat the transmission of a man's wealth, influence, or consideration. 'the land is for the living, not for the dead'—and when a man is dead, all care is taken that no private gratification or honour to his memory should survive among the living.

Mr. Cooper, who we suppose may be authorized to say such a subject, says distinctly, that the state of our society is far from satisfactory in America. 'Let Mr. Cooper, 'the reason of the *weakness* of the spirit of traffic amongst us be what it will, the effect is to take off from a large portion of the happiness that is dependent on the affections.'—(*England*, iii. 139.) 'All the local *affections* are sacrificed to the spirit of traffic—the spirit of traffic is gradually enveloping every thing in its sordid grasp;' and, 'the worst tendency of our can manners is manifested by a rapacity for wealth which, when obtained, is to be spent in little business and drinking.'—(*ib.* v. ii., 13—54.) Dr. Cooper's more general and equally pregnant observations on the state of American society have been seen in preceding extracts. To what is this 'degrading' tendency to be attributed?—not to any innate selfishness in the sons and brothers of Britain; but to the 'envious' and narrow-spirited institutions which obstruct the natural channels of individual liberty and taste:—a man must not attempt to found a family, make, as it is called, an eldest son—to indulge in permanent and transmissible acquisitions of either elegancies or the substantials of cultivated life. Tax and where the law does not, public opinion is stronger than the law, tells him that he ought not to indulge himself in aristocratic refinements, nor less to extend his personal influence into the future. Hence, we surmise, much of the 'sordid spirit' which the Americans attribute to themselves; hence the greediness of gain, which, when obtained, is spent in ignominious and brutal gratifications;—'the land is for the living and not for the dead,' so 'eat, drink and be merry to-morrow ye die!'

We cannot believe that man was created with aspirations after futurity which distinguish him from brutes who perish, to be cooped up in such base limitations and we cannot conceive the protracted existence of a state of society which thus perverts his noblest exertions.

at *social superiority*, attainable by private industry or by public services, and transmissible from worthy parents to worthy descendants, (and the power of transmission tends to make both worthy,) is as essential to the happiness and well-being of mankind as *legal equality*.

If we were to pursue this all-important subject into its details, we think we could add largely to the reasons which we have thus summarily indicated; and we could show, that wherever this irrepressible instinct of our nature has been obstructed in its natural course, it escapes into the low and little channels of personal indulgences and vanities. In France, for instance, the ravenous greediness for individual titles and distinctions has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of its pretended principles of equality; and the United States themselves, though they have neither Lords nor Baronets, are, we respect, in their own way, a more titled nation than aristocratic England; every man is there a '*Gentleman*'—either an *Honourable*—an *Esquire*—a *General*—a *Colonel*—a *Major*: all the women, without any exception, are '*ladies*.'—(Abdy's *Journal*, ii. 121.) And John Pennimore Cooper, *Esquire*, has published to the whole world his flagrant indignation at not having been allowed to take precedence of an English *Duke*!

On the whole, therefore, whether the spirit of territorial aggrandisement, or the mortal plague of slavery, or the powerful spread of the coloured population, or the wide conflicts of commercial rivalries, shall dissolve the federation or not—whether it is to exist as one great people, or as several and independent States—we feel a strong conviction that the American commonwealth must—as it attains a higher degree of civilization, and a richer moral culture—admit into its institutions, as every other people in the history of the world has been obliged to do—a fairer balance between property and population, and something *equivalent* to the aristocratic principle which steadies and regulates the popular impulses of the rest of mankind.

Providence only knows by what means, or after what struggles this may be accomplished; but, if we are not altogether mistaken in our estimate of the unconquerable propensities of human nature—sooner or later, come it will!

From the United Service Journal.

Overland march of the 85th regiment from New Brunswick to Quebec.

My dear——, You will, no doubt, have heard of the arrival of the two regiments from Halifax and New Brunswick at this place, long before this reaches you; but as the account of our journey may possibly not yet have found its way into the public prints, in anticipation of what may be preparing by the abler pen of some rising Xenophon, I will venture to copy from my memorandum a few of the leading facts, hoping they may prove not wholly uninteresting to you.

8th or 9th of December, apprised you of the dilemma I was in, in respect to crossing the Bay of Fundy. Well, I had scarcely despatched my letter when the steam-boat arrived: we embarked, and the same good fortune which has attended us throughout brought us comfortably across. The patriots (as the rebels here style themselves) may well exclaim—"Le bon Dieu n'est pas patriote!"—and the most unbelieving among us cannot help admitting the interposition of Providence in our favour, after experiencing the almost miraculous changes of climate—first of all in New Brunswick, and then in the disputed territory, in freezing the river and lakes long before the usual season—and, in Canada, in rendering the climate so mild that many of us required little more clothing than we were accustomed to use in England. But to return to my subject. We were allowed but few days to prepare our moccasins and caps, &c. &c.

On the 16th of December, Captain Power's company left St. John's. Each man was provided with two blankets, ear-covers, and moccasins. They marched seven miles, in consequence of the snow not being sufficiently deep for sleighing. On reaching the St. John's River they found the sleighs were waiting for them. Each vehicle took eight men; and the officers had a sleigh to themselves, and one for their baggage, which consisted of one portmanteau and carpet-bag to every officer.

On the 18th, Col. Maunsell and the head-quarters, consisting of two companies, left in the same way, and arrived on the following day at Fredericton; 19th, Captain Brockman's company left; 20th, Hunt's; 21st, St. Quintin's, the last division left St. John's. We travelled rapidly, and were very little inconvenienced by the cold, which, though 18° below zero, seemed scarcely below freezing.

At Fredericton we were entertained by Sir John Hervey.

On the morning of the 23d of December, having changed our sleighs, we were again *en route*. The weather beautiful, and sleighing excellent. We kept upon the road, as the ice would no longer admit of travelling on the river. The appearance of the latter was most singular: the ice, which had been broken and again united, presented a surface like a plain which had been blown up by an earthquake. About eighteen miles from Fredericton we crossed the river between two walls of ice and frozen snow, and following the skirts for about three miles, returned again to the road. I thought I had never travelled over so precipitous a road; and it required considerable experience in sleigh-driving to prevent slewing over the precipices on either side. This, however, was only a prelude of what we were to meet with in the sequel. The day's journey was twenty-five miles. We were put up at three houses, and had very tolerable accommodation and fare.

December 24.—We resumed our journey at eight A. M. The road much the same, as well as the state

sea of frozen billows. The banks of the river were exceedingly high and precipitous; the cleared country was thickly studded with cottages of no mean appearance, and there were many tolerable farms; the interminable forest bounded the horizon. We reached our destination, twenty-five miles, at half-past three P. M. Our fare and accommodation were much like yesterday's.

December 25.—A beautiful morning; thermometer at zero. When the sun appeared, the atmosphere sparkled as though it were filled with silver dust or fire-flies; and the trees and bushes, which were cased in ice, surpassed anything that the wildest imagination could conceive, and seemed to realize the fairy tales of old. The country was very picturesque, and in many places reminded me of the hilly parts of England. We passed through the village of Woodstock, a well-built and comfortable-looking place, and beautifully situated. I particularly remarked that the inhabitants were unusually tall and robust, and seemed very indifferent to the cold. Most of the girls wore large straw hats like the Swiss peasants, and many of them nothing at all, like the women in Corfu. We reached the Dingee settlement at four P. M., having performed thirty miles. Our quarters here were certainly not equal to an English hotel, but to one who had seen service before, they were duly appreciated. Two of us got tolerable beds, and the rest made it out on the floor in their buffalo-skins.

December 26.—The roads were awfully precipitous; and, to add to our discomfort, one of our horses was as unmanageable as a wild beast, and constantly put our lives in jeopardy. Thrice we were on the brink of a precipice of unmeasured depth—and at length over we *did* go, but luckily the fall was not great. I sprang out in time to save myself, and saw the horses roll over, followed by the sleigh, containing only the driver and one officer, who narrowly escaped having his head dashed against the stump of a tree. After this accident we always took the precaution of jumping out when near a dangerous place; and two of us applying ourselves to the back part of the vehicle, were able to steer it whichever way we pleased, in spite of our unruly horse. Before reaching Tobique, our halting-place, we had to descend on to the river, a place so steep that I could hardly have imagined any man bold enough to ride down, much less drive. The track was not more than thirty yards, and then turned off at a right angle, at the point of which was a large hole which invited any inexperienced driver to *slew* into; nevertheless, the whole party got down without accident. I must not omit mentioning, that the loyal feeling of the inhabitants, which had been manifested everywhere throughout the province, was, perhaps, more remarkable in to-day's journey than any of the previous days. "God save the Queen!" resounded everywhere as we passed along, with cheers to our success.

December 27.—We commenced our journey by crossing the Eristia, a small river which runs into the

St. John's: its breadth was about 150 yards, and ice was not considered sufficiently strong to drive across. The horses were consequently put out and led separately across, whilst the sleigh was pushed over by the men. The whole got over in less than an hour without any accident, although the driver of my sleigh certainly tempted fate to the utmost by driving over alone at a furious rate, whilst the sheet of ice undulated like the representation of the sea on a stage. We now entered the portage (a narrow land which connects two waters) which led to the Grand Falls. Never in my life did I see such a scene; it was a succession of precipices flanked by a gloomy, and boundless forest, where the arm of a lumberman might, in one night, have baffled the attempts to march onward, and where fifty men, twenty, well armed and equipped with snow-shoes, could have destroyed every man of us without the smallest risk. You have seen an American lumberman; I therefore need not describe what an avalanche of trees is, and how utterly impassable those were to any one except an Indian or a woodsman. The driver, who was a lumberman of great experience, possessed considerable intelligence and local knowledge, said that in one night he could cut down more trees than we should be able to remove in a fortnight. This, at first view, may appear ridiculous; but it is known that a single man (a good axeman) can cut down the largest tree in the forest in less than twenty minutes, which six of the best lumbermen could not remove in an hour, it will not be difficult to understand that if the same individual were to employ himself for six hours in felling trees of an ordinary size at the rate of twelve trees an hour, he would clear an obstacle which our soldiers could scarcely remove in any given time. We reached the Grand Falls at half-past four—twenty-five miles. Here we were met by Sir J. Caldwell, a gentleman of considerable property here, who has extensive saw-mills which supply the provinces with timber. He took us to the Grand Falls, which were close to his house, and entertained us with a good dinner, &c.

December 28.—We left the Grand Falls at eight o'clock, and proceeded on the river. The thermometer was 10° above zero, which was unusually mild considering that a few days previous it had been 27° below zero. The snow was deep, and consequently our progress rather slow. We nevertheless reached Madewaska, thirty-five miles, before six P. M. Here we put up at the first house where French was spoken, and our entertainment was not bad.

December 29.—This morning considerable delay occurred in consequence of our having to change our sleighs, and a fresh supply of rations being issued. It was half-past nine before we got off. Our route was along the Madewaska, a beautiful river about 200 yards broad, with high and thickly-wooded banks. The ice was excellent for upwards of twenty miles, when we were obliged to take to a portage, which connects it

er with the Tamasquatha lake. Here we had the specimen of what the people here call *cahos*. These are a succession of deep holes, which are formed when the snow is on the ground by the bad construction of the carioles, the shafts of which are fastened to the very runners, and having a broad board to connect them, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees; the snow is thereby scraped up into mounds, between two and four feet high, so that, really, the motion of a sleigh was precisely that of a boat in a heavy sea, only its effects were ten times more violent; and this has suggested to me the name which I gave the portage, viz: *Passage des ondes glacées*. It was dark when we got to the camp—a number of large log huts erected on purpose for the troops. We passed a very comfortable night owing to the smoke of our fire, which also at times was large enough to roast an ox, and obliged us to rouse out and put snow upon the fires, when shortly after it would get so low that we were in danger of freezing. The thermometer was 4° below zero.

December 30.—I forgot to mention that our journey yesterday was twenty-six miles. We were now upon the Tamasquatha lake, upon which we had to perform eight miles to the camps at the outlet. The ice in many places was full of holes and very dangerous: however, no accident occurred, and we got to our destination soon after twelve o'clock mid-day. We were now at the entrance of the Grand Portage, which extends thirty-six miles, and terminates at St. Andre. I determined to go on in company with the Commissary, in order to avoid two more nights in the camp, and at the same time to give a day's rest to my horse (which I had brought from Halifax with me) before the division arrived. In this, however, I was disappointed, for the poor beast was totally unable to proceed with the sleigh over the *cahos*, and I was obliged to leave him in the camp, and leave my sleigh to its fate in the snow, whilst the Commissary and I continued our journey in another sleigh. We had not proceeded a league when the horses, like mine, unaccustomed to the violent concussion which they received from the sleigh pitching into the holes, floundered and fell into the deep snow, broke the shafts, and left us to cool our exertion in the middle of the forest. The only thing to be done was to walk back, and that, encumbered as we were with our travelling dresses, was no joke; in fact, it was four o'clock when we reached the camp. Luckily we found plenty of carioles in readiness, and having bargained for two of them and two traineaux for our baggage, we again put ourselves *en route*. We had but twelve miles to perform, but such was the state of the road that I had but little hopes of accomplishing it before midnight. Ridiculous as it may seem to you, I can assure you that it was a task which required an exertion of both physical and moral courage to endure the punishment which I was about to meet. But all previous joltings were nothing to this. The

glacées; but there we had the long sleighs, which passed over the *cahos* comparatively smoothly: here the short cariole plunged into them with a violence which baffled my utmost strength in keeping my seat; and the repelling force which flung me back when the cariole rose over each succeeding ridge was like the pain of a continual tooth-drawing. All this time there was nothing to divert the eye, or take off one's attention from this incessant pain, and, but for the snow, we should have been in utter darkness. At length, at a little before ten o'clock, we were cheered by a solitary light from the only hovel in the portage. Here we halted for the night. It was cram-full of artillery-men and cariole-drivers, and smelt foully. A dish of fried pork and onions was provided for us; but my stomach was too sick to encounter it, and I was too happy to throw myself upon the floor, when I soon got into a sound sleep.

December 31.—At four o'clock we were up, and prepared to start. The bustle which ensued awakened the other inmates of our small room, who instantly unkennelled from their bed, and, to my infinite surprise, proved to be two young damsels of elephantine dimensions. Not the least abashed by our presence, they began and completed their toilette with wonderful expedition and perfect *naïveté*. We found the road somewhat better than last night, and were able every now and then to get on at a little trot, on which occasions the motion of the cariole and pony resembled a game of *leap-frog*. Before one o'clock, P. M., the first view of the St. Lawrence burst upon the sight. It is thirty miles across at this place, and I will only say of it, that it surpassed, in the magnificence of its appearance, my most sanguine expectations.

I remained at St. Andre this and the following day, when Captain Hunt and Lieut. Quintin's company and the Royal Artillery arrived.

The 2nd of January we commenced our route to Quebec. Our carioles were 130 in number, and sometimes occupied a line of three miles. Our march this day was to Oreille, thirty miles. We passed through a fine level and well-cultivated country, thickly populated, and full of capital farms. At Oreille we were handsomely entertained by a Mons. Cosgraie and his brother, who had previously entertained the whole of the officers that preceded us. The men likewise were most comfortably put up, and supplied with abundance of fuel, and everything they could possibly require.

January 3.—This day's march was to Islet, thirty miles, through the villages of St. Anu's, St. Roch, and St. John's. The travelling was not as bad as I had anticipated from the heavy rain of the preceding night, and we reached our destination before dark. Here the curé and other gentlemen of the place entertained us, and likewise found us beds.

January 4.—This day's stage was to St. Michele, thirty-three miles, through the villages of St. Ignace, St. Thomas, Berthier, and St. Vallier; of which we

sailed us *en chemin*, and nearly stopped us. At St. Michele the men were admirably quartered, and the curé (a most gentlemanlike man) received all the officers, and treated us *en Prince*.

January 5.—The snow during the night had drifted so much that, but for the assistance of the peasantry in clearing it away, we should never have reached Point Levi, fifteen miles, in time to cross the St. Lawrence this day. We were all embarked in canoes, which we found waiting in the street, and as the carioles drove up, their contents of men or baggage were removed into the canoes assigned for them. This done, at a given signal they were shoved over the ice into the water, and paddled with great dexterity through the floating masses of ice.

Here ends my first journey, and I am now about to commence a second to Sorel with the last division of the regiment. The weather has been very bad since my arrival, and I have not been well, so that I have not seen the little which is to be seen in the place. Suffice it to say, that I think it the duller town I was ever in. Lord Gosford seems to be universally unpopular. Speaking of the atrocious and barbarous murder of poor young Weir, he said, "that he had no doubt Mr. Weir had made use of irritating language." I leave you to form your own conclusions upon such a speech. I do not know what people at home may think of affairs here, but you may believe me that there is not an Englishman in Canada, except Lord Gosford, who does not feel that he is standing above an earthquake, and that, if prompt and vigorous measures to support the authorities here and crush the hydra in its infancy are not taken, we shall most certainly lose these Colonies. Now is the time to put an end to the French government here. This is the root of the evil. They are not fit to govern themselves. They are crafty and treacherous, and they have an hereditary hatred to the English which they never can forget. On the other hand, the English population are now as much dissatisfied with the conduct of our Government towards them (but with much more reason) as the French. They are all armed, and they do not disguise their intention *not* to give up those arms till they have had complete redress. I fear the Yankees are playing a foul game. I suspect I have by this time pretty well tired your patience; so wishing you a happy new year, I remain yours very sincerely.

Quebec, Jan. 22, 1838.

From the United Service Journal.

Sketches of some of the principal leaders of the Canadian Revolt in Lower Canada.

Louis Joseph Papineau is the son of Joseph Papineau, a notary in Montreal, who is still living, although ninety years of age. He has ever been denominated by the Canadians as "Father of the Patriots," but not a patriot either in the spirit or sense in which it is now applied to his son. This aged individual has never

posed to the Government at a period when it was generally believed by the Canadians to be the intention of England to make innovations on the institutions and privileges guaranteed to them at the conquest of the country. Yet, naturally jealous and fearful of such consequences, he was induced to take the lead at a large public meeting held on the Champ de Mars against the then projected Union of the Upper and Lower Provinces, at which a petition was voted to the Sovereign, and afterwards signed by eighty thousand Canadians, expatiating on the blessings enjoyed under the Constitution as it then stood, and praying that it might remain unaltered.

Such was the spirit of the aged parent of the rebellion. We have been induced cursorily to mention him, merely to show that the revolutionary notions of the son were not inculcated from early years, but merely the out-breakings of a discontented and embittered by events and disasters of his own country. On the contrary, we have reason to believe that the aged Papineau earnestly endeavoured to check the rebellious principles exhibited by the son in all his actions for several years past, being fully convinced that he was guided and governed in all his extravagant and rebellious designs far more from vanity and ambition than from any conviction that his patriotism, such as it could lead to the welfare of his country, or that he had the means or ability of carrying his measures into effect.

Had his cause in any one principle been a just one, had there been one shadow of excuse that might have been urged in extenuation for the blood that had been principally the cause of spilling by his party in rebellion; had, we say, his country taken up arms in suggestion, and in a right cause, Papineau never could have sustained the character of a leader, he never through life possessed one generous feeling, moral or physical courage; and the absurdity of the supposition is great that the Americans would have gone to war with Great Britain to assist the Canadians in gaining their independence, for the purpose of making Papineau chief of the Canadian nation as determined, or that Great Britain would quietly submit to have a province wrested from her, to the destruction of the lives and properties of those emigrants who had left the home that was dear to them to establish themselves in Canada, to enjoy, as they naturally expected, the protection of the British Government; or that Papineau, could succeed in separating the Canadian nation from Great Britain, that the Americans would allow them to remain so near to them without immediately attaching them to the Great Republic finally, which would be a sad exchange for the tyranny of England—so termed by General Papineau.

The individual we have here alluded to is about forty-nine years of age, and of mild and courteous manners, which have no similarity with his opinions or appearance. In height he is about five feet eight inches tall, and of a fair complexion.

prominent, have something of the Jewish cast, which is much added to by his dark hair and eyes, which are thick and arched, giving much fire to the eye. He is undoubtedly a man of much information, and in society his conversational powers are not fascinating. It cannot but be deplored that an individual so gifted should be led by motives of ambition to seek his own ruin, instead of employing his talents for the benefit of his fellow men.

The Commander-in-Chief of Louis Papineau's rebellion is named Brown, who appears, if we may judge by his speedy abandonment of the forces under his command, to have as much mistaken his calling as the cause which has joined him with the great Canadian rebel. This individual, denominated General Brown, is an American, but very unlike the American portion of the Montreal community, who, it is but justice to say, have always been as true to the cause of Great Britain as the most loyal of her subjects, which, by-the-by, is another argument to the prejudice of M. Papineau. General Brown is a miserable squalid-looking person, of short stature and contemptible appearance; his countenance being stamped with an expression of discontent, meanness, and indecision of character in mind. In fact, by his own countrymen he would be termed a 'crooked cretur.' Not long before the rebellion he became a bankrupt ironmonger, and thus having nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, he placed himself at the head of the factious army. In this capacity, however, he proved himself unworthy the confidence of the poor deluded victims whom he and his leader Papineau had seduced into their service.

A character not less conspicuous was Doctor WOLFE NELSON. His person was handsome and manly; in height he was about six feet; and his disposition was far more determined, courageous, and active, than that of his brother traitors; and had he been well supported, he would have proved a dangerous and powerful enemy. This individual was the son of an Englishman of high respectability, who formerly kept a school at Sorel. He married early a Canadienne, and settling at St. Charles, the hot-bed of democracy in that section of the country, and being possessed of talent, intelligence, and energy, he was sought out, flattered, and caressed, until, at length falling into the snare, he became the tool of the factious party—until, carried on step by step, he fell a victim to ultra-liberal opinions—and having had leisure to brood over his lies and disappointed ambition as an inmate of the prison at Montreal, died within its walls, a sacrifice to the cowardice and ill-advice of his flatterers, and his own weakness.

Doctor O'CALLAGHAN may rank next amongst the rest of factious heroes. This gentleman is the *ci-devant* editor of Louis Papineau's gazette, mis-termed 'The Irish Vindicator,' and the coadjutor of the traitor chief in every thing that was vile and miserable. He was best known in Canada as the apothecary at the Mon-

at that period an Ultra-Tory in every sense of the word. Having persecuted the then Governor, Lord Aylmer, with constant applications for lucrative employment, without success, he forsook his old calling—dissatisfied and inconsistent, he offered himself as an agent for Canadian agitation, and ultimately succeeded in being appointed, by M. Papineau, editor of 'The Irish Vindicator,' in which situation he catered fully for the seditious tastes of his employer. His advance was afterwards as rapid as his fall. Rewarded for his democratic scribbling by a seat in Parliament, he there made himself conspicuous by taking a part prominently and diametrically opposite to that with which he had hitherto sided. He then proceeded with his patron to the action of St. Charles—from whence he accompanied him to his secret hiding-place in the United States—and neither the one nor the other have since been heard of.

Doctor COATES, of L'Acadie, another prominent rebel, the chief of that district, is a man of about thirty-five years of age, and a member of the Provincial Parliament. He is, however, a man of little ability, and still less personal courage, strength of mind, or fitness to head any party whatever—but is a fit associate for those with whom he has connected himself.

Another far more talented individual is M. SMOKE MILNE BOUCHETTE. He is the son of the Surveyor-General, and a young man of not more than twenty-five years of age, of courteous and distinguished manners and address. If it may be termed distinguishing himself in such a cause, he did so; for he fought bravely at Missisquoi Bay, and was taken, after being severely wounded—and his unhappy fate may be terminated before his career had well begun. He is now in the prison of Montreal; and it is to be regretted that one so promising should have been betrayed into his present difficulties under promises of great preferment and rewards.

GEROUARD is well known from his height, which is above six feet. He is also of dark complexion, with jet-black hair and eyes. This leader is by profession a notary, and has always been known as a thorough Revolutionist at heart. Since his discomfiture at Grand Brulé he has been taken by Mr. Simpson, the Collector of Customs at Coteau du Lac—who is step-father to Mr. Roebuck, although entirely differing from him in political opinions.

M. DUMOUCHEL, of St. Benoit, or Grand Brulé, is also one of the principal promoters of the rebellion, which is the more to be regretted as he can boast of more than sixty years of age, many of which he has passed in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by the most peaceful peasantry in the world. He has also been rich in fortune and prosperity, both of which have hitherto been deserved as amassed by his own labours and honest exertions. Alas! that his overwrought Republican opinions should, at the close of a long life, have led him to commit those offences

in his own ruin, and the sacrifice of his valuable property.

GIROND, frequently confounded with and mistaken for Girouard, was a Swiss. He went to Canada about six years ago as an adventurer, thrust himself upon the notice of the Government as having imported into the province a new system of agriculture peculiarly adapted to the Canadian farmer, and requesting assistance to carry his plan into effect; but not meeting with the encouragement he anticipated, he conceived he might turn his talents to more advantage by joining the rebels; and being unsuccessful with them at Grand Brulé, he retreated to Point au Tremble, where he put an end to his republican schemes and adventures by blowing out his brains.

The British settlers at this part of the Montreal district had, from the commencement of the revolt, been so persecuted and annoyed by the Canadians, nay, even driven from their homes, and that during the most inclement season of the year, that it is not surprising, when they found themselves in a position to retaliate, they should have inflicted on the inhabitants of "St. Eustache" and "Grand Brulé" that severe degree of retributive vengeance which they experienced from the hands of the loyalists, but which the Queen's troops (to whom have been falsely attributed those acts of severity) endeavoured, with their wonted forbearance, to prevent. True it is that the small force under the orders of Colonel Wetherall, at the battle of St. Charles on the Chambly River, were directed by that gallant officer to follow up their successes by those decisive and rigorous measures which dictated the necessity of destroying the property of the principal traitors in that quarter; but when we consider the very critical situation of that brave and little band, surrounded, as they then were, by an extensive disaffected population marching upon them from all sides, no alternative remained but to employ such measures as should frighten the traitors from their rebellious purpose, which, to persons unacquainted with the true state of that part of the country, may have appeared harsh and uncalled for, yet, upon dispassionate reflection, must be deemed both merciful and salutary, resulting, as they did, in staying the progress of the rebellion, and thereby preventing that effusion of human blood which must unavoidably have ensued had the warfare been protracted, and the deluded habitants* not have retired to their homes as they did, and that very rapidly, on learning the fate of their misguided compatriots; besides which, it has been positively ascertained, that had the expedition under Colonel Wetherall, failed, the revolution would then have been complete, as the entire Canadian people, flushed with the check the troops under Colonel Gore experienced from the Patriot force at St. Denis, were only waiting a similar result at St. Charles to rise *en masse*.

There are now about 270 prisoners in the Montreal

prison under a charge of high treason, among which are some persons of respectable standing in society, but who have long been among the most active partisans of the great rebel Papineau, and are now designated as concerned in the councils of that party, was to destroy the connexion now subsisting between Canada and Great Britain. The most influential person of this party is Mons. Louis Michel Viger, commonly called "Beau Viger," from possessing a handsome and prepossessing person and mien. He is about fifty years of age, a lawyer by profession, a member of the Provincial Parliament, and brother of the Hon. Dennis B. Viger, well known at the Colonial Office as a Canadian Ambassador, and long remembered by those Ministers whom he has endeavored to fatigue with his favourite theme of Canadian grievances. The said Mons. Louis Michel Viger is president of a recently established institution at Montreal styled "La Banque du Peuple;" whose notes were peculiarly stamped on blue paper, and issued in the French language, for the purpose, as it is stated, of causing a ready circulation of money among the habitants, who, prior to the formation of this institution, refused paper-money of any description. Subsequent events have caused it to be suspected that the projectors of this bank had a deeper view, as it is now supposed to have been organized for the purpose of affording facilities to the rebels, and M. Louis Michel Viger stands now charged with having made large advances, and wisely assisted the rebel cause. There is also in company with him, in the same prison, M. Comte, a lawyer of eminence, and member of the Provincial Parliament, a young man of great abilities, but who, unfortunately for himself, employed them in the cause of sedition and rebellion, which he is now under confinement: it is believed, that he has been betrayed into this course by the natural bias of attachment to his uncle Papineau. But among the extensive group of accused rebels there is one, who was arrested at Quebec at the commencement of the revolution, more specious, artful, and dangerous than any of them. This person, who has contrived to get admitted to bail, is Mons. Arthur Morin, the last missionary of the Canadian faction to the British Government, whose evidence before a committee of the House of Commons on Canadian affairs has recently appeared in some of the leading journals of the metropolis, and who, prior to his mission, had the daring audacity to appear before the Governor of Canada, with the other members of the House of Assembly, decorated with a tricolour ribbon which was a clear indication of the revolutionary principles he then entertained, and of his hostile feelings towards Great Britain. The period must, however, shortly arrive when these parties will all be brought to defence of the crimes for which they stand accused, when they will have awarded to them that just

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

The Expedition.

was a cheerless morning when they got into the town, blowing and raining hard, and the clouds look-
lull and stormy. The night had been very wet, and large pools of water had collected in the road, and the kennels were overflowing. There was a faint glim-
ing of the coming day in the sky, but it rather ag-
gated than relieved the gloom of the scene, the
bare light only serving to pale that which the street-
lights afforded, without shedding any warmer or bright-
ness upon the wet housetops and dreary streets.
There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of
the town, for the windows of the houses were all
shut, and the streets through which they pass-
ed were desolate and empty.

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green
the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the
candles were already extinguished, a few country wag-
ons were slowly toiling on towards London, and
and then a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled
by, the driver bestowing, as he passed, an ad-
monitory lash upon the heavy wagoner, who, by
being on the wrong side of the road, had endang-
ered his arriving at the office a quarter of a minute after
time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning
bright, were already open. By degrees other shops
began to be unclosed, and a few scattered people were
seen with. Then came straggling groups of labourers
going to their work; then men and women with fish-
baskets on their heads, donkey-carts laden with vege-
tables, chaise-carts filled with live-stock or whole car-
cases of meat, milkwomen with pails, and an unbroken
course of people trudging out with various supplies
from the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approach-
ed the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased;
and when they threaded the streets between Shore-
church and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of
noise and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to
be all night set in again, and the busy morning of half
London population had begun.

Turning down Sun-street and Crown-street, and
passing Finsbury-square, Mr. Sikes struck, by way
of Chiswell-street, into Barbican, thence into Long-
acre, and so into Smithfield, from which latter place
there was a tumult of discordant sounds that filled Oliver
with surprise and amazement.

It was market-morning. The ground was covered

nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire; and a thick
steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of
the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed
to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above.
All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as
many temporary ones as could be crowded into the
vacant space, were filled with sheep; and, tied up to
posts by the gutter side, were long lines of beasts
and oxen three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers,
drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers and vagabonds
of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense
mass: the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the
bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of
sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries
of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all
sides, the ringing of bells and roar of voices that is-
sued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing,
driving, beating, whooping, and yelling; the hideous
and discordant din that resounded from every corner
of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid,
and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and
bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stun-
ning and bewildering scene which quite confounded
the senses.

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his
way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed
very little attention upon the numerous sights and
sounds which so astonished the boy. He nodded twice
or thrice to a passing friend; and, resisting as many
invitations to take a morning dram, pressed steadily
onward until they were clear of the turmoil, and had
made their way through Hosier-lane into Holborn.

"Now, young 'un!" said Sikes surlily, looking up
at the clock of St. Andrew's church, "hard upon
seven! you must step out. Come, don't lag behind
already, Lazy-legs!"

Mr. Sikes accompanied this speech with a fierce
jerk at his little companion's wrist; and Oliver, quick-
ening his pace into a kind of trot, between a fast walk
and a run, kept up with the rapid strides of the house-
breaker as well as he could.

They kept on their course at this rate until they had
passed Hyde-Park corner, and were on their way to
Kensington, when Sikes relaxed his pace until an
empty cart, which was at some little distance behind,
came up: when, seeing "Hounslow" written upon it,
he asked the driver, with as much civility as he could
assume, if he would give them a lift as far as Isle-
worth."

"Jump up," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

"Yes; he's my boy," replied Sikes, looking hard at
Oliver, and putting his hand abstractedly into the
pocket where the pistol was.

"Your father walks rather too quick for you; don't
he, my man?" inquired the driver, seeing that Oliver
was out of breath.

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes, interposing. "He's used to it. Here, take hold of my hand, Ned. In with you!"

Thus addressing Oliver, he helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

As they passed the different milestones, Oliver wondered more and more where his companion meant to take him. Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they kept on as steadily as if they had only begun their journey. At length they came to a public-house called the Coach and Horses, a little way beyond which, another road appeared to turn off. And here the cart stopped.

Sikes dismounted with great precipitation, holding Oliver by the hand all the while; and, lifting him down directly, bestowed a furious look upon him, and rapped the side-pocket with his fist in a very significant manner.

"Good-bye, boy!" said the man.

"He's sulky," replied Sikes, giving him a shake; "he's sulky,—a young dog! Don't mind him."

"Not I!" rejoined the other, getting into his cart. "It's a fine day, after all." And he drove away.

Sikes waited till he had fairly gone, and then, telling Oliver he might look about him if he wanted, once again led him forward on his journey.

They turned round to the left a short way past the public-house, and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time, passing many large gardens and gentleman's houses on both sides of the way, and at length crossing a little bridge which led them into Twickenham; from which town they still walked on without stopping for anything but some beer, until they reached another town, in which, against the wall of a house, Oliver saw written up in pretty large letters "Hampton." Turning round by a public-house which bore the sign of the Red Lion, they kept on by the river side for a short distance, and then Sikes, striking off into a narrow street, walked straight to an old public-house with a defaced sign-board, and ordered some dinner by the kitchen fire.

The kitchen was an old low-roofed room, with a great beam across the middle of the ceiling, and benches with high backs to them by the fire, on which were seated several rough men in smock-frocks, drinking and smoking. They took no notice of Oliver, and very little of Sikes; and, as Sikes took very little notice of them, he and his young comrade sat in a corner by themselves, without being much troubled by the company.

They had some cold meat for dinner, and sat here so long after it, while Mr. Sikes indulged himself with three or four pipes, that Oliver began to feel quite certain they were not going any further. Being much tired with the walk and getting up so early, he dozed

a little at first; and then, quite overpowered by the and the fumes of the tobacco, fell fast asleep.

It was quite dark when he was awakened by a rap from Sikes. Rousing himself sufficiently to see and look about him, he found that worthy in a fellowship and communication with a labouring man over a pint of ale.

"So, you're going on to Lower Halliford, are you?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, I am," replied the man, who seemed to be the worse—or better, as the case might be—for drinking; "and not slow about it either. My horse's got a load behind him going back, as he had to be up in the mornin', and he won't be long a-doing. Here's luck to him! Ecod, he's a good 'un!"

"Could you give my boy and me a lift as well as there?" demanded Sikes, pushing the ale towards his new friend.

"If you're going directly, I can," replied the man, looking out of the pot. "Are you going to Hampton?"

"Going on to Shepperton," replied Sikes.

"I'm your man as far as I go," replied the man. "Is all paid, Becky?"

"Yes, the other gentleman's paid," replied Sikes.

"I say!" said the man with tipsy gravity, "he won't do, you know."

"Why not?" rejoined Sikes. "You're not to accommodate us, and wot's to prevent my treating you for a pint or so, in return?"

The stranger reflected upon this argument with a very profound face, and, having done so, set his hand by the hand, and declared he was a real good fellow. To which Mr. Sikes replied he was joking. If he had been sober, there would have been some reason to suppose he was.

After the exchange of a few more compliments, the man bade the company good-night, and went out gathering up the pots and glasses as they did, and lounging out to the door, with her hands full, to the party start.

The horse, whose health had been drunk in his absence, was standing outside, ready harnessed to the cart. Oliver and Sikes got in without any ceremony, and the man, to whom he belonged, lingered a minute or two "to bear him up," and then the hostler and the world to produce his equal, and also. Then the hostler was told to give the horse his head, and, his head being given him, he made an unpleasant use of it, tossing it into the air with disdain, and running into the parlour windows the way; after performing which feats, and supping himself for a short time on his hind-legs, he set off at great speed, and rattled out of the town gallantly.

The night was very dark; and a damp mist rose from the river and the marshy ground about, and spread

If over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too; was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken, the driver had grown sleepy, and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled either in a corner of the cart bewildered with alarm and apprehension, and figuring strange objects in the silent trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

As they passed Sunbury church, the clock struck eleven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite, which streamed across the road, and threw a more sombre shadow a dark yew-tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water far off, and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like solemn quiet music the repose of the dead.

Sunbury was passed through, and they came again to the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes alighted, and, taking Oliver by the hand, they once again walked on.

They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary man had expected, but still kept walking on in mud and darkness through gloomy lanes and over cold open spaces, until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. On looking intently forward, Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

Sikes kept straight on till they were close upon the bridge, and then turned suddenly down a bank upon the left. "The water!" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me!"

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house all ruinous and decayed. There was a window on each side of theapidated entrance, and one story above; but no light was visible. It was dark, dismantled, and to all appearance uninhabited.

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch, and raised the latch. The door yielded to his pressure, and they passed in together.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The Burglary.

"Hallo!" cried a loud, hoarse voice, directly they had set foot in the passage.

"Don't make such a row," said Sikes, bolting the door. "Show a glim, Toby."

"Aha! my pal," cried the same voice, "a glim, Barney, a glim! Show the gentleman in, Barney; and wake up first, if convenient."

The speaker appeared to throw a boot-jack, or some

such article, at the person he addressed, to rouse him from his slumbers; for the noise of a wooden body falling violently was heard, and then an indistinct muttering as of a man between asleep and awake.

"Do you hear?" cried the same voice. "There's Bill Sikes in the passage, with nobody to do the civil to him; and you sleeping there, as if you took laudanum with your meals, and nothing stronger. Are you any fresher now, or do you want the iron candlestick to wake you thoroughly?"

A pair of slipshod feet shuffled hastily across the bare floor of the room as this interrogatory was put; and there issued from a door on the right hand, first a feeble candle, and next, the form of the same individual who has been heretofore described as labouring under the infirmity of speaking through his nose, and officiating as waiter at the public-house on Saffron Hill.

"Bister Sikes!" exclaimed Barney, with a real or counterfeit joy; "cub id, sir; cub id."

"Here! you get on first," said Sikes, putting Oliver in front of him. "Quicker! or I shall tread upon your heels."

Muttering a curse upon his tardiness, Sikes pushed Oliver before him, and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch, on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat with large brass buttons, an orange neckerchief, a coarse, staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat, and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long, corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated in their elevated situation with lively satisfaction.

"Bill, my boy!" said this figure, turning his head towards the door, "I'm glad to see you; I was almost afraid you'd given it up, in which case I should have made a personal wentar'. Hallo!"

Uttering this exclamation in a tone of great surprise as his eyes rested on Oliver, Mr. Toby Crackit brought himself into a sitting posture, and demanded who that was.

"The boy—only the boy!" replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire.

"Wud of Bister Fagid's lads," exclaimed Barney, with a grin.

"Fagin's, eh!" exclaimed Toby, looking at Oliver. "Wot an inwalable boy that'll make for the old ladies' pockets in chapels. His mug is a fortun' to him."

"There—there's enough of that," interposed Sikes impatiently; and, stooping over his recumbent friend, he whispered a few words in his ear, at which Mr. Crackit laughed immensely, and honoured Oliver with a long stare of astonishment.

"Now," said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, "if you'll give us something to eat and drink while we're waiting, you'll put some heart in us,—or in me, at all events. Sit down by the fire younker, and rest yourself; for you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far off."

Oliver looked at Sikes in mute and timid wonder, and, drawing a stool to the fire, sat with his aching head upon his hands, scarcely knowing where he was, or what was passing around him.

"Here," said Toby, as the young Jew placed some fragments of food and a bottle upon the table, "Success to the crack!" He rose to honour the toast, and, carefully depositing his empty pipe in a corner, advanced to the table, filled a glass with spirits, and drank off its contents. Mr. Sikes did the same.

"A drain for the boy," said Toby, half filling a wine-glass. "Down with it, innocence!"

"Indeed," said Oliver, looking piteously up into the man's face; "indeed I——"

"Down with it!" echoed Toby. "Do you think I don't know what's good for you? Tell him to drink it, Bill."

"He had better," said Sikes, clapping his hand upon his pocket. "Burn my body! if he isn't more trouble than a whole family of Dodgers. Drink it, you perverse imp; drink it!"

Frightened by the menacing gestures of the two men, Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and immediately fell into a violent fit of coughing, which delighted Toby Crackit and Barney, and even drew a smile from the surly Mr. Sikes.

This done, and Sikes having satisfied his appetite, (Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow,) the two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver retained his stool by the fire; and Barney, wrapped in a blanket, stretched himself on the floor, close outside the fender.

They slept, or appeared to sleep, for some time; nobody stirring but Barney, who rose once or twice to throw coals upon the fire. Oliver fell into a heavy dose, imagining himself straying alone through the gloomy lanes, or wandering about the dark church-yard, or retracing some one or other of the scenes of the past day, when he was roused by Toby Crackit's jumping up and declaring it was half-past one.

In an instant the other two were on their legs, and all were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their necks and chins in large dark shawls, and drew on their great-coats;

while Barney, opening a cupboard, brought forth several articles, which he hastily crammed into the pocket.

"Barkers for me, Barney!" said Toby Crackit.

"Here they are," replied Barney, producing a pair of pistols. "You loaded them yourself."

"All right!" replied Toby, stowing them away. "The persuaders?"

"I've got 'em," replied Sikes.

"Crape, keys, centre-bit, darkies—nothing but ten?" inquired Toby, fastening a small crooked loop inside the skirt of his coat.

"All right!" rejoined his companion. "Bring bits of timber, Barney: that's the time of day."

With these words he took a thick stick from Barney's hands, who, having delivered another to him, busied himself in fastening on Oliver's cape.

"Now then!" said Sikes, holding out his hand.

Oliver, who was completely stupified by the wanted exercise, and the air, and the drink that had been forced upon him, put his hand mechanically to that which Sikes extended for the purpose.

"Take his other hand, Toby," said Sikes. "Out, Barney!"

The man went to the door, and returned to find that all was quiet. The two robbers issued forth, Oliver between them; and Barney, having made a fast, rolled himself up as before, and was soon at it again.

It was now intensely dark. The fog was heavier than it had been in the early part of the night, and the atmosphere was so damp that, although it rained, Oliver's hair and eyebrows within a few minutes after leaving the house had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the bridge, and kept on towards the distance which he had seen before. They were at a great distance off; and, as they walked pretty briskly, soon arrived at Chertsey.

"Slap through the town," whispered Sikes, "and be nobody in the way to-night, to see us."

Toby acquiesced; and they hurried through the street of the little town, which at that late hour was wholly deserted. A dim light shone at intervals from some bed-room window, and the hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night. There was nobody abroad, and they had cleared the town as the church bell struck two.

Quickening their pace, they turned up a road to the left hand; after walking about a quarter of a mile they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely being able to take breath, climbed up in a twinkling.

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up and catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes caught him under the arms, and in three or four seconds

Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. followed directly, and they stole cautiously to the house.

Now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition.

He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist before his eyes, the cold sweat stood upon his face, his limbs failed him, and he sunk upon his knees.

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, drawing the pistol from his pocket; "get up, or I'll throw your brains upon the grass!"

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me go away and die in the fields. I will never come back to London—never, never! Oh! pray have mercy on me, and do not make me steal: for the love of all the right angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me."

The man to whom this appeal was made swore a fearful oath, and had cocked the pistol, when Toby, seeing it from his grasp, placed his hand upon the man's mouth and dragged him to the house.

"Hush!" cried the man; "it won't answer here. Say another word, and I'll do your business myself with a crack on the head that makes no noise, and is as certain and more genteel. Here, Bill, wrench the shutter open. He's game enough now, I'll engage. I've seen older hands of his age took the same for a minute or two on a cold night."

Sikes, invoking terrific imprecations upon Fagin's head for sending Oliver on such an errand, plied the bar vigorously, but with little noise; and, after a delay and some assistance from Toby, the shutter, to which he had referred swung open on its hinges. There was a little lattice window, about five feet and a foot above the ground, at the back of the house, belonging to a scullery or small brewing-place at the end of the passage: the aperture was so small that the inmates had probably not thought it worth while to defend it more securely; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size nevertheless. A very trifling exercise of Mr. Sikes's art sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lattice, and it soon stood wide open.

"Now listen, you young limb!" whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing a glare full on Oliver's face; "I'm a-going to put you down there. Take this light, go softly up the steps right afore you, and along the little hall to the back-door. Unfasten it, and let us in."

"There's a bolt at the top you won't be able to reach," interposed Toby. "Stand upon one of the high chairs; there are three there, Bill, with a jolly

large blue unicorn and a gold pitchfork on 'em, which is the old lady's arms."

"Keep quiet, can't you?" replied Sikes with a savage look. "The room door is open, is it?"

"Wide," replied Toby, after peeping in to satisfy himself. "The game of that is that they always leave it open with a catch, so that the dog, who's got a bed in here, may walk up and down the passage when he feels wakeful. Ha! ha! Barney 'ticed him away to-night, so neat."

Although Mr. Crackit spoke in a scarcely audible whisper, and laughed without noise, Sikes imperiously commanded him to be silent, and to get to work. Toby complied by first producing his lantern, and placing it on the ground; and then planting himself firmly with his head against the wall beneath the window, and his hands upon his knees, so as to make a step of his back. This was no sooner done than Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oliver gently through the window, with his feet first; and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

"Take this lantern," said Sikes, looking into the room. "You see the stairs afore you?"

Oliver, more dead than alive, gasped out, "Yes;" and Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way, and that if he faltered he would fall dead that instant.

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes in the same low whisper. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work. Hark?"

"What's that?" whispered the other man.

They listened intently.

"Nothing," said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. "Now!"

In the short time he had had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart up stairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall, and knew not whether to advance or fly. The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not,—and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating, and dragged the boy up.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes as he drew

him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! Damnation, how the boy bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of fire-arms and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart, and he saw or heard no more.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Which contains the substance of a pleasant conversation between Mr. Bumble and a lady; and shows that even a beadle may be susceptible on some points.

The night was bitter cold; the snow lay upon the ground frozen into a hard thick crust, so that only the heaps of snow that had drifted into by-ways and corners were affected by the sharp wind that howled abroad, which, as if expending increased fury on such prey as it found, caught it savagely up in clouds, and, whirling it into a thousand misty eddies, scattered it in air. Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire, and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hunger-worn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets at such times, who, let their crimes have been what they may, can hardly open them in a more bitter world.

Such was the aspect of out-of-door affairs when Mrs. Corney, the matron of the workhouse to which our readers have been already introduced as the birth-place of Oliver Twist, set herself down before a cheerful fire in her own little room, and glanced with no small degree of complacency at a small round table, on which stood a tray of corresponding size, furnished with all necessary materials for the most grateful meal that matrons enjoy. In fact, Mrs. Corney was about to solace herself with a cup of tea: and as she glanced from the table to the fireplace, where the smallest of all possible kettles was singing a small song in a small voice, her inward satisfaction evidently increased,—so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Corney smiled.

"Well said the matron, leaning her elbow on the table and looking reflectively at the fire, "I'm sure we have all on us a great deal to be grateful for—a great deal, if we did but know it. Ah!"

Mrs. Corney shook her head mournfully, as if deploping the mental blindness of paupers who did not know it, and, thrusting a silver spoon (private property) into the inmost recesses of a two-ounce tin tea-caddy, proceeded to make the tea.

How slight a thing will disturb the equanimity of our frail minds! The black teapot, being very small

and easily filled, ran over while Mrs. Corney was moralizing, and the water slightly scalded Mrs. Corney's hand.

"Drat the pot!" said the worthy matron, setting down very hastily on the hob; "a little stupid teapot that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it to any body!—except," said Mrs. Corney pausing,—except a poor desolate creature like me. Oh dear!"

With these words the matron dropped into her seat, and, once more resting her elbow on the table, gazed at her solitary fate. The small teapot and the cup had awakened in her mind sad recollections of Corney, (who had not been dead more than twenty years,) and she was overpowered.

"I shall never get another!" said Mrs. Corney, and then, with a sigh, "I shall never get another—like him!"

Whether this remark bore reference to the teapot or the teapot is uncertain. It might have been either; for Mrs. Corney looked at it as she spoke, and it was not until afterwards that she had just tasted her tea when she was disturbed by a soft tap at the door.

"Oh, come in with you!" said Mrs. Corney. "Some of the old women dying, I suppose,—always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there ting the cold air in, don't! What's amiss now?"

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing," replied a man in a low tone, "is that Mr. Bumble?"

"At your service, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, who had been stopping outside to rub his shoes and shake the snow off his coat, and who now entered the room, bearing the cocked-hat in one hand and a bundle in the other. "Shall I shut the door?"

The lady modestly hesitated to reply. It should be any impropriety in holding an interview with Mr. Bumble with closed doors. Mr. Bumble, taking advantage of the hesitation, and being very much of himself, shut it without farther permission.

"Hard weather, Mr. Bumble," said the matron. "Hard, indeed, ma'am," replied the beadle. "It is a ti-porochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney,—we have given away the last of twenty quartern loaves, and a cheese and a ham, a very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are contented."

"Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble?" said the matron, sipping her tea.

"When, indeed, ma'am!" rejoined Mr. Bumble. "Why, here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am?—is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few more? It's only a pocket-handkerchief full, he says!—what would he do with coals?—Toast his children with 'em, and then come back for more. That's

with these people, ma'am;—give 'em a apron full of flannel to-day, and they'll come back for another the next to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster!"

The matron expressed her entire concurrence in this forcible simile, and the beadle went on.

"Never," said Mr. Bumble, "see anything like the like of it's got to. The day afore yesterday, a man—you been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention you—a man, with hardly a rag upon his back, (Mrs. Corney looked at the floor,) goes to our overseer's door when he has got company coming to see him, and says he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he couldn't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. 'My God!' says the unfeeling villain, 'what's the use of *this* to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles.'—'Very well,' says our overseer, taking 'em away again, 'you won't get anything else here.'—'Then I'll die in the streets!' says the vagrant.—'Oh no, you won't,' says our overseer."

"Ha! ha!—that was very good!—so like Mr. Grannet, isn't it?" interposed the matron. "Well, Mr. Bumble,

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the beadle, "he went away, *did* die in the streets. There's a obstinate pauper for you!"

"It beats anything I could have believed!" observed the matron emphatically. "But don't you think out-of-door relief a very bad thing any way, Mr. Bumble? You're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. No, no."

"Mrs. Corney," said the beadle, smiling as men smile who are conscious of superior information, "out-of-door relief, properly managed,—properly managed, ma'am,—is the parochial safe-guard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of having it."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Corney. "Well, that's a good one, too!"

"Yes. Betwixt you and me, ma'am," returned Mr. Bumble, "that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them malicious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country. But, however," said the beadle, stooping to unpack his bundle, "these are official secrets, ma'am; not to be spoken of except, as I may say, among the parochial officers such as ourselves. This is the port wine, ma'am that the board ordered for the infirmary,—realish, genuine port wine, only out of the cask this afternoon,—clear as a bell, and no sediment."

Having held the first bottle up to the light, and taken it well to test its excellence, Mr. Bumble placed them both on the top of a chest of drawers, folded the

handkerchief in which they had been wrapped, put it carefully in his pocket, and took up his hat as if to go.

"You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

"It blows, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, "enough to cut one's ears off."

The matron looked from the little kettle to the beadle, who was moving towards the door; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again, laid his hat and stick upon a chair, and drew another chair up to the table. As he slowly seated himself, he looked at the lady: she fixed her eyes upon the little teapot. Mr. Bumble coughed again, and slightly smiled.

Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet. As she sat down, her eyes once again encountered those of the gallant beadle; she coloured, and applied herself to the task of making his tea. Again Mr. Bumble coughed,—louder this time than he had coughed yet.

"Sweet, Mr. Bumble?" inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am, replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this; and, if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

The tea was made, and handed in silence. Mr. Bumble, having spread a handkerchief over his knees to prevent the crumbs from sullyng the splendour of his shorts, began to eat and drink, varying these amusements occasionally by fetching a deep sigh, which, however, had no injurious effect upon his appetite, but, on the contrary, rather seemed to facilitate his operations in the tea and toast department.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see," said Mr. Bumble, glancing at one, who in the centre of her family was basking before the fire; "and kittens too, I declare!"

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think," replied the matron. "They're so happy, so frolicsome, and so cheerful, that they are quite companions for me."

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble approvingly; "so very domestic."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron with enthusiasm; "so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble slowly, and marking the time with his teaspoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am."

"O, Mr. Bumble!" remonstrated Mrs. Corney.

"It's no use disguising facts, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly flourishing the teaspoon with a kind

of amorous dignity that made him doubly impressive; "I would drown it myself with pleasure."

"Then you 're a cruel man," said the matron, vivaciously, as she held out her hand for the beadle's cup, "and a very hard-hearted man besides."

"Hard-hearted, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, "hard!" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup, without another word, squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it, and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

It was a round table; and as Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble had been sitting opposite each other, with no great space between them, and fronting the fire, it will be seen that Mr. Bumble, in receding from the fire, and still keeping at the table, increased the distance between himself and Mrs. Corney; which proceeding some prudent readers will doubtless be disposed to admire, and to consider an act of great heroism on Mr. Bumble's part, he being in some sort tempted by time, place, and opportunity to give utterance to certain soft nothings, which, however well they may become the lips of the light and thoughtless, do seem immeasurably beneath the dignity of judges of the land, members of parliament, ministers of state, lord mayors, and other great public functionaries, but more particularly beneath the stateliness and gravity of a beadle, who (as is well known) should be the sternest and most inflexible among them all.

Whatever were Mr. Bumble's intentions, however,—and no doubt they were of the best,—whatever they were, it unfortunately happened, as has been twice before remarked, that the table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron, and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair in time close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and, when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire, and if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance,) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble, stirring his tea, and looking up into the matron's face; "are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, "what a very curious question from a single man! What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, wiped his lips, and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whis-

per, for the fright was so great that she had lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply, but in a slow and dignified manner put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming of course she would have screamed at this audacious boldness, but that the exertion was rendered necessary by a hasty knocking at the door, which was sooner heard than Mr. Bumble darted with agility to the wine-bottles, and began dusting them with great violence, while the matron sharply rebuked who was there. It is worthy of remark, as a physical instance of the efficacy of a sudden shock in counteracting the effects of extreme fear, that her voice had quite recovered all its official aspect.

"If you please, mistress," said a withered old pauper, hideously ugly, putting her head in at the door, "old Sally is a-going fast."

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. "I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, holding her hand, "nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help. I've seen a many people die, little boys and great strong men, and I know when death's near well enough. But she's troubled in her mind when the fits are not on her,—and that's not all; she is dying very hard,—she says she has got something to tell which you must hear. She'll be quiet till you come, mistress."

At this intelligence the worthy Mrs. Corney uttered a variety of invectives against old Sally, who couldn't even die without purposely annoying her betters; and, muffling herself in a thick shawl, she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stop till she came back, lest anything particular should occur, and bidding the messenger walk fast, he was all night hobbling up the stairs, followed by the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the while.

Mr. Bumble's conduct, on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, close inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of genuine metal; and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked-hat corner-wise, danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked-hat again, spreading himself before the fire with his back to it, as if it seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an inventory of the furniture.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Treats of a very poor subject, but is a short one, and will be found of importance in this history.

It was no unfit messenger of death that had disturbed the quiet of the matron's room. Her body was

age, her limbs trembled with palsy, and her face, distorted into a mumbling leer, resembled more the grotesque shaping of some wild pencil than the work of Nature's hand.

Alas! how few of Nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts, and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they now again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.

The old crone tottered along the passages and up the stairs, muttering some indistinct answers to the questions of her companion; and, being at length compelled to pause for breath, gave the light into her hand, and remained behind to follow as she might, while the more nimble superior made her way to the room where the sick woman lay.

It was a bare garret-room, with a dim light burning at the farther end. There was another old woman sitting by the bed, and the parish apothecary's apprentice was standing by the fire, making a toothpick out of a quill.

"Cold night, Mrs. Corney," said this young gentleman as the matron entered.

"Very cold indeed, sir," replied the mistress in her best civil tones, and dropping a curtesy as she spoke.

"You should get better coals out of your contractors," said the apothecary's deputy, breaking a lump on the top of the fire with a rusty poker; "these are not at all the sort of thing for a cold night."

"They're the board's choosing, sir," returned the matron. "The least they could do would be to keep the room pretty warm, for our places are hard enough."

The conversation was here interrupted by a moan from the sick woman.

"Oh!" said the young man, turning his face towards the bed, as if he had previously quite forgotten the patient, "it's all U. P. there, Mrs. Corney."

"It is, is it, sir?" asked the matron.

"If she lasts a couple of hours, I shall be surprised," said the apothecary's apprentice, intent upon the toothpick's point. "It's a break up of the system altogether. She's dozing, old lady."

The attendant stooped over the bed to ascertain, and nodded in the affirmative.

"Then perhaps she'll go off in that way, if you don't make a row," said the young man. "Put the light on the floor,—she won't see it there."

The attendant did as she was bidden, shaking her

head meanwhile to intimate that the woman would not die so easily; and, having done so, resumed her seat by the side of the other nurse, who had by this time returned. The mistress, with an expression of impatience, wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat at the foot of the bed.

The apothecary's apprentice, having completed the manufacture of the toothpick, planted himself in front of the fire, and made good use of it for ten minutes or so, when, apparently growing rather dull, he wished Mrs. Corney joy of her job, and took himself off on tiptoe.

When they had sat in silence for some time, the two old women rose from the bed, and, crouching over the fire, held out their withered hands to catch the heat. The flame threw a ghastly light on their shrivelled faces, and made their ugliness appear perfectly terrible, as in this position they began to converse in a low voice.

"Did she say any more, Anny dear, while I was gone?" inquired the messenger.

"Not a word," replied the other. "She plucked and tore at her arms for a little time; but I held her hands, and she soon dropped off. She hasn't much strength in her, so I easily kept her quiet. I ain't so weak for an old woman, although I am on parish allowance;—no, no."

"Did she drink the hot wine the doctor said she was to have?" demanded the first.

"I tried to get it down," rejoined the other; "but her teeth were tight set, and she clenched the mug so hard, that it was as much as I could do to get it back again. So I drank it, and it did me good."

Looking cautiously round to ascertain that they were not overheard, the two hags cowered nearer to the fire, and chuckled heartily.

"I mind the time," said the first speaker, "when she would have done the same, and made rare fun of it afterwards."

"Ay, that she would," rejoined the other; "she had a merry heart. A many, many beautiful corpses she laid out, as nice and neat as wax-work. My old eyes have seen them,—ay, and these old hands touched them too; for I have helped her scores of times."

Stretching forth her trembling fingers as she spoke, the old creature shook them exultingly before her face; and then, fumbling in her pocket, brought out an old time-discoloured tin snuff-box, from which she shook a few grains into the outstretched palm of her companion, and a few more into her own. While they were thus employed, the matron, who had been impatiently watching until the dying woman should awaken from her stupor, joined them by the fire, and sharply asked how long she was to wait.

"Not long, mistress," replied the second woman, looking up into her face. "We have none of us long

to wait for Death. Patience, patience! he'll be here soon enough for us all."

"Hold your tongue, you doting idiot!" said the matron sternly. "You, Martha, tell me; has she been in this way before?"

"Often," answered the first woman.

"But will never be again," added the second one; "that is, she'll never wake again but once,—and mind mistress, that won't be for long."

"Long or short," said the matron snappishly, "she won't find me here when she does, and take care, both of you, how you worry me again for nothing. It's no part of my duty to see all the old women in the house die, and I wont—that's more. Mind that, you impudent old harridans! If you make a fool of me again, I'll soon cure you, I warrant you!"

She was bouncing away, when a cry from the two women, who had turned towards the bed, caused her to look round. The sick woman had raised herself upright, and was stretching her arms towards them.

"Who's that?" she cried in a hollow voice.

"Hush, hush!" said one of the women stooping over her,—*"lie down, lie down!"*

"I'll never lie down again alive!" said the woman struggling. "I *will* tell her! Come here—nearer. Let me whisper in your ear."

"She clutched the matron by the arm, and forcing her into a chair by the bedside was about to speak, when, looking round, she caught sight of the two old women bending forward in the attitude of eager listeners.

"Turn them away," said the woman drowsily; "make haste—make haste!"

The two old crones, chiming in together, began pouring out many piteous lamentations that the poor dear was too far gone to know her best friends, and uttering sundry protestations that they would never leave her, when the superior pushed them from the room, closed the door, and returned to the bedside. On being excluded, the old ladies changed their tone, and cried through the keyhole that old Sally was drunk; which, indeed, was not unlikely, since, in addition to a moderate dose of opium prescribed by the apothecary, she was labouring under the effects of a final taste of gin and water, which had been privily administered in the openness of their hearts by the worthy old ladies themselves.

"Now listen to me!" said the dying woman aloud, as if making a great effort to revive one latent spark of energy. "In this very room—in this very bed—I once nursed a pretty young creetur', that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking, and all soiled with dust and blood. She gave birth to a boy, and died. Let me think—What was the year again?"

"Never mind the year," said the impatient auditor; "what about her?"

"Ay," murmured the sick woman, relapsing into her former drowsy state, "what about her!—about—I know!" she cried, jumping fiercely on her face flushed, and her eyes starting from her head—robbed her, so I did! She wasn't cold—I tell you—wasn't cold when I stole it!"

"Stole what, for God's sake!" cried the matron with a gesture as if she would call for help.

"It!"—replied the woman, laying her hand on the other's mouth,—*"the only thing she had! Stole her clothes to keep her warm, and food to eat! I had kept it safe; and had it in her bosom. Rich gold, I tell you! rich gold, that might have saved her life!"*

"Gold!" echoed the matron, bending eagerly over the woman as she fell back. "Go on, go on—what of it? Who was the mother!—when was it?"

"She charged me to keep it safe," replied the woman with a groan, "and trusted me as the other man about her. I stole it in my heart when she showed it me hanging round her neck; and the death, perhaps, is on me besides! They would have treated him better if they had known it all!"

"Known what?" asked the other. "Speak!"

"The boy grew so like his mother," said the woman, rambling on and not heeding the question, "I could never forget it when I saw his face. Poor poor girl!—she was so young too—such a great beauty—Wait; there's more to tell. I have not told you all I have I?"

"No, no," replied the matron, inclining her head to catch the words as they came more faintly from the dying woman.—*"Be quick, or it may be too late!"*

"The mother," said the woman, making a great effort than before,—*"the mother, when the hour of death first came upon upon her, whispered in my ear, that if her baby was born alive, and that some day might come when it would not feel disgraced to hear its poor young mother named. 'And God! she said, folding her thin hands hands together, 'whether it be boy or girl, raise up some friends for it in this troubled world, and take pity upon a desolate child abandoned to its mercy!'"*

"The boy's name?" demanded the matron.

"They called him Oliver," replied the woman; "the gold I stole was——"

"Yes, yes—what?" cried the other.

She was bending eagerly over the woman to hear her reply, but drew back instinctively as she once again rose slowly and stiffly into a sitting posture, clutching the coverlet with both hands, muttered some indistinct sounds in her throat, and fell lifeless on the bed.

"Stone dead!" said one of the old women, hurrying in as soon as the door was opened.

"And nothing to tell, after all" rejoined the matron, talking carelessly away.

The two crones were to all appearance too busily occupied in the preparations for their dreadful duties to make any reply, and were left alone hovering about the body.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Wherein this History reverts to Mr. Fagin and Company.

While these things were passing in the country workhouse, Mr. Fagin sat in the old den,—the same room which Oliver had been removed by the girl,—brooding over a dull smoky fire. He held a pair of gloves upon his knee, with which he had apparently been endeavouring to rouse it into more cheerful action; but he had fallen into deep thought, and with his arms folded upon them, and his chin resting on his thumbs, fixed his eyes abstractedly on the rusty bars.

At a table behind him sat the Artful Dodger, Master Charles Bates, and Mr. Chitling, all intent upon a game of whist; the Artful taking dummy against Master Bates and Mr. Chitling. The countenance of the first-named gentleman, peculiarly intelligent at all times, required great additional interest from his close observation of the game, and his attentive perusal of Mr. Chitling's hand, upon which, from time to time, as occasion served, he bestowed a variety of earnest glances, wisely regulating his own play by the result of his observations upon his neighbour's cards. It being a cold night, the Dodger wore his hat, as, indeed, was his custom within doors. He also sustained a sliver of pipe between his teeth, which he only removed for a brief space, when he deemed it necessary to apply for refreshment to a quart-pot upon the table, which was good ready filled with gin and water for the accommodation of the company.

Master Bates was also attentive to the play; but, being of a more excitable nature than his accomplished friend, it was observable that he more frequently applied himself to the gin and water, and moreover indulged in many jests and irrelevant remarks, all highly unbecoming a scientific rubber. Indeed, the Artful, resuming upon their close attachment, more than once took occasion to reason gravely with his companion upon these improprieties: all of which remonstrances Master Bates took in extremely good part, merely requesting his friend to be "blowed," or to insert his hand in a sack, or replying with some other neatly-turned witticism of a similar kind, the happy application of which excited considerable admiration in the mind of Mr. Chitling. It was remarkable that the latter gentleman and his partner invariably lost; and that the circumstance, so far from angering Master Bates, appeared to afford him the highest amusement,

inasmuch as he laughed most uproariously at the end of every deal, and protested that he had never seen such a jolly game in all his born days.

"That's two doubles and the rub," said Mr. Chitling with a very long face, as he drew half-a-crown from his waistcoat pocket. "I never see such a feller as you, Jack; you win everything. Even when we've good cards, Charley and I can't make nothing of 'em."

Either the matter or manner of this remark, which was made very ruefully, delighted Charley Bates so much, that his consequent shout of laughter roused the Jew from his reverie, and induced him to inquire what was the matter.

"Matter, Fagin!" cried Charley. "I wish you had watched the play. Tommy Chitling hasn't won a point, and I went partners with him against the Artful and dum."

"Ay, ay?" said the Jew with a grin, which sufficiently demonstrated that he was at no loss to understand the reason. "Try 'em again, Tom; try 'em again."

"No more of it for me, thankee, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling; "I've had enough. That 'ere Dodger has such a run of luck, that there's no standing again' him."

"Ha! ha! my dear," replied the Jew, "you must get up very early in the morning to win against the Dodger."

"Morning!" said Charley Bates; "you must put your boots on over night, and have a telescope at each eye, and a opera-glass between your shoulders, if you want to come over him."

Mr. Dawkins received these handsome compliments with much philosophy, and offered to cut any gentleman in company for the first picture-card at a shilling a time. Nobody accepting the challenge, and his pipe being by this time smoked out, he proceeded to amuse himself by sketching a ground-plan of Newgate on the table with the piece of chalk which had served him in lieu of counters, whistling meantime with peculiar shrillness.

"How precious dull you are, Tommy!" said the Dodger, stopping short when there had been a long silence, and addressing Mr. Chitling. "What do you think he's thinking of, Fagin?"

"How should I know, my dear?" replied the Jew, looking round as he plied the bellows. "About his losses, may be,—or the little retirement in the country that he's just left, eh?—Ha! ha! Is that it, my dear?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the Dodger, stopping the subject of discourse as Mr. Chitling was about to reply. "What do *you* say, Charley?"

"I should say," replied Master Bates with a grin, "that he was uncommon sweet upon Betsy. See how he's a-blushing! Oh, my eye! here's a merry-go

rounder!—Tommy Chitling's in love!—Oh, Fagin, Fagin! what a spree!"

Thoroughly overpowered with the notion of Mr. Chitling being the victim of the tender passion, Master Bates threw himself back in his chair with such violence, that he lost his balance, and pitched over upon the floor, where (the accident abating nothing of his merriment) he lay at full length till his laugh was over, when he resumed his former position and began another.

"Never mind him, my dear," said the Jew, winking at Mister Dawkins, and giving Master Bates a reproving tap with the nozzle of the bellows. "Betsy's a fine girl. Stick up to her, Tom; stick up to her."

"What I mean to say, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling, very red in the face, "is, that that isn't anything to anybody here."

"No more it is," replied the Jew: "Charley will talk. Don't mind him, my dear; don't mind him. Betsy's a fine girl. Do as she bids you, Tom, and you'll make your fortune."

"So I *do* do as she bids me," replied Mr. Chitling; "I shouldn't have been milled if it hadn't been for her advice. But it turned out a good job for you; didn't it, Fagin? And what's six weeks of it? It must come some time or another,—and why not in the winter time, when you don't want to go out a walking so much; eh, Fagin?"

"Ah, to be sure, my dear," replied the Jew.

"You wouldn't mind it again, Tom, would you," asked the Dodger, winking upon Charley and the Jew, "if Bet was all right?"

"I mean to say that I shouldn't," replied Tom angrily; "there, now! Ah! Who'll say as much as that, I should like to know; eh, Fagin?"

"Nobody, my dear," replied the Jew; "not a soul, Tom. I don't know one of 'em that would do it besides you; not one of 'em, my dear."

"I might have got clear off if I'd split upon her; mightn't I, Fagin?" angrily pursued the poor half-witted dupe. "A word from me would have done it; wouldn't it, Fagin?"

"To be sure it would, my dear," replied the Jew.

"But I didn't blab it; did I, Fagin?" demanded Tom, pouring question upon question with great volubility.

"No, no, to be sure," replied the Jew; "you were too stout-hearted for that,—a deal too stout, my dear."

"Perhaps I was," rejoined Tom, looking round; "and if I was, what's to laugh at in that; eh, Fagin?"

The Jew, perceiving that Mr. Chitling was considerably roused, hastened to assure him that nobody was laughing, and, to prove the gravity of the company, appealed to Master Bates, the principal offender; but unfortunately Charley, in opening his mouth to

reply that he was never more serious in his life, was unable to prevent the escape of such a violent remark that the abused Mr. Chitling, without any preliminary ceremonies, rushed across the room and aimed a blow at the offender, who, being skilful in evading punishment, ducked to avoid it, and chose his time so well, that he lighted on the chest of the merry old gentleman, which caused him to stagger to the wall, where he stood panting for breath, while Mr. Chitling looked at him with intense dismay.

"Hark!" cried the Dodger at this moment, "the tinkler." Catching up the light, he crept up stairs.

The bell rang again with some impatience, while the party were in darkness. After a short pause, the Dodger reappeared, and whispered Fagin mysteriously.

"What!" cried the Jew, "alone?"

The Dodger nodded in the affirmative, and, with the flame of the candle in his hand, gave Master Bates a private intimation in dumb show that it was better not to be funny just then. Having performed his friendly office, he fixed his eyes on the Jew's face, and awaited his directions.

The old man bit his yellow fingers, and waited for some seconds, his face working with agitation, while, as if he dreaded something, and feared the worst. At length he raised his head.

"Where is he?" he asked.

The Dodger pointed to the floor above, and made a gesture as if to leave the room.

"Yes," said the Jew, answering the mute question; "bring him down. Hush!—Quiet, Charley!—Tom! Scarce, scarce!"

This brief direction to Charley Bates and his antagonist to retire, was softly and immediately obeyed. There was no sound of their whereabouts, when the Dodger descended the stairs bearing the light in his hand, and followed by a man in a coarse frock, who, after casting a hurried glance round the room, pulled off a large shawl which had covered the lower portion of his face, and disclosed a rugged, unwashed, and unshaven,—the features of Toby Crackit.

"How are you, Fagey?" said the worthy, nodding to the Jew. "Pop that shawl away in my chest, Dodger, so that I may know where to find it when I cut; that's the time of day! You'll be a fine job cracksman afore the old file now!"

With these words he pulled up the smock-frock, and, winding it round his middle, drew a chair to the fire, and placed his feet upon the hob.

"See there, Fagey," he said, pointing disconsolately to his top-boots; "not a drop of Day and Ma since you know when; not a bubble of blacking;—! but don't look at me in that way, man. All

time; I can't talk about business till I've eat and ; so produce the sustenance, and let's have a fill-out for the first time these three days!"

The Jew motioned to the Dodger to place what eat-there were, upon the table: and, seating himself beside the housebreaker, waited his leisure.

Judge from appearances, Toby was by no means hurry to open the conversation. At first the Jew contented himself with patiently watching his counsellor, as if to gain from its expression some clue to intelligence he brought; but in vain. He looked old and worn, but there was the same complacent smile upon his features that they always wore, and his high dirt, and beard, and whisker, there still shone unpaired the self-satisfied smirk of flash Toby Crackit. Then the Jew in an agony of impatience swallowed every morsel he put into his mouth, pacing up and down the room meanwhile in irrepressible excitement. It was all of no use. Toby continued to sit with the utmost outward indifference until he had eat no more; and then, ordering the Dodger out, behind the door, mixed a glass of spirits and water, and composed himself for talking.

"First and foremost, Fagey," said Toby.

"Yes, yes!" interposed the Jew, drawing up his

Toby Crackit stopped to take a draught of spirits and water; and to declare that the gin was excellent; and placing his feet against the low mantelpiece, so as to bring his boots to about the level of his eye, he calmly resumed.

"First and foremost, Fagey," said the housebreaker, "what's Bill?"

"What!" screamed the Jew, starting from his seat. "Why, you don't mean to say——" began Toby, turning pale.

"Lean!" cried the Jew, stamping furiously on the ground. "Where are they?—Sikes and the boy—where are they?—where have they been?—where are they hiding?—why have they not been here?"

"The crack failed," said Toby faintly.

"I know it," replied the Jew, tearing a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to it. "What more?"

"They fired, and hit the boy. We cut over the top at the back with him between us—straight as a crow flies—through hedge and ditch. They gave him a D—me! the whole country was awake, and the dogs upon us!"

"The boy!" gasped the Jew.

"Bill had him on his back, and scudded like the wind. We stopped to take him again between us; his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels: every man for himself, and each from his gallows! We parted company, and left the young fellow lying in a ditch. Alive or dead, that's all I know of him."

The Jew stopped to hear no more; but uttering a loud yell, and twining his hands in his hair, rushed from the room and from the house.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

In which a mysterious character appears upon the scene, and many things inseparable from this history are done and performed.

The old man had gained the street corner before he began to recover the effect of Toby Crackit's intelligence. He had relaxed nothing of his unusual speed, but was still pressing onward in the same wild and disordered manner, when the sudden dashing past of a carriage, and a boisterous cry from the foot-passengers who saw his danger, drove him back upon the pavement. Looking hastily round, as if uncertain whither he had been hurrying, he paused for a few moments, and turned away in quite an opposite direction to that in which he had before proceeded. Avoiding as much as possible all the main streets, and skulking only through the byways and alleys, he at length emerged on Snow Hill. Here he walked even faster than before; nor did he linger until he had again turned into a court, when, as if conscious that he was now in his proper element, he fell into his usual shuffling pace, and seemed to breathe more freely.

Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the city, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns,—for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself, the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting-in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they came. Here the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars.

It was into this place that the Jew turned. He was well known to the sallow denizens of the lane, for such of them as were on the look-out to buy or sell, nodded familiarly as he passed along. He replied to their salutations in the same way, but bestowed no closer recognition until he reached the further end of the alley, when he stopped to address a salesman of small stature, who had squeezed as much of his person into a child's

chair as the chair would hold, and was smoking a pipe at his warehouse-door.

"Why, the sight of you, Mister Fagin, would cure the hoptalmy!" said this respectable trader, in acknowledgment of the Jew's inquiry after his health.

"The neighbourhood was a little too hot, Lively!" said Fagin, elevating his eyebrows, and crossing his hands upon his shoulders.

"Well! I've heerd that complaint of it once or twice before," replied the trader, "but it soon cools down again; don't you find it so?"

Fagin nodded in the affirmative, and, pointing in the direction of Saffron Hill, inquired whether any one was up yonder to-night.

"At the Cripples?" inquired the man.

The Jew nodded.

"Let me see!" pursued the merchant, reflecting.

"Yes; there's some half-dozen of 'em gone in, that I knows on. I don't think your friend's there."

"Sikes is not, I suppose?" inquired the Jew, with a disappointed countenance.

"*Non istwentus*, as the lawyers say," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking amazingly sly. "Have you got anything in my line to-night?"

"Nothing to-night," said the Jew, turning away.

"Are you going up to the Cripples, Fagin?" cried the little man, calling after him. "Stop! I don't mind if I have a drain there with you!"

But as the Jew, looking back, waved his hand to intimate that he preferred being alone; and, moreover, as the little man could not very easily disengage himself from the chair, the sign of the Cripples was, for a time, bereft of the advantage of Mr. Lively's presence. By the time he had got upon his legs the Jew had disappeared; so Mr. Lively, after ineffectually standing on tip-toe, in the hope of catching sight of him, again forced himself into the little chair, and, exchanging a shake of the head with a lady in the opposite shop, in which doubt and mistrust were plainly mingled, resumed his pipe with a grave demeanour.

The Three Cripples, or rather the Cripples, which was the sign by which the establishment was familiarly known to its patrons, was the same public-house in which Mr. Sikes and his dog have already figured. Merely making a sign to a man in the bar, Fagin walked straight up stairs, and opening the door of a room, and softly insinuating himself into the chamber, looked anxiously about, shading his eyes with his hand, as if in search of some particular person.

The room was illuminated by two gas-lights, the glare of which was prevented, by the barred shutters and closely-drawn curtains of faded red, from being visible outside. The ceiling was blackened, to prevent its colour being injured by the flaring of the lamps; and the place was so full of dense tobacco-smoke, that at first it was scarcely possible to discern anything further.

By degrees, however, as some of it cleared away through the open door, an assemblage of heads, as confused as the noises that greeted the ear, might be made out; and, as the eye grew more accustomed to the scene, the spectator gradually became aware of the presence of a numerous company, male and female, crowded round a long table, at the upper end of which sat a chairman with a hammer of office in his hand, while a professional gentleman, with a bluish nose, and his face tied up for the benefit of a tooth-ache, presided at a jingling piano in a remote corner.

As Fagin stepped softly in, the professional gentleman, running over the keys by way of prelude, occasioned a general cry of order for a song; which having subsided, a young lady proceeded to entertain the company with a ballad in four verses, between each of which the accompanist played the melody all through as loud as he could. When this was over, the chairman gave a sentiment; after which, the professional gentlemen on the chairman's right and left volunteered a duet, and sang it with great applause.

It was curious to observe some faces which stood out prominently from among the group. There was the chairman himself, the landlord of the house: a coarse, rough, heavy-built fellow, who, while the songs were proceeding, rolled his eyes hither and thither, and, seeming to give himself up to joviality, had an eye for everything that was done, and an ear for everything that was said,—and sharp ones, too. Near him were the singers, receiving with professional indifference the compliments of the company, and applying themselves in turn to a dozen proffered glasses of spirits and water tendered by their more boisterous admirers, whose countenances, expressive of almost every vice in almost every grade, irresistibly attracted the attention by their very repulsiveness. Cunning, ferocity, and drunkenness in all its stages were there in their strongest aspects; and women—some with the last lingering tinge of their early freshness almost fading as you looked, and others with every mark and stamp of their sex utterly beaten out, and presenting but one loathsome blank of profligacy and crime; some mere girls, others but young women, and none past the prime of life,—formed the darkest and saddest portion of this dreary picture.

Fagin, troubled by no grave emotions, looked eagerly from face to face while these proceedings were in progress, but apparently without meeting that of which he was in search. Succeeding at length in catching the eye of the man who occupied the chair, he beckoned to him slightly, and left the room as quietly as he had entered it.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Fagin?" softly inquired the man as he followed him out to the landing. "Wont you join us? They'll be delighted, every one of 'em."

The Jew shook his head impatiently, and said in a whisper, "Is *he* here?"

"No," replied the man.

"And no news of Barney?" inquired Fagin.

"None," replied the landlord of the Cripples, for it was he. "He won't stir till it's all safe. Depend on it that they're on the scent down there, and that if he moved he'd blow upon the thing at once. He's all right enough, Barney is; else I should have heard of him. I'll pound it that Barney's managing properly. Let him alone for that."

"Will *he* be here to-night?" asked the Jew, laying the same emphasis on the pronoun as before.

"Monks do you mean?" inquired the landlord, hesitating.

"Hush!" said the Jew. "Yes."

"Certain," replied the man, drawing a gold watch from his fob; "I expected him here before now. If you'll wait ten minutes, he'll be —"

"No, no," said the Jew hastily, as though, however desirous he might be to see the person in question, he was nevertheless relieved by his absence. "Tell him I came here to see him, and that he must come to me to-night; no, say to-morrow. As he is not here, to-morrow will be time enough."

"Good!" said the man. "Nothing more?"

"Not a word now," said the Jew, descending the stairs.

"I say," said the other, looking over the rails, and speaking in a hoarse whisper; "what a time this would be for a sell! I've got Phil Barker here, so drunk, that a boy might take him."

"Aha! But it's not Phil Barker's time," said the Jew, looking up. "Phil has something more to do before we can afford to part with him; so go back to the company, my dear, and tell them to lead merry lives—*while they last*. Ha! ha! ha!"

The landlord reciprocated the old man's laugh, and returned to his guests. The Jew was no sooner alone than his countenance resumed its former expression of anxiety and thought. After a brief reflection, he called a hack-cabriolet, and bade the man drive towards Bethnal Green. He dismissed him within some quarter of a mile of Mr. Sikes's residence, and performed the short remainder of the distance on foot.

"Now," muttered the Jew as he knocked at the door, "if there is any deep play here, I shall have it out of you, my girl, cunning as you are."

She was in her room, the woman said; so Fagin crept softly up-stairs, and entered it without any previous ceremony. The girl was alone, lying with her head upon the table, and her hair straggling over it. "She has been drinking," thought the Jew coolly, "or perhaps she is only miserable."

The old man turned to close the door as he made this reflection, and the noise thus occasioned roused

the girl. She eyed his crafty face narrowly as she inquired whether there was any news, and listened to his recital of 'Toby Crackit's story. When it was concluded, she sunk into her former attitude, but spoke not a word. She pushed the candle impatiently away, and once or twice, as she feverishly changed her position, shuffled her feet upon the ground; but this was all.

During this silence, the Jew looked restlessly about the room, as if to assure himself that there were no appearances of Sikes having covertly returned. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he coughed twice or thrice, and made as many efforts to open a conversation; but the girl heeded him no more than if he had been made of stone. At length he made another attempt, and, rubbing his hands together, said, in his most conciliatory tone,

"And where should you think Bill was now, my dear; eh?"

The girl moaned out some scarcely intelligible reply, that she could not tell; and seemed, from the half-smothered noise that escaped her, to be crying.

"And the boy, too," said the Jew, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of her face. "Poor leetle child!—left in a ditch, Nance; only think!"

"The child," said the girl, suddenly looking up, "is better where he is, than among us: and, if no harm comes to Bill from it, I hope he lies dead in the ditch, and that his young bones may rot there."

"What!" cried the Jew in amazement.

"Ay, I do," returned the girl, meeting his gaze. "I shall be glad to have him away from my eyes, and to know that the worst is over. I can't bear to have him about me: the sight of him turns me against myself and all of you."

"Pooh!" said the Jew scornfully. "You're drunk, girl."

"Am I?" cried the girl bitterly. "It's no fault of yours if I am not; you'd never have me anything else if you had your will, except now!—the humour doesn't suit you, doesn't it?"

"No!" rejoined the Jew furiously. "It does not!"

"Change it, then!" responded the girl with a laugh.

"Change it!" exclaimed the Jew, exasperated beyond all bounds by his companion's unexpected obstinacy and the vexation of the night, "I will change it! Listen to me, you drab! listen to me, who with six words can strangle Sikes as surely as if I had his bull's throat between my fingers now. If he comes back, and leaves that boy behind him,—if he gets off free, and, dead or alive, fails to restore him to me, murder him yourself if you would have him escape Jack Ketch, and do it the moment he sets foot in this room, or, mind me, it will be too late!"

"What is all this?" cried the girl involuntarily.

"What is it!" pursued Fagin, mad with rage.

"This! When the boy's worth hundreds of pounds to me, am I to lose what chance threw me in the way of getting safely, through the whims of a drunken gang that I could whistle away the lives of,—and me bound, too, to a born devil that only wants the will, and has got the power to, to——"

Panting for breath, the old man stammered for a word, and in that one instant checked the torrent of his wrath, and changed his whole demeanour. A moment before, his clenched hands had grasped the air, his eyes had dilated, and his face grown livid with passion; but now he shrunk into a chair, and, cowering together, trembled with the apprehension of having himself disclosed some hidden villany. After a short silence he ventured to look round at his companion, and appeared somewhat reassured on beholding her in the same listless attitude from which he had first roused her.

"Nancy dear!" croaked the Jew in his usual voice. "Did you mind me, dear?"

"Don't worry me now, Fagin!" replied the girl, raising her head languidly. "If Bill has not done it this time, he will another: he has done many a good job for you, and will do many more when he can; and when he can't, he won't, and so no more about that."

"Regarding this boy, my dear?" said the Jew, rubbing the palms of his hands nervously together.

"The boy must take his chance with the rest," interrupted Nancy hastily; "and I say again, I hope he he is dead, and out of harm's way, and out of yours,—that is, if Bill comes to no harm; and if Toby got clear off, he's pretty sure to, for he's worth two of him any time."

"And about what I was saying, my dear?" observed the Jew, keeping his glistening eye steadily upon her.

"You must say it all over again if it's anything you want me to do," rejoined Nancy; "and if it is, you had better wait till to-morrow. You put me up for a minute, but now I'm stupid again."

Fagin put several other questions, all with the same drift of ascertaining whether the girl had profited by his unguarded hints; but she answered them so readily, and was withal so utterly unmoved by his searching looks, that his original impression of her being more than a trifle in liquor was fully confirmed. Miss Nancy, indeed, was not exempt from a failing which was very common among the Jew's female pupils, and in which in their tenderer years they were rather encouraged than checked. Her disordered appearance, and a wholesome perfume of Geneva which pervaded the apartment, afforded strong confirmatory evidence of the justice of the Jew's supposition; and when, after indulging in the temporary display of violence above described, she subsided, first into dulness, and afterwards into a compound of feelings, under the influence of which she shed tears one minute, and in the next

gave utterance to various exclamations of "Never say die!" and divers calculations as to what might be the amount of the odds so long as a lady or gentleman were happy, Mr. Fagin, who had had considerable experience of such matters in his time, saw with great satisfaction that she was very far gone indeed.

Having eased his mind by this discovery; and accomplished his two-fold object of imparting to the girl what he had that night heard, and ascertaining with his own eyes that Sikes had not returned, Mr. Fagin again turned his face homeward, leaving his young friend asleep with her head upon the table.

It was within an hour of midnight, and the weather being dark and piercing cold, he had no great temptation to loiter. The sharp wind that scoured the streets seemed to have cleared them of passengers as of dust and mud, for few people were abroad, and they were to all appearance hastening fast home. It blew from the right corner for the Jew, however, and straight before it he went, trembling and shivering as every fresh gust drove him rudely on his way.

He had reached the corner of his own street, and was already fumbling in his pocket for the door-key, when a dark figure emerged from a projecting entrance which lay in deep shadow, and crossing the road, glided up to him unperceived.

"Fagin," whispered a voice close to his ear.

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning quickly round. "Is that——?"

"Yes!" interrupted the stranger harshly. "I have been lingering here these two hours. Where the devil have you been?"

"On your business, my dear," replied the Jew, glancing uneasily at his companion, and slackening his pace as he spoke. "On your business all night."

"Oh, of course!" said the stranger, with a sneer. "Well; and what's come of it?"

"Nothing good," said the Jew.

"Nothing bad, I hope!" said the stranger, stopping short, and turning a startled look upon his companion.

The Jew shook his head, and was about to reply, when the stranger, interrupting him, motioned to the house, before which they had by this time arrived, and remarked that he had better say what he had got to say, under cover, for his blood was chilled with standing about so long, and the wind blew through him.

Fagin looked as if he could have willingly excused himself from taking home a visiter, at that unseasonable hour, and muttered something about having no fire; but, his companion repeating his request in a peremptory manner, he unlocked the door, and requested him to close it softly while he got a light.

"It's as dark as the grave," said the man, groping forward a few steps. "Make haste; I hate this!"

"Shut the door," whispered Fagin from the end of the passage. As he spoke, it closed with a loud noise.

"That wasn't my doing," said the other man, feeling his way. "The wind blew it to, or it shut of its own accord; one or the other. Look sharp with the light, or I shall knock my brains out against something in this confounded hole."

Fagin stealthily descended the kitchen stairs, and, after a short absence, returned with a lighted candle, and the intelligence that Toby Crackit was asleep in the back-room below, and the boys in the front one. Beckoning the other man to follow him, he led the way up stairs.

"We can say the few words we've got to say, in here, my dear," said the Jew, throwing open a door on the first floor; "and as there are holes in the shutters, and we never show lights to our neighbours, we'll set the candle on the stairs. There!"

With these words, the Jew, stooping down, placed the candle on an upper flight of stairs exactly opposite the room door, and led the way into the apartment, which was destitute of all moveables save a broken arm-chair, and an old couch or sofa, without covering, which stood behind the door. Upon this piece of furniture the stranger flung himself with the air of a weary man; and the Jew drawing up the arm-chair opposite, they sat face to face. It was not quite dark, for the door was partially open, and a candle outside threw a feeble reflection on the opposite wall.

They conversed for some time in whispers; and, although nothing of the conversation was distinguishable beyond a few disjointed words here and there, a listener might easily have perceived that Fagin appeared to be defending himself against some remarks of the stranger, and that the latter was in a state of considerable irritation. They might have been talking thus for a quarter of an hour or more, when Monks—by which name the Jew had designated the strange man several times in the course of their colloquy—said, raising his voice a little,

"I tell you again it was badly planned. Why not not have kept him here among the rest, and made a sneaking, snivelling pickpocket of him at once?"

"Only hear him!" exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Why; do you mean to say you couldn't have done it if you had chosen?" demanded Monks sternly. "Haven't you done it with other boys scores of times? If you had had patience for a twelvemonth at most, couldn't you have got him convicted and sent safely out of the kingdom, perhaps for life?"

"Whose turn would that have served, my dear?" inquired the Jew humbly.

"Mine," replied Monks.

"But not mine," said the Jew submissively. "When there are two parties to a bargain, it is only reasonable that the interest of both should be consulted; is it, my good friend?"

"What then?" demanded Monks sulkily.

"I saw it was not easy to train him to the business," replied the Jew; "he was not like other boys in the same circumstances."

"Curse him, no!" muttered the man, "or he would have been a thief long ago."

"I had no hold upon him to make him worse," pursued the Jew, anxiously watching the countenance of his companion; "his hand was not in; I had nothing to frighten him with; which we always must have in the beginning, or we labour in vain. What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charley? We had enough of that at first, my dear; I trembled for us all."

"That was not my doing," observed Monks.

"No, no, my dear!" renewed the Jew, "and I don't quarrel with it now; because, if it had never happened, you might never have clapped eyes upon the boy to notice him, and so led to the discovery that it was him you were looking for. Well; I got him back for you by means of the girl, and then she begins to favour him."

"Throttle the girl!" said Monks impatiently.

"Why, we can't afford to do that just now, my dear," replied the Jew, smiling; "and, besides, that sort of thing is not in our way, or one of these days I might be glad to have it done. I know what these girls are, Monks, well; as soon as the boy begins to harden, she'll care no more for him than for a block of wood. You want him made a thief: if he is alive, I can make him one from this time; and if—if" said the Jew, drawing nearer to the other,—"*it's not likely, mind,—but if the worst comes to the worst, and he is dead—*"

"It's no fault of mine if he is!" interposed the other man with a look of terror, and clasping the Jew's arm with trembling hands. "Mind that, Fagin! I had no hand in it. Anything but his death, I told you from the first. I won't shed blood; it's always found out, and haunts a man besides! If they shot him dead, I was not the cause; do you hear me! Fire this infernal den!—what's that?"

"What!" cried the Jew, grasping the coward round the body with both arms as he sprung to his feet. "Where?"

"Yonder!" replied the man, glaring at the opposite wall. "The shadow—I saw the shadow of a woman in a cloak and bonnet pass along the wainscot like a breath!"

The Jew released his hold, and they rushed tumultuously from the room. The candle, wasted by the draught, was standing where it had been placed, and showed them the empty stair-cases, and their own white faces. They listened intently, but a profound silence reigned throughout the house.

"It's your fancy," said the Jew, taking up the light, and turning to his companion.

"I'll swear I saw it!" replied Monks, trembling violently. "It was bending forward when I saw it first, and when I spoke it darted away."

The Jew glanced contemptuously at the pale face of his associate, and, telling him he could follow if he pleased, ascended the stairs. They looked into all the rooms; they were cold, bare, and empty. They descended to the passage, and thence into the cellars below. The green damp hung upon the low walls, and the tracks of the snail and slug glistened in the light, but all was still as death.

"What do you think now, my dear?" said the Jew, when they had regained the passage. "Besides ourselves, there's not a creature in the house except Toby and the boys, and they're safe enough. See here!"

As a proof of the fact, the Jew drew forth two keys from his pocket; and explained that when he first went down stairs he had locked them in, to prevent any intrusion on the conference.

This accumulated testimony effectually staggered Mr. Monks. His protestations had gradually become less and less vehement as they proceeded in their search without making any discovery; and now he gave vent to several very grim laughs, and confessed it could only have been his excited imagination. He declined any renewal of the conversation however, for that night, suddenly remembering that it was past one o'clock; and so the amiable couple parted.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

Atones for the unpoliteness of a former Chapter, which deserted a Lady most unceremoniously.

As it would be by no means seemly in an humble author to keep so mighty a personage as a beadle waiting with his back to a fire, and the skirts of his coat gathered up under his arms, until such time as it might suit his pleasure to relieve him; and as it would still less become his station or his gallantry to involve in the same neglect a lady on whom that beadle had looked with an eye of tenderness and affection, and in whose ear he had whispered sweet words, which, coming from such a quarter, might well thrill the bosom of maid or matron of whatsoever degree; the faithful historian whose pen traces these words, trusting that he knows his place, and entertains a becoming reverence for those upon earth to whom high and important authority is delegated, hastens to pay them that respect which their position demands, and to treat them with all that duteous ceremony which their exalted rank and (by consequence) great virtues imperatively claim at his hands. Towards this end, indeed, he had purposed to introduce in this place a dissertation touching the divine right of beadles, and elucidative of the position that a beadle can do no wrong, which could not fail to have been both pleasurable and

profitable to the right-minded reader, but which he is unfortunately compelled by want of time and space to postpone to some more convenient and fitting opportunity; on the arrival of which, he will be prepared to show that a beadle properly constituted—that is to say, a parochial beadle attached the parochial workhouse, and attending in his official capacity the parochial church,—is in right and virtue of his office, possessed of all the excellencies and best qualities of humanity; and that to none of those excellencies can mere companies' beadles, or court-of-law beadles, or even chapple-of-ease beadles (save the last in a very lowly and inferior degree), lay the remotest sustainable claim.

Mr. Bumble had re-counted the tea-spoons, re-weighed the sugar-tongs, made a closer inspection of the milk-pot, and ascertained to a nicety the exact condition of the furniture down to the very horse-hair seats of the chairs, and had repeated each process full half-a-dozen times, before he began to think that it was time for Mrs. Corney to return. Thinking begets thinking; and, as there were no sounds of Mrs. Corney's approach, it occurred to Mr. Bumble that it would be an innocent and virtuous way of spending the time, if he were further to allay his curiosity by a cursory glance at the interior of Mrs. Corney's chest of drawers.

Having listened at the key-hole to assure himself that nobody was approaching the chamber, Mr. Bumble, beginning at the bottom, proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of the three long drawers; which, being filled with various garments of good fashion and texture, carefully preserved between two layers of old newspaper speckled with dried lavender, seemed to yield him exceeding satisfaction. Arriving in course of time at the right-hand corner drawer (in which was the key), and beholding therein a small padlocked box, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant sound as of the chinking of coin, Mr. Bumble returned with a stately walk to the fireplace, and, resuming his old attitude, said with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it!" He followed up this remarkable declaration by shaking his head in a waggish manner for ten minutes, as though he were remonstrating with himself for being such a pleasant dog; and then took a view of his legs in profile with much seeming pleasure and interest.

He was still placidly engaged in this latter survey when Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself in a breathless state on a chair by the fire-side, and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am? has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on—" Mr. Bumble in his alarm could not immediately think of the word "tenterhooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!" cried the lady, "I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble; "who has dared to—? I know!" said Mr. Bumble, checking himself with native majesty, "this is them wicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful to think of!" said the lady, shuddering.

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," whimpered the lady.

"Then take something, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble soothingly. "A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh!" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed distractedly to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, and snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness, and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," explained Mrs. Corney in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it; there's a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips, took another taste, and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am," retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. "Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said on either side for a minute or two afterwards; and by the expiration of that time Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Corney; and she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, looking round. "Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble in soft accents. "Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

Mrs. Corney drooped her head when the beadle said this, and the beadle drooped his to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney with great propriety turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief, but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

"The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?" affectionately inquired the beadle, pressing her hand.

"And candles," replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free," said Mr. Bumble. "Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such porochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeeping!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word?" said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. "The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck!"

Matters being thus amicably and satisfactorily arranged, the contract was solemnly ratified in another tea-cup-full of the peppermint mixture, which was rendered the more necessary by the flutter and agitation of the lady's spirits. While it was being disposed of, she acquainted Mr. Bumble with the old woman's decease.

"Very good," said that gentleman, sipping his peppermint. "I'll call at Sowerberry's as I go home, and

tell him to send to-morrow morning. Was it that as frightened you, love?"

"It wasn't anything particular, dear," said the lady evasively.

"It must have been something, love," urged Mr. Bumble. "Won't you tell your own B.?"

"Not now," rejoined the lady; "one of these days, —after we're married, dear."

"After we're married!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble. "It wasn't any impudence from any of them male paupers as——"

"No, no, love!" interposed the lady hastily.

"If I thought it was," continued Mr. Bumble,—“if I thought any one of 'em had dared to lift his vulgar eyes to that lovely countenance——"

"They wouldn't have dared to do it, love," responded the lady.

"They had better not!" said Mr. Bumble, clenching his fist. "Let me see any man, porochial or extra-porochial, as would presume to do it, and I can tell him that he wouldn't do it a second time!"

Unembellished by any violence of gesticulation, this might have sounded as no very high compliment to the lady's charms; but, as Mr. Bumble accompanied the threat with many warlike gestures, she was much touched with this proof of his devotion, and protested with great admiration that he was indeed a dove.

The dove then turned up his coat-collar, and put on his cocked-hat, and, having exchanged a long and affectionate embrace with his future partner, once again braved the cold wind of the night; merely pausing for a few minutes in the male paupers' ward to abuse them a little, with the view of satisfying himself that he could fill the office of workhouse-master with needful acerbity. Assured of his qualifications, Mr. Bumble left the building with a light heart, and bright visions of his future promotion, which served to occupy his mind until he reached the shop of the undertaker.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry having gone out to tea and supper, and Noah Claypole not being at any time disposed to take upon himself a greater amount of physical exertion than is necessary to a convenient performance of the two functions of eating and drinking, the shop was not closed, although it was past the usual hour of shutting-up. Mr. Bumble tapped with his cane on the counter several times; but, attracting no attention, and beholding a light shining through the glass-window of the little parlour at the back of the shop, he made bold to peep in and see what was going forward; and, when he saw what was going forward, he was not a little surprised.

The cloth was laid for supper, and the table was strewn with bread and butter, plates and glasses, a porter-pot, and a wine-bottle. At the upper end of the table Mr. Noah Claypole lolled negligently in an easy-chair with his legs thrown over one of the arms, an

open clasp-knife in one hand, and a mass of buttered bread in the other; close beside him stood Charlotte, opening oysters from a barrel, which Mr. Claypole condescended to swallow with remarkable avidity. A more than ordinary redness in the region of the young gentleman's nose, and a kind of fixed wink in his right eye, denoted that he was in a slight degree intoxicated; and these symptoms were confirmed by the intense relish with which he took his oysters, for which nothing but a strong appreciation of their cooling properties in cases of internal fever could have sufficiently accounted.

"Here's a delicious fat one, Noah dear!" said Charlotte; "try him, do; only this one."

"What a delicious thing is a oyster!" remarked Mr. Claypole after he had swallowed it. "What a pity it is a number of 'em should ever make you feel uncomfortable, isn't it, Charlotte?"

"It's quite a cruelty," said Charlotte.

"So it is," acquiesced Mr. Claypole. "Ain't yer fond of oysters?"

"Not overmuch," replied Charlotte. "I like to see you eat 'em, Noah dear, better than eating them myself."

"Lor'!" said Noah reflectively; "how queer!"

"Have another?" said Charlotte. "Here's one with such a beautiful, delicate beard!"

"I can't manage any more," said Noah. "I'm very sorry. Come here, Charlotte, and I'll kiss yer."

"What!" said Mr. Bumble, bursting into the room. "Say that again, sir."

Charlotte uttered a scream, and hid her face in her apron; while Mr. Claypole, without making any further change in his position than suffering his legs to reach the ground, gazed at the beadle in drunken terror.

"Say it again, you vile, owdacious fellow!" said Mr. Bumble. "How dare you mention such a thing, sir? and how dare you encourage him, you insolent minx? Kiss her!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble in strong indignation. "Faugh!"

"I didn't mean to do it!" said Noah, blubbing. "She's always a-kissing of me, whether I like it or not."

"Oh, Noah!" cried Charlotte reproachfully.

"Yer are, yer know yer are!" retorted Noah. "She's always a-doing of it, Mr. Bumble, sir; she chucks me under the chin, please sir, and makes all manner of love!"

"Silence!" cried Mr. Bumble sternly. "Take yourself down stairs, ma'am! Noah, you shut up the shop, and say another word till your master comes home at your peril; and, when he does come home, tell him that Mr. Bumble said he was to send an old woman's shell after breakfast to-morrow morning. Do you hear, sir? Kissing!" cried Mr. Bumble, holding up his hands. "The sin and wickedness of the lower orders

in this parochial district is frightful; if parliament don't take their abominable courses under consideration, this country's ruined, and the character of the peasantry gone for ever!" With these words the beadle strode, with a lofty and gloomy air, from the undertaker's premises.

And now that we have accompanied him so far on his road home, and have made all necessary preparations for the old woman's funeral, let us set on foot a few inquiries after young Oliver Twist, and ascertain whether he be still lying in the ditch where Toby Crackit left him.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Looks after Oliver, and proceeds with his adventures.

"Wolves tear your throats!" muttered Sikes, grinding his teeth; "I wish I was among some of you; you'd howl the hoarser for it."

As Sikes growled forth this imprecation with the most desperate ferocity that his desperate nature was capable of, he rested the body of the wounded boy across his bended knee, and turned his head for an instant to look back at his pursuers.

There was little to be made out of the mist and darkness; but the loud shouting of men vibrated through the air, and the barking of the neighbouring dogs, roused by the sound of the alarm bell, resounded in every direction.

"Stop, you white-livered hound!" cried the robber, shouting after Toby Crackit who, making the best use of his long legs, was already ahead,—*"stop!"*

The repetition of the word brought Toby to a dead stand-still, for he was not quite satisfied that he was beyond the range of pistol shot, and Sikes was in no mood to be played with.

"Bear a hand with the boy," roared Sikes, beckoning furiously to his confederate. *"Come back!"*

Toby made a show of returning, but ventured in a low voice, broken for want of breath, to intimate considerable reluctance as he came slowly along.

"Quicker!" cried Sikes, laying the boy in a dry ditch at his feet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket. *"Don't play the booby with me."*

At this moment the noise grew louder, and Sikes again looking round, could discern that the men who had given chase were already climbing the gate of the field in which he stood, and that a couple of dogs were some paces in advance of them.

"It's all up, Bill," cried Toby, "drop the kid and show 'em your heels." With this parting advice, Mr. Crackit, preferring the chance of being shot by his friend to the certainty of being taken by his enemies, fairly turned tail, and darted off at full speed. Sikes clenched his teeth, took one look round, threw over the prostrate form of Oliver the cape in which he had been hurriedly muffled, ran along the front of the

hedge as if to distract attention of those behind, from the spot where the boy lay, paused for a second before another hedge which met it at right angles, and whirling his pistol high in the air, cleared it at a bound and was gone.

"Ho, ho, there!" cried a tremulous voice in the rear. *"Pincher, Neptune, come here, come here!"*

The dogs, which in common with their masters, seemed to have no particular relish for the sport in which they were engaged, readily answered to this command: and three men, who had by this time advanced some distance into the field, stopped to take counsel together.

"My advice, or leastways I should say, my *orders* is," said the fattest man of the party, "that we 'mmediately go home again."

"I am agreeable to anything which is agreeable to Mr. Giles," said a shorter man, who was by no means of a slim figure, and who was very pale in the face, and very polite, as frightened men frequently are.

"I shouldn't wish to appear ill-mannered, gentlemen," said the third, who had called the dogs back, *"Mr. Giles ought to know."*

"Certainly," replied the shorter man; "and whatever Mr. Giles says, it isn't our place to contradict him. No, no, I know my *sitiuation*,—thank my stars I know my *sitiuation*." To tell the truth, the little man *did* seem to know his situation, and to know perfectly well that it was by no means a desirable one, for his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

"You are afraid, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

"I ain't," said Brittles.

"You are," said Giles.

"You're a falsehood, Mr. Giles," said Brittles.

"You're a lie, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

Now, these four retorts arose from Mr. Giles's taunt, and Mr. Giles's taunt had arisen from his indignation at having the responsibility of going home again imposed upon himself under cover of a compliment. The third man brought the dispute to a close most philosophically.

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, *"we're all afraid."*

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Mr. Giles, who was the palest of the party.

"So I do," replied the man. *"It's natural and proper to be afraid under such circumstances: I am."*

"So am I," said Brittles, *"only there's no call to tell a man he is, so bounceably."*

These frank admissions softened Mr. Giles, who at once owned that *he* was afraid; upon which they all three faced about and ran back again with the completest unanimity, till Mr. Giles (who had the shortest wind of the party, and was encumbered with a pitchfork (most handsomely insisted upon stopping to make an apology for his hastiness of speech.

"But it's wonderful," said Mr. Giles, when he had explained, "what a man will do when his blood is up. I should have committed murder, I know I should, if we'd caught one of the rascals."

As the other two were impressed with a similar presentiment, and their blood, like his, had all gone down again, some speculation ensued upon the cause of this sudden change in their temperament.

"I know what it was," said Mr. Giles; "it was the gate."

"I should'nt wonder if it was," exclaimed Brittles, catching at the idea.

"You may depend upon it," said Giles, "that that gate stopped the flow of the excitement. I felt all mine suddenly going away as I was climbing over it."

By a remarkable coincidence the other two had been visited with the same unpleasant sensation at that precise moment; so that it was quite conclusive that it was the gate, especially as there was no doubt regarding the time at which the change had taken place, because all three remembered that they had come in sight of the robbers at the very instant of its occurrence.

This dialogue was held between the two men who had surprised the burglars, and a travelling tinker, who had been sleeping in an out-house, and who had been roused, together with his two mongrel curs, to join in the pursuit. Mr. Giles acted in the double capacity of butler and steward to the old lady of the mansion, and Brittles was a lad of all work, who having entered her service a mere child, was treated as a promising young boy still, though he was something past thirty.

Encouraging each other with such converse as this, but keeping very close together notwithstanding, and looking apprehensively round whenever a fresh gust rattled through the boughs, the three men hurried back to a tree, behind which they had left their lantern, lest its light should inform the thieves in what direction to fire. Catching up the light, they made the best of their way home at a good round trot; and long after their dusky forms had ceased to be discernible, it might have been seen twinkling and dancing in the distance, like some exhalation of the damp and gloomy atmosphere through which it was swiftly borne.

The air grew colder as day came slowly on, and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke; the grass was wet, the pathways and low places were all mire and water, and the damp breath of an unwholesome wind went languidly by with a hollow moaning. Still Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

Morning drew on apace; the air became more sharp and piercing as its first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness grew more and more defined, and

gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him, for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

At length a low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed, and uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side, and the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture, and when he had done so, he looked feebly round for help and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright, but shuddering from head to foot, fell prostrate on the ground.

After a short return of the stupor in which he had been so long plunged, Oliver, urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that if he lay there he must surely die, got upon his feet and essayed to walk. His head was dizzy, and he staggered to and fro like a drunken man; but he kept up nevertheless, and, with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward he knew not whither.

And now, hosts of bewildering and confused ideas came crowding on his mind. He seemed to be still walking between Sikes and Crackit, who were angrily disputing, for the very words they said sounded in his ears: and when he caught his own attention, as it were, by making some violent effort to save himself from falling, he found that he was talking to them. Then he was alone with Sikes plodding on as they had done the previous day, and as shadowy people passed them by, he felt the robber's grasp upon his wrist. Suddenly he started back at the report of fire-arms, and there rose into the air loud cries and shouts; lights gleamed before his eyes, and all was noise and tumult as some unseen hand bore him hurriedly away. Through all these rapid visions there ran an undefined, uneasy, consciousness of pain which wearied and tormented him incessantly.

Thus he staggered on, creeping almost mechanically between the bars of gates, or through hedge-gaps as they came in his way, until he reached a road; and here the rain began to fall so heavily that it roused him.

He looked about, and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Seeing his condition they might have compassion on him, and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings than in the lonely open fields. He summoned up all his strength for one last trial, and bent his faltering steps towards it.

As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling came over him that he had seen it before. He remembered nothing of its details, but the shape and aspect of the

building seemed familiar to him. That garden wall! On the grass inside he had fallen on his knees last night, and prayed the two men's mercy. It was the very same house they had attempted to rob.

Oliver felt such fear come over him when he recognised the place, that for the instant he forgot the agony of his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight! He could scarcely stand; and if he were in full possession of all the best powers of his slight and youthful frame, where could he fly to? He pushed against the garden gate; it was unlocked, and swung open on its hinges. He tottered across the lawn, climbed the steps, knocked faintly at the door, and his whole strength failing him, sunk down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

It happened that about this time Mr. Giles, Brittles, and the tinker were recruiting themselves after the fatigues and terrors of the night, with tea and sundries in the kitchen. Not that it was Mr. Giles's habit to admit to too great familiarity the humbler servants, towards whom it was rather his wont to deport himself with a lofty affability, which, while it gratified, could not fail to remind them of his superior position in society. But death, fires, and burglary make all men equals; and Mr. Giles sat with his legs stretched out before the kitchen fender, leaning his left arm on the table, while with his right he illustrated a circumstantial and minute account of the robbery, to which his hearers (but especially the cook and housemaid, who were of the party) listened with breathless interest.

"It was about half-past two," said Mr. Giles, "or I wouldn't swear that it mightn't have been a little nearer three, when I woke up, and turning round in my bed, as it might be so, (here Mr. Giles turned round in his chair, and pulled the corner of the table cloth over him to imitate bed-clothes,) I fancied I heard a noise."

At this point of the narrative the cook turned pale, and asked the housemaid to shut the door, who asked Brittles, who asked the tinker, who pretended not to hear.

"Heard a noise," continued Mr. Giles. "I says at first, 'this is illusion;' and was composing myself off to sleep when I heard the noise again, distinct."

"What sort of a noise?" asked the cook.

"A kind of a busting noise," replied Mr. Giles, looking round him.

"More like the noise of powdering a iron bar on a nutmeg-grater," suggested Brittles.

"It was, when *you* heard it, sir," rejoined Mr. Giles; "but at this time it had a busting sound. I turned down the clothes," continued Giles, rolling back the table cloth, "sat up in bed, and listened."

The cook and housemaid simultaneously ejaculated "Lor!" and drew their chairs closer together.

"I heard it now, quite apparent," resumed Mr.

Giles. "'Somebody,' I says, 'is forcing of a door or window, what's to be done! I'll call up that poor lad, Brittles, and save him from being murdered in his bed; or his throat,' says I, 'may be cut from his right ear to his left, without his ever knowing it.'"

Here all eyes were turned upon Brittles, who fixed his upon the speaker, and stared at him with his mouth wide open, and his face expressive of the most unmitigated horror.

"I tossed off the clothes," said Giles, throwing away the table cloth, and looking very hard at the cook and housemaid, "got softly out of bed, drew on a pair of—"

"Ladies present, Mr. Giles," murmured the tinker.

"—Of *shoes*, sir," said Giles, turning upon him, and laying great emphasis on the word, "seized the loaded pistol that always goes up stairs with the plate-basket, and walked on tiptoes to his room. 'Brittles,' I says, when I had woke him, 'dout be frightened!'"

"So you did," observed Brittles, in a low voice.

"'We're dead men, I think, Brittles,' I says," continued Giles, "'but don't be under any alarm.'"

"*Was* he frightened?" asked the cook.

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Giles. "He was as firm—ah! pretty near as firm as I was."

"I should have died at once, I'm sure, if it had been me," observed the housemaid.

"You're a woman," retorted Brittles, plucking up a little.

"Brittles is right," said Mr. Giles, nodding his head approvingly; "from a woman nothing else was to be expected. But, we, being men, took a dark lantern that was standing on Brittles's hob, and groped our way down stairs in the pitch dark,—as it might be so."

Mr. Giles had risen from his seat and taken two steps with his eyes shut to accompany his description with appropriate action, when he started violently in common with the rest of the company, and hurried back to his chair. The cook and housemaid screamed.

"It was a knock," said Mr. Giles, assuming perfect serenity; "open the door, somebody."

Nobody moved.

"It seems a strange sort of thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning," said Mr. Giles, surveying the pale faces which surrounded him, and looking very blank himself; "but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?"

Mr. Giles, as he spoke, looked at Brittles; but that young man being naturally modest, probably considered himself nobody, and so held that the inquiry could not have any application to him. At all events he tendered no reply. Mr. Giles directed an appealing glance at the tinker, but he had suddenly fallen asleep. The women were out of the question.

"If Brittles would rather open the door in the pre-

sence of witnesses," said Mr. Giles, after a short silence, "I am ready to make one."

"So am I," said the tinker, waking up as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

Brittles capitulated on these terms; and the party being somewhat re-assured by the discovery (made on throwing open the shutters) that it was now broad day, took their way up stairs with the dogs in front, and the two women, who were afraid to stop below, bringing up the rear. By the advice of Mr. Giles they all talked very loud, to warn any evil-disposed person outside that they were strong in numbers; and by a master-stroke of policy, originating in the brain of the same ingenious gentleman, the dogs' tails were all pinched in the hall to make them bark savagely.

These precautions having been taken, Mr. Giles held on fast by the tinker's arm, (to prevent his running away, as he pleasantly said), and gave the word of command to open the door. Brittles obeyed, and the group peeping timorously over each other's shoulder, beheld no more formidable object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes, and mutely solicited their compassion.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, valiantly pushing the tinker into the background. "What's the matter with the—eh!—Why—Brittles—look here—don't you know?"

Brittles, who had got behind the door to open it, no sooner saw Oliver, than he uttered a loud cry of recognition. Mr. Giles seizing the boy by one leg and one arm—fortunately not the broken limb—lugged him straight into the hall, and deposited him at full length on the floor thereof. "Here he is!" bawled Giles, calling in a great state of excitement up the staircase; "here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's a thief, Miss—wounded, Miss! I shot him, Miss, and Brittles held the light."

"In a lantern, Miss," cried Brittles, applying one hand to the side of his mouth, so that his voice might travel the better.

The two women servants ran up stairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber; and the tinker busied himself in endeavouring to restore Oliver, lest he should die before he could be hung. In the midst of all this noise and commotion there was heard a sweet female voice which quelled it in an instant.

"Giles!" whispered a voice from the stairhead.

"I'm here, Miss," replied Mr. Giles. "Don't be frightened, Miss, I ain't much injured. He didn't make a very desperate resistance, Miss; I was soon too many for him."

"Hush!" replied the young lady; "you frighten my aunt almost as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature severely hurt?"

"Wounded desperate, Miss," replied Giles, with indescribable complacency.

"He looks as if he was a-going, Miss," bawled Brittles, in the same manner as before. "Wouldn't you like to come and look at him, Miss, in case he should—?"

"Hush, pray, there's a good man!" rejoined the young lady. "Wait quietly one instant while I speak to aunt."

With a footstep as soft and gentle as the voice, the speaker tripped away, and soon returned with the direction that the wounded person was to be carried carefully up stairs to Mr. Giles's room, and that Brittles was to saddle the pony and betake himself instantly to Chertsey, from which place he was to despatch with all speed a constable and doctor.

"But won't you take one look at him first, Miss?" said Giles, with as much pride as if Oliver were some bird of rare plumage that he had skilfully brought down. "Not one little peep, Miss."

"Not now for the world," replied the young lady.

"Poor fellow! oh! treat him kindly, Giles, if it is only for my sake!"

The old servant looked up at the speaker, as she turned away, with a glance as proud and admiring as if she had been his own child. Then bending over Oliver, he helped to carry him up stairs with the care and solicitude of a woman.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

Has an introductory account of the inmates of the house to which Oliver resorted, and relates what they thought of him.

In a handsome room—though its furniture had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort, than of modern elegance—there sat two ladies at a well-spread breakfast table. Mr. Giles, dressed with scrupulous care in a full suit of black, was in attendance upon them. He had taken his station some half-way between the sideboard and the breakfast table, and with his body drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back and inclined the merest trifle on one side, his left leg advanced, and his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, while his left hung down by his side grasping a waiter, looked like one who laboured under a very agreeable sense of his own merits and importance.

Of the two ladies, one was well advanced in years, but the high-backed oaken chair in which she sat was not more upright than she. Dressed with the utmost nicety and precision in a quaint mixture of bygone costume, with some slight concessions to the prevailing taste, which rather served to point the old style pleasantly than to impair its effect, she sat in a stately manner with her hands folded on the table before her, and her eyes, of which age had dimmed but little of

their brightness, attentively fixed upon her young companion.

The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood; at that age when, if ever angels be for God's good purposes enthroned in mortal forms, they may be without impiety supposed to abide in such as hers.

She was not past seventeen. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould, so mild and so gentle, so pure and beautiful, that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eye and was stamped upon her noble head, seemed scarcely of her age or of the world, and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good humour, the thousand lights that played about the face and left no shadow there; above all, the smile—the cheerful happy smile—were entwined with the best sympathies and affections of our nature.

She was busily engaged in the little offices of the table, and chancing to raise her eyes as the elder lady was regarding her, playfully put back her hair, which was simply braided on her forehead, and threw into one beaming look such a gush of affection and artless loveliness, that blessed spirits might have smiled to look upon her.

The elder lady smiled; but her heart was full, and she brushed a tear away as she did so.

"And Brittles has been gone upwards of an hour, has he?" asked the old lady after a pause.

"An hour and twelve minutes, ma'am;" replied Mr. Giles, referring to a silver watch which he drew forth by a black ribbon.

"He is always slow," remarked the old lady.

"Brittles always was a slow boy, ma'am," replied the attendant. And seeing, by-the-by, that Brittles had been a slow boy for upwards of thirty years, there appeared no great probability of his ever being a fast one.

"He get's worse instead of better, I think," said the elder lady.

"It is very inexcusable in him if he stops to play with any other boys," said the young lady, smiling.

Mr. Giles was apparently considering the propriety of indulging in a respectful smile himself, when a gig drove up to the garden-gate, out of which there jumped a fat gentleman, who ran straight up to the door, and getting quickly into the house by some mysterious process, burst into the room, and nearly overturned Mr. Giles and the breakfast table together.

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the fat gentleman. "My dear Mrs. Maylie—bless my soul—in the silence of night too—I *never* heard of such a thing!"

With these expressions of condolence, the fat gentleman shook hands with both ladies, and drawing up a chair, inquired how they found themselves.

"You ought to be dead—positively dead with the

fright," said the fat gentleman. "Why didn't you send? Bless me, my man should have come in a minute, or I myself and my assistant would have been delighted, or anybody; I'm sure under such circumstances; dear, dear—so unexpected—in the silence of the night too!"

The doctor seemed especially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected, and attempted in the night time, as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the house breaking way to transact business at noon, and to make an appointment by the two-penny post a day or two previous.

"And you, Miss Rose," said the doctor, turning to the young lady, "I——"

"Oh! very much so indeed," said Rose, interrupting him; "but there is a poor creature up stairs whom aunt wishes you to see."

"Ah! to be sure," replied the doctor, "so there is. That was your handy-work, Giles, I understand."

Mr. Giles, who had been feverishly putting the tea-cups to rights, blushed very red, and said that he had had that honour.

"Honour, eh?" said the doctor; "well, I don't know, perhaps it's as honourable to hit a thief in a back kitchen, as to hit your man at twelve paces. Fancy that he fired in the air, and you've fought a duel, Giles."

Mr. Giles, who thought this light treatment of the matter an unjust attempt at diminishing his glory, answered respectfully, that it was not for the like of him to judge about that, but he rather thought it was no joke to the opposite party.

"'Gad, that's true!" said the doctor. "Where is he? Show me the way. I'll look in again as I come down, Mrs. Maylie. That's the little window that he got in at, eh? Well, I couldn't have believed it." Talking all the way, he followed Mr. Giles up stairs; and while he is going up stairs the reader may be informed, that Mr. Losberne, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, known through a circuit of ten miles round as "the doctor," had grown fat more from good humour than from good living, and was as kind and hearty, and withal as eccentric an old bachelor as will be found in five times that space by any explorer alive.

The doctor was absent much longer than either he or the ladies had anticipated. A large flat box was fetched out of the gig, and a bed-room bell was rung very often, and the servants ran up and down stairs perpetually, from which token it was justly concluded that something important was going on above. At length he returned; and in reply to an anxious inquiry after his patient, looked very mysteriously and closed the door carefully.

This is a very extraordinary thing, Mrs. Maylie," said the doctor, standing with his back to the door as if to keep it shut.

"He is not in danger, I hope?" said the old lady.

"Why, that would not be an extraordinary thing, under the circumstances," replied the doctor, "though I don't think he is. Have you seen this thief?"

"No," rejoined the old lady.

"Nor heard anything about him?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," interposed Mr. Giles; "but I was going to tell you about him when Doctor Losberne came in."

The fact was, that Mr. Giles had not at first been able to bring his mind to the avowal that he had only shot a boy. Such commendations had been bestowed upon his bravery, that he could not for the life of him help postponing the explanation for a few delicious minutes, during which he had flourished in the very zenith of a brief reputation for undaunted courage.

"Rose wished to see the man," said Mrs. Maylie, "but I wouldn't hear of it."

"Humph!" rejoined the doctor. "There's nothing very alarming in his appearance. Have you any objection to see him in my presence?"

"If it be necessary," replied the old lady, "certainly not."

"Then I think it is necessary," said the doctor; "at all events I am quite sure that you would deeply regret not having done so, if you postponed it. He is perfectly quiet and comfortable now. Allow me—Miss Rose, will you permit me? not the slightest fear, I pledge you my honour."

With many more loquacious assurances that they would be agreeably surprised in the aspect of the criminal, the doctor drew the young lady's arm through one of his, and offering his disengaged hand to Mrs. Maylie, led them with much ceremony and stateliness up stairs.

"Now," said the doctor in a whisper as he softly turned the handle of a bed-room door, "let us hear what you think of him. He has not been shaved very recently, but he doesn't look at all ferocious notwithstanding. Stop, though: let me see that he is in visiting order first."

Stepping before them, he looked into the room, and motioning them to advance, closed the door when they had entered, and gently drew back the curtains of the bed. Upon it, in lieu of the dogged, black-visaged ruffian they had expected to behold, there lay a mere child, worn with pain and exhaustion and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded arm, bound and splintered up, was crossed upon his breast, and his head reclined upon the other, which was half hidden by his long hair as it streamed over the pillow.

The honest gentleman held the curtain in his hand, and looked on for a minute or so, in silence. Whilst he was watching the patient thus, the younger lady glided softly past, and seating herself in a chair by the

bedside gathered Oliver's hair from his face, and as she stooped over him, her tears fell upon his forehead.

The boy stirred and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known; as a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or even the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were, in this life, which vanish like a breath, and which some brief memory of a happier existence long gone by, would seem to have awakened, for no power of the human mind can ever recall them.

"What can this mean!" exclaimed the elder lady. "This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers."

"Vice," sighed the surgeon, replacing the curtain, "takes up her abode in many temples, and who can say that a fair outside shall not enshrine her?"

"But at so early an age," urged Rose.

"My dear young lady," rejoined the surgeon mournfully shaking his head, "crime, like death, is not confined to the old and withered alone. The youngest and fairest are too often its chosen victims."

"But, can you—oh, sir! can you, really believe that this delicate boy has been the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?" said Rose anxiously.

The surgeon shook his head in a manner which intimated that he feared it was very possible; and observing that they might disturb the patient, led the way into an adjoining apartment.

"But even if he has been wicked," pursued Rose, "think how young he is; think that he may never have known a mother's love, or even the comfort of a home, and that ill-usage and blows, or the want of bread, may have driven him to herd with the men who have forced him to guilt. Aunt, dear aunt, for mercy's sake think of this before you let them drag this sick child to a prison, which in any case must be the grave of all his chances of amendment. Oh! as you love me, and know that I have never felt the want of parents in your goodness and affection, but that I might have done so, and might have been equally helpless and unprotected with this poor child, have pity upon him before it is too late."

"My dear love!" said the elder lady, as she folded the weeping girl to her bosom; "do you think I would harm a hair of his head?"

"Oh, no!" replied Rose, eagerly, "not you, aunt, not you!"

"No," said the old lady with a trembling lip, "my days are drawing to their close, and may mercy be shown to me as I show it to others. What can I do to save him, sir?"

"Let me think, ma'am," said the doctor, "let me think."

Mr. Losberne thrust his hands into his pockets and took several turns up and down the room, after stooping and balancing himself on his toes and frowning frightfully. After various exclamations of "I've got it now," and "no, I havn't," and as many renewals of the walking and frowning, he at length made a dead halt, and spoke as follows:—

"I think if you give me a full and unlimited commission to bully Giles and that little boy, Brittles, I can manage it. He is a faithful fellow and an old servant, I know; but you can make it up to him in a thousand ways, and reward him for being such a good shot besides. You don't object to that?"

"Unless there is some other way of preserving the child," replied Mrs. Maylie.

"There is no other," said the doctor. "No other, take my word for it."

"Then aunt invests you with full power," said Rose, smiling through her tears; "but pray don't be harder upon the poor fellows than is indispensably necessary."

"You seem to think," retorted the doctor, "that every body is disposed to be hard-hearted to-day except yourself. I only hope, for the sake of the rising male sex generally, that you may be found in as vulnerable and soft-hearted a mood by the very first eligible young fellow who appeals to your compassion; and I wish *I* were a young fellow that I might avail myself on the spot of such a favourable opportunity for doing so, as the present."

"You are as great a boy as poor Brittles himself," returned Rose, blushing.

"Well," said the doctor, laughing heartily, "that is no very difficult matter. But to return to this boy: the great point of our agreement is yet to come. He will wake in an hour or so, I dare say; and although I have told that thick-headed constable fellow down stairs that he mustn't be moved or spoken to, on peril of his life, I think we may converse with him without danger. Now, I make this stipulation—that I shall examine him in your presence, and that if from what he says, we judge, and I can show to the satisfaction of your cool reason, that he is a real and thorough bad one, (which is more than possible,) he shall be left to his fate, without any further interference, on my part, at all events."

"Oh, no, aunt!" entreated Rose.

"Oh, yes, aunt!" said the doctor. "Is it a bargain?"

"He cannot be hardened in vice," said Rose; "it is impossible."

"Very good," retorted the doctor; "then so much the more reason for acceding to my proposition."

Finally the treaty was entered into, and the parties thereto sat down to wait with some impatience until Oliver should wake.

The patience of the two ladies was destined to un-

dergo a longer trial than Mr. Losberne had led them to expect, for hour after hour passed on, and still Oliver slumbered heavily. It was evening, indeed, before the kind-hearted doctor brought them the intelligence that he had at length roused sufficiently to be spoken to. The boy was very ill, he said, and weak from the loss of blood; but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to disclose something, that he deemed it better to give him the opportunity than to insist upon his remaining quiet until next morning, which he should otherwise have done.

The conference was a long one, for Oliver told them all his simple history, and was often compelled to stop by pain and want of strength. It was a solemn thing to hear, in the darkened room, the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and calamities which hard men had brought upon him. Oh! if, when we oppress and grind our fellow-creatures, we bestowed but one thought on the dark evidences of human error, which, like dense and heavy clouds, are rising slowly, it is true, but not less surely, to heaven, to pour their after vengeance on our heads—if we heard but one instant in imagination the deep testimony of dead men's voices, which no power can stifle and no pride shut out, where would be the injury and injustice, the suffering, misery, cruelty, and wrong, that each day's life brings with it!

Oliver's pillow was smoothed by woman's hands that night, and loveliness and virtue watched him as he slept. He felt calm and happy, and could have died without a murmur.

The momentous interview was no sooner concluded, and Oliver composed to rest again, than the doctor, after wiping his eyes and condemning them in the usual phrase for being weak all at once, betook himself down stairs to open upon Mr. Giles. And finding nobody about the parlours, it occurred to him that he could perhaps originate the proceedings with better effect in the kitchen; so into the kitchen he went.

There were assembled in that lower house of the domestic parliament, the women servants, Mr. Brittles, Mr. Giles, the tinker, (who had received a special invitation to regale himself for the remainder of the day in consideration of his services,) and the constable. The latter gentleman had a large staff, a large head, large features, and large half-boots, and looked as if he had been taking a proportionate allowance of ale, as indeed he had.

The adventures of the previous night were still under discussion, for Mr. Giles was expatiating upon his presence of mind when the doctor entered; and Mr. Brittles, with a mug of ale in his hand, was corroborating every thing before his superior said it.

"Sit still," said the doctor, waving his hand.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Giles. "Misses wished some ale to be given out, sir, and as I felt noways

inclined for my own little room, sir, and disposed for company I am taking mine among 'em here."

Brittles headed a low murmur by which the ladies and gentlemen generally, were understood to express the gratification they derived from Mr. Giles's condescension; and Mr. Giles looked round with a patronising air, as much as to say, that so long as they behaved properly he would never desert them.

"How is the patient to-night, sir?" asked Giles.

"So-so," returned the doctor. "I am afraid you have got yourself into a scrape there, Mr. Giles."

"I hope you don't mean to say sir," said Mr. Giles, trembling, "that he's going to die. If I thought it, I should never be happy again. I wouldn't cut a boy off, no, not even Brittles here, not for all the plate in the country, sir."

"That's not the point," said the doctor, mysteriously. "Mr. Giles, are you a Protestant?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so;" faltered Mr. Giles, who had turned very pale.

"And what are you, boy?" said the doctor, turning sharply upon Brittles.

"Lord bless me, sir!" replied Brittles, starting violently; "I'm the same as Mr. Giles, sir."

"Then tell me this," said the doctor fiercely, "both of you—both of you: are you going to take upon yourselves to swear that that boy up stairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night! Out with it! Come we are prepared for you."

The doctor, who was universally considered one of the best tempered creatures on earth, made this demand in such a dreadful tone of anger, that Giles and Brittles, who were considerably muddled by ale and excitement, stared at each other in a state of stupefaction.

"Pay attention to the reply, constable, will you," said the doctor, shaking his forefinger with great solemnity of manner, and tapping the bridge of his nose with it, to bespeak the exercise of that worthy's utmost acuteness. "Something may come of this before long."

The constable looked as wise as he could, and took up his staff of office which had been reclining indolently in the chimney-corner.

"It's a simple question of identity, you will observe," said the doctor.

"That's what it is, sir," replied the constable, coughing with great violence; for he had finished his ale in a hurry, and some of it had gone the wrong way.

"Here's a house broken into," said the doctor, "and a couple of men catch one moment's glimpse of a boy in the midst of gunpowder smoke, and in all the distraction of alarm and darkness. Here's a boy comes to that very same house next morning, and because he happens to have his arm tied up, those men lay violent

hands upon him—by doing which, they place his life in great danger—and swear he is the thief. Now the question is, whether those men are justified by the fact, and if not what situation do they place themselves in?"

The constable nodded profoundly, and said that if that wasn't law, he should be glad to know what was.

"I ask you again," thundered the doctor, "are you on your solemn oaths able to identify that boy?"

Brittles looked doubtfully at Mr. Giles, Mr. Giles looked doubtfully at Brittles; the constable put his hand behind his ear to catch the reply; the two women and the tinker leant forward to listen; and the doctor glanced keenly round, when a ring was heard at the gate and at the same moment the sound of wheels.

"It's the runners!" cried Brittles, to all appearance much relieved.

"The what!" exclaimed the doctor, aghast in his turn.

"The Bow-street officers, sir," replied Brittles, taking up a candle, "me and Mr. Giles sent for 'em this morning."

"What!" cried the doctor.

"Yes," replied Brittles, "I sent a message up by the coachman, and I only wonder they weren't here before, sir."

"You did, did you. Then confound and — your slow coaches down here; that's all," said the doctor, walking away.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

Edited by "Boz."

CHAPTER I.

Introduces all the rest.

There once lived in a sequestered part of the county of Devonshire, one Mr. Godfrey Nickleby, a worthy gentleman, who taking it into his head rather late in life that he must get married, and not being young enough or rich enough to aspire to the hand of a lady of fortune, had wedded an old flame out of mere attachment, who in her turn had taken him for the same reason; thus two people who cannot afford to play cards for money, sometimes sit down to a quiet game for love.

Some ill-conditioned persons, who sneer at the life-matrimonial, may perhaps suggest in this place that the good couple would be better likened to two principals in a sparring match, who, when fortune is low and backers scarce, will chivalrously set to, for the mere pleasure of the buffeting; and in one respect indeed this comparison would hold good, for as the adventurous pair of the Five's Court will afterwards send round a hat, and trust to the bounty of the lookers-on for the means of regaling themselves, so Mr. Godfrey

Nickleby and *his* partner, the honey-moon being over, looked wistfully out into the world, relying in no inconsiderable degree upon chance for the improvement of their means. Mr. Nickleby's income, at the period of his marriage, fluctuated between sixty and eighty pounds *per annum*.

There are people enough in the world, heaven knows! and even in London (where Mr. Nickleby dwelt in those days) but few complaints prevail of the population being scanty. It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend, but it is no less true. Mr. Nickleby looked and looked till his eyes became sore as his heart, but no friend appeared; and when, growing tired of the search, he turned his eyes homeward, he saw very little there to relieve his weary vision. A painter, who has gazed too long upon some glaring colour, refreshes his dazzled sight by looking upon a darker and more sombre tint; but everything that met Mr. Nickleby's gaze wore so black and gloomy a hue, that he would have been beyond description refreshed by the very reverse of the contrast.

At length, after five years, when Mrs. Nickleby had presented her husband with a couple of sons, and that embarrassed gentleman, impressed with the necessity of making some provision for his family, was seriously revolving in his mind a little commercial speculation of insuring his life next quarter-day, and then falling from the top of the Monument by accident, there came one morning, by the general post, a black-bordered letter to inform him how his uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, was dead, and had left him the bulk of his little property, amounting in all to five thousand pounds sterling.

As the deceased had taken no further notice of his nephew in his life-time, than sending to his eldest boy (who had been christened after him,) on desperate speculation, a silver spoon in a morocco case, which as he had not too much to eat with it, seemed a kind of satire upon his having been born without that useful article of plate in his mouth, Mr. Godfrey Nickleby could at first scarcely believe the tidings thus conveyed to him. On further examination, however, they turned out to be strictly correct. The amiable old gentleman, it seemed, had intended to leave the whole to the Royal Humane Society, and had indeed executed a will to that effect; but the Institution having been unfortunate enough, a few months before, to save the life of a poor relation to whom he paid a weekly allowance of three shillings and sixpence, he had in a fit of very natural exasperation, revoked the bequest in a codicil, and left it all to Mr. Godfrey Nickleby; with a special mention of his indignation, not only against the society for saving the poor relation's life, but against the poor relation also, for allowing himself to be saved.

With a portion of this property Mr. Godfrey Nickleby purchased a small farm near Dawlish, in Devonshire, whither he retired with his wife and two children, to live upon the best interest he could get for the rest of his money, and the little produce he could raise from his land. The two prospered so well together that, when he died, some fifteen years after this period, and some five after his wife, he was enabled to leave to his eldest son, Ralph, three thousand pounds in cash, and to his youngest son, Nicholas, one thousand and the farm; if indeed that can be called a farm, which, exclusive of house and paddock, is about the size of Russell Square, measuring from the street-doors of the houses.

These two brothers had been brought up together in a school at Exeter, and being accustomed to go home once a week, had often heard, from their mother's lips, long accounts of their father's sufferings in his days of poverty, and of their deceased uncle's importance in his days of affluence, which recitals produced a very different impression on the two: for while the younger, who was of a timid and retiring disposition, gleaned from thence nothing but forewarnings to shun the great world and attach himself to the quiet routine of a country life; Ralph, the elder, deduced from the oft-repeated tale the morals that riches are the only true source of happiness and power, and that it is lawful and just to compass their acquisition by all means short of felony. "And," reasoned Ralph with himself, "if no good came of my uncle's money when he was alive, a great deal of good came of it after he was dead, inasmuch as my father has got it now, and is saving it up for me, which is a highly virtuous purpose; and, going back to the old gentleman, good *did* come of it to him too, for he had the pleasure of thinking of it all his life long, and of being envied and courted by all his family besides." And Ralph always wound up these mental soliloquies by arriving at the conclusion, that there was nothing like money.

Not confining himself to the theory, or permitting his faculties to rust even at that early age in mere abstract speculations, this promising lad commenced usurer on a small capital of slate-pencil and marbles, and gradually extending his operations until they aspired to the copper coinage of this realm, in which he speculated to considerable advantage. Nor did he trouble his borrowers with abstract calculations of figures, or references to ready-reckoners; his simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, "two-pence for every half-penny," which greatly simplified the accounts, and which, as a familiar precept, more easily acquired and retained in the memory than any known rule of arithmetic, cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of capitalists, both large and small, and more especially of money-brokers and bill-discounters. Indeed, to do these gen-

tleman justice, many of them are to this day in the frequent habit of adopting it with eminent success.

In like manner, did young Ralph Nickleby avoid all those minute and intricate calculations of odd days, which nobody who has never worked sums in simple-interest can fail to have found most embarrassing, by establishing the one general rule that all sums of principal and interest should be paid on pocket-money day, that is to say, on Saturday; and that whether a loan were contracted on the Monday or on the Friday, the amount of interest should be in both cases the same. Indeed he argued, and with great show of reason, that it ought to be rather more for one day than for five, inasmuch as the borrower might in the former case be very fairly presumed to be in great extremity, otherwise he would not borrow at all with such odds against him. The fact is interesting, as illustrating the secret connection and sympathy which always exists between great minds. Though Master Ralph Nickleby was not at that time aware of it, the class of gentlemen before alluded to, proceed on just the same principle in all their transactions.

From what we have said of this young gentleman, and the natural admiration the reader will immediately conceive of his character, it may perhaps be inferred that he is to be the hero of the work which we shall presently begin. To set this point at rest for once and for ever, we hasten to undeceive them, and stride to its commencement.

On the death of his father, Ralph Nickleby, who had been some time before placed in a mercantile house in London, applied himself passionately to his old pursuit of money-getting, in which he speedily became so buried and absorbed, that he quite forgot his brother for many years; and if at times a recollection of his old play-fellow broke upon him through the haze in which he lived—for gold conjures up a mist about a man more destructive of all his old senses and lulling to his feelings than the fumes of charcoal—it brought along with it a companion thought, that if they were intimate he would want to borrow money of him; and Mr. Ralph Nickleby shrugged his shoulders, and said things were better as they were.

As for Nicholas, he lived a single man on the paternal estate until he grew tired of living alone, and then he took to wife the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman with a dower of one thousand pounds. This good lady bore him two children, a son and a daughter, and when the son was about nineteen, and the daughter fourteen, as near as we can guess—impartial records of young ladies' ages being, before the passing of the new act, nowhere preserved in the registries of this country—Mr. Nickleby looked about him for the means of repairing his capital, now sadly reduced by this increase in his family and the expenses of their education.

"Speculate with it," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"Spec—u—late, my dear?" said Mr. Nickleby, as though in doubt.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Nickleby.

"Because, my dear, if we *should* lose it," rejoined Mr. Nickleby, who was a slow and time-taking speaker, "if we *should* lose it, we shall no longer be able to live, my dear."

"Fiddle," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"I am not altogether sure of that, my dear," said Mr. Nickleby.

"There's Nicholas," pursued the lady, "quite a young man—it's time he was in the way of doing something for himself; and Kate, too, poor girl, without a penny in the world. Think of your brother; would he be what he is, if he hadn't speculated?"

"That's true," replied Mr. Nickleby. "Very good, my dear. Yes. I *will* speculate, my dear."

Speculation is a round game; the players see little or nothing of their cards at first starting; gains may be great—and so may losses. The run of luck went against Mr. Nickleby; a mania prevailed, a bubble burst, four stock-brokers took villa residences at Florence, four hundred nobodies were ruined, and among them Mr. Nickleby.

"The very house I live in," sighed the poor gentleman, "may be taken from me to-morrow. Not an article of my old furniture, but will be sold to strangers!"

The last reflection hurt him so much, that he took at once to his bed, apparently resolved to keep that, at all events.

"Cheer up, Sir!" said the apothecary.

"You mustn't let yourself be cast down, Sir," said the nurse.

"Such things happen every day," remarked the lawyer.

"And it is very sinful to rebel against them," whispered the clergyman.

"And what no man with a family ought to do," added the neighbours.

Mr. Nickleby shook his head, and motioning them all out of the room, embraced his wife and children, and having pressed them by turns to his languidly beating heart, sunk exhausted on his pillow. They were concerned to find that his reason went astray after this, for he babbled for a long time about the generosity and goodness of his brother, and the merry old times when they were at school together. This fit of wandering past, he solemnly commended them to One who never deserted the widow or her fatherless children, and smiling gently on them, turned upon his face, and observed, that he thought he could fall asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Of Mr. Ralph Nickleby, and his establishment, and his undertakings, and of a great joint stock company of vast national importance.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby was not, strictly speaking, what you would call a merchant; neither was he a banker, nor an attorney, nor a special leader, nor a notary. He was certainly not a tradesman, and still less could he lay any claim to the title of a professional gentleman; for it would have been impossible to mention any recognised profession to which he belonged. Nevertheless, as he lived in a spacious house in Golden Square, which, in addition to a brass plate upon the street-door, had another brass plate two sizes and a half smaller upon the left hand door-post, surmounting a brass model of an infant's fist grasping a fragment of a skewer and displaying the word "Office," it was clear that Mr. Ralph Nickleby did, or pretended to do, business of some kind; and the fact, if it required any further circumstantial evidence, was abundantly demonstrated by the diurnal attendance, between the hours of half-past nine and five, of a sallow-faced man in rusty brown, who sat upon an uncommonly hard stool in a species of butler's pantry at the end of the passage, and always had a pen behind his ear when he answered the bell.

Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of the first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera colonnade, and about the box office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, when Mr. Seguin gives away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the Opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs, in the centre of the square. On a summer's night, windows are thrown open, and groups of swarthy mustachio'd men are seen by the passer-by lounging at the casements, and smoking fearfully. Sounds of gruff voices practising vocal music invade the evening's silence, and the fumes of choice tobacco scent the air. There, snuff and segars, and German pipes and flutes, and violins, and violin-cellos, divide the supremacy between them. It is the region of song and smoke. Street bands are on their mettle in Golden Square, and itinerant glee singers

quaver involuntarily as they raise their voices within its boundaries.

This would not seem a spot very well adapted to the transaction of business; but Mr. Ralph Nickleby had lived there notwithstanding for many years, and uttered no complaint on that score. He knew nobody round about him, although he enjoyed the reputation of being immensely rich. The tradesmen held that he was a sort of lawyer, and the other neighbours opined that he was a kind of general agent; both of which guesses were as correct and definite as guesses about other people's affairs usually are, or need to be.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby sat in his private office one morning, ready dressed to walk abroad. He wore a bottle-green spencer over a blue coat; a white waistcoat; grey mixture pantaloons, and Wellington boots drawn over them; the corner of a small plaited shirt frill struggled out, as if insisting to show itself, from between his chin and the top button of his spencer, and the garment was not made low enough to conceal a long gold watch-chain, composed of a series of plain rings, which had its beginning at the handle of a gold repeater in Mr. Nickleby's pocket, and its termination in two little keys, one belonging to the watch itself, and the other to some patent padlock. He wore a sprinkling of powder upon his head, as if to make himself look benevolent; but if that were his purpose, he would perhaps have done better to powder his countenance also, for there was something in its very wrinkles, and in his cold restless eye, which seemed to tell of cunning that would announce itself in spite of him. However this might be, there he was; and as he was all alone, neither the powder nor the wrinkles, nor the eyes, had the smallest effect, good or bad, upon anybody just then, and are consequently no business of ours just now.

Mr. Nickleby closed an account-book which lay on his desk, and throwing himself back in his chair, gazed with an air of abstraction through the dirty window. Some London houses have a melancholy little plot of ground behind them, usually fenced in by four high whitewashed walls and frowned upon by stacks of chimneys, in which there withers on from year to year a crippled tree, that makes a show of putting forth a few leaves late in autumn, when other trees shed theirs, and dropping in the effort, lingers on all crackled and smoke dried till the following season, when it repeats the same process, and perhaps if the weather be particularly genial, even tempts some rheumatic sparrow to chirrup in its branches. People sometimes call these dark yards "gardens;" it is not supposed that they were ever planted, but rather that they are pieces of unreclaimed land, with the withered vegetation of the original brick-field. No man thinks of walking in this desolate place, or of turning it to any account. A few hampers, half a dozen broken

bottles, and such-like rubbish, may be thrown there when the tenant first moves in, but nothing more; and there they remain till he goes away again, the damp straw taking just as long to moulder as it thinks proper, and mingling with the scanty box, and stunted evergreens, and broken flower-pots, that are scattered mournfully about—a prey to “blacks” and dirt.

It was into a place of this kind that Mr. Ralph Nickleby gazed as he sat with his hands in his pockets looking out at the window. He had fixed his eyes upon a distorted fir-tree, planted by some former tenant in a tub that had once been green, and left three years before, to rot away piecemeal. There was nothing very inviting in the object, but Mr. Nickleby was wrapt in a brown study, and sat contemplating it with far greater attention than, in a more conscious mood, he would have designed to bestow upon the rarest exotic. At length his eyes wandered to a little dirty window on the left, through which the face of the clerk was dimly visible, and that worthy chancing to look up, he beckoned him to attend.

In obedience to this summons the clerk got off the high stool (to which he had communicated a high polish, by countless gettings off and on), and presented himself in Mr. Nickleby's room. He was a tall man of middle age with two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a suit of clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on.

“Was that half-past twelve, Noggs?” said Mr. Nickleby in a sharp and grating voice.

“Not more than five-and-twenty minutes by the—” Noggs was going to add public house clock, but, recollecting himself, he substituted “regular time.”

“My watch has stopped,” said Mr. Nickleby; “I don't know from what cause.”

“Not wound up,” said Noggs.

“Yes it is,” said Mr. Nickleby.

“Over-wound, then,” rejoined Noggs.

“That can't very well be,” observed Mr. Nickleby.

“Must be,” said Noggs.

“Well!” said Mr. Nickleby, putting the repeater back in his pocket; “perhaps it is.”

Noggs gave a peculiar grunt as was his custom at the end of all disputes with his master, to imply that he (Noggs) triumphed, and (as he rarely spoke to anybody unless somebody spoke to him) fell into a grim silence, and rubbed his hands slowly over each other cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other,

and to render it impossible for anybody to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observant at first sight.

“I am going to the London Tavern this morning,” said Mr. Nickleby.

“Public meeting!” inquired Noggs.

Mr. Nickleby nodded. “I expect a letter from the solicitor respecting that mortgage of Ruddle's. If it comes at all, it will be here by the two o'clock delivery. I shall leave the city about that time and walk to Charing-Cross on the left-hand side of the way; if there are any letters, come and meet me, and bring them with you.”

Noggs nodded; and as he nodded, there came a ring at the office bell: the master looked up from his papers, and the clerk calmly remained in a stationary position.

“The bell,” said Noggs, as though in explanation; “at home?”

“Yes.”

“To anybody?”

“Yes.”

“To the tax-gatherer?”

“No! Let him call again.”

Noggs gave vent to his usual grunt, as much as to say “I thought so!” and, the ring being repeated, went to the door, whence he presently returned ushering in, by the name of Mr. Bonney, a pale gentleman in a violent hurry, who, with his hair standing up in great disorder all over his head, and a very narrow white cravat tied loosely round his throat, looked as if he had been knocked up in the night and had not dressed himself since.

“My dear Nickleby,” said the gentleman, taking off a white hat which was so full of papers, that it would scarcely stick upon his head, “there's not a moment to lose; I have a cab at the door. Sir Matthew Pupker takes the chair, and three members of Parliament are positively coming. I have seen two of them safely out of bed: and the third, who was at Crockford's all night, has just gone home to put a clean shirt on, and take a bottle or two of soda-water, and will certainly be with us in time to address the meeting. He is a little excited by last night, but never mind that; he always speaks the stronger for it.”

“It seems to promise pretty well,” said Mr. Ralph Nickleby, whose deliberate manner was strongly opposed to the vivacity of the other man of business.

“Pretty well!” echoed Mr. Bonney; “It's the finest idea that was ever started. ‘United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company. Capital, five millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each.’ Why the very name will get the shares up to a premium in ten days.”

"And when they are at a premium," said Mr. Ralph Nickleby smiling.

"When they are, you know what to do with them as well as any man alive, and how to back quietly out at the right time," said Mr. Bonney, slapping the capitalist familiarly on the shoulder. "By the bye, what a very remarkable man that clerk of yours is."

"Yes, poor devil!" replied Ralph, drawing on his gloves. "Though Newman Noggs kept his horses and hounds once."

"Aye, aye!" said the other carelessly.

"Yes," continued Ralph, "and not many years ago either; but he squandered his money, invested it anyhow, borrowed an interest, and in short made first a thorough fool of himself, and then a beggar. He took to drinking, and had a touch of paralysis, and then came here to borrow a pound, as in his better days I had—had—"

"Had done business with him," said Mr. Bonney with a meaning look.

"Just so," replied Ralph; "I couldn't lend it, you know."

"Oh, of course not."

"But as I wanted a clerk just then, to open the door and so forth, I took him out of charity, and he has remained with me ever since. He is a little mad, I think," said Mr. Nickleby, calling up a charitable look, "but he is useful enough, poor creature—useful enough."

The kind hearted gentleman omitted to add that Newman Noggs, being utterly destitute, served him for rather less than the usual wages of a boy of thirteen; and likewise failed to mention in his hasty chronicle, that his eccentric taciturnity rendered him an especially valuable person in a place where much business was done, of which it was desirable no mention should be made out of doors. The other gentleman was plainly impatient to be gone, however, and as they hurried into the hackney cabriolet immediately afterwards, perhaps Mr. Nickleby forgot to mention circumstances so unimportant.

There was a great bustle in Bishopsgate Street Within, as they drew up, and (it being a windy day) half a dozen men were tacking across the road under a press of paper, bearing gigantic announcements that a Public Meeting would be holden at one o'clock precisely, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Parliament in favour of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, capital five millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each; which sums were duly set forth in fat black figures of considerable size. Mr. Bonney elbowed his way briskly up stairs, receiving in his progress many low bows from the waiters who stood on the landings to show the way, and, followed by Mr. Nickleby, dived into a

suite of apartments behind the great public room, in the second of which was a business-looking table, and several business-looking people.

"Hear!" cried a gentleman with a double chin, as Mr. Bonney presented himself. "Chair, gentlemen, chair."

The new comers were received with universal approbation, and Mr. Bonney bustled up to the top of the table, took off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair, and knocked a hackney-coachman's knock on the table, with a little hammer: whereat several gentlemen cried "Hear!" and nodded slightly to each other, as much as to say what spirited conduct that was. Just at this moment a waiter feverish with agitation, tore into the room, and throwing the door open with a crash, shouted "Sir Matthew Pupker."

The committee stood up and clapped their hands for joy; and while they were clapping them in came Sir Matthew Pupker, attended by two live members of Parliament, one Irish and one Scotch, all smiling and bowing, and looking so pleasant that it seemed a perfect marvel how any man could have the heart to vote against them. Sir Matthew Pupker, especially, who had a little round head with a flaxen wig on the top of it, fell into such a paroxysm of bows that the wig threatened to be jerked off every instant. When these symptoms had in some degree subsided, the gentlemen who were on speaking terms with Sir Matthew Pupker, or the two other members, crowded round them in three little groups, near one or other of which the gentlemen who were *not* on speaking terms with Sir Matthew Pupker or the two other members, stood lingering, and smiling, and rubbing their hands, in the desperate hope of something turning up which might bring them into notice. All this time Sir Matthew Pupker and the two other members were relating to their separate circles what the intentions of government were about taking up the bill, with a full account of what the government had said in a whisper the last time they dined with it, and how the government had been observed to wink when it said so; from which premises they were at no loss to draw the conclusion, that if the government had one object more at heart than another, that one object was the welfare and advantage of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

Meanwhile, and pending the arrangement of the proceedings, and a fair division of the speechifying, the public in the large room were eyeing, by turns, the empty platform, and the ladies in the Music Gallery. In these amusements the greater portion of them had been occupied for a couple of hours before; as the most agreeable diversions pall upon the taste on a too protracted enjoyment of them the sterner spirits now began to hammer the floor with their boot-heels, and to express their dissatisfaction by various hoots and cries.

These vocal exertions, emanating from the people who had been there longest, naturally proceeded from those who were nearest to the platform and furthest from the policemen in attendance, who having no great mind to fight their way through the crowd, but entertaining, nevertheless, a praiseworthy desire to do something to quell the disturbance, immediately began to drag forth by the coat tails and collars all the quiet people near the door; at the same time dealing out various smart and tingling blows with their truncheons, after the manner of that ingenious actor, Mr. Punch, whose brilliant example, both in the fashion of his weapons and their use, this branch of the executive occasionally follows.

Several very exciting skirmishes were in progress, when a loud shout attracted the attention even of the belligerents, and then there poured on to the platform, from a door at the side, a long line of gentlemen with their hats off, all looking behind them, and uttering vociferous cheers; the cause whereof was sufficiently explained when Sir Matthew Pupker and the two other real members of Parliament came to the front, amidst deafening shouts, and testified to each other in dumb motion that they had never seen such a glorious sight as that in the whole course of their public career.

At length, and at last, the assembly left off shouting, but Sir Matthew Pupker being voted into the chair, they underwent a relapse which lasted five minutes. This over, Sir Matthew Pupker went on to say what must be his feelings on that great occasion, and what must be that occasion in the eyes of the world, and what must be the intelligence of his fellow-countrymen before him, and what must be the wealth and respectability of his honourable friends behind him; and lastly, what must be the importance to the wealth, the happiness, the comfort, the liberty, the very existence of a free and great people, of such an institution as the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

Mr. Bonney then presented himself to move the first resolution, and having run his right hand through his hair, and planted his left in an easy manner in his ribs, he consigned his hat to the care of the gentleman with the double chin (who acted as a species of bottle-holder to the orators generally,) and said he would read to them the first resolution—"That this meeting views with alarm and apprehension, the existing state of the Muffin Trade in this Metropolis and its neighbourhood; that it considers the Muffin boys, as at present constituted, wholly undeserving the confidence of the public, and that it deems the whole Muffin system alike prejudicial to the health and morals of the people, and subversive of the best interests of a great commercial and mercantile community." The honourable gentleman made a speech which drew tears from

the eyes of the ladies, and awakened the liveliest emotions in every individual present. He had visited the houses of the poor in the various districts of London and had found them destitute of the slightest vestige of a muffin, which, there appeared too much reason to believe, some of these indigent persons did not taste from year's end to year's end. He had found that among muffin sellers there existed drunkenness, debauchery, and profligacy, which he attributed to the debasing nature of their employment as at present exercised; he had found the same vices among the poorer class of people who ought to be muffin consumers, and this he attributed to the despair engendered by their being placed beyond the reach of that nutritious article, which drove them to seek a false stimulant in intoxicating liquors. He would undertake to prove before a committee of the House of Commons, that there existed a combination to keep up the price of muffins, and to give the bellman a monopoly; he would prove it by bellmen at the bar of that House; and he would also prove, that these men corresponded with each other by secret words and signs, as, "Snooks," "Walker," "Ferguson," "Is Murphy right?" and many others. It was this melancholy state of things that the Company proposed to correct; firstly by prohibiting under heavy penalties all private muffin trading of every description; and secondly, by themselves supplying the public generally, and the poor at their own homes, with muffins of first quality at reduced prices. It was with this object that a bill had been introduced into Parliament by the patriotic chairman Sir Matthew Pupker; it was this bill that they had met to support; it was the supporters of this bill who would confer undying brightness and splendour upon England, under the name of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company; he would add, with a capital of Five Millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby seconded the resolution, and another gentleman having moved that it be amended by the insertion of the words "and crumpet" after the word "muffin," whenever it occurred, it was carried triumphantly; only one man in the crowd cried "No!" and he was promptly taken into custody, and straightway borne off.

The second resolution, which recognised the expediency of immediately abolishing "all muffin (or crumpet) sellers, all traders in muffins (or crumpets) of whatsoever description, whether male or female, boys or men, ringing hand-bells or otherwise," was moved by a grievous gentleman of semi-clerical appearance, who went at once into such deep pathos, that he knocked the first speaker clean out of the course in no time. You might have heard a pin fall—a pin! a feather—as he described the cruelties inflicted

on muffin boys by their masters, which he very wisely urged were in themselves a sufficient reason for the establishment of that inestimable company. It seemed that the unhappy youths were nightly turned out into the wet streets at the most inclement periods of the year to wander about in darkness and rain—or it might be hail or snow—for hours together, without shelter, food, or warmth; and let the public never forget upon the latter point, that while the muffins were provided with warm clothing and blankets, the boys were wholly unprovided for, and left to their own miserable resources. (Shame!) The honourable gentleman related one case of a muffin boy, who having been exposed to this inhuman and barbarous system for no less than five years, at length fell a victim to a cold in the head, beneath which he gradually sunk until he fell into a perspiration and recovered; this he could vouch for, on his own authority, but he had heard (and he had no reason to doubt the fact) of a still more heart-rending and appalling circumstance. He had heard of the case of an orphan muffin boy, who, having been run over by a hackney carriage, had been removed to the hospital, had undergone the amputation of his leg below the knee, and was now actually pursuing his occupation on crutches. Fountain of justice, were these things to last!

The resolution was of course carried with loud acclamations, every man holding up both hands in favour of it, as he would in his enthusiasm have held up both legs also, if he could have conveniently accomplished it. This done, the draft of the proposed petition was read at length; and the petition said, as all petitions *do* say, that the petitioners were very humble, and the petitioned very honourable, and the object very virtuous, therefore (said the petition) the bill ought to be passed into a law at once, to the everlasting honour and glory of that most honourable and glorious Commons of England in Parliament assembled.

Then the gentleman who had been at Crockford's all night, and who looked something the worse about the eyes in consequence, came forward to tell his fellow-countrymen what a speech he meant to make in favour of that petition whenever it should be presented, and how desperately he meant to taunt the parliament if they rejected the bill; and to inform them also that he regretted his honourable friends had not inserted a clause rendering the purchase of muffins and crumpets compulsory upon all classes of the community, which he—opposing all half measures, and preferring to go the extreme animal—pledged himself to propose and divide upon in committee. After announcing this determination, the honourable gentleman grew jocular; and as patent boots, lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a fur coat collar, assist jokes materially, there was immense laughter and much cheering, and moreover such

a brilliant display of ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs, as threw the grievous gentleman quite into the shade.

And when the petition had been read and was about to be adopted, there came forward the Irish member (who was a young gentleman of ardent temperament,) with such a speech as only an Irish member can make, breathing the true soul and spirit of poetry, and poured forth with such fervour, that it made one warm to look at him; in the course whereof he told them how he would demand the extension of that great boon to his native country; how he would claim for her equal rights in the muffin laws; and how he yet hoped to see the day when crumpets should be toasted in her lowly cabins, and muffin bells should ring in her rich green valleys. And after him came the Scotch member, with various pleasant allusions to the probable amount of profits, which increased the good humour that the poetry had awakened; and all the speeches put together did exactly what they were intended to do, and established in the hearers' minds that there was no speculation so promising, or at the same time so praiseworthy, as the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

So, the petition in favour of the bill was agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned with acclamations, and Mr. Nickleby, and the other directors went to the office to lunch, as they did every day at half-past one o'clock; and to remunerate themselves for which trouble, (as the company was yet in its infancy,) they only charged three guineas each man for every such attendance.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby receives sad tidings of his brother, but bears up nobly against the intelligence communicated to him. The reader is informed how he liked Nicholas, who is herein introduced, and how kindly he proposed to make his fortune at once.

Having rendered his zealous assistance towards despatching the lunch, with all that promptitude and energy which are among the most important qualities that men of business can possess, Mr. Ralph Nickleby took a cordial farewell of his fellow speculators, and bent his steps westward in unwonted good humour. As he passed St. Paul's he stepped aside into a doorway to set his watch, and with his hand on the key and his eye on the cathedral dial, was intent upon so doing, when a man suddenly stopped before him. It was Newman Noggs.

"Ah! Newman," said Mr. Nickleby looking up as he pursued his occupation. "The letter about the mortgage has come, has it? I thought it would."

"Wrong," replied Newman.

"What! and nobody called respecting it?" inquired Mr. Nickleby, pausing. Noggs shook his head.

"What *has* come, then?" inquired Mr. Nickleby.

"I have," said Newman.

"What else?" demanded the master, sternly.

"This," said Newman, drawing a sealed letter slowly from his pocket. "Post-mark, Strand, black wax, black border, woman's hand, C.N. in the corner."

"Black wax," said Mr. Nickleby, glancing at the letter. "I know something of that hand, too. Newman, I shouldn't be surprised if my brother were dead."

"I don't think you would," said Newman, quietly.

"Why not, sir?" demanded Mr. Nickleby.

"You never are surprised," replied Newman "that's all."

Mr. Nickleby snatched the letter from his assistant, and fixing a cold look upon him, opened, read it, put it in his pocket, and having now hit the time to a second, began winding up his watch.

"It is as I expected, Newman," said Mr. Nickleby, while he was thus engaged. "He is dead. Dear me. Well, that's a sudden thing. I shouldn't have thought it, really." With these touching expressions of sorrow, Mr. Nickleby replaced his watch in his fob, and fitting on his gloves to a nicety, turned upon his way, and walked slowly westward with his hands behind him.

"Children alive?" inquired Noggs, stepping up to him.

"Why, that's the very thing," replied Mr. Nickleby, as though his thoughts were about them at that moment. "They are both alive."

"Both!" repeated Newman Noggs, in a low voice.

"And the widow, too," added Mr. Nickleby, "and all three in London, confound them; all three here, Newman."

Newman fell a little behind his master, and his face was curiously twisted as by a spasm, but whether of paralysis, or grief, or inward laughter, nobody but himself could possibly explain. The expression of a man's face is commonly a help to his thoughts, or glossary on his speech; but the countenance of Newman Noggs, in his ordinary moods, was a problem which no stretch of ingenuity could solve.

"Go home!" said Mr. Nickleby after they had walked a few paces, looking round at the clerk as if he were his dog. The words were scarcely uttered when Newman darted across the road, slunk among the crowd, and disappeared in an instant.

"Reasonable, certainly!" muttered Mr. Nickleby to himself, as he walked on, "very reasonable! My brother never did anything for me, and I never expected it; the breath is no sooner out of his body than I am to be looked to, as the support of a great hearty woman and a grown boy and girl. What are they to me? I never saw them."

Full of these and many other reflections of a similar kind, Mr. Nickleby made the best of his way to the Strand, and referring to his letter as if to ascertain the

number of the house he wanted, stopped at a private door about half-way down that crowded thoroughfare.

A miniature painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street-door, in which were displayed, upon a black velvet ground, two portraits of naval dress coats with faces looking out of them and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform, flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain. There was moreover a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest, and a charming whole length of a large-headed little boy, sitting on a stool with his legs fore-shortened to the size of salt-spoons. Besides these works of art, there were a great many heads of old ladies and gentlemen smirking at each other out of blue and brown skies, and an elegantly-written card of terms with an embossed border.

Mr. Nickleby glanced at these frivolities with great contempt, and gave a double knock, which having been thrice repeated was answered by a servant girl with an uncommonly dirty face.

"Is Mrs. Nickleby at home, girl?" demanded Ralph, sharply.

"Her name ain't Nickleby," said the girl, "La Creevy, you mean."

Mr. Nickleby looked very indignant at the handmaid on being thus corrected, and demanded with much asperity what she meant; which she was about to state, when a female voice, proceeding from a perpendicular staircase at the end of the passage, inquired who was wanted.

"Mrs. Nickleby," said Ralph.

"It's the second floor, Hannah," said the same voice; "what a stupid thing you are! Is the second floor at home!"

"Somebody went out just now, but I think it was the attic which had been a cleaning of himself," replied the girl.

"You had better see," said the invisible female. "Show the gentleman where the bell is, and tell him he mustn't knock double knocks for the second floor; I can't allow a knock except when the bell's broke, and then it must be two single ones."

"Here," said Ralph, walking in without more parley, "I beg your pardon; is that Mrs. La what's-her name?"

"Creevy—La Creevy," replied the voice, as a yellow head-dress bobbed over the bannisters.

"I'll speak to you a moment, ma'am, with your leave," said Ralph.

The voice replied that the gentleman was to walk up; but he had walked up before it spoke, and stepping into the first floor, was received by the wearer of the yellow head-dress, who had a gown to correspond, and was of much the same colour herself. Miss La

Creedy was a mincing young lady of fifty, and Miss La Creedy's apartment was the gilt frame down stairs on a larger scale and something dirtier.

"Hem!" said Miss La Creedy, coughing delicately behind her black silk mitten. "A miniature, I presume. A very strongly-marked countenance for the purpose, Sir. Have you ever sat before?"

"You mistake my purpose, I see, Ma'am," replied Mr. Nickleby, in his usual blunt fashion. "I have no money to throw away on miniatures, ma'am, and nobody to give one to (thank God) if I had. Seeing you on the stairs, I wanted to ask a question of you about some lodgers here."

Miss La Creedy coughed once more—this cough was to conceal her disappointment—and said, "Oh, indeed!"

"I infer from what you said to your servant, that the floor above belongs to you, ma'am?" said Mr. Nickleby.

Yes it did, Miss La Creedy replied. The upper part of the house belonged to her, and as she had no necessity for the second floor rooms just then, she was in the habit of letting them. Indeed, there was a lady from the country and her two children in them, at that present speaking.

"A widow, ma'am?" said Ralph.

"Yes, she is a widow," replied the lady.

"A poor widow, ma'am?" said Ralph, with a powerful emphasis on that little adjective which conveys so much.

"Well, I am afraid she is poor," rejoined Miss La Creedy.

"I happen to know that she is, ma'am," said Ralph. "Now what business has a poor widow in such a house as this, ma'am?"

"Very true," replied Miss La Creedy, not at all displeased with this implied compliment to the apartments. "Exceedingly true."

I know her circumstances intimately, ma'am," said Ralph; "in fact, I am a relation of the family; and I should recommend you not to keep them here, ma'am."

"I should hope, if there was any incompatibility to meet the pecuniary obligations," said Miss La Creedy with another cough, "that the lady's family would —"

"No they wouldn't, ma'am," interrupted Ralph, hastily. "Don't think it."

"If I am to understand that," said Miss La Creedy, "the case wears a very different appearance."

"You may understand it then, ma'am," said Ralph, "and make your arrangements accordingly. I am the family, ma'am—at least, I believe I am the only relation they have, and I think it right that you should know I can't support them in their extravagancies. How long have they taken these lodgings for?"

"Only from week to week," replied Miss La Creedy. "Mrs. Nickleby paid the first week in advance."

"Then you had better get them out at the end of it," said Ralph. "They can't do better than go back to the country, ma'am; they are in everybody's way here."

"Certainly," said Miss La Creedy, rubbing her hands; "if Mrs. Nickleby took the apartments without the means of paying for them, it was very unbecoming a lady."

"Of course it was, ma'am," said Ralph.

"And naturally," continued Miss La Creedy, "I who am *at present*—hem—an unprotected female, cannot afford to lose by the apartments."

"Of course you can't, ma'am," replied Ralph.

"Though at the same time," added Miss La Creedy, who was plainly wavering between her good nature and her interest, "I have nothing whatever to say against the lady, who is extremely pleasant and affable, though, poor thing, she seems terribly low in her spirits; nor against the young people either, for nicer, or better-behaved young people cannot be."

"Very well, ma'am," said Ralph, turning to the door, for these encomiums on poverty irritated him; "I have done my duty, and perhaps more than I ought: of course nobody will thank me for saying what I have."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you at least, Sir," said Miss La Creedy in a gracious manner. "Would you do me the favour to look at a few specimens of my portrait painting?"

"You're very good, ma'am," said Mr. Nickleby, making off with great speed; "but as I have a visit to pay up stairs, and my time is precious, I really can't."

"At any other time when you are passing, I shall be most happy," said Miss La Creedy. "Perhaps you will have the kindness to take a card of terms with you? Thank you—good morning."

"Good morning, ma'am," said Ralph, shutting the door abruptly after him to prevent any further conversation. "Now for my sister-in-law. Bah!"

Climbing up another perpendicular flight, composed with great mechanical ingenuity of nothing but corner stairs, Mr. Ralph Nickleby stopped to take breath on the landing, when he was overtaken by the handmaid, whom the politeness of Miss La Creedy had despatched to announce him, and who had apparently been making a variety of unsuccessful attempts since their last interview, to wipe her dirty face clean upon an apron much dirtier.

"What name?" said the girl.

"Nickleby," replied Ralph.

"Oh! Mrs. Nickleby," said the girl, throwing open the door, "here's Mr. Nickleby."

A lady in deep mourning rose as Mr. Ralph Nickleby entered, but appeared incapable of advancing to

meet him, and leant upon the arm of a slight but very beautiful girl of about seventeen, who had been sitting by her. A youth, who appeared a year or two older, stepped forward and saluted Ralph as his uncle.

"Oh," growled Ralph, with an ill-favoured frown, "you are Nicholas, I suppose.

"That is my name, Sir," replied the youth.

"Put my hat down," said Ralph, imperiously. "Well, ma'am, how do you do? You must bear up against sorrow, ma'am; I always do."

"Mine was no common loss!" said Mrs. Nickleby, applying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It was no uncommon loss, ma'am," returned Ralph, as he coolly unbuttoned his spencer. "Husbands die every day, ma'am, and wives too."

"And brothers also, Sir," said Nicholas, with a glance of indignation.

"Yes, Sir, and puppies and pup dogs likewise," replied his uncle, taking a chair. "You didn't mention in your letter what my brother's complaint was, ma'am."

"The doctors could attribute it to no particular disease," said Mrs. Nickleby, shedding tears. "We have too much reason to fear that he died of a broken heart."

"Pooh!" said Ralph, "there's no such thing. I can understand a man's dying of a broken neck, or suffering from a broken arm, or a broken head, or a broken leg, or a broken nose; but a broken heart—nonsense, it's the cant of the day. If a man can't pay his debts, he dies of a broken heart, and his widow's a martyr."

"Some people, I believe, have no hearts to break," observed Nicholas, quietly.

"How old is this boy, for God's sake!" inquired Ralph, wheeling back his chair, and surveying his nephew from head to foot with intense scorn.

"Nicholas is very nearly nineteen," replied the widow.

"Nineteen, eh!" said Ralph, "and what do you mean to do for your bread, sir?"

"Not to live upon my mother," replied Nicholas, his heart swelling as he spoke.

"You'd have little enough to live upon, if you did," retorted the uncle, eyeing him contemptuously.

"Whatever it be," said Nicholas, flushed with anger, "I shall not look to you to make it more."

"Nicholas, my dear, recollect yourself," remonstrated Mrs. Nickleby.

"Dear Nicholas, pray," urged the young lady.

"Hold your tongue, Sir," said Ralph. "Upon my word! Fine beginnings, Mrs. Nickleby—fine beginnings."

Mrs. Nickleby made no other reply than entreating Nicholas by a gesture to keep silent, and the uncle and nephew looked at each other for some seconds

without speaking. The face of the old man stern, hard-featured and forbidding; that of the young one, open, handsome, and ingenuous. The old man's eye was keen with the twinklings of avarice and cunning; the young man's, bright with the light of intelligence and spirit. His figure was somewhat slight, but manly and well formed; and apart from all the grace of youth and comeliness, there was an emanation from the warm young heart in his look and bearing which kept the old man down.

However striking such a contrast as this, may be to lookers-on, none ever feel it with half the keenness or acuteness of perfection with which it strikes to the very soul of him whose inferiority it marks. It galled Ralph to the heart's core, and he hated Nicholas from that hour.

The mutual inspection was at length brought to a close by Ralph withdrawing his eyes with a great show of disdain, and calling Nicholas "a boy." This word is much used as a term of reproach by elderly gentlemen toward their juniors, probably with the view of deluding society into the belief that if they could be young again, they wouldn't on any account.

"Well, ma'am," said Ralph, impatiently, "the creditors have administered, you tell me, and there's nothing left for you?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"And you spent what little money you had, in coming all the way to London, to see what I could do for you?" pursued Ralph.

"I hoped," faltered Mrs. Nickleby, "that you might have an opportunity of doing something for your brother's children. It was his dying wish that I should appeal to you in their behalf."

"I don't know how it is," muttered Ralph, walking up and down the room, "but whenever a man dies without any property of his own, he always seems to think he has a right to dispose of other people's. What is your daughter fit for, ma'am?"

"Kate has been well educated," sobbed Mrs. Nickleby. "Tell your uncle, my dear, how far you went in French and extras."

The poor girl was about to murmur forth something, when her uncle stopped her very unceremoniously.

"We must try and get you apprenticed at some boarding-school," said Ralph. "You have not been brought up too delicately for that, I hope?"

"No, indeed, uncle," replied the weeping girl. "I will try to do anything that will gain me a home and bread."

"Well, well," said Ralph, a little softened, either by his niece's beauty or her distress (stretch a point, and say the latter). "You must try it, and if the life is too hard, perhaps dress-making or tambour-work will come lighter. Have you ever done anything, Sir?" (turning to his nephew.).

"No," replied Nicholas, bluntly.

"No, I thought not!" said Ralph. "This is the way my brother brought up his children, ma'am."

"Nicholas has not long completed such education as his poor father could give him," rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, "and he was thinking of—"

"Of making something of him, some day," said Ralph. "The old story; always thinking, and never doing. If my brother had been a man of activity and prudence, he might have left you a rich woman, ma'am: and if he had turned his son into the world, as my father turned me, when I wasn't as old as that boy by a year and a half, he would have been in a situation to help you, instead of being a burden upon you, and increasing your distress. My brother was a thoughtless, inconsiderate man, Mrs. Nickleby, and nobody, I am sure, can have better reason to feel that, than you."

This appeal set the widow upon thinking that perhaps she might have made a more successful venture with her one thousand pounds, and then she began to reflect what a comfortable sum it would have been just then; which dismal thought made her tears flow faster, (and in the excess of her griefs she (being a well-meaning woman enough, but rather weak withal) fell first to deploring her hard fate, and then to remarking, with many sobs, that to be sure she had been a slave to poor Nicholas, and had often told him she might have married better (as indeed she had, very often), and that she never knew in his life-time, how the money went, but that if he had confided in her they might all have been better off that day; with other bitter recollections common to most married ladies during their coverture, or afterwards, or at both periods. Mrs. Nickleby concluded by lamenting that the dear departed had never deigned to profit by her advice, save on one occasion: which was a strictly veracious statement, inasmuch as he had only acted upon it once, and had ruined himself in consequence.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby heard all this with a half smile; and when the widow had finished, quietly took up the subject where it had been left before the above outbreak.

"Are you willing to work, Sir?" he inquired, frowning on his nephew.

"Of course I am," replied Nicholas, haughtily.

"Then see here, Sir," said his uncle. "This caught my eye this morning, and you may thank your stars for it."

"With this exordium, Mr. Ralph Nickleby took a newspaper from his pocket, and after unfolding it, and looking for a short time among the advertisements, read as follows:

"EDUCATION.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire. Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-

money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N. B. An able assistant wanted. Annual salary, £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred."

"There," said Ralph, folding the paper again. "Let him get that situation, and his fortune is made."

"But he is not a master of Arts," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"That," replied Ralph, "that, I think can be got over."

"But the salary is so small, and it is such a long way off, uncle!" faltered Kate.

"Hush Kate, my dear," interposed Mrs. Nickleby; "your uncle must know best."

"I say," repeated Ralph, tartly, "let him get that situation, and his fortune is made. If he don't like that, let him get one for himself. Without friends, money, recommendation, or knowledge of business of any kind, let him find honest employment in London which will keep him in shoe leather, and I'll give him a thousand pounds. At least," said Mr. Ralph Nickleby, checking himself, "I would if I had it."

"Poor fellow!" said the young lady. "Oh! uncle, must we be separated so soon!"

"Don't tease your uncle with questions when he is thinking only for our good, my love," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Nicholas, my dear, I wish you would say something."

"Yes, mother," said Nicholas, who had hitherto remained silent and absorbed in thought. "If I am fortunate enough to be appointed to this post, Sir, for which I am so imperfectly qualified, what will become of those I leave behind?"

"Your mother and sister, Sir," replied Ralph, "will be provided for in that case (not otherwise), by me, and placed in some sphere of life in which they will be able to be independent. That will be my immediate care; they will not remain as they are, one week after your departure, I will undertake."

"Then," said Nicholas, starting gaily up, wringing his uncle's hand, "I am ready to do anything you wish me. Let us try our fortune with Mr. Squeers at once; he can but refuse."

"He won't do that," said Ralph. "He will be glad to have you on my recommendation. Make yourself of use to him, and you'll rise to be a partner in the establishment in no time. Bless me, only think! if he were to die, why your fortune's made at once."

"To be sure, I see it all," said poor Nicholas, de-

lighted with a thousand visionary ideas, that his good spirits and inexperience were conjuring up before him. "Or suppose some young nobleman who is being educated at the Hall, was to take a fancy to me, and get his father to appoint me his travelling tutor when he left, and when we come back from the continent, procured me some handsome appointment. Eh! uncle?"

"Ah, to be sure!" sneered Ralph.

"And who knows, but when he came to see me when I was settled (as he would of course), he might fall in love with Kate, who would be keeping my house, and—and—marry her, eh! Uncle? Who knows?"

"Who, indeed!" snarled Ralph.

"How happy we should be!" cried Nicholas with enthusiasm. "The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again. Kate will be a beautiful woman, and I so proud to hear them say so, and mother so happy to be with us once again, and all these sad times forgotten, and—" The picture was too bright a one to bear, and Nicholas, fairly overpowered by it, smiled faintly, and burst into tears.

This simple family, born and bred in retirement, and wholly unacquainted with what is called the world—a conventional phrase which, being interpreted, signifieth all the rascals in it—mingled their tears together at the thought of their first separation; and, this first gush of feeling over, were proceeding to dilate with all the buoyancy of untried hope on the bright prospects before them, when Mr. Ralph Nickleby suggested, that if they lost time, some more fortunate candidate might deprive Nicholas of the stepping stone to fortune which the advertisement pointed out, and so undermine all their air built castles." This timely reminder effectually stopped the conversation, and Nicholas having carefully copied the address of Mr. Squeers, the uncle and nephew issued forth together in quest of that accomplished gentleman; Nicholas firmly persuading himself that he had done his relative great injustice in disliking him at first sight, and Mrs. Nickleby being at some pains to inform her daughter that she was sure he was a much more kindly disposed person than he seemed, which Miss Nickleby dutifully remarked he might very easily be.

To tell the truth, this good lady's opinion had been not a little influenced by her brother-in-law's appeal to her better understanding and his implied compliment to her high deserts; and although she had dearly loved her husband and still doted on her children, he had struck so successfully on one of those little jarring chords in the human heart (Ralph was well acquainted with its worst weaknesses, though he knew nothing of its best), that she had already begun seriously to consider herself the amiable and suffering victim of her late husband's imprudence.

CHAPTER IV.

Nicholas and his uncle (to secure the fortune without loss of time) wait upon Mr. Wackford Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster.

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental, being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fanlight of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villainous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black, but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

Mr. Squeers was standing in a box by one of the coffee room fire-places, fitted with one such table as is usually seen in coffee-rooms, and two of extraordinary shapes and dimensions made to suit the angles of the partition. In a corner of the seat was a very small deal trunk, tied round with a scanty piece of cord; and on the trunk was perched—his lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air—a diminutive boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster from time to time with evident dread and apprehension.

"Half-past three," muttered Mr. Squeers, turning from the window, and looking sulkily at the coffee-room clock. "There will be nobody here to-day."

Much vexed by this reflection, Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for: as he happened not to be doing anything at all, he merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again.

"At Midsummer," muttered Mr. Squeers, resuming his complaint, "I took down ten boys; ten twentys—two hundred pound. I go back at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and have got only three—three oughts an ought—three twos six—sixty pounds. What's come of all the boys? what's parents got in their heads? what does it all mean?"

Here the little boy on the top of the trunk gave a violent sneeze.

"Halloa, Sir!" growled the schoolmaster, turning round, "What's that, Sir?"

"Nothing, please Sir," replied the little boy.

"Nothing, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

"Please Sir, I sneezed," rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers.

"Then what did you say 'nothing' for, Sir?"

In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.

"Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, "and then I'll give you the rest. Will you hold that noise, Sir?"

"Ye—ye—yes," sobbed the little boy, rubbing his face very hard with the Beggar's Petition in printed calico.

"Then do so at once, Sir," said Squeers. "Do you hear?"

"As this admonition was accompanied with a threatening gesture, and uttered with a savage aspect, the little boy rubbed his face harder, as if to keep the tears back; and beyond alternately sniffing and choking, gave no further vent to his emotions.

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter, looking in at this juncture; "here's a gentleman asking for you at the bar."

"Show the gentleman in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. "Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I'll murder you when the gentleman goes."

The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when the stranger entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers, "all people have their trials. This early trial of yours that is fit to make your little heart burst, and your very eyes come out of your head with crying, what is it? Nothing; less than nothing. You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers. At the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries—"

"It is the gentleman," observed the stranger, stopping the schoolmaster in the rehearsal of his advertisement. "Mr. Squeers, I believe, Sir?"

"The same, Sir," said Mr. Squeers, with an assumption of extreme surprise.

"The gentleman," said the stranger, "that advertised in the Times Newspaper?"

"—Morning Post, Chronicle, Herald, and Advertiser, regarding the Academy called Dothebys Hall at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge,

in Yorkshire," added Mr. Squeers. "You come on business, Sir, I see by my young friends. How do you do, my little gentlemen? how do you do, Sir?" With this salutation Mr. Squeers patted the heads of two hollow-eyed, small-boned little boys, whom the applicant had brought with him, and waited for further communications.

"I am in the oil and colour way. My name is Snawley, Sir," said the stranger.

Squeers inclined his head as much as to say, "And a remarkably pretty name, too."

The stranger continued. "I have been thinking, Mr. Squeers, of placing my two boys at your school."

"It is not for me to say so," replied Mr. Squeers, "but I don't think you could possibly do a better thing."

"Hem!" said the other. "Twenty pounds per annum, I believe, Mr. Squeers?"

"Guineas," rejoined the schoolmaster, with a persuasive smile.

"Pounds for two, I think, Mr. Squeers," said Mr. Snawley solemnly.

"I don't think it could be done, Sir," replied Squeers, as if he had never considered the proposition before. "Let me see; four fives is twenty, double that and deduct the—well, a pound either way shall not stand betwixt us. You must recommend me to your connections, Sir, and make it up that way."

"They are not great eaters," said Mr. Snawley.

"Oh! that doesn't matter at all," replied Squeers. "We don't consider the boys appetites at our establishment." This was strictly true; they did not.

"Every wholesome luxury, Sir, that Yorkshire can afford," continued Squeers; "every beautiful moral that Mrs. Squeers can instil; every—in short, every comfort of a home that a boy could wish for, will be theirs, Mr. Snawley."

"I should wish their morals to be particularly attended to," said Mr. Snawley.

"I am glad of that, Sir," replied the schoolmaster, drawing himself up. "They have come to the right shop for morals, Sir."

"You are a moral man yourself," said Snawley.

"I rather believe I am, Sir," replied Squeers.

"I have the satisfaction to know you are, Sir," said Mr. Snawley. "I asked one of your references, and he said you were pious."

"Well, Sir, I hope I am a little in that way, replied Squeers.

"I hope I am also," rejoined the other. "Could I say a few words with you in the next box?"

"By all means," rejoined Squeers, with a grin. "My dears, will you speak to your new playfellow a minute or two? That is one of my boys, Sir. Belling his name is,—a Taunton boy that, Sir."

"Is he indeed?" rejoined Mr. Snawley, looking at

the poor little urchin as if he were some extraordinary natural curiosity.

"He goes down with me to-morrow, Sir," said Squeers. "That's his luggage that he is sitting upon now. Each boy is required to bring, Sir, two suits of clothes, six shirts, six pair of stockings, two nightcaps, two pocket-handkerchiefs, two pair of shoes, two hats, and a razor."

"A razor!" exclaimed Mr. Snawley, as they walked into the next box. "What for?"

"To shave with," replied Squeers, in a low and measured tone.

There was not much in these words, but there must have been something in the manner in which they were said, to attract attention, for the schoolmaster and his companion looked steadily at each other for a few seconds, and then exchanged a very meaning smile. Snawley was a sleek flat-nosed man, clad in Sombre garments, and long black gaiters, and bearing in his countenance an expression of much mortification and sanctity, so that his smiling without any obvious reason was the more remarkable.

"Up to what age do you keep boys at your school then?" he asked at length.

"Just as long as their friends make the quarterly payments to my agent in town, or until such time as they run away," replied Squeers. "Let us understand each other; I see we may safely do so. What are these boys;—natural children?"

"No," rejoined Snawley, meeting the gaze of the schoolmaster's one eye. "They an't."

"I thought they might be," said Squeers, coolly. "We have a good many of them; that boy's one."

"Him in the next box?" said Snawley.

Squeers nodded in the affirmative, and his companion took another peep at the little boy on the trunk, and turning round again, looked as if he were quite disappointed to see him so much like other boys, and said he should hardly have thought it.

"He is," cried Squeers. "But about these boys of yours; you wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes," replied Snawley. "The fact is, I am not their father, Mr. Squeers. I'm only their father-in-law."

"Oh! Is that it?" said the schoolmaster! "That explains it at once. I was wondering what the devil you were going to send them to Yorkshire for. Ha! ha! Oh, I understand now."

"You see I have married the mother," pursued Snawley; "it's expensive keeping boys at home, and as she has a little money in her own right, I am afraid (women are so very foolish, Mr. Squeers) that she might be led to squander it on them, which would be their ruin, you know."

"I see," returned Squeers, throwing himself back in his chair, and waiving his hand.

"And this," resumed Snawley, "has made me anxious to put them to some school a good distance off, where there are no holidays—none of those ill-judged comings home twice a year that unsettle children's minds so—and where they may rough it a little—you comprehend?"

"The payments regular, and no questions asked," said Squeers, nodding his head.

"That's it, exactly," rejoined the other. "Morals strictly attended to, though."

"Strictly," said Squeers.

"Not too much writing home allowed, I suppose!" said the father-in-law, hesitating.

"None except a circular at Christmas, to say that they never were so happy, and hope they may never be sent for," rejoined Squeers.

"Nothing could be better," said the father-in-law, rubbing his hands.

"Then, as we understand each other," said Squeers, "will you allow me to ask you whether you consider me a highly virtuous, exemplary, and well-conducted man in private life; and whether, as a person whose business it is to take charge of youth, you place the strongest confidence in my unimpeachable integrity, liberality, religious principles and ability?"

"Certainly I do," replied the father-in-law, reciprocating the schoolmaster's grin.

"Perhaps you won't object to say that, if I make you a reference?"

"Not the least in the world."

"That's your sort," said Squeers, taking up a pen; "this is doing business, and that's what I like."

Having entered Mr. Snawley's address, the schoolmaster had next to perform the still more agreeable office of entering the receipt of the first quarter's payment in advance, which he had scarcely completed, when another voice was heard inquiring for Mr. Squeers.

"Here he is," replied the schoolmaster; what is it?"

"Only a matter of business, Sir," said Ralph Nickleby, presenting himself, closely followed by Nicholas. "There was an advertisement of yours in the papers this morning?"

"There was, Sir. This way, if you please," said Squeers, who had by this time got back to the box by the fire-place. "Won't you be seated?"

"Why, I think I will," replied Ralph, suiting the action to the word and placing his hat on the table before him. "This is my nephew, Sir, Mr. Nicholas Nickleby."

"How do you do, Sir?" said Squeers.

Nicholas bowed: said he was very well, and seemed very much astonished at the outward appearance of the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall, as indeed he was.

"Perhaps you recollect me?" said Ralph, looking narrowly at the schoolmaster.

"You paid me a small account at each of my half-yearly visits to town, for some years, I think, Sir," replied Squeers.

"I did," rejoined Ralph.

"For the parents of a boy named Dorker, who unfortunately—"

"—unfortunately died at Dotheboys Hall," said Ralph, finishing the sentence.

"I remember very well, Sir," rejoined Squeers. "Ah! Mrs. Squeers, Sir, was as partial to that lad as if he had been her own; the attention, Sir, that was bestowed upon that boy in his illness—dry toast and warm tea offered him every night and morning when he couldn't swallow anything—a candle in his bedroom on the very night he died—the best dictionary sent up for him to lay his head upon.—I don't regret it though. It is a pleasant thing to reflect that one did one's duty by him."

Ralph smiled as if he meant anything but smiling, and looked round at the strangers present.

"These are only some pupils of mine," said Wackford Squeers, pointing to the little boy on the trunk and the two little boys on the floor, who had been staring at each other without uttering a word, and writhing their bodies into most remarkable contortions, according to the custom of little boys when they first become acquainted. "This gentleman, Sir, is a parent who is kind enough to compliment me upon the course of education adopted at Dotheboys Hall, which is situated, Sir, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money——"

"Yes, we know all about that, Sir," interrupted Ralph, testily. "It's in the advertisement."

"You are very right, Sir; it is in the advertisement," replied Squeers.

"And in the matter of fact besides," interrupted Mr. Snawley. "I feel bound to assure you, Sir, and I am proud to have this opportunity of assuring you, that I consider Mr. Squeers a gentleman highly virtuous, exemplary, well-conducted, and——"

"I make no doubt of it, Sir," interrupted Ralph, checking the torrent of recommendation; no doubt of it at all. Suppose we come to business."

"With all my heart, Sir," rejoined Squeers. "'Never postpone business,' is the very first lesson we instil into our commercial pupils. Master Belling, my dear, always remember that; do you hear?"

"Yes, Sir," repeated Master Belling.

"He recollects what it is, does he?" said Ralph.

"Tell the gentleman," said Squeers.

"'Never,'" repeated Master Belling.

"Very good," said Squeers, "go on."

"Never," repeated Master Belling again.

"Very good indeed," said Squeers. "Yes."

"P." suggested Nicholas good-naturedly.

"Perform—business!" said Master Belling. "Never—perform—business!"

"Very well, Sir," said Squeers, darting a withering look at the culprit. "You and I will perform a little business on our private account bye and bye."

"And just now," said Ralph, "we had better transact our own, perhaps."

"If you please," said Squeers.

"Well," resumed Ralph, "it's brief enough; soon broached, and I hope easily concluded. You have advertised for an able assistant, Sir?"

"Precisely so," said Squeers.

"And you really want one?"

"Certainly," answered Squeers.

"Here he is," said Ralph. "My nephew Nicholas, hot from school, with every thing he learnt there, fermenting in his head, and nothing fermenting in his pocket, is just the man you wish."

"I am afraid," said Squeers, perplexed with such an application from a youth of Nicholas's figure, "I am afraid the young man won't suit me."

"Yes, he will," said Ralph; "I know better. 'Don't be cast down, Sir; you will be teaching all the young noblemen in Dotheboy's Hall, in less than a week's time, unless this gentleman is more obstinate than I take him to be.'"

"I fear, Sir," said Nicholas, addressing Mr. Squeers, "that you object to my youth, and my not being a Master of Arts?"

"The absence of a college degree is an objection," replied Squeers, looking as grave as he could, and considerably puzzled, no less by the contrast between the simplicity of the nephew and the worldly manner of the uncle, than by the incomprehensible allusion to the young noblemen under his tuition.

"Look here, Sir," said Ralph; "I'll put this matter in its true light in two seconds."

"If you'll have the goodness," rejoined Squeers.

"This is a boy or a youth, or a lad, or a young man, or a hobbledehoy, or whatever you like to call him, of eighteen or nineteen, or thereabouts," said Ralph.

"That I see," observed the schoolmaster.

"So do I," said Mr. Snawley, thinking it as well to back his new friend occasionally.

"His father is dead, he is wholly ignorant of the world, has no resources whatever, and wants something to do," said Ralph. "I recommend him to this splendid establishment of yours, as an opening which will lead him to fortune, if he turns it to proper account. Do you see that?"

"Every body must see that," replied Squeers, half imitating the sneer with which the old gentleman was regarding his unconscious relative.

"I do, of course," said Nicholas eagerly.

"He does, of course, you observe," said Ralph, in

the same dry, hard manner. "If any caprice of temper should induce him to cast aside this golden opportunity before he has brought it to perfection, I consider myself absolved from extending any assistance to his mother and sister. Look at him, and think of the use he may be to you in half a dozen ways. Now the question is, whether, for some time to come at all events, he won't serve your purpose better than twenty of the kind of people you would get under ordinary circumstances. Isn't that a question for consideration?"

"Yes, it is," said Squeers, answering a nod of Ralph's head with a nod of his own.

"Good," rejoined Ralph. "Let me have two words with you."

The two words were had apart, and in a couple of minutes Mr. Wackford Squeers announced that Mr. Nicholas Nickleby was from that moment thoroughly nominated to, and installed in, the office of first assistant-master at Dotheboys Hall.

"Your uncle's recommendation has done it, Mr. Nickleby," said Wackford Squeers.

Nicholas overjoyed at his success, shook his uncle's hand warmly, and could have worshipped Squeers upon the spot.

"He is an odd-looking man," thought Nicholas. "What of that? Porson was an odd-looking man, and so was Doctor Johnson; all these bookworms are."

"At eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers, "the coach starts. You must be here at a quarter before, as we take those boys with us."

"Certainly, Sir," said Nicholas.

"And your fare down, I have paid," growled Ralph. "So you'll have nothing to do but to keep yourself warm."

Here was another instance of his uncle's generosity. Nicholas felt his unexpected kindness so much, that he could scarcely find words to thank him; indeed, he had not found half enough, when they took leave of the schoolmaster and emerged from the Saracen's Head gateway.

"I shall be here in the morning to see you fairly off," said Ralph. "No skulking!"

"Thank you, Sir," replied Nicholas; "I never shall forget this kindness."

"Take care you don't," replied his uncle. "You had better go home now, and pack up what you have got to pack. Do you think you could find your way to Golden Square first?"

"Certainly," said Nicholas, "I can easily inquire."

"Leave these papers with my clerk, then," said Ralph, producing a small parcel, "and tell him to wait till I come."

Nicholas cheerfully undertook the errand, and bidding his worthy uncle an affectionate farewell, which

that warm-hearted old gentleman acknowledged by a growl, hastened away to execute his commission.

He found Golden Square in due course; and Mr. Noggs, who had stepped out for a minute or so to the public-house, was opening the door with a latch-key as he reached the steps.

"What's that?" inquired Noggs, pointing to the parcel.

"Papers from my uncle," replied Nicholas; "and you're to have the goodness to wait till he comes home, if you please."

"Uncle!" cried Noggs.

"Mr. Nickleby," said Nicholas in explanation.

"Come in," said Newman.

Without another word he led Nicholas into the passage, and thence into the official pantry at the end of it, where he thrusts him into a chair, and mounting upon his high stool, sat with his arms hanging straight down by his sides, gazing upon him as from a tower of observation.

"There is no answer," said Nicholas, laying the parcel on a table beside him.

Newman said nothing, but folding his arms, and thrusting his head forward so as to obtain a nearer view of Nicholas's face, scanned his features closely.

"No answer," said Nicholas, speaking very loud, under the impression that Newman Noggs was deaf.

Newman placed his hands upon his knees, and without uttering a syllable, continued the same close scrutiny of his companion's face.

This was such a very singular proceeding on the part of an utter stranger, and his appearance was so extremely peculiar, that Nicholas, who had a sufficiently keen sense of the ridiculous, could not refrain from breaking into a smile as he inquired whether Mr. Noggs had any commands for him.

Noggs shook his head and sighed; upon which Nicholas rose, and remarking that he required no rest, bade him good morning.

It was a great exertion for Newman Noggs, and nobody knows to this day how he ever came to make it, the other party being wholly unknown to him, but he drew a long breath and actually said out loud, without once stopping, that if the young gentleman did not object to tell, he should like to know what his uncle was going to do for him.

Nicholas had not the least objection in the world, but on the contrary was rather pleased to have an opportunity of talking on the subject which occupied his thoughts; so he sat down again, and (his sanguine imagination warming as he spoke) entered into a fervent and glowing description of all the honours and advantages to be derived from his appointment at that seat of learning, Dotheboys Hall.

"But, what's the matter—are you ill?" said Nicholas, suddenly breaking off, as his companion, after

throwing himself into a variety of uncouth attitudes, thrust his hands under the stool and cracked his finger-joints as if he were snapping all the bones in his hands.

Newman Noggs made no reply, but went on shrugging his shoulders and cracking his finger-joints, smiling horribly all the time, and looking steadfastly at nothing, out of the tops of his eyes, in a most ghastly manner.

At first Nicholas thought the mysterious man was in a fit, but on further consideration decided that he was in liquor, under which circumstances he deemed it prudent to make off at once. He looked back when he had got the street door open. Newman Noggs was still indulging in the same extraordinary gestures, and the cracking of his fingers sounded louder than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ZICCI.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In the gardens at Naples, one summer evening in the last century, some four or five gentlemen were seated under a tree, drinking their sherbet, and listening, in the intervals of conversation, to the music which enlivened that gay and favourite resort of an indolent population. One of this little party was a young Englishman, who had been the life of the whole group, but who, for the last few moments, had sunk into a gloomy and abstracted reverie. One of his countrymen observed this sudden gloom, and tapping him on the back, said, "Glyndon, why, what ails you—are you ill? you have grown quite pale—you tremble—is it a sudden chill? You had better go home; these Italian nights are often dangerous to our English constitutions.

"No, I am well now—it was but a passing shudder; I cannot account for it myself."

A man apparently of about thirty years of age, and of a mien and countenance strikingly superior to those around him, turned abruptly, and looked steadfastly at Glyndon.

"I think I understand what you mean," said he; "and perhaps," he added, with a grave smile, "I could explain it better than yourself." Here turning to the others, he added, "You must often have felt, gentlemen—each and all of you—especially when sitting alone at night, a strange and unaccountable sensation of coldness and awe creep over you; your blood curdles, and the heart stands still; the limbs shiver, the hair bristles; you are afraid to look up, to turn your eyes to the darker corners of the room; you have a horrible fancy that something unearthly is at hand; presently the whole spell, if I may so call it, passes away, and you are ready to laugh at your own weakness. Have

you not often felt what 'I have thus imperfectly described? if so, you can understand what our young friend has just experienced, even amidst the d lights of this magical scene, and amidst the balmy whispers of a July night.'

"Sir," replied Glyndon, evidently much surprised, 'you have defined exactly the nature of that shudder which came over me. But how could my manner be so faithful an index to my impressions?'

"I know the signs of the visitation," returned the stranger gravely; 'they are not to be mistaken by one of my experience.'

All the gentlemen present then declared that they could comprehend, and had felt, what the stranger had described.

"According to one of our national superstitions," said Merton, the Englishman who had first addressed Glyndon, 'the moment you so feel your blood creep, and your hair stand on end, someone is walking over the spot which shall be your grave.'

"There are in all lands different superstitions to account for so common an occurrence," replied the stranger: 'one sect among the Arabians hold that at that instant God is deciding the hour either of your death, or that of some one dear to you. The African savage, whose imagination is darkened by the hideous rites of his gloomy idolatry, believes that the Evil Spirit is pulling you towards him by the hair:—so do the Grotesque and the Terrible mingle with each other.'

"It is evidently a mere physical accident—a derangement of the stomach—a chill of the blood," said a young Neapolitan.

"Then why is it always coupled in all nations with some superstitious presentiment or terror—some connection between the material frame and the supposed world without us?" asked the stranger. "For my part, I think——"

"What do you think, Sir?" asked Glyndon curiously.

"I think," continued the stranger, 'that it is the repugnance and horror of that which is human about us—to something, indeed, invisible, but antipathetic to our own nature; and from a knowledge of which we are happily secured by the imperfection of our senses.'

"You are a believer in spirits, then?" asked Merton, with an incredulous smile.

"Nay, I said not so; I can form no notion of a spirit, as the metaphysicians do, and certainly no fear of one; but there may be forms of matter as invisible and impalpable to us as the animalculæ in the air we breathe—in the water that plays in yonder basin. Such forms of matter may have passions and powers like our own, as the animalculæ to which I have compared them. The monster that lives and dies in a drop of water—carnivorous—insatiable—subsisting on the creatures minuter than himself, is not less deadly in his wrath, less ferocious in his nature, than the tiger of the desert.

'There may be things around us malignant and hostile to men, if Providence had not placed a wall between them and us, merely by different modifications of matter.'

'And could that wall never be removed?' asked young Glyndon abruptly. 'Are the traditions of sorcerer and wizard, universal and immemorial as they are, merely fables?'

'Perhaps yes—perhaps no,' answered the stranger indifferently. 'But who, in an age in which the reason has chosen its proper bounds, would be mad enough to break the partition that divides him from the boa and the lion, to repine at and rebel against the law of nature, which confines the shark to the great deep? Enough of these idle speculations.'

Here the stranger rose, summoned the attendant, paid for his sherbet, and, bowing slightly to the company, soon disappeared among the trees.

'Who is that gentleman?' asked Glyndon, eagerly.

The rest looked at each other, without replying, for some moments.

'I never saw him before,' said Merton at last.

'Nor I.'

'Nor I.'

'I have met him often,' said the Neapolitan, who was named Count Cetoxa; 'it was, if you remember, as my companion that he joined you. He has been some months at Naples; he is very rich—indeed enormously so. Our acquaintance commenced in a strange way.'

'How was it?'

'I had been playing at a public gaming-house, and had lost considerably. I rose from the table, resolved no longer to tempt Fortune, when this gentleman, who had been hitherto a spectator, laying his hand on my arm, said with politeness, 'Sir, I see you enjoy play—I dislike it; but I yet wish to have some interest in what is going on. Will you play this sum for me? the risk is mine—the half profits yours.' I was startled, as you may suppose, at such an address; but the stranger had an air and tone with him it was impossible to resist; besides, I was burning to recover my losses, and should not have risen had I had any money left about me. I told him I would accept his offer, provided we shared the risk as well as profits. 'As you will,' said he, smiling, 'we need have no scruple, for you will be sure to win.' I sat down; the stranger stood behind me; my luck rose; I invariably won. In fact, I rose from the table a rich man.'

'There can be no foul play at the public tables, especially when foul play would make against the bank.'

'Certainly not,' replied the Count. 'But our good fortune was, indeed, marvellous—so extraordinary that a Sicilian (the Sicilians are all ill-bred, bad-tempered fellows) grew angry and insolent. 'Sir,' said he, turning to my new friend, 'you have no business to

stand so near to the table. I do not understand this; you have not acted fairly.' The spectator replied with great composure, that he had done nothing against the rules—that he was very sorry that one man could not win without another man losing; and that he could not act unfairly even if disposed to do so. The Sicilian took the stranger's mildness for apprehension, blustered more loudly, and at length fairly challenged him. 'I never seek a quarrel, and I never shun a danger,' returned my partner; and six or seven of us adjourned to the garden behind the house. I was, of course, my partner's second. He took me aside: 'This man will die,' said he; 'see that he is buried privately in the church of St. Januario, by the side of his father.'

'Did you know his family?' I asked, with great surprise. He made no answer, but drew his sword, and walked deliberately to the spot we had selected. The Sicilian was a renowned swordsman; nevertheless, in the third pass he was run through the body. I went up to him; he could scarcely speak. 'Have you any request to make—any affairs to settle?' He shook his head. 'Where would you wish to be interred?' He pointed towards the Sicilian coast. 'What!' said I in surprise, 'not by the side of your father?' As I spoke, his face altered terribly—he uttered a piercing shriek;—the blood gushed from his mouth—and he fell dead. The most strange part of the story is to come. We buried him in the church of St. Januario. In doing so, we took up his father's coffin; the lid came off in moving it, and the skeleton was visible. In the hollow of the skull we found a very slender wire of sharp steel: this caused surprise and inquiry. The father, who was rich and a miser, had died suddenly, and been buried in haste, owing, it was said, to the heat of the weather. Suspicion once awakened, the examination became minute. The old man's servant was questioned, and at last confessed, that the son had murdered the sire: the contrivance was ingenious; the wire was so slender, that it pierced to the brain, and drew but one drop of blood, which the grey hairs concealed. The accomplice was executed.'

'And this stranger,—did he give evidence? did he account for——'

'No,' interrupted the Count; 'he declared that he had by accident visited the church that morning; that he had observed the tombstone of the Count Salvio: that his guide had told him the Count's son was in Naples,—a spendthrift and a gambler. While we were at play, he had heard the Count mentioned by name at the table; and when the challenge was given and accepted, it had occurred to him to name the place of burial, by an instinct he could not account for.'

'A very lame story,' said Merton.

'Yes! but we Italians are superstitious;—the alleged instinct was regarded as the whisper of Providence—the stranger became an object of universal interest and

curiosity. His wealth, his manner of living, his extraordinary personal beauty, have assisted also to make him the rage.'

'What is his name?' asked Glyndon.

'Zicci. Signor Zicci.'

'Is it not an Italian name? He speaks English like a native.'

'So he does French and German, as well as Italian, to my knowledge. But he declares himself a Corsican by birth, though I cannot hear of any eminent Corsican family of that name. However, what matters his birth or parentage; he is rich, generous, and the best swordsman I ever saw in my life.—Who would affront him?'

'Not I, certainly,' said Merton, rising. 'Come Glyndon; shall we seek our hotel?—It is almost daylight. Adieu, Signor.'

'What think you of this story?' said Glyndon, as the young men walked homeward.

'Why, it is very clear this Zicci is some impostor—some clever rogue; and the Neapolitan shares booty, and puffs him off with all the hacknied charlatanism of the Marvellous. An unknown adventurer gets into society, by being made an object of awe and curiosity;—he is devilish handsome; and the women are quite content to receive him without any other recommendation than his own face and Cetoxa's fables.'

'I cannot agree with you. Cetoxa, though a gambler and a rake, is a nobleman of birth and high repute for courage and honour. Besides, this stranger, with his grand features and lofty air—so calm—so unobtrusive—has nothing in common with the forward garrulity of an impostor.'

'My dear Glyndon, pardon me; but you have not yet acquired any knowledge of the world: the stranger makes the best of a fine person, and his *grand air* is but a trick of the trade. But to change the subject:—how gets on the love affair?'

'O, Isabel could not see me to night. Her father was ill, dear girl; and she would not leave him: the old woman gave me a note of excuse.'

'You must not marry her; what would they all say at home?'

'Let us enjoy the present,' said Glyndon with vivacity; 'we are young, rich, good-looking: let us not think of to-morrow.'

'Bravo, Glyndon! Here we are at the hotel. Sleep sound, and don't dream of Signor Zicci.'

CHAPTER II.

Clarence Glyndon was a young man of small but independent fortune. He had, early in life evinced considerable promise in the art of painting; and, rather from enthusiasm than the want of a profession, he had resolved to devote himself to a career which in England has been seldom entered upon by persons who

can live on their own means. Without being a poet, Glyndon had also manifested a graceful faculty for verse, which had contributed to win his entry into society above his birth. Spoiled and flattered from his youth upward, his natural talents were in some measure relaxed by indolence, and that worldly and selfish habit of thought which frivolous companionship often engenders, and which is withering alike to stern virtue and high genius. The luxuriance of his fancy was unabated; but the affections which are the life of fancy had grown languid and inactive: his youth, his vanity, and a restless daring and thirst of adventure had from time to time involved him in dangers and dilemmas, out of which, of late, he had always extricated himself with the ingenious felicity of a clever head and cool heart. He had left England for Rome with the avowed purpose and sincere resolution of studying the divine masterpieces of art; but pleasure had soon allured him from ambition, and he quitted the gloomy palaces of Rome for the gay shores and animated revelries of Naples. Here he had fallen in love—deeply in love, as he said and thought—with a young person celebrated at Naples—Isabel di Pisani. She was the only daughter of an Italian, by an English mother: the father had known better days; in his prosperity he had travelled, and won in England the affections of a lady of some fortune. He had been induced to speculate; he lost his all; he settled at Naples, and taught languages and music. His wife died when Isabel, christened from her mother, was ten years old. At sixteen she came out on the stage; two years afterwards her father departed this life, and Isabel was an orphan.

Glyndon, a man of pleasure, and a regular attendant at the theatre, had remarked the young actress behind the scenes; he fell in love with her, and he told her so. The girl listened to him perhaps from vanity, perhaps from ambition, perhaps from coquetry;—she listened, and allowed few but stolen interviews, in which she permitted no favour to the Englishman; it was one reason why he loved her so much.

The day following that on which our story opens, Glyndon was riding alone by the shores of the Neapolitan sea, on the other side of the Cavern of Pausilippo. It was past noon; the sun had lost its early fervour, and a cool breeze sprung voluptuously from the sparkling sea. Bending over a fragment of stone near the road-side, he perceived the form of a man; and when he approached he recognised Zicci.

The Englishman saluted him courteously. 'Have you discovered some antique?' said he, with a smile; 'they are common as pebbles on this road.'

'No,' replied Zicci; 'it was but one of those antiques that have their date, indeed, from the beginning of the world, but which Nature eternally, withers and re-

news.' So saying, he showed Glyndon a small herb, with a pale blue flower, and then placed it carefully in his bosom.

'You are a herbalist?'

'I am.'

'It is, I am told, a study full of interest.'

'To those who understand it, doubtless. But,' continued Zicci, looking up with a slight and cold smile, 'why do you linger on your way to converse with me on matters in which you neither have knowledge nor desire to obtain it? I read your heart, young Englishman; your curiosity is excited; you wish to know *me*, and not this humble herb. Pass on; your desire never can be satisfied.'

'You have not the politeness of your countrymen,' said Glyndon, somewhat discomposed. 'Suppose I were desirous to cultivate your acquaintance, why should you reject my advances?'

'I reject no man's advances,' answered Zicci; 'I must know them if they so desire; but *me*, in return, they can never comprehend. If you ask my acquaintance, it is yours; but I would warn you to shun me.'

'And why are you then so dangerous?'

'Some have found me so: if I were to predict your fortune by the vain calculations of the astrologer, I should tell you in their despicable jargon that my planet sat darkly in your house of life. Cross me not if you can avoid it. I warn you now for the first time and last.'

'You despise the astrologers, yet you utter a jargon as mysterious as theirs. I neither gamble nor quarrel; why then should I fear you?'

'As you will; I have done.'

'Let me speak frankly; your conversation last night interested and amused me.'

'I know it; minds like yours are attracted by mystery.'

Glyndon was piqued at these words, though in the tone in which they were spoken there was no contempt.

'I see you do not consider me worthy of your friendship;—be it so. Good day.' Zicci coldly replied to the salutation; and, as the Englishman rode on, returned to his botanical employment.

The same night, Glyndon went, as usual, to the theatre. He was standing behind the scenes watching Isabel, who was on the stage in one of her most brilliant parts. The house resounded with applause. Glyndon was transported with a young man's passion and a young man's pride:—'This glorious creature,' thought he, 'may yet be mine.'

He felt, while thus wrapt in delicious reverie, a slight touch upon his shoulder: he turned, and beheld Zicci. 'You are in danger,' said the latter. 'Do not walk home to-night; or if you do, go not alone.'

Before Glyndon recovered from his surprise, Zicci

disappeared; and when the Englishman saw him again, he was in the box of one of the Neapolitan ministers, where Glyndon could not follow him.

Isabel now left the stage, and Glyndon accosted her with impassioned gallantry. The actress was surprisingly beautiful: of fair complexion, and golden hair, her countenance was relieved from the tame and gentle loveliness which the Italians suppose to be the characteristics of English beauty, by the contrast of dark eyes and lashes, by a forehead of great height, to which the dark outline of the eyebrows gave something of majesty and command. In spite of the slightness of virgin youth, her proportions had the nobleness, blent with the delicacy, that belongs to the masterpieces of ancient sculpture; and there was a conscious pride in her step, and in the swanlike bend of her stately head, as she turned with an evident impatience from the address of her lover. Taking aside an old woman, who was her constant and confidential attendant at the theatre, she said in an earnest whisper—

'Oh, Gionetta! He is here again! I have seen him again!—and again, he alone of the whole theatre withholds from me his applause. He scarcely seems to notice me; his indifference mortifies me to the soul;—I could weep for rage and sorrow.'

'Which is he, my darling?' said the old woman, with fondness in her voice. 'He must indeed be dull,—not worth thy thoughts.'

The actress drew Gionetta nearer to the stage, and pointed out to her a man in one of the nearer boxes, conspicuous amongst all else by the simplicity of his dress, and the extraordinary beauty of his features.

'Not worth a thought, Gionetta!' repeated Isabel—'not worth a thought! Saw you ever one so noble, so godlike?'

'By the Holy Mother!' answered Gionetta, 'he is a proper man, and has the air of a prince.'

The prompter summoned the Signora Pisani. 'Find out his name, Gionetta,' said she, sweeping on to the stage, and passing by Glyndon, who gazed at her with a look of sorrowful reproach.

The scene on which the actress now entered was that of the final catastrophe, wherein all her remarkable powers of voice and art were pre-eminently called forth. The house hung on every word with breathless worship; but the eyes of Isabel sought only those of one calm and unmoved spectator: she exerted herself as if inspired. The stranger listened, and observed her with an attentive gaze, but no approval escaped his lips; no emotion changed the expression of his cold and half disdainful aspect. Lucy, who was in the character of a jealous and abandoned mistress, never felt so acutely the part she played. Her tears were truthful;—her passion that of nature: it was almost too terrible to behold. She was borne from the stage exhausted and insensible, amidst such a tempest of

admiring rapture, as Continental audiences alone can raise. The crowd stood up—handkerchiefs waved—garlands and flowers were thrown on the stage—men wiped their eyes, and women sobbed aloud.

‘By heavens!’ said a Neapolitan of great rank, ‘she has fired me beyond endurance. To-night, this very night, she shall be mine! You have arranged all, Mascari?’

‘All, Signor. And if this young Englishman should accompany her home?’

‘The presuming barbarian! At all events, let him bleed for his folly. I hear that she admits him to secret interviews. I will have no rival.’

‘But an Englishman! There is always a search after the bodies of the English.’

‘Fool! is not the sea deep enough, or the earth secret enough, to hide one dead man? Our ruffians are silent as the grave itself:—and I—who would dare to suspect, to arraign the Prince de ———? See to it—let him be watched, and the fitting occasion taken. I trust him to you:—robbers murder him;—you understand;—the country swarms with them;—plunder and strip him. Take three men; the rest shall be my escort.’

Mascari shrugged his shoulders, and bowed submissively.

Meanwhile Glyndon besought Isabel, who recovered but slowly, to return home in his carriage: she had done so once or twice before, though she had never permitted him to accompany her. This time she refused, and with some petulance. Glyndon, offended, was retiring sullenly, when Gionetta stopped him. ‘Stay Signor,’ said she coaxingly; ‘the dear Signora is not well—do not be angry with her; I will make her accept your offer.’

Glyndon stayed, and after a few moments spent in expostulation on the part of Gionetta and resistance on that of Isabel, the offer was accepted: the actress, with a mixture of *naïveté* and coquetry, gave her hand to her lover, who kissed it with delight. Gionetta and her charge entered the carriage, and Glyndon was left at the door of the theatre to return home on foot. The mysterious warning of Zicci then suddenly occurred to him; he had forgotten it in the interest of his lover’s quarrel with Isabel. He thought it now advisable to guard against danger foretold by lips so mysterious: he looked round for some one he knew: the theatre was disgorging its crowds, they hustled, and jostled, and pressed upon him; but he recognised no familiar countenance. While pausing irresolute, he heard Merton’s voice calling on him, and, to his great relief, discovered his friend making his way through the throng.

‘I have secured you a place in the Count Cetoxa’s carriage,’ said he. ‘Come along, he is waiting for us.’

‘How kind in you! how did you find me out?’

‘I met Zicci in the passage.—‘Your friend is at the door of the theatre,’ said he; ‘do not let him go home alone to-night; the streets of Naples are not always safe.’ I immediately remembered that some of the Calabrian bravos had been busy within the city the last few weeks, and asked Cetoxa, who was with me, to accommodate you.’

Further explanation was forbidden, for they now joined the Count. As Glyndon entered the carriage and drew up the glass, he saw four men standing apart by the pavement, who seemed to eye him with attention.

‘Cospetto!’ cried one—‘ecco Inglese!’ Glyndon imperfectly heard the exclamation as the carriage drove on. He reached home in safety.

‘Have you discovered who he is?’ asked the actress, as she was now alone in the carriage with Gionetta.

‘Yes: he is the celebrated Signor Zicci, about whom the court has run mad. They say he is so rich!—oh, so much richer than any of the Inglesi! But a bird in the hand, my angel, is better than ———’

‘Cease,’ interrupted the young actress. ‘Zicci! Speak of the Englishman no more.’

The carriage was now entering that more lonely and remote part of the city in which Isabel’s house was situated, when it suddenly stopped.

Gionetta, in alarm, thrust her head out of the window, and perceived by the pale light of the moon, that the driver, torn from his seat, was already pinioned in the arms of two men: the next moment the door was opened violently, and a tall figure, masked and mantled, appeared.

‘Fear not, fairest Pisani,’ said he gently, ‘no ill shall befall you.’ As he spoke, he wound his arms round the form of the fair actress, and endeavoured to lift her from the carriage. But the Signora Pisani was not an ordinary person; she had been before exposed to all the dangers to which the beauty of the low-born was subjected, amongst a lawless and profligate nobility: she thrust back the assailant with a power that surprised him, and in the next moment the blade of a dagger gleamed before his eyes. ‘Touch me,’ said she, drawing herself to the farther end of the carriage, ‘and I strike.’

The mask drew back.

‘By the body of Bacchus, a bold spirit!’ said he, half laughing and half alarmed. ‘Here, Luigi—Giovanni! disarm and seize her.—Harm her not.’

The mask retired from the door, and another and yet taller form presented itself. ‘Be calm, Isabel di Pisani,’ said he in a low voice; ‘with me you are indeed safe!’ He lifted his mask as he spoke, and showed the noble features of Zicci. ‘Be calm, be hushed,—I can save you.’ He vanished, leaving Isabel lost in surprise, agitation, and delight. There

* At that time, in Naples, carriages were both cheaper to hire, and more necessary for strangers, than they are now.

were in all nine masks: two were engaged with the driver; one stood at the head of the carriage horses; a third guarded the well-trained steeds of the party; three others, besides Zicci, and the one who had first accosted Isabel, stood apart by a carriage drawn to the side of the road. To these Zicci motioned; they advanced; he pointed towards the first mask, who was in fact the Prince di —, and, to his unspeakable astonishment, the Prince was suddenly seized from behind.

'Treason!' he cried.—'Treason among my own men! What means this?'

'Place him in his carriage!—If he resist, shoot him!' said Zicci calmly.

He approached the men who had detained the coachman.

'You are outnumbered and outwitted,' said he: 'join your lord; you are three men—we six, armed to the teeth. Thank our mercy that we spare your lives;—go.'

The men gave way, dismayed. The driver remounted.

'Cut the traces of their carriage and the bridles of their horses,' said Zicci, as he entered the vehicle containing Isabel, and which now drove on rapidly, leaving the discomfited ravisher in a state of rage and stupor impossible to describe.

'Allow me to explain this mystery to you,' said Zicci. 'I discovered the plot against you—no matter how—I frustrated it thus:—The head of this design is a nobleman, who has long persecuted you in vain. He and two of his creatures watched you from the entrance of the theatre, having directed six others to await him on the spot where you were attacked; myself and five of my servants supplied their place, and were mistaken for his own followers. I had previously ridden alone to the spot where the men were waiting and informed them that their master would not require their services that night. They believed me—for I showed them his signet ring—and accordingly dispersed. I then joined my own band, whom I had left in the rear; you know all. We are at your door.'

From Tait's Magazine.

The London Peripatetic; or, Sketches about Town.

The sagacious reader must not imagine, by the title of these random papers, that I am about to philosophize, or discuss the merits of Aristotelian doctrines; for he may be assured I am guiltless of any such intention, and the ghost of the schoolman may rest in a state of perfect quiescence, so far as regards any disturbance I shall offer his dignity. My object is far less abstruse. I have assumed the title of Peripatetic,

because I like the word—it is a noble word, and preserves well the stamp of its Greek original; and, moreover, because it expresses my meaning better than any other, and tells in a breath my habit of pedestrian speculation. 'Humph!' say you—'the habit is no uncommon one.'

I know that. The Spectator was a Peripatetic—so was Pope—so was Dr. Johnson. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were first-rate Peripatetics——But softly—I am getting into a dilemma, by putting it in the power of an ill-natured reader to ask me, with a very meaning sneer, if I have the sublime impudence to class myself with the names, all, *save one*,* illustrious, just mentioned.

Not at all; for I have read the fable of the frog, and profited thereby—therefore, do not twit me so impatiently. I will state in a sentence what I am, and my own estimation of myself. I am a respectable individual, of staid habits, with some small share of observation, and, at times, addicted to the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is my 'custom in the afternoon,' to call for my short nankin gaiters—in winter and wet weather, ditto of black cloth—settle my spectacles firmly on my nose, don my broad-brimmed hat, and sally forth, to make observations. I am a good walker, albeit now mourning the departure of my fifty-seventh birth-day, and the approaches of gout and rotundity; and frequently make a circuit of several miles before my six o'clock dinner. In these, my rambles, I am generally alone; for I like both the motions of mind and body to be unembarrassed by the presence of a companion, and the respect one is necessitated to pay to his inclination and convenience. I like to spell over a beautiful engraving in a shop window, or contemplate a sweet, laughing child, or gaze upon a stately building, until I feel poetry stealing from the object upon my soul, and flooding it with the beautiful; or I may like to talk for an hour with some stranger, casually met with, and extract from his discourse food for observation upon human nature; or, perchance, to dive into obscure crooked lanes and alleys, in search of something—I know not precisely what—but something that shall read me a lesson in man; or, I may desire (and here do not misunderstand or misrepresent my intentions) to chat with a pretty nursery-maid, and toy with the rosy, joyous little cherubs she is surrounded by, until I laugh loudly, and fancy myself young again; or, perhaps, to look upon a group of ragged boys, playing at something in imitation of cricket, on a miserable patch of green in the suburbs, with a pile of crownless hats and tattered caps for a wicket, a rough misshapen piece of wood for a bat, and a half-burst ball.

Now, in such odd, peripatetic strolls, whilst disposed

* Each reader is at liberty to reserve which name he pleases as the exception.

ed to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' a companion is mostly an incumbrance. You cannot give the rein to speculation, and allow it to proceed in its own discursive or eccentric course. A different train of thinking, in all probability, occupies the mind of your friend; and he interrupts the ideas filling your own, by some remark altogether foreign to their purport. Not that I am misanthropic. I love the society of my fellow-beings; I love the holy communion of friendship. There are times when the souls of men pour forth sentiments in sympathy, an unison as delightful as it is unfrequent. There are times when the bustle of life is forgotten, the glare gone by for a space; when a benignant angel is abroad, pervading the vast universe with calm, and man's heart with that glow of universal love which is God's worship; when passions are hushed, asperities smoothed, and the spirit seeks some sister with whom to confer in the blessed stillness, and whisper sacred things.

Yet there are also times when we would stand aloof from sympathy, and observe mankind in silence; when we would wander amidst crowds, converse with many strangers, and dive into the arcana of the human heart; contemplate actions, and conjecture upon motives, without seeking to communicate our remarks, or to receive those of another; but rather courting the solitude of the closet, there to admire the greatness of man, and wonder at his infirmities. And what place more replete with the means of such observation than London? There is a moral in the smoke that envelopes it, and knowledge to be picked up in the names of the streets. In London you will find subject for your admiration and your disgust—for your praise and execration; and miscellanea without number for speculation and study. No place presents to you in a greater degree the extremes of guilt and virtue, or of squalid misery and princely grandeur; no place annoys and delights you more. In a word, no spot on the globe is more full of antitheses than London, where you are continually making the step which leads you from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Ecce!*—You stop at a shop window, to contemplate Martin's engraving of Satan bestriding a dusky globe in terrible grandeur. It calls up associations to your mind; you think on Milton's stupendous descriptions of the archfiend, who,

"Above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

You are full of Milton. Hades is before your mind's eye, with its fiery surge, that, from the precipice of heaven, received the falling angels, with

"Its dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
Cast pale and dreadful."

An unearthly awe is upon you. Your body, it is true,

is mechanically threading its way through the countless throng of passengers, in a busy street, yept the Strand; the ceaseless and stunning rattle of carts, carriages, and omnibuses, is resounding in your ears—but you are unconscious of it. The soul has forgotten her connection with clay, and is away in far-off worlds—when, lo! you are reminded of your mortality by an imp of a Jew boy running before you, treading on your toes to enable him the better to stare in your face—peering, with his black, eager, cunning-looking eyes, up to yours—pointing full at you his long, hawked, reddish nose—and screaming, in his diabolic gibberish, 'LUCIFER matches, a penny a-box!—only a penny each for Lucifers!' You vote the imp the lowest demon in the Morning Star's nether establishment, and, venting an execration, you internally resolve never to sign the petition for Jewish emancipation, and hurry on; but the dream of the spirit is broken.

Or, peradventure, you had been at the festival in Westminster Abbey, and, returning homewards, rapt, entranced with sounds that lifted you towards empyreum, you encounter a ragged, sottish-looking object, croaking forth—

"I'd be a butterfly."

Horror-struck by the wretch who has run amuck against your inspirations, you rush round the corner, when a deformed boy, with elf-locks, and eyes a-squint, thrusts into your hand a printed card, decorated with thumb-marks. You are fixed by his *fascinating* face, and, by a strange impulse that your desultory reader too well knows, cannot let any printed paper pass unperused. The card is thus formed and worded—

SONS OF HARMONY.

SIR,—The honour of Your company Is
requested at the sons of Harmony, Mr.
Swizzle's Cock and Bottle, Seven Dials.
—Mr. Splayfoot in the Chair.

* * * Ladies Is admitted.

You had heard, at the Abbey, 'the seven plagues of Egypt.' Here was an eighth! Why had that demoniacal boy, with his certain-to-be-hanged look, selected you? You dwell upon this problem, though you know its solution is impossible; you read the cartel, as if you could make something else of it by re-perusal; and all this while you feel the presence of the 'boy with the back.' He relentlessly drives you onwards—away, away, five miles per hour; it is no use, you are instinctively walking towards that veritable 'Cock and Bottle.' There you are, opposite the very door. It is a double one, and the paint rubbed off at the edges, about four feet from the ground, by the

manual exercises of in and outgoers. In the window are divers intimations of the fluids sold within—'Dantzic Spruce,' 'Champagne Ale,' and 'Pine Apple Rum,' amid others; and an announcement, no doubt veritable in one sense—*i. e.*, '*The British Traveller taken in here.*' Vials of coloured liquids, resembling what old women emphatically call doctor's stuff, are shelved along the upper panes, above the half shutter. Squalid children, with little black bottles, glide in and out; and three or four ragged women meet ever and anon at the different corners of the street, whisper mysteriously, nudge each other, give a sort of inward chuckle, indicative of an impropriety having been detected in some dear friend of each, and then march off *en masse* to the attractive Cock and Bottle. Instinctively you remain gazing on the sign. The policeman has passed you once or twice, and looked full in your face, then at the shutters opposite, and again at you, as if he could discover whether your intents were or were not burglarious, by your features. The last time, he turns the bull's eye full upon you, and you become conscious of your situation. You 'move on;' when you behold a young man, in a very bright brown coat, with large metal buttons; a crimson velvet waistcoat; a sky-blue neckkerchief, with a broach as large as an oyster; enormously-striped shepherd's-plaid trousers; and a white hat, cocked so far on one side that it is a marvel and a mystery how he retains it on his head. He has gloves, tinted berlins, in his hands, and carries a painted cane, *à la* ebony, with a tremendous tassel. Upon his arm is a lady, young and 'beautiful exceedingly,' but of that kind of beauty that may be termed London particular, and which generally characterizes damsels who are anything but particular themselves. She has a light blue silk dress, the length of which is calculated upon the same principle as Duvernay's petticoats; her stockings are ruddy as Aurora's fingers; her shoes are of patent leather'd 'glossy sheen'—sandalized are they even to the calf, the swell of which peeps coquettishly forth as the lady sails (for she can't walk) along. She wears a yellow band, with a buckle, which I would describe; but, as they are to be seen in all the toy bazaars, 'from 1s. 9d. upwards' let the reader fancy it. Her bonnet is of the cab-head size, of a bright pink, with gay streamers flying; beneath it, is the frill of a cap, with flowers of every hue, and green stalks like young saplings; and, on the exterior of the aforesaid bonnet, are three feathers, placed like the Prince of Wales' plume, and of white tipped with blue. In her breast is something purporting to be a diamond set round with '*regard*' stone, the intended diamond exceeding in size the Pigot; her wrists are encircled by metal bands, with amethyst clasps, the jewels as large as eggs; her gloves are of a bright tan colour. For a moment your mind reverts to the Abbey, and the elegance of the simply-attired loveliness there;

but the pair advance, with that freshening eagerness of pace that intimates the pursuit of anticipated pleasure. There they pass! They have taken the wall, though it was yours by right of way; but who would wish to dispute the point with the proprietor of the mysteriously-cocked beaver? They go on. What!—do your eyes deceive you? No: they enter the Cock and Bottle! Back again you go, though the suspicious policeman is standing at the corner, with his sergeant and two others, evidently pointing you out, and inquiring if they know the face. You are opposite the temple of Bacchus and Apollo once more; a tinkle of a piano with a harpsichord tone is heard; other couples, variously attired, pass through the portals; merriment breathes out from the first-floor window. Hark! a woman's voice!—she sings! your heart is softened, your mind is assailed through your ears, as the mummy-makers were wont to make their way to the brains of their subjects. The policeman is gathering himself up for mischief; Wisdom says, Take shelter. You never met the Sons (and daughters) of Harmony—never witnessed the assemblage entitled a Free and Easy. Has not some ancient said, speaking of these sorts of things, or of something else, *Nōsse hæc omnia, salus est?*—Certainly. You put your hand upon the oft-bemaused doorway—it opens easily, you are at the bar, and on the way to

THE FREE AND EASY.

'Thruppence, if you please, sir,' says a ruddy-faced lady, standing behind the bar. You comply without asking any questions—the wisest way, by the by; and receive in return a square card, abominably filthy, with some letters upon it, that have long since been thumbled and fingered into obscurity. 'Staircase to the right,' (cries the aforesaid lady;) 'John, shew the gentleman.' John is a lad about sixteen, son of the proprietress, and acting as waiter. His shirt and apron are white as snow, and his hair, oiled and scented to excess, is parted in the middle like a girl's, or like those pretty-visaged wax effigies of gentlemen, represented in perfumers' shops. You come to the door of the room. There stands a dirty-faced man, in a braided military surtout, which, at the time of the battle of Waterloo, had, no doubt, belonged to an officer of the line; since that, had been sported as part of the stage wardrobe of a light comedian; and, having grown out of fashion, been bought for general wear by a country actor; and now, in its older years, enveloped the person of that nondescript, a '*professional*.' His dirtinessship holds a plate in which you deposit your check; the door is opened; and, with the feeling of one detected, *flagranti delicto*, you sidle into the room. Every one, male or female, turn their heads, and take a 'good stare' at you. This having, of course, increased your self-possession, you sit down upon a bench which is fastened to the wall, and draw a long

breath in an atmosphere curiously compounded of the steam of gin, rum, brandy, human breath, tobacco smoke, and a small admixture of air, which your entrance gave admission to at the doorway. The apartment is of a tolerable size, two rooms having been thrown into one. As their sizes differed, the second one forms a seat of retreat, at the end of which sits 'the Vice,' whilst in the front room, (we speak of the rooms as they were, for distinction's sake,) the President is placed aloft in awful state. 'Gentlemen, give your horders—the *waiters* in the room'—comes from the recess, as uttered by the invisible Vice; and the young gentleman who conducted you up stairs, stands in front of the table before your seat, and 'speaks, though he says nothing;' for his eye wears a what-do-you-please-to-take sort of expression. The order is given and obeyed with marvellous celerity; the fact being, that a *depot* of ready mixed liquors is kept on the stair-head. 'Mr. Spifficate will oblige,' saith the President; a tornado of applause follows, by which you gather that Mr. S. is a professional, and, moreover, a favourite. He steps forward with a peculiar motion, (oh! call it roll, not swagger,) and approaches the piano; then, and not till then, he takes off his hat, and, placing it on the instrument, pokes his fingers through his recently and lightly curled hair, and whispers the musician. During their colloquy, one or two young men tap him with their canes, to gain his attention. They all offer him liquor or beer; and he, with amiable condescension, avoids, what they call, in the insolvent court, an undue preference, by drinking heartily with each. One of the tappers asks for a peculiar song, another names a different ballad, and a third begs his nomination may be attended to, as 'it's being hasked for by a lady.' The great man smiles, wriggles his entire frame, pulls up his collar, again rants through the labyrinth of his curls, and, placing the last asker's brandy and water on the piano before him, desires the Timotheus to 'go along.' The former proprietor looks wistfully at his glass; it is *in transitu*, from the instrument to the lips of the 'professional;' he drinks deeply; and, in the abstraction of great minds, forgets to return, but replaces it on the piano. The musician's symphony draws to a close, and he looks up at the singer, and, finding him again imbibing, he prolongs the cadence. At length, the great creature essays. The song is comic, and contains allusions amatory enough to make the few not wholly corrupted girls in the room giggle, and the other ladies look grave. The song proceeds: it dilates upon Greenwich fair, is facetious as to down-hill frolics, minutely anatomical in its descriptions, and then prophetic. Lucina is alluded to in a very obvious, though not very classical manner; the singer feels his hold upon his auditors; he gets ferociously funny; between each verse a symphony is played, which differs in length,

according to the onslaught the professional makes upon the requester's brandy and water, and the song concludes amid a clatter of glasses, a thumping of tables, a clapping of hands, knocking of sticks, and loud cries of 'Brave Ho!' a musical deity always invoked on such occasions. Again the invisible Vice speaks; again are the glasses replenished, and the hammers of the President and his invisibility are heard; a dead pause; then a murmur: a no-meant-for-yes kind of dissent; a persuasive numble—all in the recess; and then—portentous announcement!—'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to *and ounce* Miss Learem will oblige.' All the women turn their heads towards the avenue, and, in one glance, criticise every article of Miss L.'s wardrobe. Then you hear mysterious words in small voices—'What ancles! what a waist! did you ever?' And if the Miss L. be undeniably pretty, then 'Impudent hassey! horrid bold! well, I'm sure!' form the staple commodities of attack. Miss Learem is a young lady who thinks you cannot see too much of a good creature, and is, therefore, profuse in the exhibition of her shoulders; and, if her ancles be ponderous, she has given her enemies a capital chance of proving it. She has taken off her bonnet, her hair is plaited over her brow, and she has two *tails*, (I speak not in irreverence, but ignorance,) strongly resembling those displayed by the Tartar-Chinese, who go about town with children's toys. She carries her reticule in her hand, partly because it is a very showy one, and partly because it assists the voice. A little man, very shabby, but very frisky, emerges from the recess; he has washed his face, but, in his hurry, forgot to do as much for his hands, which he thrusts forth, and, snatching at the kid glove of Miss L., he leads her to the instrument. This gentleman is 'Monsieur le Conducteur'—so called because he does not know how to conduct himself, or anything else. He has, in his off-hand, a roll of the professional lady's music; cries come from all ends of the room—'Meet me by moonlight'—'Harab Steed'—'Dashen Vite Surgeon,' &c. &c., on which, one gentleman in the recess, exclaims, in a Stentorian voice—'No Dick Taten.' Silence is restored, and the lady sings. During the symphony, she exchanges glances with one or two happy fellows, who thereupon give a knowing shake of the head, and a smirk that indicates

"Blest is he whom Lydia smiles on."

The song concludes; the applause is tremendous; 'Ann Core' echoes from right to left; the women bite their lips and toss their heads, like hearse-horses at a funeral; and the lady having been requested to sing the song again, sings another instead, and is reconducted to her seat, having her hand caught ever and anon by some admirer as she passes.

A little man who has treated every professional, and

offered his glass continually to the musician, now begins to display decided symptoms of song-a-mania—a disorder very prevalent indeed at such places, and peculiar to gentlemen who had rather be heard than hear. Name after name is announced, but none of these are his; despair has worked him into boldness, and he whispers a ‘professional’ that he would sing if called upon. That gentleman empties the little man’s glass, and posts off to the President; that great functionary hears the request with a stern look. He then glances aside at the intended vocalist; perceives that he is well dressed, and weareth a watch. Visions of a benefit in *futuro*, and of tickets to be taken by the little fellow, expand his soul. With a tone of easy condescension, and a face beaming with benevolence, he exclaims—‘He should be appy to ear the gentleman wot sits fourth from the pihanar, and next to the lady in the red bonnet.’ The little man, in a very high cravat and a very high fluster, pleads a cold; but is at last taken by the professional to the instrument. The musician does not know the song he intends perpetrating, but undertakes to ‘follow him;’ and having heard him hum what he persists in calling the air, extemporizes a symphony. All the professionals and their friends (the President and the introducer excepted) quiz the little fellow unmercifully, and the ladies glance at him, and then at Mr. Spifficate, as Hamlet looked at the pictures of Claudius and his father. At last the little fellow strikes off in a key of his own; the accompanist, no way discomposed, either shifts to that, or plays on in another key; and the song concludes amid scraping of feet, coughing, and other parliamentary noises. The President and introducer frown and look big, call upon Brave Ho, again; and the little man having found that singing and sudorific are synonymous, sits down; his friend the professional squeezes in beside him, and it is a remarkable fact that, from that moment, the little man always calls for two glasses at once, and invariably drinks four times as fast as before. The President sits in dignified abstraction. He curses his dignity. Like Lucifer, his ambition has been his ruin. The wily professional has the novice—spider had never fly more securely. The little man gets more excited. His friend knows that that company will never stand a second infliction; but ‘there is a very nice room at The Great Turk’s Head, and some prime gals.’ The little fellow’s eyes twinkle; there he can go under the wing of his professional adviser; he starts, gives a look of proud disdain to the company, bows to and shakes hands with the President—for he is grateful for being ‘called on’—and goes down stairs. The great functionary marks him for a victim that ‘shall be hereafter;’ and the professional calls for two glasses ‘short,’ after coming out of the warm room; again—for they are going into the cold air; and then the little man orders two

more, (paying for all,) because he wont be backward in coming forward—a joke he has just learned from his accomplished companion. Through devious ways do they go towards Drury Lane; and ere three streets are passed, eternal friendship has been vowed between them. The professional hopes his friend is not drinking on a ‘hempty stomach;’ the little fellow confesses the case; (he has been drinking it too, for an hour and a-half, under the name of Sherry;) in another instant their feet are under a deal table, at a restaurateur’s, facetiously denominated a ‘Slap-Bang,’ by the witty professional. Supper despatched, and paid for, the reader guesses by whom, the friend leads on to the new Temple of Cecilia. ‘Thruppence’ is demanded; but the professional nods and says—‘This ere gentleman’s a friend of mine.’ They pass. The little man now feels that his new acquaintance is no unimportant personage. He learns his name as they ascend; Podge is his real, Fitzmundungus his professional appellation. They enter the room. Loud applause hails the appearance of the festive Fitz; old frequenters nudge new ones, and whisper, loud enough to be heard a mile off—‘There, that’s Fitz—such a chap!’ The little man (Peter Meek, for we will conceal him no longer, whose aunt, a widow, keeps a small tallow chandler’s,) now feels what it is to be a great man, even in a free and easy. His garments are excellent, his Swiss flat gold watch unexceptionable. His friend Fitz boasts no such gewgaws; moreover, his garments might, like Edgar’s, be almost mistaken for ‘Persian,’ for they bear no resemblance to the present fashion. But what of all this? His genius had blazed forth, and he is the star of the Great Turk’s Head. They sit; the landlord pops a full glass of rum and water before Mundungus, and never asks for the money. Peter, in all his experience, had never seen anything like that: the genius of his friend obtains him liquor gratis! Whilst that glass lasts, the professional liberally insists on his little friend partaking—nay, leaves the liquor with him, whilst he prowls round the room, shaking hands with almost everybody in it. At last, finding a favourable location, he beckons Peter to join him. He does so. Two young ladies and another professional are at one table. Happy Peter! he is invited and sits beside one of the charmers. ‘A bowl of negus!’ he exclaims, in the tone of one who is really beginning to be happy—and there for the present let us leave him, and retrace our steps to the Cock and Bottle.

The mirth has grown louder, the heat has grown greater, the ladies have grown merrier, and the gentlemen are about to be, like the fluids at the beer-shop, ‘drunk on the premises.’ Most of the professionals have gone to other rooms; and their seats are taken by others who have just left those very houses. The President announces that Miss Learem takes a benefit

at the 'Salmon and Snuffertray,' and one or two young men expend more than their week's salary in tickets, to ingratiate themselves with the fair songstress. As the night runs deeper into morning, some ladies of wholly unquestionable character enter, attended by their favourites—members of the swell mob. Such of the company as have yet characters to loose, and places to retain, depart. Lads of eighteen, flushed with liquor, now go forth with ladies rising thirty beside them, the acquaintance of three hours' growth rapidly ripening into a 'sentiment.' But look there! A girl, scarce sixteen, who has obtained 'leave to go to the play,' is passing out; her arm locked in that of yon bloated fellow of forty. Her eyes look wild—for she has drank liquor for the first time; her cheek is crimsoned—for she fancies every eye reads what has passed in her own mind, and every ear has heard what her's alone drank in. Her companion, with half closed eyes, and head bowed down towards his breast, walks calmly beside her. He has made sure work of it: *it is too late for her to return to her home.* Her one glance of agony at the clock over the bar, is terrible. The man soothes her—she drinks again—Reader, you know the rest of her history.

Enough for the present of these night orgies. Let us go to bed. To-morrow is come, and we walk and speculate on men and things in the fair daylight.

Yonder walks a widow. She is poor, her garments are faded, but exquisitely neat. The snow-white border of the cap, which tells her bereavement, surrounds a countenance, not indeed beautiful, and somewhat wrinkled by years and sorrow, but placid and interesting. The expression, unmarked by prominent characteristics or high intellectual pretensions, yet attracts, from its mildness and benignity. She must have been a sweet girl—one of those fragile plants which must be shielded from the rude breeze, or they droop and die. Following this lorn being, is a mendicant whining forth his tale of distress. 'My child is dead, and lying at home unburied,' he says.

The widow pauses, and eagerly searches a little black silk bag she carries. Her own grief is recent, and she sympathizes with human misery. She places in the man's hand the mite which Christ blessed, and, though she speaks not, her look eloquently expresses—'Would it were more!' The fellow looks first at the coin, then at the donor, and grumbles, as he turns away—'What a large lot! I s'pose you calls yourself a lady, don't you!'

But the converse of the picture is likewise a true one. At a corner of a street in the Strand stood an emaciated creature, shivering in a keen north wind. She was famishing: there could be no doubt of the fact—her hollow eye, the rigidity of her fleshless features, told it; her bones, revealed as if starting from her shrunken form by the clinging of her scanty rags round

her limbs, told it; her bloodless lips, moving, but without sound, as she looked for help in her destitution, told it. The passenger to whom her agonized appeal was made, was a tall stout man, well wrapped up in a drab great-coat, with a shawl rolled round his neck to defend his portly person from the cold. He stopped short, and eyed the sufferer. No doubt could be entertained that he was about to relieve her; for methought her voiceless misery must have reached the human heart, whether constitutionally pitiless, fenced with false stoicism, or hardened by depravity. But I was mistaken. The person proved to be a police constable in 'private clothes.'

'What the devil do you do here?' growled the man in authority. 'We don't allow no beggars; so come, *marm*—I shall just walk you off to the station-house.'

The poor being shrunk back, terrified; but the officer seized her; his large hand completely encircled the skeleton arm of his prisoner, and he led her away. I was about to offer some remonstrance, but the wretched creature spoke, and I held back to hear what she would say. 'I have done no harm, sir; indeed not—pray do not take me. And yet,' she continued, in husky accents, and her sunken eye glared feverishly in the socket—'and yet, perhaps, I shall get some food in prison: shall I, sir?'

I am a man of the world, and few, perhaps are less liable to be deceived by the practised cant of mendicancy. I saw this was a case of—*distress*, was I about to write?—of agony—of the last stage of human misery. It was a case where a creature of God's handiwork was about to perish, for want of the meanest sustenance, in the very heart and centre of monopolized property, wealth, luxury, and extravagance! It was a case where the convenience of the occasional passenger, or the purse-proud householder, who delicately considered the sight of human misery, opposite his window, a nuisance and an eyesore—a case, I say, where the temporary, momentary, the most trifling insignificant convenience or pleasure of such persons was considered of more value than the LIFE of a sentient, intellectual being! The wretch was dying; but the law would stop her on the very brink of eternity, to pay the penalty of vagrancy, before she closed her eyes upon the world. As I looked upon the unhappy mendicant, I almost unconsciously muttered these affecting lines of Wordsworth:—

"But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her food;"

and—

"Homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Such cases are common—ay, common in England, in boastful proud England, where the national ear is tickled with every sound, and in every note that can

be acceptable to the inflated vanity which is the national characteristic. In England, the land of charity and poor-laws—in London, the mart of public hospitals, of benevolent and mendicity institutions, and of private beneficence—the famished pauper hath yielded up his breath on the steps of a workhouse door, because he belonged to another parish, and, I suppose, consequently to another God; and the woman in travail, sternly refused admittance into the wretched receptacle for the unfortunate, hath brought forth her offspring in the kennel by the poorhouse wall, in the midst of a mob whose threats and execrations alone compelled the wretches in authority to admit under the roof the miserable mother and her naked infant, *after* the efficacy of the withheld assistance had become more than doubtful. Yet England is a land where the stripes upon the hide of a donkey are regulated by act of Parliament, and a cat's tail is under legislative protection. So much for *cant*!

One word more of the poor creature whose case induced these reflections. She did not die. A benevolent lady of my acquaintance interested herself on behalf of the sufferer; and to that lady the quondam mendicant now ministers in the capacity of an active, grateful, and intelligent servant.

Your writers of directories divide London into streets, and publish another volume in which each 'trade' and its 'followers' stands '*en masse*.' But it is with the haunts of these traders we have to do. In London, there is a butcher-haunted, and a lawyer-haunted, and a thousand other trade-haunted regions. Reader, do ye ever wander towards the once Bond Street of the Metropolis? It stands near the market for

"Chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians fam'd in story;"

and is entitled 'The Street of Bow.' It contains the head police-office and a police-station, four gin palaces, one tavern, and one theatre. It is with the latter we have to do. Whether it be attributable to the attraction of that Leviathanic temple of the drama, we know not; but certainly all the small and large fry of theatricals, from Mrs. Plaise, (late Mrs. Chatterly,) to the cock-salmon, as the actors call Mr. W. Farren, do continually 'lurk and wander' up and down the street aforesaid, and gather together at

KENNETH'S CORNER.

(*To be continued.*)

CHARACTER OF THE WEST INDIAN FEMALES.

The white females of the West Indies are generally

rather of a more slender form than the European women. Their complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which, to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular; their eyes rather expressive than sparkling; their voices soft and pleasing, and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasions, particularly when dancing, an amusement of which they are particularly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness, and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indolence; and exaggerated examples of this are given by those whose object is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self-indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed, before dinner, is so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose. To sum up, in few words, the character of the Creole ladies, they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusements, that they would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else: balls, in particular, are their great delight; they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted; reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues.—*Stewart's Jamaica*.

SUICIDAL SALMON.

It is said that one of the wonders which the Frasers of Lovat, who are lords of the manor, used to show their guests, was a voluntary cooked salmon at the falls of Kilmorac. For this purpose a kettle was placed on the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under a canopy of overshadowing trees. There the company are said to have waited until a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence.—*Farrell's British Fishes*.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JULY, 1838.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Life of William Wilberforce. By his Sons, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M. A., Vicar of East Farlough, late Fellow of Oriel College; and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M. A., Rector of Brighstone. 4 vols. 8vo., London: 1838.

These volumes record the life of a man who, in an age fertile beyond most others in illustrious characters, reached, by paths till then unexplored, an eminence never before attained by any private member of the British Parliament. We believe we shall render an acceptable service to our readers, by placing them in possession of a general outline of this biography.

William Wilberforce was born at Hull on the 24th of August, 1759. His father, a merchant of that town, traced his descent from a family which had for many generations possessed a large estate at Wilberfoss, in the East Riding of the county of York. From that place was derived the name which the taste, or caprice of his later progenitors, modulated into the form in which it was borne by their celebrated descendant. His mother was nearly allied to many persons of consideration; amongst whom are numbered the present Bishops of Winchester and Chester, and the members of the great London banking-house, of which Lord Carrington was the head.

The father of William Wilberforce died before his son had completed his tenth year; and the ample patrimony which he then inherited was afterwards largely increased on the death of a paternal uncle, to whose guardianship his childhood was committed. By that kinsman he was placed at a school in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence at Wimbledon, in Surry. The following are the characteristic terms in which, at the distance of many years, the pupil recorded his recollections of this first stage of his literary education:—'Mr. Chalmers, the master, himself a Scotchman, had an usher of the same nation, whose red beard, for he scarcely shaved once a month, I shall

never forget. They taught French, arithmetic, and Latin. With Greek we did not much meddle. It was frequented chiefly by the sons of merchants, and they taught therefore every thing, and nothing. Here I continued some time as a parlour boarder. I was sent at first among the lodgers, and I can remember, even now, the nauseous food with which we were supplied, and which I could not eat without sickness.'

His early years were not, however, to pass away without some impressions more important, if not more abiding, than those which had been left on his sensitive nerves by the red beard of one of his Scotch teachers, and by the ill savour of the dinners of the other. His uncle's wife was a disciple of George Whitfield, and under her pious care he acquired a familiarity with the Sacred Writings, and a habit of devotion of which the results were perceptible throughout the whole of his more mature life. While still a schoolboy, he had written several religious letters, 'much in accordance with the opinions which he subsequently adopted,' and which, but for his peremptory interdict, the zeal of some indiscreet friend would have given to the world. 'If I had staid with my uncle, I should probably have been a bigoted despised Methodist,' is the conclusion which Mr. Wilberforce formed on looking back to this period, after an interval of nearly thirty years. His mother's foresight, apprehending this result, induced her to withdraw him from his uncle's house, and to place him under the charge of the master of the endowed school at Pocklington, in Yorkshire,—a sound and well-beneficed divine, whose orthodoxy would seem to have been entirely unalloyed by the rigours of Methodism. The boy was encouraged to lead a life of idleness and pleasure, wasting his time in a round of visits to the neighbouring gentry, to whom he was recommended by his social talents, especially by his rare skill in singing; while, during his school vacations, the religious impressions of his childhood were combated by a constant succession of such convivial gaieties as the town

of Hull could afford. Ill as this discipline was calculated to lay the foundation of good intellectual habits, it was still less adapted to substitute for the excitement and dogmatism of Whitfield's system a piety resting on a nobler and more secure basis. One remarkable indication, however, was given of the character by which his future life was to be distinguished. He placed in the hands of a school-fellow (who survives to record the fact) a letter to be conveyed to the editor of the York paper, which he stated to be 'in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh.' On the same authority, he is reported to have 'greatly excelled all the other boys in his compositions, though seldom beginning them till the eleventh hour.'

From school Mr. Wilberforce was transferred at the age of seventeen, to St. John's College, Cambridge. We trust that the picture which he has drawn of the education of a young gentleman of fortune, in an English university, towards the close of the last century, will seem an incredible fiction to the present members of that learned society. 'The Fellows of the College,' he says, 'did not act towards me the part of christians, or even of honest men. Their object seemed to be to make and keep me idle. If ever I appeared studious, they would say to me—"Why, in the world, should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?"' I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in the College examinations, but mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and was told that I was too clever to require them.'

With such a preparation for the duties of active life, Mr. Wilberforce passed at a single step from the University to the House of Commons. The general election of 1780 occurring within less than a month from the completion of his twenty-first year, 'the affection of his townsmen, "not unaided by" an expenditure of from eight to nine thousand pounds,' placed him at the head of the poll for 'the town and county of Hull.' Although at this time Mr. Wilberforce states himself to have been 'so ignorant of general society as to have come up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's Poems,' yet so rich and so accomplished an aspirant could not be long excluded from the mysteries of the world of fashion which now burst upon him. Five clubs enrolled him among their members. He 'chatted, played at cards, or gambled' with Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick—fascinated the Prince of Wales by his singing at Devonshire-House—produced inimitable imitations of Lord North's voice and manner—sang catches with Lord Sandwich—exchanged epigrams with Mrs. Creeve—partook of a Shakspearian dinner at the Boar in East Cheap—'shirked the Duchess of Gordon'—and danced till five in the morning at Almack's. The lassitude of fashionable life was effec-

tually relieved by the duties or amusements of a Parliamentary career, not unattended by some brilliant success. Too rich to look to the public service as a means of subsistence, and, at this period, ambitious rather of distinction than of eminence, Mr. Wilberforce enjoyed the rare luxury of complete independence. Though a decided opponent of the North American war, he voted with Lord North against Sir Fletcher Norton's re-election as Speaker, and opposed Mr. Pitt on the second occasion of his addressing the House, although he was already numbered amongst the most intimate of his friends. This alliance, commenced apparently at the University, had ripened into an affectionate union which none of the vicissitudes of political life could afterwards dissolve. They partook in each other's labours and amusements, and the zest with which Mr. Pitt indulged in these relaxations, throws a new and unexpected light on his character. They joined together in founding a club, at which, for two successive winters, Pitt spent his evenings, while, at Mr. Wilberforce's villa at Wimbledon, he was established rather as an inmate than as a guest. There he indulged himself even in boisterous gaiety; and it strangely disturbs our associations to read of the son and rival of Lord Chatham rising early in the morning to sow the flower-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat with which Lord Harrowby had come down from the opera. There also were arranged fishing and shooting-parties; in one of which the future champion of the anti-Gallican war narrowly escaped an untimely grave from the misdirected gun of his friend. On the banks of Windermere also, Mr. Wilberforce possessed a residence, where the Parliamentary vacation found him 'surrounded with a goodly assortment of books.' But the discovery was already made that the autumnal *ennui* of the fashionable world might find relief among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, and 'boating, riding, and continual parties' fully occupied the time which had been devoted to retirement and study. From these *amici fures temporis* Mr. Wilberforce escaped, in the autumn of 1783, to pass a few weeks with Mr. Pitt in France. They readily found introductions to the supper table of Marie Antoinette, and the other festivities of Fontainebleau. Louis XVI. does not appear to have made a very flattering impression on his young guests. 'The King,' says Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter written about that time, 'is so strange a being of the hog kind, that it is worth going 100 miles for a sight of him, especially a boar-hunting.' At Paris he received with interest the hearty greetings which Dr. Franklin tendered to a rising member of the English Parliament, who had opposed the American war.'

Graver cares awaited Mr. Wilberforce's return to England. He arrived in time to second Mr. Pitt's opposition to the India Bill, and to support him in his

memorable struggle against the majority of the House of Commons. The Coalition was now the one subject of popular invective, and, at a public meeting in the Castle-Yard at York, in March, 1784, Mr. Wilberforce condemned their measures in a speech which was received with the loudest applause. The praise of James Boswell is characteristic at once of the speaker and of the critic. In an account of the scene which he transmitted to Mr. Dundas, 'I saw,' writes Boswell, 'what seemed a mere shrimp, mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale.' A still more convincing attestation to his eloquence is to be found in the consequences to which it led. Mr. Wilberforce attended the meeting with the avowed purpose of defeating, at the approaching election, the predominant influence of the great Whig families of Yorkshire, and with the secret design of becoming a candidate for the county. During his speech the cry of 'Wilberforce and Liberty,' was raised by the crowd, and the transition was obvious, and readily made to, 'Wilberforce, and the Representation of Yorkshire.' The current of popular favour flowed strongly in his support. He was the opponent of the Coalition and the India Bill, and the friend and zealous partisan of Mr. Pitt; then rich in hereditary honours, in personal renown, and in the brightest promise. Large subscriptions defrayed the expense of the contest, and, without venturing to the poll, his Whig opponents surrendered to him a seat which he continued to occupy without intermission for many successive Parliaments. With this memorable triumph Mr. Wilberforce closed his twenty-fifth year, and returned to London in possession of whatever could gratify the wishes, or exalt the hopes of a candidate for fame, on the noblest theatre of civil action which the world had thrown open to the ambition of private men.

The time had, however, arrived at which a new direction was to be given to the thoughts and pursuits of this favourite of nature and of fortune. Before taking his seat in the House of Commons, as member for the county of York, Mr. Wilberforce, accompanied by some female relations, and by Isaac Milner, the late Dean of Carlisle, undertook a journey to the south of France, and thence through Switzerland to the German Spa. This expedition, interrupted by a temporary return to England during the winter of 1784-5, continued some months, and forms a memorable era in his life. The lessons which he had learnt in childhood at Wimbledon had left an indelible impression on a mind peculiarly susceptible of every tender and profound emotion. The dissipation of his subsequent days had retarded the growth of those seeds of early piety, but had not entirely choked them. To the companions of his youth many indications had occasionally been given that their gay associate was revolving

deeper thoughts than formed the staple of their ordinary social intercourse. These were now to take entire possession of his mind, and to regulate the whole of his future conduct. The opinions of Whitfield had found a more impressive expositor than the good aunt who had originally explained and enforced them.

Isaac Milner was a remarkable man, and but for the early possession of three great ecclesiastical sinecures, which enabled him to gratify his constitutional indolence, would probably have attained considerable distinction in physical and in theological science. In a narrow collegiate circle he exercised a colloquial despotism akin to that which Johnson had established, and to which Parr aspired, amongst the men of letters and the statesmen of their age. But Milner's dogmatism was relieved by a tenderness of heart not inferior to that of the great moralist himself, and was informed by a theology incomparably more profound, and more fitted to practical uses, than that of the redoubted grammarian. He was amongst the dearest of the friends of Mr. Wilberforce, and now became his preceptor and his spiritual guide.

The day-dreams on the subject of religious conversions, which they who list may hear on every side, are, like other dreams, the types of substantial realities. Though the workings of the Almighty hand are distinctly visible only to the omniscient eye, yet even our narrow faculties can often trace the movements of that perennial under-current which controls the sequences of human life, and imparts to them the character of moral discipline. In the comprehensive scheme of the Supreme Governor of the world for the progressive advancement of the human race, are comprised innumerable subordinate plans for the improvement of the individuals of which it is composed; and whether we conceive of these as the results of some pre-ordained system, or as produced by the immediate interposition of God, we equally acknowledge the doctrine of Divine Providence, and refer to him as the author of those salutary revolutions of human character, of which the reality is beyond dispute. It is a simple matter of fact, of which these volumes afford the most conclusive proof, that about the twenty-sixth year of his life, Mr. Wilberforce was the subject of such a change; and that it continued for half a century to give an altered direction to his whole system of thought and action. Waving all discussion as to the mode in which the divine agency may have been employed to accomplish this result, it is more to our purpose to enquire in what the change really consisted, and what were the consequences for which it prepared the way.

The basis of Mr. Wilberforce's natural character was an intense fellow-feeling with other men. No one more readily adopted the interests, sympathized with the affections, or caught even the transient emo-

tions of those with whom he associated. United to a melancholy temperament, this disposition would have produced a moon-struck and sentimental 'Man of Feeling;' but connected as it was with the most mercurial gaiety of heart, the effect was as exhilarating as it was impressive. It was a combination of the deep emotions, real or pretended, of Rousseau with the restless vivacity of Voltaire. Ever ready to weep with those that wept, his nature still more strongly prompted him to rejoice with those that rejoiced. A passionate lover of society, he might (to adopt with some little qualification a well-known phrase) have passed for the brother of every man, and for the lover of every woman with whom he conversed. Bayard himself could not have accosted a damsel of the Houses of Longueville or Coligni with a more heartfelt and graceful reverence than marked his address to every female, however homely, or however humble. The most somnolent company was aroused and gladdened at his presence. The heaviest countenance reflected some animation from his eye; nor was any one so dull as not to yield some sparks of intellect when brought into communication with him. Few men ever loved books more, or read them with a more insatiate thirst, yet even in the solitude of his library, the social spirit never deserted him. The one great object of his studies was to explore the springs of human action, and to trace their influence on the character and happiness of mankind.

To this vivid sympathy in all human interests and feelings were united the talents by which it could be most gracefully exhibited. Mr. Wilberforce possessed histrionic powers of the highest order. If any caprice of fortune had called him to the stage he would have ranked amongst its highest ornaments. He would have been irresistible before a jury, and the most popular of preachers. His rich mellow voice, directed by an ear of singular accuracy, gave to his most familiar language a variety of cadence, and to his more serious discourse a depth of expression, which rendered it impossible not to listen. Pathos and drollery—solemn amusings and playful fancies,—yearnings of the soul over the tragic, and the most contagious mirth over the ludicrous events of life, all rapidly succeeding each other, and harmoniously because unconsciously blended, threw over his conversation a spell which no prejudice, dulness, or ill-humour could resist. The courtesy of the heart, and the refinement of the most polished society, united to great natural courage, and a not ungraceful consciousness of his many titles to respect, completed the charm which his presence infallibly exercised.

To these unrivalled social powers was added a not less remarkable susceptibility of enjoyment, in whatever form it presented itself. The pleasures, such as they are, of a very fastidious taste, he did not culti-

vate. If Haydn was not to be had, a street ballad would seem to shoot quicksilver through his frame. In the absence of Pitt or Canning, he would delight himself in the talk of the most matter-of-fact man of his constituents from the Cloth-Hall at Leeds. With a keen perception of beauty and excellence in nature, literature, and art, the alchymy of his happy frame extracted some delight from the dullest pamphlet, the tamest scenery, and the heaviest speech. The curiosity and the interest of childhood, instead of wearing out as he grew older, seemed to be continually on the increase. This peculiarity is noticed by Sir James Mackintosh, with his accustomed precision and delicacy of touch, in the following words:—'Do you remember Madame de Maintenon's exclamation, 'Oh the misery of having to amuse an old King!—qui n'est pas amusable?' 'Now, if I was called upon to describe Wilberforce, I should say he was the most 'amusable' man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly impossible to hit on one that does not interest him. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and it is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplations of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him; and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago.'

Such a temperament, combined with such an education, might have given the assurance of a brilliant career, but hardly of any enduring fame. Ordinary foresight might have predicted that he would be courted or feared by the two great parties in the House of Commons; that he would be at once the idol and the idolater of society; and that he would shine in Parliament and in the world, in the foremost rank of intellectual voluptuaries. But that he should rise to be amongst the most laborious and eminent benefactors of mankind was beyond the divination of any human sagacity. It is to the mastery which religion acquired over his mind that this elevation is to be ascribed.

It is not wonderful that many have claimed Mr. Wilberforce as the ornament of that particular section of the Christian Church which has assumed or acquired the distinctive title of Evangelical; nor that they should resent as injurious to their party any more catholic view of his real character. That he became the secular head of this body is perfectly true; but no man was ever more exempt from bondage to any religious party. Immutably attached to the cardinal truths of revelation, he was in other respects a latitudinarian. 'Strange,' he would say, 'that Christians have taken as the badge of separation the very Sacrament which their Redeemer instituted as the symbol of their union.' And in this

spirit, though a strict conformist to the Church of England, he occasionally attended the public worship of those who dissent from her communion, and maintained a cordial fellowship with Christians of every denomination. The opinion may, indeed, be hazarded that he was not profoundly learned in any branch of controversial theology, nor much qualified for success in such studies. His mind had been little trained to systematic investigation either in moral or physical science. Though the practice of rhetoric was the business of his mature life, the study of logic had not been the occupation of his youth. Scepticism and suspended judgment were foreign to his mental habits. Perhaps no man ever examined more anxiously the meaning of the sacred writings, and probably no one ever more readily admitted their authority. Finding in his own bosom ten thousand echoes to the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, he wisely and gladly received this silent testimony to their truth, and gave them a reverential admission. Instead of consuming life in a protracted scrutiny into the basis of his belief, he busied himself in erecting upon it a superstructure of piety and of virtue. In fact, his creed differed little, if at all, from that of the vast majority of Protestants. The difference between him and his fellow Christians consisted chiefly in the uses to which his religious opinions were applied. The reflections which most men habitually avoid, he as habitually cherished. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say of him that God was in all his thoughts. He surveyed human life as the eye of an artist ranges over a landscape, receiving innumerable intimations which escape any less practised observer. In every faculty he recognised a sacred trust; in every material object an indication of the divine wisdom and goodness; in every human being an heir of immortality; in every enjoyment a proof of the divine benignity; in every affliction an act of parental discipline. The early development of this habit of mind appears to have been attended with much dejection and protracted self-denial; but the gay and social spirit of the man gradually resumed its dominion. A piety so profound was never so entirely free from asceticism. It was allied to all the pursuits, and all the innocent pleasures of life,—we might almost say to all its blameless whims and humours. The frolic of earlier days had indeed subsided, and the indestructible gaiety of his heart had assumed a more gentle and cautious character. But with a settled peace of mind, and a self-government continually gaining strength, he felt that perfect freedom which enabled him to give the reins to his constitutional vivacity; and the most devotional of men was at the same time the most playful and exhilarating companion. His presence was as fatal to dulness as to immorality. His mirth was as irresistible as the first laughter of childhood.

The sacred principles which he had now adopted

were not sufficient entirely to cure those intellectual defects to which a neglected education and the too early enjoyment of wealth and leisure had given the force of inveterate habit. His conversation was remarkable for interminable digressions, and was no inapt index of the desultory temper of his mind. But even this discursive temper was made subservient to the great objects of his life. It exhibited itself in the rapid transitions which he was continually making from one scheme of benevolence to another; and in that singular faculty which he possessed of living at once as the inhabitant of the visible and invisible worlds. From the shadows of earth to the realities of man's future destiny he passed with a facility scarcely attainable to those who have been trained to more continuous habits of application. Between the oratory and the senate—devotional exercises and worldly pursuits—he had formed so intimate a connexion, that the web of his discourse was not rarely composed of very incongruous materials. But this fusion of religious with secular thoughts added to the spirit with which every duty was performed, and to the zest with which every enjoyment was welcomed; and if the want of good mental discipline was perceptible to the last, the triumph of Christianity was but the more conspicuous in that inflexible constancy of purpose with which he pursued the great works of benevolence to which his life was consecrated. No aspirant for the honours of literature, or for the dignities of the Woolsack, ever displayed more decision of character than marked his labours for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Some notice, however brief, of that great event is indispensable in the most rapid survey of the life of Mr. Wilberforce. The aspirations of his schoolboy days on this subject have been already noticed. That early impression was deep and abiding. At the commencement of his Parliamentary career, in 1780, his enquiries into the system of colonial slavery had led him to conceive and to avow the hope that he should live to redress the wrongs of the Negro race. The direction of public opinion towards the accomplishment of great political objects is one of those social acts which, during the last half century, has almost assumed the character of a new invention. But the contrast between the magnitude of the design, and the poverty of the resources at his command, might have justified many an anxious foreboding, while, during the following six years, Mr. Wilberforce concerted plans for the abolition of the slave trade with James Ramsay, the first confessor and proto-martyr of the new faith, with Ignatius Latrobe, the missionary, in his lodging in Fetter Lane, or even with Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, at their mansion in Kent. Allies of greater apparent importance were afterwards obtained; and it was when seated with Mr. Pitt, 'in con-

versation in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the valley of Keston,' that Mr. Wilberforce resolved 'to give notice, on a fit occasion, in the House of Commons, of his intention to bring the subject forward.' The experience of the next twenty years was, however, to convince him that it was not from the eloquent statesman who, for nearly the whole of that period, directed the government of this country, that effectual support must be drawn; but from the persevering energy of men who, like Ramsay and Latrobe, could touch in the bosoms of others those sacred springs of action which were working in their own. Amongst such associates in this holy war are to be mentioned, with peculiar veneration, the names of Granville Sharpe and of Thomas Clarkson. To the former was committed the presidency of the society charged with the duty of collecting and diffusing information; while Mr. Clarkson became the zealous and indefatigable agent of that body. To Mr. Wilberforce himself was assigned the general superintendence of the cause, both in and out of Parliament.

In 1789, he first proposed the abolition of the slave trade to the House of Commons, in a speech which Burke rewarded with one of those imperishable eulogies which he alone had the skill and the authority to pronounce. But a victory over Guinea merchants was not to be numbered amongst the triumphs of eloquence. Unable to withstand the current of popular feeling which the novelty as much as the nature of the proposal had stirred, they sagaciously resolved to await the subsidence of this unwonted enthusiasm; soliciting only a suspension of the measure until Parliament should be in possession of the facts which they undertook to substantiate. To this Fabian policy, ever changing in its aspect, but uniform in its design, the slave traders were indebted for the prolongation of their guilty commerce. Nearly two years were worn away in the examination of their own witnesses; and when Mr. Wilberforce had, with difficulty, succeeded in transferring the enquiry from the bar of the House of Commons to the less dilatory tribunal of a select committee, he had to struggle laboriously for permission to produce testimony in refutation of the evidence of his antagonists. It was not, therefore, till April, 1791, that the question was directly brought to issue; when a proof was given of the foresight with which the Guinea merchants had calculated on the gradual subsidence of the public indignation. Ominous were the forebodings with which the friends of Mr. Wilberforce looked forward to the approaching debate. By the master of St. John's College, Cambridge, his position was compared to that of 'Episcopus in the infamous synod of Dort;' while John Wesley exhorted him to proceed to the conflict as a new 'Athanasius *contra mundum*.' They had well divined the temper

of the times. The slave traders triumphed by an overwhelming majority. In the political tumults of those days the voice of humanity was no longer audible, and common sense had ceased to discharge its office. The bad faith and fickleness of the French Government had involved St. Domingo in confusion and bloodshed; and because the elements of society had broken loose in that colony, it was adjudged dangerous to arrest the accumulation of the materials of similar discord within our own! Even Mr. Pitt avowed his opinion that it was wise to await more tranquil times before the slave trade should be abolished. It was in vain that Mr. Wilberforce urged on the House of Commons, in 1792, the true inference from the calamitous state of St. Domingo. His measure for the immediate abolition of the slave trade was again defeated. Those were days in which every change was branded as a revolution,—when the most sacred rules of moral or political conduct, if adduced in favour of any reform, were denounced and abhorred as 'French principles.'

Reason, however, having gradually regained her dominion, the procrastinating system of the slave traders assumed a new shape, and obtained in the person of Mr. Dundas, its most formidable advocate. With perverse ingenuity, he proposed to substitute a gradual for an immediate abolition; fixing a remote period for the entire cessation of the trade. Yet even in this cautious form the bill found a cold reception in the House of Peers, where, after consuming the session in the examination of two witnesses, their Lordships postponed the measure till the following year. With the arrival of that period, Mr. Wilberforce had to sustain three successive defeats. The House of Commons rejected first, the main proposal of an immediate abolition of the trade; then, a motion restricting the number of slaves to be annually imported into our own colonies; and, finally, a plan for prohibiting the employment of British capital in the introduction of slaves into foreign settlements. His perseverance, however, was not fruitless. A deep impression had been made by his past efforts; and, in 1794, the House of Commons, for the first time, passed a bill of immediate abolition. The defenders of the slave trade were again rescued from the impending blow by the interposition of the Peers; amongst whom a melancholy pre-eminence was thenceforth to be assigned to a member of the Royal House, who lived to redeem his early error, by assenting, in the decline of life, to the introduction of the law for the abolition of slavery.

Thus far the difficulties of the contest had chiefly arisen from the influence or the arts of his enemies; but Mr. Wilberforce had now to sustain the more depressing weight of the secession of one of his most effective auxiliaries. Suffering under nervous debility, and influenced by other motives, of which an explanation is to be found in his 'History of the Abolition of

the Slave Trade,' Mr. Clarkson was reluctantly compelled to retire from the field. With what deep regret he abandoned the contest may be learnt from his own volumes; and earnest as must have been his aspiration for its success, he was unable, during the eleven years which followed, to resume his place amidst the champions of the cause, though he lived to witness and to share in the triumph.

Providence had gifted Mr. Wilberforce with greater nervous energy; and though sustaining labours not less severe, and a public responsibility incomparably more anxious than that under which the health of his colleague had given way, he returned to the conflict with unabated resolution. In 1795, and in the following year, he again laboured in vain to induce the House of Commons to resume the ground which they had already taken; nor could his all-believing charity repress the honest indignation with which he records that a body of his supporters, sufficient to have carried the bill, had been enticed from their places in the House, by the new opera of the 'Two Hunchbacks,' in which a conspicuous part was assigned to the great vocalist of that day, Signior Portugallo. A rivalry more formidable even than that of the Haymarket had now arisen. Parodying his father's celebrated maxim, Mr. Pitt was engaged in conquering Europe in the West Indies; and, with the acquisition of new colonies, the slave trade acquired an increased extent, and its supporters had obtained augmented Parliamentary interest. The result was to subject Mr. Wilberforce, in the debate of 1797, to a defeat more signal than any of those which he had hitherto endured. His opponents eagerly seized this opportunity to render it irreparable. On the motion of Mr. Charles Ellis, an address to the Crown was carried, which transferred to the legislative bodies of the different colonies the task of preparing for the very measure which they had leagued together to frustrate. It was with extreme difficulty, and not without the most strenuous remonstrances, that Mr. Wilberforce dissuaded Mr. Pitt from lending his support to this extravagant project. To increase the value of his Transatlantic conquests, he had thrown open the intercourse between our colonies and those of Spain, and had offered, in the newly acquired islands, fresh lands, on which the slave traders might effect further settlements; and though, by ceaseless importunity, Mr. Wilberforce obtained the revocation of the first of these measures, and the suspension of the second, yet the cupidity of the slave traders, and their influence in the national councils were largely increased by these new prospects of gain. Their augmented powers were attested by the ill success which attended Mr. Wilberforce's annual motions in 1798 and 1799.

The contest had now endured for twelve years. Ten successive efforts had been fruitlessly made to

obtain the concurrence of the Legislature in arresting this gigantic evil. Hopeless of success by perseverance in the same tactics, and yet incapable of retiring from the duty he had assumed, Mr. Wilberforce now addressed himself to the project of effecting, by a compromise, the end which seemed unattainable by direct and open hostilities. The year 1800 was accordingly consumed in negotiations with the chief West India proprietors, of which the object was to win their concurrence in limiting the duration of the trade to a period of five or at most seven years. Delusive hopes of success cheered him for awhile, but it was ere long apparent that the phalanx of his enemies was too firm to be penetrated. The peace of Amiens had brought to the Court of London a minister from the French Republic, who encouraged the hope that it might be possible to arrange a general convention of all the European powers for the abandonment of the traffic. Long and anxious were the endeavours made by Mr. Wilberforce for maturing this project. It is needless to say that they were unavailing. The season of 1801 was about to close, and the end in view appeared more distant than at any former time. Mr. Addington seems to have regarded the great expedition to St. Domingo as a kind of sedative, which would paralyze the resistance of the oppressed negroes throughout the West Indies; and feared to check the operation of this anodyne. The charm which these medical analogies exercised over the then occupant of the Treasury bench did not, however, extend its influence to Mr. Wilberforce. He announced his purpose to resume the Parliamentary contest in the year 1802, when the attempt was accordingly made, though under the most discouraging circumstances. The wit and eloquence of Mr. Canning, remonstrating against the settlement of new lands in the Trinidad, had been repelled by the passive resistance of the then Minister, and the time occupied in this discussion had delayed, until the dissolution of Parliament interrupted, the further progress of the Abolition Act. The tumult of war in the succeeding year silenced every other sound; and the advocate of the slaves was condemned to a reluctant silence, whilst every voice was raised in reprobation of Bonaparte, and in resentment for the insult offered to Lord Whitworth. At length the auguries of success became distinct and frequent. Mr. Pitt had returned to office, the dread of Jacobinism no longer haunted the public mind, but above all, the proprietors in the Caribbean Islands had made the discovery, that by encouraging the slave trade, they were creating in the planters of the conquered colonies the most dangerous rivals in their monopoly of the British market. The union with Ireland had added a new host of friends. Not a single representative from that country withheld his assistance. Amidst all these

encouragements, Mr. Wilberforce again appealed to the House of Commons, and carried the bill with overwhelming majorities. Cordial were now the congratulations of his friends of every class, from the aged John Newton of St. Mary Woolnoth, to Jeremy Bentham, whose celebrity as the most original thinker of his age was then in its early dawn. But the Peers had not yet yielded to the influence of Christian or Moral Philosophy. 'The debate,' says Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, 'was opened by the Chancellor in a very threatening speech, because over-rating property, and full of all moral blunders. He showed himself to labour with feelings as if he was the legitimate guardian of property—Lord Stanhope's a wild speech—Lord Hawkesbury spoke honourably and handsomely—Westmoreland like himself, coarse and bullying, but not without talent. Grenville spoke like a man of high and honourable principles, who, like a truly great statesman, regarded right and politic as identical.' Blunders and bullying, however, prevailed; and the question was adjourned to the following session.

Before its arrival Lord Brougham, then travelling on the continent as an American, and even 'venturing to pass a week in the same house with several French Generals,' had offered Mr. Wilberforce his assistance in pursuing various collateral enquiries throughout Holland and Germany, and in 'the great scenes of bondage (as it is called) Poland, Russia, and Hungary.' To this most potent ally many others were added. Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macaulay were unremitting in the use of the pen and the press. The classical knowledge of Mr. Robert Grant was put under contribution, to illustrate the state of slavery in the ancient world; and even the daughters of Lord Muncaster were enlisted in the service of methodizing the contents of all African travels, ancient and modern. High and sanguine as were the hopes of Mr. Wilberforce, he had yet another disappointment to sustain. The House of Commons of 1805 receding from their former resolutions, rejected his bill, and drew from him in his private journals, language of distress and pain such as no former defeat had been able to extort.

The death of Mr. Pitt approached; an event which the most calm and impartial judgement must now regard as the necessary precursor of the liberation of Africa. For seventeen years, since the commencement of the contest, he had guided the counsels of this country. Successful in almost every other Parliamentary conflict, and triumphing over the most formidable antagonists, he had been compelled, by the Dundases, and Jenkinsons, and Roses, who on every other subject quailed under his eye, to go to the grave without obliterating that which he himself had denounced as the deepest stain on our national character, and the most enormous guilt recorded in the history of mankind. During that long period, millions of innocent

victims had perished. Had he perilled his political existence on the issue, no rational man can doubt that an amount of guilt, of misery, of disgrace, and of loss, would have been spared to England and to the civilized world, such as no other man ever had it in his power to arrest.

The political antagonists of Mr. Pitt were men of a different temper; and although in the Cabinet of Mr. Fox there were not wanting those who opposed him on this subject, yet it was an opposition which, in the full tide of success, he could afford to disregard and to pardon. Had it endangered for a single session the abolition of the slave trade, these names, eminent as one at least of them was, would infallibly have been erased from the list of his Administration. Mr. Fox's Ministry had scarcely taken their places when Lord Grenville introduced into the House of Lords, and speedily carried two bills, of which the first abolished the slave trade with all foreign powers, and the second forbade the employment in that traffic of any British shipping which had not already been engaged in it; whilst the House of Commons resolved, that the slave trade was 'contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and sound policy; and that they would proceed to abolish it with all practicable expedition.' Faithfully was this pledge redeemed. The death of Mr. Fox did not even delay its fulfilment. Early in 1807 that great statesman, to whom at the distance of twenty-six years it was reserved to propose the abolition of slavery itself, introduced into the House of Commons a bill which placed on the British statute-book the final condemnation of the trade in slaves. Amidst the acclamations of Parliament, the enthusiastic congratulation of his friends, and the applauses of the world, Mr. Wilberforce witnessed the success of the great object of his life with emotions, and in a spirit, which could not have found admission into a mind less pure and elevated than his own. The friendly shouts of victory which arose on every side were scarcely observed or heeded in the delightful consciousness of having rendered to mankind a service of unequalled magnitude. He retired to prostrate himself before the Giver of all good things, in profound humility and thankfulness,—wondering at the unmerited bounty of God, who had carried him through twenty years of unremitting labour, and bestowed on him a name of imperishable glory.

There are those who have disputed his title to the station thus assigned to him. Amongst the most recent is to be numbered one whose esteem is of infinitely too high value to be lightly disregarded, and whose judgement will carry with it no common authority. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd in his *Life of Charles Lamb*, referring to an interview which took place between Lamb and Mr. Clarkson, uses the following expressions:—'There he also met with the true annihilator

of the slave trade, Thomas Clarkson, who was then enjoying a necessary respite from his stupendous labours in a cottage on the borders of Ulswater. Lamb had no taste for oratorical philanthropy, but he felt the grandeur and simplicity of Clarkson's character.'

The contrast which is thus drawn between 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' and the oratorical philanthropists who declaimed against it, does not rest merely on the authority of Mr. Talfourd. The great names of Wordsworth and Southey, with many minor writers, may be quoted in support of the same opinion. Nay, Mr. Clarkson has claimed for himself a place in the history of this great measure, which affords no light countenance to the pretensions thus preferred in his behalf. In a map prefixed to his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' that gigantic evil is represented under the image of a mound placed at the confluence of four rivers, whose united force is bearing it away. Of these streams one takes, near its source, the name of Clarkson, into which the rivulet of Wilberforce is seen to fall much lower down. His sons reclaim against this hydrography, and propose to correct the map by converting the tributary flood into the main channel. The discussion has, we think, been inevitably forced upon them; but it is one which we decline to enter. It may be sufficient to state what are the positions which the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have asserted, and as we think, substantiated. They maintain, then, that his attention had been directed to the abolition of the slave trade for some time before the subject had engaged Mr. Clarkson's notice—that he had been co-operating with Mr. Pitt for the advancement of the measure long before his acquaintance with Mr. Clarkson commenced, and for at least two years before the period at which Mr. Clarkson takes to himself the credit of having made a convert of that great Minister—that many of Mr. Clarkson's exertions were undertaken at the instance and at the expense of Mr. Wilberforce, and conducted under his written instructions,—and that from 1794 to 1805, when the victory was already won, Mr. Clarkson did not in fact participate at all in any of the labours which were unceasingly pursued by Mr. Wilberforce during the whole of that period. Thus far there seems no ground for dispute. In these volumes will be found a correspondence, the publication of which we cannot condemn, although we think that nothing but the filial duty of vindicating their father's highest title to renown could have justified his sons in giving it to the world. The effect of it is to show that Mr. Clarkson's services were remunerated by a large subscription; and that his private interests on this occasion were urged on Mr. Wilberforce with an importunity of which it would be painful to transfer the record to these pages. Remembering the advanced age, the eminent services, and the spotless character of that

venerable and excellent man, we must be permitted to express our very deep regret that the ill-judged encomiums of his friends should have contributed to the publication of any thing which could for a moment disturb the serenity of the closing scenes of a life distinguished, as we believe, by the exercise of every social and domestic virtue, and the most unwearied beneficence to men of every condition and every country.

Quitting the unwelcome contrast thus forced upon us, it is due to the memory of Mr. Wilberforce to state, that no man ever so little merited that condemnation which the language of Mr. Talfourd must be supposed to convey. He was indeed associated with those whose aid would have insured the triumph of energies incomparably inferior to his. To mention no humbler names, he was aided by the genius and philanthropy of Henry Brougham, and by the affection and self-denial and unexampled energy of his brother-in-law Mr. Stephen, and of Mr. Zachary Macaulay. It may further be admitted, that systematic and very continuous labours were not consonant with his intellectual character or with the habits of his life. But to the office which he had undertaken, he brought qualifications still more rare, and of far higher importance. It was within the reach of ordinary talents to collect, to examine, and to digest evidence, and to prepare and distribute popular publications. But it required a mind as versatile and active, and powers as varied as were those of Mr. Wilberforce, to harmonize all minds, to quicken the zeal of some, and to repress the intemperance of others;—to negotiate with statesmen of all political parties, and, above all, to maintain for twenty successive years the lofty principles of the contest unsullied even by the seeming admixture of any lower aims. The political position assigned to him by his constituency in Yorkshire, the multitude and intimacy of his personal friendships, the animal spirits which knew no ebb, the insinuating graces of his conversation, the graceful flow of his natural eloquence, and an address at once the gayest, the most winning, and the most affectionate, marked him out as the single man of his age, to whom it would have been possible to conduct such a struggle through all its ceaseless difficulties and disappointments. These volumes abound in proofs the most conclusive that, not merely in the House of Commons, but in every other society, he lived for this great object—that he was the centre of a vast correspondence, employing and directing innumerable agents—enlisting in his service the whole circle of his connexions, surrounded by a body of secretaries (called by Mr. Pitt his 'white negroes,') preparing or revising publications of every form, from folios of reports and evidence to newspaper paragraphs—engaged in every collateral project by which his main end could be promoted—now superintending the deliberations of the Voluntary

Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade,—and then labouring from session to session in Parliamentary Committees, and occasionally passing (in opposition to his natural temper) weeks of the most laborious seclusion, to prepare himself for his more public labours. A life of more devoted diligence has scarcely been recorded of any man; unless, indeed, we are to understand all mental industry as confined to those exertions which chain the labourer to his desk.

Though Mr. Wilberforce survived the abolition of the slave trade for more than twenty-five years, he did not retain his seat in the House of Commons for much more than half of that period. The interval between the enactment of this law, and the close of his Parliamentary labours, was devoted to a ceaseless watchfulness over the interests of the African race. Our space forbids us to pursue in any detail the history of those exertions. But it is important to notice, that although declining strength compelled him to relinquish to others, the chief conduct of the warfare against slavery itself, his efforts for its extinction were continued in every form, until the introduction into Parliament of the law which declared, that from the 1st of August 1834, 'slavery should be utterly, and for ever abolished, and unlawful throughout the British colonies, possessions, and plantations abroad.' The measure had already been received with acclamation in the House of Commons, ere he was summoned to his final reward; and it was one of the subjects of the last conversation in which he ever engaged.

It would not have been compatible with the character of Mr. Wilberforce, nor a fulfilment of the mission with which he believed himself to be invested, if he had concentrated his efforts for the good of mankind on any single object, however arduous. 'God has set before me the reformation of my country's manners,' is the solemn persuasion which he recorded in his twenty-seventh year, and from which, to the last hour of his life, he never swerved. During that period Great Britain underwent internal changes more important than had occurred during any two preceding centuries. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, revenue, and population expanded with unexampled elasticity. Never before had the physical powers of nature been so largely subjugated to the physical wants of mankind, and never was the necessity more urgent for some corresponding increase of the moral powers of the conqueror. The steam-engine would have been a curse rather than a blessing, if the age which it has enriched had continued stationary in religious and intellectual improvement. Watt and Arkwright would have been but equivocal benefactors of their fellow-countrymen without the co-operation of Bell and Lancaster. England would have used like a giant the giant's strength which she was acquiring. Wealth and sensuality, and hard-heartedness, on the one side, must have been

brought into a fearful conflict with poverty, ignorance, and discontent, on the other. But the result has been otherwise, and these islands have become not merely the hive of productive industry, but the centre of efforts of unequalled magnitude to advance the highest interests of the human race. If in elevating the moral and religious character of our people during the last century, the first place be due to the illustrious founder of methodism, the second may be justly claimed for Mr. Wilberforce. No two men can be named who in their respective generations exercised an influence so extensive, permanent, and beneficial over public opinion. In walks of life the most dissimilar, and by means widely different, they concurred in proposing to themselves the same great end, and pursued it in the same spirit. Their views of Christian doctrine scarcely differed. They inculcated the same severe, though affectionate, morality; and were animated by the same holy principles, fervent zeal, and constitutional hilarity of temper. No one who believes that the courses of the world are guided by a supreme and benevolent intelligence, will hesitate to admit, that each of these men was appointed by Providence to execute a high and sacred trust, and prepared for its discharge by those gifts of nature and fortune which the circumstances of their times peculiarly demanded. The career of Wesley has been celebrated by the generous enthusiasm of his disciples, and the colder, though more discriminating admiration of Southey. In these volumes is to be found a record not less impressive of the labours of Mr. Wilberforce to exalt and purify the national character. Amongst the innumerable schemes of benevolence which were projected during the last half century, there is scarcely one of the more considerable in which he does not appear to have largely participated. Now establishing schools for pupils of every age, and Christians of all denominations, and then engaged in plans for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the diffusion of Christian knowledge. The half-civilized inhabitants of the recesses of London, the prisoners in her jails, the sick and destitute in their crowded lodgings, the poor of Ireland, the heathen nations refined or barbarous, the convicts in New Holland, and the Indians on the Red River, all in their turn, or rather all at once, were occupying his mind, exhausting his purse, and engaging his time and influence in schemes for their relief or improvement. The mere enumeration of the plans in which he was immersed, and of the societies formed for their accomplishment, presents such a mass and multitude of complicated affairs, as inevitably to suggest the conclusion that no one man, nor indeed any hundred men, could conduct or understand, or remember, them all. There is, however, no miracle to explain. Living in the centre of political action, and surrounded by innumerable friends, agents, and supporters, Mr. Wilberforce was relieved from all the more toilsome

duties of these countless undertakings. He may be said to have constituted himself, and to have been acknowledged by others, as a voluntary minister of public instruction and public charities. No department in Downing Street was ever administered with equal success;—none certainly by agents equally zealous, persevering, and effective. His authority was maintained by the reverence and affection of his fellow labourers, and by the wisdom of his counsels, his unflinching bounty, and his ever ready and affectionate sympathy.

No man was less liable to the imputation of withdrawing from costly personal sacrifices to promote those schemes of philanthropy which the world, or at least his own world, would admire and celebrate. During a large part of his life, Mr. Wilberforce appears to have devoted to acts of munificence and charity, from a fourth to a third of his annual income; nor did he shrink from the humblest and most repulsive offices of kindness to the sick and the wretched with whom he was brought into contact. Yet we believe that no more genuine proof was ever given of his anxiety for the highest interests of mankind than in the publication of his 'Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with real Christianity.' This book appeared in 1797. The interests with which it was originally received might be readily explained by the singularity of a very conspicuous member of Parliament undertaking to handle such a theme. But there must be some deeper cause for the continued popularity of an octavo volume, of which, within half a century, fifty large editions, at the least, have been published in England and in the United States. The applauses of ecclesiastics of every class, from old John Newton to the then Bishop of London, might be yielded with liberal indulgence to so powerful and unexpected an auxiliary. But that could be no common production which moved the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' for once to quit his stilts, and to pour out a heartfelt tribute of praise in his unadulterated mother tongue; and which drew from Edmund Burke his grateful acknowledgments to the author for the comfort which he had diffused over the two last days of his eventful life.

Yet they who shall search this book for deep theology, or profound investigation, will be disappointed. 'Philosophy,' says Abraham Tucker, 'may be styled the art of marshalling the ideas in the understanding, and religion that of disciplining the imagination.' In the first of these arts Mr. Wilberforce did not excel; in the second he has scarcely ever been surpassed. The first three chapters of his work appear to us decidedly inferior to the rest. He is there upon a debatable land,—contrasting the inspired text with the

prevalent opinions of his age on some parts of Christian doctrine. The accuracy of his own interpretations, or rather of those which are received by that part of the Church of England usually designated as Evangelical, being assumed throughout these discussions, they will scarcely convince such as read the New Testament in a different sense. But when he emerges from these defiles, and enters upon broader ground, comparing the precepts of revelation with the conventional morality of the world's favoured children, he speaks (for it is throughout a spoken rather than a written style) with a persuasive energy which breathes the very spirit of the inspired volume. Here all is the mature result of profound meditation; and his thoughts, if not always methodical and compact, are at least always poured out in language so earnest and affectionate, that philanthropy never yet assumed a more appropriate, or a more eloquent style. It is the expostulation of a brother. Unwelcome truth is delivered with scrupulous fidelity, and yet with a tenderness which demonstrates that the monitor feels the pain which he reluctantly inflicts. It is this tone of human sympathy breathing in every page which constitutes the essential charm of this book; and it is to the honour of our common nature that we are all disposed to love best that teacher, who, with the deepest compassion for our sorrows, has the least indulgence for the errors or the faults by which they have been occasioned. Whatever objections may have been raised to Mr. Wilberforce's theological opinions, there is but one which can be stated to the exegetical part of his treatise. It is, that he has erected a standard too pure and too sublime for this world's use, and proposes a scheme of Utopian perfection which is calculated, by discouraging hope, to repress exertion. The obvious answer is, that the design of every rule which can be given for the conduct of life is to afford an accurate measure of our deflection from the path of duty, and a trust-worthy guide for our return. Any system of religion or ethics which tolerated the slightest compromise with moral evil, would be so far subversive of its own purpose; although it is from the general prevalence of moral evil that such systems derive their existence and their value. To mark distinctly the departure of the luxurious, busy, care-worn, and ambitious age to which we belong, from the theory and the practice of Christian morality, was the task which Mr. Wilberforce proposed to himself. Never were the sensuality, the gloom, and the selfishness which fester below the polished surface of society, brought into more vivid contrast with the faith, and hope, and charity, which in their combination form the Christian character; and never was that contrast drawn with a firmer hand, with a more tender spirit, or with a purer aspiration for the happiness of mankind.

To all these philanthropic labours were added others,

addressed, though less directly, to the same ends, and undertaken and pursued in a similar spirit. In his political career, Mr. Wilberforce never ceased to act and to speak as one to whom Providence had confided the sacred trust of advancing the moral character, and promoting the welfare of the age and nation to which he belonged. As a public speaker, he enjoyed great and well-merited celebrity. But it was not in the House of Commons that his powers in this kind were exhibited to the greatest advantage. In all the deliberations of Parliament may be discerned a tacit reference to the nature of the Royal citation which has brought together the two Houses 'for the despatch of divers weighty and urgent affairs.' The knights and burgesses are emphatically men of business, and have but little indulgence for any thing which tasks the understanding, addresses itself to the heart, or elevates the imagination;—least of all for an ostentatious display of the resources of the speaker's mind. He who can contribute a pertinent fact, or a weighty argument, need not raise his style above the region of the bathos. The aspirant for fame must excel in perspicuity of statement, in promptitude in the exposure or invention of sophistry, and in a ready though abstemious use of wit, ridicule, and sarcasm. In these requisites for success Mr. Wilberforce was deficient. He had not much Statistical knowledge, nor was he familiar with any branch of Political Economy. His argumentation was not usually perspicuous, and was seldom energetic. The habit of digression, the parenthetical structure of his periods, and the minute qualifications suggested by his reverence for truth, impeded the flow of his discourse, and frequently obscured its design. His exquisite perception of the ridiculous kept him in the exercise of habitual self-denial, and the satire which played upon his countenance was suppressed by his universal charity, before it could form itself into language. With these disadvantages he was still a great Parliamentary speaker; and there were occasions when, borne by some sudden impulse, or carried by diligent preparation over the diffuseness which usually encumbered him, he delighted and subdued his hearers. His reputation in the House of Commons rested, however, chiefly upon other grounds. In that assembly, any one speaks with immense advantage whose character, station, or presumed knowledge is such as to give importance to his opinions. The dogmas of some men are of incomparably more value than the logic of others; and no member except the leaders of the great contending parties, addressed the House with an authority equal to that of Mr. Wilberforce. The homage rendered to his personal character, his command over a small but compact party, his representation of the county of York, the confidence of the great religious bodies in every part of England, and, above all, his independent neutrality, gave to his suffrage an almost

unexampled value. It was usually delivered with a demeanour of conscious dignity, unalloyed by the slightest tinge of arrogance, and contrasting oddly enough with the insignificance of his slight and shapeless person. Yet the spell he exercised was partly drawn from still another source. Parliamentary eloquence is essentially colloquial; and, when most embellished or sustained, is rather prolonged discourse than oratory properly so called. It was by a constant, perhaps an unavoidable observance of this tone, that Mr. Wilberforce exercised the charm which none could resist, but which many were unable to explain. His speeches in the House of Commons bore the closest resemblance to his familiar conversation. There was the same earnest sincerity of manner, the same natural and varied cadences, the same animation and ease, and the same tone of polished society; and while his affectionate, lively, and graceful talk flowed on without the slightest appearance of effort or study, criticism itself scarcely perceived, or at least excused the redundancy of his language.

But, as we have said, it was not in the House of Commons that his powers as a public speaker had their highest exercise. His habitual trains of thought, and the feelings which he most deeply cherished, could rarely find utterance in that scene of strife and turmoil. At the hustings, where the occasion justified the use of a more didactic style, there was much simple majesty in the uncompromising avowal of his principles, and in the admonitions suggested by them. It was the grave eloquence of the pulpit applied to secular uses. But it was in the great assemblages held for religious and charitable objects that the current of his eloquence moved with the greatest impetus and volume. Here he at once felt his way to the hearts of the dense mass of eager and delighted listeners. In the fulness of the charity which believeth all things, giving credit to the multitude for feelings as pure and benevolent as his own, he possessed the power of gracefully and decorously laying aside the reserve which habitually shrouded from the irreverent and profane the more secret and cherished feelings of his heart. Nothing was ever more singular, or less framed upon any previous model of eloquence, than were some of those addresses in which the chastened style of the House of Commons (of all assemblies the most fastidious) was employed to give utterance to thoughts which, though best becoming the deepest solitude, retained, even in these crowded scenes, their delicacy not less than their beauty. The most ardent of his expressions bore the impress of indubitable sincerity, and of calm and sober conviction; instantly distinguishing them from the less genuine enthusiasm of others who dissolved their meaning in ecstasy, and soared beyond the reach of human comprehension into the third heavens of artificial rapture. It was an ex-

ample perhaps as full of danger as of interest; and not a few are the offensive imitations which have been attempted of a model which could be followed successfully, or even innocently, by none whose bosoms did not really burn with the same heavenly affections, who did not practise the same severe observance of truth, or whose taste had not been refined to the same degree of sensibility.

No part of Mr. Wilberforce's biography will be read with greater interest than that which describes his political career. Holding for forty-three years a conspicuous place in the House of Commons, the current of public affairs as it flowed past him, reflected his character in a thousand different forms; and exhibited on the most tumultuous theatre of action, the influence of those sacred principles, with the workings of which we are for the most part conversant only in more quiet and secluded scenes.

'From any one truth all truth may be inferred,'—a Baconian text, from which certain commentators of the last century concluded, that he who possessed a Bible might dispense with Grotius and with Locke; and that at the approach of the Scriptures all other writings should disappear, as they had once vanished at the presence of the Koran. The opinion which precisely reverses this doctrine is recommended by less ingenuity, and by no better logic. Mr. Wilberforce was far too wise a man to imagine that any revelation from God could be designed to supersede the duty of patient research into all other sources of knowledge. But neither did he ever reject the vast body of ethical precepts delivered by Divine inspiration, as irrelevant to the political questions with which he was daily conversant. He invariably brought every conclusion drawn from other studies to the test of their consistency with the sacred oracles. They supplied him with an ordinate by which to measure every curve. They gave him what most public men egregiously want,—the firm hold of a body of unchanging opinions. In his case this advantage was peculiarly momentous. His neglected education, his inaptitude for severe and continuous mental labour, the strength of his sympathies, and his strong personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, all seemed to give the promise of a ductile, vacillating, uncertain course. Yet in reality no man ever pursued in Parliament a career more entirely guided by fixed principles, or more frequently at variance with his habitual inclinations. His connexions, both public and private, not less than his natural temper, disposed him to that line of policy which, in our days, assumes the title of 'conservative;' yet his conduct was almost invariably such as is now distinguished by the epithets 'liberal and reforming.' A Tory by predilection, he was in action a Whig. His heart was with Mr. Pitt; but on all the cardinal questions of the times, his vote was given to Mr. Fox.

This conflict of sentiment with principle did not, however, commence in the earlier days of Mr. Pitt's administration; for the mortal foe of Jacobinism entered the House of Commons as a Parliamentary reformer; and Mr. Wilberforce executed a rapid journey from Nice to London in the winter of 1784, to support, by his eloquence and his vote, the Reform Bill which his friend introduced in the session of that year. The following broken sentences from his diary record the result:—'At Pitt's all day—it goes on well—sat up late chatting with Pitt—his hopes of the country and noble patriotic heart—to town—Pitt's—house—Parliamentary reform—terribly disappointed and beat—extremely fatigued—spoke extremely ill but commended—called at Pitt's—met poor Wyvill.' Of this 'ill spoken' but 'commended speech,' the following sentence is preserved:—'The consequence of this measure,' he said, 'will be that freedom of opinion will be restored, and party connexions in great measure vanish, for party on one side begets party on the other,'—a prophecy which, rightly understood, is perceptibly advancing towards its fulfilment. The ill success of Mr. Pitt's proposal did not damp the zeal of Mr. Wilberforce. He introduced into the House of Commons, and even succeeded in carrying there, two of the most important enactments of the Reform Bill, in which, at the distance of nearly half a century, Lord Grey obtained the reluctant concurrence of the Peers. One of these measures provided for a general registration of voters; the others for holding the poll, at the same time, in several different parts of the same county.

From the commencement of the war with France is to be dated the dissolution of the political alliance which had, till then, been maintained with little interruption between Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Pitt. Partaking more deeply than most men of the prevalent abhorrence of the revolutionary doctrines of that day, Mr. Wilberforce's resistance to the war was decided and persevering. A written message from Mr. Pitt, delivered on the first debate on that question, 'assuring him that his speaking then might do irreparable mischief, and promising that he should have another opportunity before war should be declared,' defeated his purpose of protesting publicly against the approaching hostilities. Accident prevented the redemption of the pledge, but Mr. Wilberforce's purposes remained unshaken. 'Our Government,' he says in a letter on this subject, 'had been for some months before the breaking out of the war negotiating with the principal European powers, for the purpose of obtaining a joint representation to France, assuring her that if she would formally engage to keep within her limits, and not molest her neighbours, she should be suffered to settle her own internal government and constitution without interference. I never was so earnest with Mr. Pitt on any other occasion as I was in my entreaties before

the war broke out, that he would openly declare in the House of Commons that he had been, and then was negotiating this treaty. I urged on him that the declaration might possibly produce an immediate effect in France, where it was manifest there prevailed an opinion that we were meditating some interference with their internal affairs, and the restoration of Louis to his throne. At all events, I hoped that in the first lucid interval, France would see how little reason there was for continuing the war with Great Britain; and, at least, the declaration must silence all but the most determined oppositionists in this country. How far this expectation would have been realized you may estimate by Mr. Fox's language when Mr. Pitt, at my instance, did make the declaration last winter (1799). "If," he said, "the Right Honourable Gentleman had made the declaration now delivered, to France, as well as to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, I should have nothing more to say or to desire."

Experience and reflection confirmed these original impressions. After the war had continued 'for a year, Mr. Wilberforce was engaged in making up his mind cautiously and maturely, and, therefore, slowly as to the best conduct to be observed by Great Britain in the present critical emergency.' With what a severe self-examination he was accustomed to conduct these enquiries, may be learnt from an entry made at that period in his private journal. 'It is a proof to me of my secret ambition, that though I foresee how much I shall suffer in my feelings throughout from differing from Pitt, and how indifferent a figure I shall most likely make, yet that motives of ambition will insinuate themselves. Give me, O Lord, a true sense of the comparative value of earthly and of heavenly things; this will render me sober-minded, and fix my affections on things above.'

Such was the solemn preparation with which he approached this momentous question, and moved in the session of 1794 an amendment to the address recommending a more pacific policy. The failure of that attempt did not shake his purpose; for after the interval of a few days he voted with Mr. Grey on a direct motion for the re-establishment of peace. The genuine self-denial with which this submission to a clear sense of duty was attended, Mr. Wilberforce has thus touchingly described. 'No one who has not seen a good deal of public life, and felt how difficult and painful it is to differ widely from those with whom you wish to agree, can judge at what an expense of feeling such duties are performed. Wednesday, February 4, dined at Lord Camden's. Pepper, and Lady Arden, Steele, &c. I felt queer, and all day out of spirits—wrong! but hurt by the idea of Pitt's alienation—12th, party of *the old firm* at the Speaker's; I not there.'

Mr. Pitt's alienation was not the only, nor the most

severe penalty which Mr. Wilberforce had to pay on this occasion. The sarcasms of Windham,—the ironical compliments of Burke,—a cold reception from the King,—and even Fox's congratulation upon his approaching alliance with the Opposition, might have been endured. But it was more hard to bear the rebukes, however tenderly conveyed, of his friend and early guide, the Dean of Carlisle; the reproaches of the whole body of his clerical allies for the countenance which they conceived him to have given to the enemies of religion and of order; and the earnest remonstrances of many of his most powerful supporters in Yorkshire. The temper so accessible to all kindly influences was, however, sustained by the invigorating voice of an approving conscience. He resumed his pacific proposals in the spring of 1795, and though still defeated, it was by a decreasing majority. Before the close of that year, Mr. Pitt himself had become a convert to the opinions of his friend. The war had ceased to be popular, and Lord Malmesbury's negotiation followed. The failure of that attempt at length convinced Mr. Wilberforce that the war was inevitable; and thenceforward his opposition to it ceased.

The same independent spirit raised him, on less momentous occasions, above the influence of the admiration and strong personal attachment which he never withheld from Mr. Pitt at any period of their lives. Though the Minister was 'furious' on the occasion, he voted and spoke against the motion for augmenting the income of the Prince of Wales. Though fully anticipating the ridicule which was the immediate consequence of the attempt, he moved the House of Commons to interfere for the liberation of Lafayette, when confined in the jail at Olmütz. Though, at the suggestion of Bishop Pretyman, Mr. Pitt pledged himself to introduce a bill which would have silenced every dissenting minister to whom the magistrates might have thought proper to refuse a license, Mr. Wilberforce resisted, and with eventual success, this encroachment on the principles of toleration. Though the whole belligerent policy of Mr. Pitt, on the resumption of the war, rested on continental alliances, cemented by subsidies from the British Treasury, that system found in Mr. Wilberforce the most strenuous and uncompromising opponent. On the revival of hostilities in 1803, he supported Mr. Fox not merely with his vote, but with a speech which he subsequently published. The impeachment of Lord Melville brought him into a direct and painful hostility to those with whom he had lived in youthful intimacy, and who still retained their hold on his heart. Mr. Pitt was his chosen friend—Lord Melville his early companion. But even on this occasion, though compelled to watch the movements of the 'fascinating eye' and 'the agitated countenance' turned

reproachfully to him from the Treasury Bench, he delivered one of the most memorable of his Parliamentary speeches,—in which the sternest principles of public morality were so touchingly combined with compassion for the errors he condemned, that the effect was irresistible; and the casting vote of the Speaker can scarcely be said with greater truth to have determined the decision of the House. Nothing more truly in the spirit of the pure and lofty principles by which he was guided is recorded of him, than his defence to the charge of inconsistency for declining to join the deputation which carried up to the King the subsequent address for the removal of Lord Melville from the Royal Councils. 'I am a little surprised that it should be imputed as a fault to any that they did not accompany the procession to St. James's. I should have thought that men's own feelings might have suggested to them that it was a case in which the heart might be permitted to give a lesson to the judgement. My country might justly demand that, in my decision on Lord Melville's conduct, I should be governed by the rules of justice, and the principles of the constitution, without suffering party considerations, personal friendship, or any extrinsic motive whatever to interfere; that in all that was substantial I should deem myself as in the exercise of a judicial office. But when the sentence of the law is past, is not that sufficient! Am I to join in the execution of it? Is it to be expected of me that I am to stifle the natural feelings of the heart, and not even to shed a tear over the very sentence I am pronouncing? I know not what Spartan virtue or stoical pride might require; but I know that I am taught a different, ay, and a better lesson by a greater than either Lysurgus or Zeno. Christianity enforces no such sacrifice. She requires us indeed to do justice, but to love mercy. I learn not in her school to triumph even over a conquered enemy, and must I join the triumph over a fallen friend.'

We might, with the aid of these volumes, trace Mr. Wilberforce's political career through all the memorable controversies of his times; and prove, beyond the reach of contradiction, that every vote was given under such a sense of responsibility to the Supreme Lawgiver as raised him above the influence of those human affections, which scarcely any man felt more keenly. He was supported by the acclamations of no party, for in turn he resisted all. Even the great religious bodies who acknowledged him as their leader were frequently dissatisfied with a course which, while it adorned their principles, conceded nothing to their prejudices. The errors into which he may have fallen were in no single case debased by any selfish motive, and were ever on the side of peace and of the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

But those indications of human character which it

chiefly concerns us to study, are not, after all, to be discovered in places where men act together in large masses, and under strong excitement. Mr. Wilberforce's interior life is exhibited in this biography with a minuteness of self-dissection which we think it hardly possible to contemplate without some degree of pain. It was his habit to note, in the most careless and elliptical language, every passing occurrence, however trivial, apparently as a mere aid to recollection. But his journals also contain the results of a most unsparing self-examination, and record the devotional feelings with which his mind was habitually possessed. They bear that impress of perfect sincerity, without which they would have been altogether worthless. The suppression of them would have disappointed the expectations of a very large body of readers; and the sacred profession of the editors gives peculiar authority to their judgement as to the advantage of such disclosures. To their filial piety the whole work, indeed almost every line of it, bears conclusive testimony. We feel, however, an invincible repugnance to the transfer into these pages of the secret communings of a close self-observer with his Maker. The Church of Rome is wise in proclaiming the sanctity of the Confessional. The morbid anatomy of the human heart (for such it must appear to every one who dares to explore its recesses) is at best a cheerless study. It would require some fortitude in any man to state how much of our mutual affection and esteem depends upon our imperfect knowledge of each other. The same creative wisdom which shelters from every human eye the workings of our animal frame, has not less closely shrouded from observation the movements of our spiritual nature. The lowly and contrite spirit is a shrine in which he who inhabiteth eternity condescends to dwell, but where we at least are accustomed to regard every other presence as profane. There is, we think, great danger in such publications. For one man who, like Mr. Wilberforce, will honestly lay bare his conscience on paper, there are at least one hundred, living with the fear or the hope of the biographer before their eyes, who will apply themselves to the same task in a very different spirit. The desire of posthumous, or of living fame, will dictate the acknowledgment of faults, which the reader is to regard as venial, while he is to admire the sagacity with which they are dictated, and the tenderness of conscience with which they are deplored. We may be wrong; but both experience and probability seem to us to show that the publication of the religious journals of one honest man, is likely to make innumerable hypocrites.

The domestic life of Mr. Wilberforce is a delightful object of contemplation, though it cannot be reduced into the form of distinct narration. From his twenty-sixth year his biography consists rather of a description of habits than of a succession of events. No man

had less to do with adventure, or was more completely independent of any such resource. The leisure which he could withdraw from the service of the public was concentrated upon his large and happy household, and on the troops of friends who thronged the hospitable mansion in which he lived in the neighbourhood of London.

The following sketch of his domestic retirement possesses a truth which will be at once recognised by every one who was accustomed to associate with him in such scenes:—

‘Who that ever joined him in his hour of daily exercise cannot see him now as he walked round his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation, and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain Dalrymple’s State Papers was their standard measure) a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages, and then catching at long stored flower leaves as the wind blew them from the pages, or standing by a favourite gum-cistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, and the perfection of the colouring, and sum up all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty which were ever welling from his grateful heart. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favourites, and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, he deposited a few that he had gathered safely in his room before he joined the breakfast table. Often would he say as he enjoyed their fragrance, “How good is God to us. What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet so has God dealt with us—lovely flowers are the smiles of his goodness.”’

The following letter to one of his children, exhibits Mr. Wilberforce in one of those characters in which he excelled most men:—

‘Battersea Rise, Sept. 14, 1814.

‘My very dear —,

‘I do not relish the idea that you are the only one of my children who has not written to me during my absence, and that you should be the only one to whom I should not write. I therefore take up my pen, though but for a very few moments, to assure you that I do not suspect your silence to have arisen from the want of affection for me, any more than that which I myself have hitherto observed has proceeded from this source. There is a certain demon called procrastination, who inhabits a castle in the air at Sandgate, as well as at so many other places, and I suspect that you have been carried up some day (at the tail of your kite perhaps), and lodged in that same habitation, which has fine large rooms in it from which there are beautiful prospects in all directions; and probably you will not quit a dwelling-place that you like so well, till you hear that I am on my way to Sandgate. You would meet the to-morrow man there (it just occurs to me), and I hope you will have prevailed on him to tell you the remainder of that pleasant story, a part of which Miss Edgeworth has related, though I greatly fear he would still par-

take so far of the spirit of the place as to leave a part untold till—to-morrow. But I am trifling sadly, since I am this morning unusually pressed for time. I will therefore only guard my dear boy seriously against procrastination, one of the most dangerous assailants of usefulness, and assure him that I am to-day, to-morrow, and always while I exist,

‘His affectionate Father,

‘W. WILBERFORCE.’

Mr. Wilberforce excelled in the arts of hospitality, and delighted in the practice of them. His cordial welcome taught the most casual guest to feel that he was at home; and the mass of his friends and acquaintance could scarcely suppose that there was a domestic sanctuary still more sacred and privileged than that into which they were admitted. Amongst them are not a few obscure, with some illustrious names; and of the latter Mr. Pitt is by far the most conspicuous.

There is no one filling so large a space in recent history as Mr. Pitt, with whose private habits the world is so little acquainted. These volumes do not contribute much to dispel the obscurity. We find him indeed at one time passing an evening in classical studies or amusements with Mr. Canning; and at another, cutting walks through his plantations at Holwood, with the aid of Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Grenville. But on the whole, the William Pitt of this work is the austere Minister with whom we were already acquainted, and not the man himself in his natural or in his emancipated state.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Wilberforce is almost the only passage which gives us an intimation of the careless familiarity in which for many years they lived together:—

‘And now after having transacted my business with the Minister, a word or two to the man—a character in which, if it is more pleasant to you, it is no less pleasant to me to address you. I wish you may be passing your time half as salubriously and comfortably as I am at Gisborne’s, where I am breathing good air, eating good mutton, keeping good hours, and enjoying the company of good friends. You have only two of the four at command, nor these always in so pure a state as in Needwood Forest; your town mutton being apt to be woolly, and your town friends to be interested: however, I sincerely believe you are, through the goodness of Providence, better off in the latter particular, than has been the fate of ninety-nine Ministers out of a hundred; and as for the former, the quantity you lay in may in some degree atone for the quality; and it is a sign that neither in friends nor mutton you have yet lost your taste. Indeed, I shall reckon it a bad symptom of your moral or corporal state, as the case may be, when your palate is so vitiated, that you cannot distinguish the true from the false flavour. All this is sad stuff, but you must allow us gentlemen who live in forests to be a little figurative. I will only add, however (that I may not quite exhaust your patience), that I hope you will never cease to relish me, and do me the justice to believe the ingredients are good, though you may not altogether approve of the cooking. Yours ever.

‘W. WILBERFORCE.’

'P. S. Remember me to all friends. I hope you have no more gout, &c. If you will at any time give me a line (though it be but a mouthful) I shall be glad of it. You will think me be-Burked like yourself.'

On the occasion of Mr. Pitt's duel with Mr. Tierney, Mr. Wilberforce had designed to bring the subject under the notice of the House of Commons. The intention was defeated by the following kind and characteristic letter:—

'My dear Wilberforce,

'I am not the person to argue with you on a subject in which I am a good deal concerned. I hope too that I am incapable of doubting your kindness to me (however mistaken I may think it) if you let any sentiment of that sort actuate you on the present occasion. I must suppose that some such feeling has inadvertently operated upon you, because whatever may be your general sentiments on subjects of this nature, they can have acquired no new tone or additional argument from any thing that has passed in this transaction. You must be supposed to bring this forward in reference to the individual case.

'In doing so, you will be accessory in loading one of the parties with unfair and unmerited obloquy. With respect to the other party, myself, I feel it a real duty to say to you frankly that your motion is one for my removal. If any step on the subject is proposed in Parliament and agreed to, I shall feel from that moment that I can be of no more use out of office than in it; for in it, according to the feelings I entertain, I could be of none. I state to you, as I think I ought, distinctly and explicitly what I feel. I hope I need not repeat what I always feel personally to yourself.—Your's ever,

'WILLIAM PITT.

'Downing Street, Wednesday,
May 30, 1798, 11 P.M.'

The following passage is worth transcribing as a graphic, though slight sketch of Mr. Pitt, from the pen of one who knew him so well:—

'When a statement had been made to the House of the cruel practices, approaching certainly to torture, by which the discovery of concealed arms had been enforced in Ireland, John Claudius Beresford rose to reply, and said with a force and honesty, the impression of which I never can forget, "I fear, and feel deep shame in making the avowal—I fear it is too true—I defend it not—but I trust I may be permitted to refer as some palliation of these atrocities, to the state of my unhappy country, where rebellion and its attendant horrors had roused on both sides to the highest pitch all the strongest passions of our nature." I was with Pitt in the House of Lords when Lord Clare replied to a similar charge—"Well, suppose it were so; but surely," &c. I shall never forget Pitt's look. He turned round to me with that indignant stare which sometimes marked his countenance, and stalked out of the House.'

It is not generally known that at the period of Lord Melville's trial a coolness almost approaching to estrangement had arisen between that Minister and Mr. Pitt. The following extract from one of Mr. Wilberforce's Diaries on this subject affords an authentic and curious illustration of Mr. Pitt's character:—

'I had perceived above a year before that Lord Mel-

ville had not the power over Pitt's mind, which he once possessed. Pitt was taking me to Lord Camden's, and in our *tête-à-tête* he gave me an account of the negotiations which had been on foot to induce him to enter Addington's Administration. When they quitted office in 1801, Dundas proposed taking as his motto, *Jam rude donatus*. Pitt suggested to him that having always been an active man, he would probably wish again to come into office, and then that his having taken such a motto would be made a ground for ridicule. Dundas assented, and took another motto. Addington had not long been in office, before Pitt's expectation was fulfilled, and Dundas undertook to bring Pitt into the plan; which was to appoint some third person head, and bring in Pitt and Addington on equal terms under him. Dundas accordingly, confiding in his knowledge of all Pitt's ways and feelings, set out for Walmer Castle; and after dinner, and port wine, began cautiously to open his proposals. But he saw it would not do, and stopped abruptly. "Really," said Pitt with a sly severity, and it was almost the only sharp thing I ever heard him say of any friend, "I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be."

Amongst the letters addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, to be found in these volumes, is one written by John Wesley from his deathbed, on the day before he sank into the lethargy from which he was never roused. They are probably the last written words of that extraordinary man.

'February 24, 1791.

'My dear Sir,

'Unless Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you who can be against you. Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh! be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up, may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

From a very different correspondent, Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Wilberforce received two notes, for which, as they are the only examples we have seen in print of his epistolary style, we must find a place.

'Kind Sir,

'The next time you happen on Mr. Attorney-General in the House or elsewhere, be pleased to take a spike—the longer and sharper the better—and apply it to him, by way of *memento*, that the Penitentiary Contract Bill has, for I know not what length of time, been sticking in his hands; and you will much oblige your humble servant to command,

'JEREMY BENTHAM.

'N. B.—A corking-pin was, yesterday, applied by Mr. Abbot.'

'I sympathize with your now happily promising exertions in behalf of the race of innocents, whose lot it

has hitherto been to be made the subject-matter of depredation, for the purpose of being treated worse than the authors of such crimes are treated for those crimes in other places.'

There are, in this work, some occasional additions to the stock of political anecdotes. Of these we transcribe the following specimens:—

'Franklin signed the peace of Paris in his old spotted velvet coat (it being the time of a court-mourning, which rendered it more particular). "What," said my friend the negotiator, "is the meaning of that harlequin coat?"—"It is that in which he was abused by Wedderburne." He showed much rancour and personal enmity to this country—would not grant the common passports for trade, which were, however, easily got from Jay or Adams.

'Dined with Lord Camden; he very chatty and pleasant. Abused Thurlow for his duplicity and mystery. Said the King had said to him occasionally he had wished Thurlow and Pitt to agree; for that both were necessary to him—one in the Lords, the other in the Commons. Thurlow will never do any thing to oblige Lord Camden, because he is a friend of Pitt's. Lord Camden himself, though he speaks of Pitt with evident affection, seems rather to complain of his being too much under the influence of any one who is about him; particularly of Dundas, who prefers his countrymen whenever he can. Lord Camden is sure that Lord Bute got money by the Peace of Paris. He can account for his sinking near L.300,000 in land and houses; and his paternal estate in the island which bears his name was not above L.1500 a-year, and he is a life-tenant only of Wortley, which may be L.8000 or L.10,000. Lord Camden does not believe Lord Bute has any the least connexion with the King now, whatever he may have had. Lord Thurlow is giving constant dinners to the Judges, to gain them over to his party. ***** was applied to by ***** , a wretched sort of dependent of the Prince of Wales, to know if he would lend money on the joint bond of the Prince and the Dukes of York and Clarence, to receive double the sum lent, whenever the King should die, and either the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, come into the inheritance. The sum intended to be raised is L.200,000.

'Tis only a hollow truce, not a peace, that is made between Thurlow and Pitt. They can have no confidence in each other.'

It is perhaps the most impressive circumstance in Mr. Wilberforce's character, that the lively interest with which he engaged in all these political occurrences was combined with a consciousness not less habitual or intense of their inherent vanity. There is a seeming paradox in the solicitude with which he devoted so much of his life to secular pursuits, and the very light esteem in which he held them. The solution of the enigma is to be found in his unremitting habits of devotion. No man could more scrupulously obey the precept which Mr. Taylor has given to his 'statesman'—'To observe a 'Sabbatical day in every week, and a Sabbatical hour in every day.' Those days and hours gave him back to the world, not merely with recruited energy, but in a frame of mind the most favourable to the right discharge of its duties. Things

in themselves the most trivial, wearisome, or even offensive, had, in his solitude, assumed a solemn interest from their connection with the future destinies of mankind, while the brilliant and alluring objects of human ambition had been brought into an humiliating contrast with the great ends for which life is given, and with the immortal hopes by which it should be sustained. Nothing can be more heartfelt than the delight with which he breathed the pure air of these devotional retirements. Nothing more soothing than the tranquillity which they diffused over a mind harassed with the vexations of a political life.

Mr. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in the year 1825. The remainder of his life was passed in the bosom of his family. He did not entirely escape those sorrows which so usually thicken as the shadows grow long, for he survived both his daughters; and from that want of worldly wisdom which always characterized him, he lost a very considerable part of his fortune in speculations in which he had nothing but the gratification of parental kindness to gain or to hope. But never were such reverses more effectually baffled by the invulnerable peace of a cheerful and self-approving heart. There were not wanting external circumstances which marked the change; but the most close and intimate observer could never perceive on his countenance even a passing shade of dejection or anxiety on that account. He might, indeed, have been supposed to be unconscious that he had lost any thing, had not his altered fortunes occasionally suggested to him remarks on the Divine goodness, by which the seeming calamity had been converted into a blessing to his children and to himself. It afforded him a welcome apology for withdrawing from society at large, to gladden, by his almost constant presence, the homes of the sons by whom his life has been recorded. There, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, he yielded himself to the current of each successive inclination; for he had now acquired that rare maturity of the moral stature in which the conflict between inclination and duty is over, and virtue and self-indulgence are the same. Some decline of his intellectual powers was perceptible to the friends of his earlier and more active days; but

'To things immortal time can do no wrong.
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.'

Looking back with gratitude, sometimes eloquent, but more often from the depth of the emotion faltering on the tongue, to his long career of usefulness, of honour, and enjoyment, he watched with grave serenity the ebb of the current which was fast bearing him to his eternal reward. He died in his seventy-fifth year, in undisturbed tranquillity, after a very brief illness, and without any indication of bodily suffering. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large number

of the members of both Houses of Parliament; nor was the solemn ritual of the church ever pronounced over the grave of any of her children with more affecting or more appropriate truth. Never was recited, on a more fit occasion, the sublime benediction—'I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

The volumes to which we have been chiefly indebted for this very rapid epitome of some of the events of Mr. Wilberforce's life, will have to undergo a severe ordeal. There are numberless persons who assert a kind of property in his reputation, and who will resent as almost a personal wrong any exhibition of his character which may fall short of their demands. We believe, however, though not esteeming ourselves the best possible judges, that even this powerful party will be satisfied. They will find in this portraiture of their great leader much to fulfil their expectations. Impartial judges will, we think, award to the book the praise of fidelity, and diligence, and unaffected modesty. Studiously withdrawing themselves from the notice of their readers, the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have not sought occasion to display the fruits of their theological or literary studies. Their task has been executed with ability, and with deep affection. No one can read such a narrative without interest, and many will peruse it with enthusiasm. It contains several extracts from Mr. Wilberforce's speeches, and throws much occasional light on the political history of England during the last half century. It brings us into acquaintance with a circle in which were projected and matured many of the great schemes of benevolence by which our age has been distinguished, and shows how partial is the distribution of renown in the world in which we are living. A more equal dispensation of justice would have awarded a far more conspicuous place amongst the benefactors of mankind to the names of Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macaulay, than has ever yet been assigned to them.

Biography, considered as an art, has been destroyed by the greatest of all biographers, James Boswell. His success must be forgotten before Plutarch or Isaac Walton will find either rivals or imitators. Yet *Memoirs*, into which every thing illustrative of the character or fortunes of the person to be described is drawn, can never take a permanent place in literature, unless the hero be himself as picturesque as Johnson, nor unless the writer be gifted with the dramatic powers of Boswell. Mr. Wilberforce was an admirable subject for graphic sketches in this style; but the hand of a son could not have drawn them without impropriety, and they have never been delineated by others. A tradition, already fading, alone preserves the memory of those social powers which worked as a spell on every one who approached him, and drew from

Madame de Staël the declaration that he was the most eloquent and the wittiest converser she had met in England. But the memory of his influence in the councils of the state, of his holy character, and of his services to mankind, rests upon an imperishable basis, and will descend with honour to the latest times.

NOTE.—We have awkwardly enough omitted to make any allusion, in this article, though the work forming its subject proceeds from two of his sons, to Mr. Wilberforce's marriage. To correct this oversight, we beg here to mention, that he married, in the year 1797, Miss Barbara Spooner, daughter of a banker of that name at Birmingham. By this lady he had six children, of whom four sons still survive, his two daughters having died before their father.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Diary illustrative of the times of George the Fourth, interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London: 1838.

The appearance of this silly, dull, and disgraceful publication both calls for some remarks adapted to the offence itself, and affords an opportunity of entering upon the important subjects of the Abuses of the Press, and the Characters of the Individuals of whom the book treats.

Various circumstances have concurred to make the restraints upon publicity far less effectual of late years than they ever were before; and in proportion to the greater liberty enjoyed from the diminished risk of legal proceedings, has been the increased license assumed by all who cater for the bad feelings, and bad taste of the public, in providing for its gratification, and swelling their own gains. Among the chief of these circumstances must, no doubt, be reckoned the rapid progress of free opinions, the conviction of the press's importance as an engine of public instruction, and a vehicle, above all, of political discussion; the aversion felt by all friends of liberty to impose any fetters upon this important agent of good, and the disposition thus produced to pass over its errors, and pardon its abuse in consideration of its eminent usefulness in the vast majority of instances. It thus became one of the great distinctions between the parties which divide political men both in England and other countries, that the friends of arbitrary government were jealous of the press's licentiousness, and always prone to enforce the law against it; while the advocates of liberal opinions scarcely ever could be persuaded that a case was made out which justified prosecution. It is true, that until a comparatively late period, the friends of the press, however hostile to proceedings against libellers, always restricted this disinclination

to cases of public or political writings, and avowed themselves the enemies of all private slander and personal abuse;—holding the protection of that offence to be altogether unnecessary to public liberty, and the commission of it to be pernicious, and not beneficial to the liberty of the press, in the true acceptation of the term. But the line which separates attacks upon private and personal failings from the discussion of public conduct, like that which parts the consideration of measures from the judgment to be pronounced upon men, the authors of those measures, is not always easy to trace or to observe; and the consequences has been, that almost at all times considerable latitude has been allowed of mingling comments on private with remarks upon public conduct; so that, generally speaking, they who were the most adverse to state prosecutions were also the most patient of personal attacks, and the least disposed to seek protection from the law against even very unmeasured abuse of their private demeanour. It is hardly necessary to add, that such distinctions between the two parties, and such repugnance in both to proceedings against libels of any kind, became more marked as the diffusion of liberal opinions became more general, and that progress more rapid. But it is fit that we consider the effects of this improvement, as it materially affected the conduct even of the party most opposed to the licentiousness of the press. They followed their more liberal adversaries, though at a distance which was increasing and not lessening. State prosecutions became daily more rare, and it seems difficult to believe that we live in the same country and under the same law, when we cast our eye over the kind of publications prosecuted as libels, not merely fifty, but five-and-twenty years ago; and see the sedition and the scurrility now daily printed without the least effort to check either by judicial proceedings. Who can think that he lives in the same community which expressed no kind of surprise or reprobation, when Sir Vicary Gibbs filed, all at once, between twenty and thirty *ex officio* informations, chiefly for comments upon the character and conduct of members of the Royal family; and when the same law officer of the Crown some years later, put the editor of the most moderate and most respectable paper of the day, upon his trial, for remarking that the successor of George the Third would have a glorious task when he came to the throne, from the contrast which his reign might afford to that of his royal predecessor? It may safely be asserted, that there is no one newspaper or other publication now, in the whole United Kingdom, which ever mentions the conduct of any one member of the Royal family with disapprobation half so gentle as in 1809 exposed the late Mr. Perry to a very imminent risk of being convicted and punished; while there are in every quarter of the country almost daily attacks made upon all princes, all magistrates,

and all others in high stations, which, a quarter of a century ago, would inevitably have consigned their authors to imprisonment for two years, accompanied by a heavy fine.

With this more general cause, others of an accidental nature combined, about the same time, to increase the freedom of the press, by interposing obstacles in the way of prosecutions. Of these accidental circumstances, the affair of the Duke of York, which occupied so large a portion of the public attention in 1809, and drew it away from matters of far greater moment, was the most remarkable. It may with perfect safety be affirmed, that the result of this singular investigation proved, after time had been allowed for calm reflection, far less injurious to the exalted individual whom it chiefly concerned, than to the system of which he and his defenders were the strenuous advocates; and indeed, that when the season for pronouncing a cool judgment had arrived, others were found to have sustained, in the course of the proceedings, much more damage, than the person against whom they were pointed. There was left, however, a general impression exceedingly unfavourable to the Royal family; not merely as to their habits of life, but as to their jealousies and intrigues against one another; and the disgraceful scenes, soon afterwards disclosed in some legal proceedings connected with the Duke of York's case, tended greatly to increase that impression, by showing one of his brothers mixed up in the combination that had been formed to accomplish his ruin. As for the Duke himself, indeed, his love affairs were not to be justified; yet from all the charges of corruption he was completely cleared; nor could any one living believe him guilty of more connivance at the jobs of those about him, than might well be ascribed to the careless habits of an extremely good-natured man, of less than the ordinary measure of acuteness and sagacity. Against this was willingly set by his friends, and readily admitted by the world at large, the admirable dispositions of that Prince,—his kindness of temper, his affection for his friends, his regard for his word generally, the undeviating integrity of his dealings in private life, his entire want of all pride, and singular exemption from the common failings of princes in the intercourse of society; even his pertinacious adherence to opinions which the bulk of mankind believed to be erroneous, but which he, because conscientiously imbued with them, treated as of religious obligation. It may be affirmed that there seldom has lived an individual in his exalted station, who possessed more of the general esteem, who had more personal friends, and whose friends loved him better; while even his political adversaries gave him credit for the honesty of his prejudices, willingly overlooking the obstinacy with which he clung to them.

But although the character of the Duke of York did not suffer materially in the estimation of the circles to which he belonged, it is impossible to doubt that with the community at large, and especially the middle and lower classes, his morals were regarded as of a libertine cast, in consequence of the disclosures made respecting his illicit amours; and the circumstances of these things not being denied by his defenders, and of his reputation with the upper classes suffering nothing in consequence, plainly indicated that a lax morality prevailed at Court, as well as that the Royal Family shared in this stain. The consequence was, that both the Aristocracy at large, and, in an especial manner, the Family, became objects of distrust or aversion with a large body of the people; who had till then never distinctly perceived that the different orders of society lived under different dispensations of the moral law. The freedom with which the press commented upon these things became impossible to check; no prosecution could be instituted against any libellers, however violent; no jury could be expected to convict, how indecent soever might be the license of abuse assumed; and all the pending informations and indictments were at once abandoned as hopeless. Not only attacks upon the Royal Family were published without any reserve or decorum, but libels upon all other public men were circulated with equal freedom; and unmeasured invectives against all the institutions of the State were, in like manner, ventilated through all the channels of publication without restraint; because, when there was no possibility of prosecuting the libels upon the Royal Family, it became impossible to prosecute other libels, without appearing to admit the innocence of the former class of writings. Indeed there is every reason to believe that juries would have been as unwilling to convict the one class of libellers as the other; because the singling out a few publications for prosecution, when so many were suffered to pass unheeded, would have appeared contrary to all honesty of purpose, and would have set the minds of men against the proceeding. Accordingly, in the comparatively few attempts made,—as when libels respecting military punishments were prosecuted,—the influence of the Crown and the authority of the Bench failed in some remarkable instances to obtain convictions.

The restoration of peace brought along with it for some time, if not a suspension of political strife, at least a mitigation of its rancour; and the press ceasing to exhibit any great activity or animosity, was itself left at rest. There ensued some years of great distress, and the symptoms of disaffection which appeared in its train were laid hold of as the pretext for suspending the Constitution. While the power of Arbitrary Imprisonment was vested in the Government, it is needless to observe that writers, like all other persons, were con-

trolled by the fear of being arrested and confined for an indefinite period of time, without any trial or even any charge. But before the end of George III.'s reign, the Constitution had been restored; and the accession of his son, who from Regent became King, in consequence of a circumstance accidental in some degree, produced effects as remarkable upon the freedom of public discussion as the Duke of York's case had done ten years before. But from its own nature, from the unusual interest which it excited, and from its influence upon the aspect of political affairs in this country, as well as upon the character and conduct of the press, both at the time and in its more remote consequences, we are called upon to trace to its origin the event to which we have now only very generally alluded as connected with the Regent's accession to the Crown.

George Prince of Wales had been educated after the manner of all princes whose school is the palace of their ancestors, whose teacher is boundless prosperity, whose earliest and most cherished associate is unrestrained self-indulgence, and who neither among their companions form the acquaintance of any equal, nor in the discipline of the seminary ever taste of control. The regal system of tuition is indeed curiously suited to its purpose of fashioning men's minds to the task of governing their fellow-creatures—of training up a naturally erring and sinful creature to occupy the most arduous of all human stations, the one most requiring habits of self-command, and for duly filling which, all the instruction that man can receive, and all the virtue his nature is capable of practising, would form a very inadequate qualification. This system had, upon the Prince of Wales, produced its natural effects in an unusually ample measure. He seemed, indeed, to come forth from the School a finished specimen of its capabilities and its powers; as if to show how much havoc can be made in a character originally deficient in none of the good and few of the great qualities, with which it may be supposed that men are born. Naturally of a temper by no means sour or revengeful, he had become selfish to a degree so extravagant, that he seemed to act upon the practical conviction, that all mankind were borne for his exclusive use; and hence he became irritable on the least incident that thwarted his wishes; nay seemed to consider himself injured, and thus entitled to gratify his resentment, as often as any one, even from a due regard to his own duty or his own character, acted in a way to disappoint his expectations or ruffle his repose. His natural abilities, too, were far above mediocrity: he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even with a ready wit—endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye, that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts—possessed, too, of a nice sense of the ludicrous, which made his relish for humour sufficiently acute, and bestowed upon him the powers

of an accomplished mimic. The graces of his person and his manners need not be noted, for neither are valuable but as the adjunct of higher qualities; and the latter, graceful manners, are hardly to be avoided by one occupying all his life that first station which removes constraint, and makes the movements of the prince as naturally graceful as those of the infant or the child too young to feel embarrassment. But of what avail are all natural endowments without cultivation? They can yield no more fruit than a seed or a graft cast out upon a marble floor; and cultivation, which implies labour, discipline, self-control, submission to others, never can be applied to the Royal State. They who believe that they are exempt from the toils, and hardly liable to the casualties of other mortals—all whose associates, and most of whose instructors, set themselves about confirming this faith—are little likely to waste the midnight oil in any contemplations but those of the debauchee; and those who can hardly bring themselves to believe that they are subject to the common fate of humanity, are pretty certain to own no inferior control. ‘*Quoi donc*’ (exclaimed the young Dauphin to his right reverend preceptor, when some book mentioned a king as having died)—‘*Quoi donc les Rois meurent-ils?*’ ‘*Quelque fois, Monseigneur,*’ was the cautious and courtly reply. That the prince should afterwards grow, in the natural course of things, into Louis XV., and that his infant aptitude for the habits of royalty thus trained, should expand into the maturity of self-indulgence which almost proved too great a trial of French loyal patience, is not matter of wonder. Our Louis, notwithstanding the lessons of Dean Jackson, and the fellowship of Thurlow and Sheridan, was a man of very uncultivated mind—ignorant of all but the passages of history which most princes read, with some superficial knowledge of the dead languages, which he had imperfectly learnt and scantily retained, considerable musical skill, great facility of modern tongues, and no idea whatever of the rudiments of any science, natural or moral; unless the very imperfect notions of the structure of governments, picked up in conversation or studied in newspapers, can be reckoned any exception to the universal blank.

We have said nothing of the great quality of all,—the test of character,—firmness, and her sister truth. That the Prince was a man of firm mind, not even his most unscrupulous flatterers ever could summon up the courage to pretend. He was much the creature of impulses, and the sport of feelings naturally good and kind; but had become wholly selfish through unlimited indulgence. Those who knew him well were wont to say that his was a woman’s character, when they observed how little self-command he had, and how easily he gave way to petty sentiments. Nor was the remark more gallant towards the sex than it was respectful towards the Prince; inasmuch as the character of a

woman transferred to the other sex implies the want of those qualities which constitute manly virtue, without the possession of the charms by which female weaknesses are redeemed; independently of the fact that those weaker parts are less prejudicial in the woman, because they are more in harmony with the whole. That they who draw the breath of life in a Court, and pass all their lives in an atmosphere of lies, should have any very sacred regard for truth is hardly to be expected. They experience such falsehood in all who surround them, that deception, at least suppression of the truth, almost seems necessary for self-defence; and accordingly, if their speech be not framed upon the theory of the French Cardinal, that language was given to man for the better concealment of his thoughts, they at least seem to regard in what they say, not its resemblance to the fact in question, but rather its subserviency to the purpose in view.

The course of private conduct which one in such a station,—of such habits, and of such a disposition,—might naturally be expected to run, was that of the Prince from his early youth upwards; and when he entered upon public life, he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure; to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not to command, in any quarter, either respect or esteem. The line of political conduct which he should pursue was chalked out by the relative position in which he stood to his father, and still more by that monarch’s character, in almost all respects the reverse of his own. Of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office he was the slave of as deep rooted a selfishness as his son; and no feeling of a kindly nature ever was suffered to cross his mind, whenever his power was concerned, either in its maintenance, or in the manner of exercising it. In other respects, he was a man of amiable disposition, and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant that his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart,

the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of his whole breast and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty were alike forgotten; and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of a cunning which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or to destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire. His conduct throughout the American war, and towards the Irish people, has often been cited as illustrative of the dark side of his public character; and his treatment of the Prince, whom he hated with a hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind, might seem to illustrate the shadier part of his personal disposition; but it was in truth only another part of his public, his professional conduct; for he had no better reason for this implacable aversion than the jealousy which men have of their successors, and the consciousness that the Prince, who must succeed him was unlike him, and, being disliked by him, must, during their joint lives, be thrown into the hands of the adversaries he most of all detested.

It thus happened that the Whig party, being the enemies of George George III., found favour in the sight of his son, and became his natural allies. In the scramble for power they highly valued such an auxiliary, and many of them were received also into the personal favour of this illustrious political recruit. But state affairs were only taken as a stimulant, to rouse the dormant appetite, when more vulgar excitement had fatigued the jaded sense; and it would be extremely difficult to name the single occasion on which any part was taken by him whom the Whigs held out as the most exalted member of their body, from the end of the American war until the beginning of the contest with France. An event then occurred which brought his Royal Highness upon the stage, but not as a friend of the Liberal party. He came forward to disclaim them—to avow that his sentiments differed widely from theirs—and to declare that upon the great question which divided the world, he took part with the enemies of liberty and of reform. The French Revolution had alarmed him in common with most of his order; he quitted the party for many years; he gave the only support he had to give, his vote, to their adversaries. The rest of his political history is soon told. When the alarm had subsided, he gradually came back to the Opposition party, and acted with them until his father's illness called him to the Regency, when he shamefully abandoned them, flung himself into the hands of their antagonists, and continued to the end of his days their enemy, with a relentless bitterness, a rancorous malignity, which betokened the spite of his nature, and his consciousness of having injured and betrayed those whom, therefore, he never could forgive. It was indeed

the singular and unenviable fate of this Prince, that he who at various times had more 'troops of friends' to surround him than any man of any age, changed them so often, and treated them so ill, as to survive, during a short part of his life, every one of his attachments, and to find himself before its close in the hands of his enemies, or of mere strangers, the accidental connexions of yesterday.

After running the course of dissipation, uninterrupted by any more rational or worthy pursuit,—prematurely exhausting the resources of indulgence, both animal and mental, and becoming incapable of receiving further gratification unless the wish of the ancient tyrant could be gratified by the invention of some new pleasure,—it was found that a life of what was called unbounded profusion could not be passed without unlimited extravagance, and that such enormous sums had been squandered in a few years as seemed to baffle conjecture how the money could have been spent. The Bill was of course brought in to the Country, and one of the items which swelled the total amount to above half a million, was many hundreds (we believe thousands) of pounds for Marechall powder—a perfumed brown dust with which the fops of those days filled their hair, in preference to using soap and water, after the manner of the less courtly times that succeeded the French Revolution. The discontent which this unprincipled and senseless waste of money occasioned, had no effect in mending the life of its author; and in a few years after, a new debt had been incurred and the aid of Parliament was required again. There seemed now no chance but one of extricating the Prince from the difficulties with which he had surrounded himself, and obtaining such an increased income as might enable him to continue his extravagance without contracting new debts. That chance was his consenting to marry; in order that the event might take place, so pleasing to a people whom all the vices and the follies of royalty can never wean from their love of Princes, and the increase of the Royal Family be effected with due regularity of procedure from the Heir-Apparent's loins. But although the entering into the state of matrimony in regular form, and with the accustomed publicity, might afford the desired facilities of a pecuniary kind, such a step little suited the taste of the illustrious personage usually termed 'The hope of the country.' That the restraints of wedlock should be dreaded by one to whom all restraint had hitherto been a stranger, and who could set at nought whatever obligations of constancy that holy and comfortable estate imposed, was wholly out of the question. If that were all, he could have no kind of objection to take as many wives as the law of the land allowed,—supposing the dower of each to be a Bill upon the patient good-nature of the English people, towards discharging some mass of debt con-

tracted. But there had happened another event, not quite suited to the people's taste, although of a matrimonial kind, which had been most carefully concealed for very sufficient reasons, and which placed him in a predicament more embarrassing even than his pecuniary difficulties.

The most excusable by far, indeed the most respectable of all the Prince's attachments, had been that which he had early formed for Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman of the most amiable qualities, and the most exemplary virtue. Her abilities were not shining, nor were her personal charms dazzling, nor was she even in the first stage of youth; but her talents were of the most engaging kind; she had a peculiarly sweet disposition, united to sterling good sense, and was possessed of manners singularly fascinating. His passion for this excellent person was a redeeming virtue of the Prince; it could only proceed from a fund of natural sense and good taste which, had it but been managed with ordinary prudence and care, would have endowed a most distinguished character in private life; and could it by any miracle have been well managed in a palace, must have furnished out a ruler before whose lustre the fame of Titus and the Antonines would grow pale. This passion was heightened by the difficulties which its virtuous object interposed to its gratification; and upon no other terms than marriage could that be obtained. But marriage with this admirable lady was forbidden by law! She was a Roman Catholic; sincerely attached to the religion of her forefathers, she refused to purchase a crown by conforming to any other; and the law declared, that whoever married a Catholic should forfeit all right to the crown of these realms as if he were naturally dead. This law, however, was unknown to her, and, blinded by various pretences, she was induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, which is supposed to have been solemnized between her and the Prince beyond the limits of the English dominions; in the silly belief, perhaps, entertained by him, that he escaped the penalty to which his reckless conduct exposed him, and, that the forfeiture of his succession to the crown was only denounced against such a marriage if contracted within the realm. The consent of the Sovereign was another requisite of the law to render the marriage valid: that consent had not been obtained; and the invalidity of the contract was supposed to save the forfeiture. But they who so construed the plain provision in the Bill of Rights, and assumed, first, that no forfeiture could be incurred by doing an act which was void in itself, whereas the law of England, as well as of Scotland, and every other country,* abounds in cases

of acts prohibited and made void, yet punished by a forfeiture of the rights of him who contravenes the prohibition, as much as if they were valid and effectual. The same courtly reasoners and fraudulent match-makers of Carlton House next assumed that statutes so solemn as the Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement could be varied, and, indeed, repealed in an essential particular, most clearly within their mischief, by a subsequent law which makes not the least reference whatever to their provisions; while no man could doubt that to prevent even the attempt at contravening those prohibitions was the object of the acts, in order to prevent all risks; it being equally manifest that if merely preventing a Catholic from being the Sovereign's consort had been the only purpose of the enactment, this could have been most effectually accomplished by simply declaring the marriage void, and the forfeiture of the crown became wholly superfluous. It is, therefore, very far from being clear, that this marriage was no forfeiture of the crown. But, it may be said, the Prince ran this risk only for himself, and no one has a right to complain. Not so. The forfeiture of the crown was his own risk assuredly; but he trepanned Mrs. Fitzherbert into a sacrifice of her honour to gratify his passion, when he well knew that the ceremony which she was made to believe a marriage, could only be regarded as a mere empty form, of no legal validity or effect whatever; unless, indeed, that of exposing her and all who assisted, to the high pains and penalties of a *premunire*. While he pretended that he was making her his wife, and made her believe she was such, he was only making her the victim of his passions, and the accomplice of his crimes. A few years after, when those passions had cooled, or were directed into some new channel, the rumour having got abroad, a question was asked in Parliament respecting the alleged marriage. His chosen political associates were appealed to, and, being instructed by him, denied the charge in the most unqualified terms. Before such men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey could thus far commit their honour, they took care to be well assured of the fact by direct personal communication with the Prince himself. He most solemnly denied the whole upon his sacred honour; and his denial was, through these most respectable channels, conveyed to the House of Commons. We are giving here a matter of history well known at the time;—a thousand times repeated since, and never qualified by the parties, or contradicted on their behalf. It must be confessed, that this passage of the Prince's story made his treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert complete in all its parts. After seducing her with a false and fictitious marriage, he refused her the fencing clauses, makes a conveyance contrary to the prohibitions, the deed is wholly void, and yet he forfeits the estate, to use the words of the Bill of Rights, 'as if he were naturally dead.'

* To lawyers this matter is quite familiar. In England, if a tenant for life makes a feoffment in fee, this forfeits his life estate, although the attempt to enlarge his estate is altogether ineffectual, and the feoffee takes nothing by the grant. In Scotland, if an heir of entail fettered by

the poor gratification of saving her reputation, by letting the world believe he had really made her his wife. Instances are not wanting of men committing in public a breach of veracity, and sacrificing truth to save the reputation of their paramours; nor is any moralist so stern as to visit with severe censure conduct like this. But who was there ever yet so base as deliberately to pledge his honour to a falsehood, for the purpose of his own protection, and in order to cover with shame her whom his other false pretences had deceived into being his paramour? Bad as this is, worse remains to be told. This treachery was all for the lucre of gain; the question was raised, upon an application to Parliament for money; and the falsehood was told to smooth the difficulties that stood in the way of a vote in Committee of Supply!

The influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert gave place to another connexion, for purposes of sensual gratification, but she retained that sway over his mind which we have described as the brightest feature in the Prince's character. Hence he spared no pains to make her believe that the public denial of their wedlock was only rendered necessary by his father's prejudices and tyrannical conduct. She well knew, that to find an example of fear greater than that dread with which he quailed at the sound of his father's voice, or indeed the bare mention of his name, it was necessary to go among the many-coloured inhabitants of the Caribbe Islands; and hence she could the more easily credit the explanation given of the disclaimer so cruel to her feelings. In private, therefore, and with her, he still passed himself for her husband, and she learned, like other and more real wives, to shut her eyes upon his infidelities, while her empire over his mind remained unshaken. The pressure of new difficulties rendered a regular marriage necessary for his extrication; but as this must at once and forever dispel all that remained of the matrimonial delusion, he long resisted the temptation, through fear of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and dread of their intercourse coming to a violent end. At length the increasing pressure of his embarrassments overweighed all other considerations, and he consented to a marriage, and to give up Mrs. Fitzherbert for ever. The other person with whom he lived upon the most intimate terms, is supposed to have interposed fresh obstacles to this scheme; but these were overcome by an understanding that the new wife should enjoy only the name;—that systematic neglect and insult of every kind heaped upon her should attest how little concern the heart had with this honourable arrangement, and how entirely the husband continued devoted to the wedded wife of another. Every thing was now settled to the satisfaction of all parties. The old spouse was discarded—the old mistress was cherished, fondled, and appeased—the faithful Commons were overjoyed at the prospect of a long

line of heirs to the crown—the loyal people were enraptured at the thoughts of new princes and princesses—the King, while he felt his throne strengthened by the provision made for the succession, was gratified with whatever lowered the person he most hated and despised—and the Prince himself was relieved of much debt, and endowed with augmented resources. One party alone was left out of the general consideration—the intended consort of this illustrious character, whose peculiar pride it was to be called by his flatterers the 'First Gentleman in Europe.'

Caroline Princess of Brunswick was the individual whom it was found convenient to make the sacrifice on this occasion, to an arrangement that diffused so universal a joy through this free, moral, and reflecting country. She was niece of George III., and consequently one of the Prince's nearest relations. Nor has it ever been denied, that in her youth she was a Princess of singular accomplishments, as well of mind as of person. All who had seen her in those days represented her as lovely; nor did she, on touching our shores, disappoint the expectations which those eyewitnesses had raised. All who had known her in that season of youth, and before care had become the companion of her life, and the cruelty of others had preyed upon her feelings and sapped her understanding, described her mental endowments as brilliant; and a judge, alike experienced and severely fastidious, long after she had come amongst us, continued to paint her as formed to be 'the life, grace, and ornament of polished society.*' Her talents were indeed far above the ordinary level of women, and had her education not been rather below the ordinary stock of Princesses, they would have decked her in accomplishments remarkable for any station. Endowed with the greatest quickness of apprehension, with a singularly ready wit, and with such perseverance as is rarely seen in the inmates of a Court, she shone in conversation, and could have excelled in higher studies than statuary, the only one to which she devoted her attention. If it be said that her buoyant spirits were little compatible with the etiquette of a German court, and made her attend less to forms than the decorum of our English palaces, under the cold and stiff reign of George and Charlotte, might seem to require—so must it be confessed, on the other hand, that no person of the exalted station to which this great lady was born, and the still higher elevation of rank which she afterwards reached, ever showed such entire freedom from all haughtiness and pride, or more habitually estimated all who approached her by their intrinsic merits. The first duchess in the land, or the humblest of its peasants, were alike welcome to her, if their endowments and their dispositions claimed her regard; and if by the

* Mr. Canning in the House of Commons.

accident of birth she was more frequently thrown into the fellowship of the one, she could relish the talk, seek out the merits, admire the virtues, and interest herself in the fortunes of the other, without ever feeling the difference of their rank, even so far as to betray in her manner that she was honouring them by her condescension. Thus, all might well be charmed with her good-nature, lively humour, and kindly demeanour, while no one ever thought of praising her affability.

But Caroline of Brunswick had far higher qualities than these; she put forward, in the course of her hapless and checkered existence, claims of a much loftier caste. She had a delight in works of beneficence that made charity the very bond of her existence; nor were the sufferings of her life unconnected with this amiable propensity of her nature. Her passionate fondness for children, balked by that separation from her only offspring to which she was early doomed, led her into the unwise course of adopting the infants of others, which she cherished as if they had been her own. Her courage was of the highest order of female bravery, scorning all perils in the pursuit of worthy objects, leading her certainly into adventures that were chiefly recommended by their risks, but, like the active courage of a woman, suffering occasionally intervals of suspension according to the state of the animal spirits, possibly influenced by the physical constitution of their frame, although the passive virtue of fortitude never knew abatement or eclipse. There were occasions, indeed, when her two distinguishing characteristics were both called forth in unison, and her brave nature ministered to her charity. While travelling in the East, the plague broke out among her suite. Unappalled by a peril which has laid prostrate the stoutest hearts, she entered the Hospital, and set to others the example of attending upon the sick, regardless of even the extreme risk which she ran by hanging over their beds and touching their persons. Let it be added to this, that her nature was absolutely without malice or revenge; that she hardly knew the merit of forgiveness of injuries, because it cost her nothing; and that a harsh expression, a slanderous aspersion, any indication of hatred or of spite never broke from her, even when the resources of ingenuity were exhausted in order to goad her feelings, and self-defence almost made anger and resentment a duty.

It will be said that we have presented the fair side of this remarkable picture,—remarkable if the original were found in a cottage, but in a palace little short of miraculous. If, however, there be so fair a side to the portraiture, shall it not turn away the wrath that other features may possibly raise on reversing the medal? But that is not the defence, nor even the palliation which belongs to this unparalleled case. Was ever human being so treated—above all, was ever woman, so treated as this woman had been—visited with severe

censure if she at some time fell into the snares at all times laid for her undoing? Were ever faults, made next to unavoidable by systematic persecution in all matters down to the most trifling from the most grave, regarded as inexpiable, or only to be expiated by utter destruction? It is one of the grossest and most unnatural of the outrages against all justice, to say nothing of charity, which despots and other slave-owners commit, that they visit on their hapless victims the failings which their oppressions burn as it were into the character—that they affect disgust and reprobation at what is their own handiwork—and assume from the vices they have themselves engendered a new right to torment whom they have degraded. These men can never learn the lessons of inspired wisdom, and lay their account with reaping as they have sowed. ‘Were a tyrant,’ it was said, on a late great occasion, ‘to assume some strange caprice, by grafting the thorn upon the vine-tree, or placing the young dove among vultures, to be reared, surely it would surpass even the caprice of a tyrant and his proverbial contempt of all reason beyond his own will, were he to complain that he could no longer gather grapes from the plant, and that the perverted nature of the dove thirsted for blood.’ Did any parent, unnatural enough to turn his child among gipsies, ever prove so senseless or unreasonable as to complain of the dishonest habits his offspring had acquired? By what title, then, shall a husband, who, after swearing upon the altar to love, protect, and cherish his wife, casts her away from him, and throws her into whatever society may beset her in a strange country, pretend to complain of incorrect demeanour when it is no fault of his that there remains in the bosom of his victim one vestige of honesty, of purity, or of honour? It is not denied, it cannot be denied, that levities little suited to her station marked the conduct of the Princess; that unworthy associates sometimes found admittance to her presence; that in the hands of intriguing women she became a tool of their silly, senseless plots; that, surrounded by crafty politicians, she suffered her wrongs to be used as the means of gratifying a place-hunting ambition, which rather crawled than climbed; and that a character naturally only distinguished by mere heedless openness, and a frankness greater than common prudence seems to justify in those who dwell in palaces, became shaded if not tarnished, by a disposition to join in unjustifiable contrivances for self-defence. But the heavy charges of guilt brought against her, in two several investigations, were triumphantly repelled, and by the universal assent of mankind scattered in the wind, amidst their unanimous indignation; and from the blame of lesser faults and indiscretions into which she is confessed to have been betrayed, the least regard to the treatment she met with must, in the contemplation of all candid minds, altogether set her free.

No sooner was the marriage solemnized, which plunged the country into unmixed joy, and raised a mingled expectation and sneer among the population of the court, than the illustrious husband proceeded to the most exemplary, and indeed scrupulous fulfilment of his vows—but not those made at the altar. There were others of a prior date, to which, with the most rigorous sense of justice, he therefore gave the preference;—performing them with an exactness even beyond the strict letter of the engagement. It is true they were not quite consistent with the later obligations ‘to love, cherish, and protect;’ but they were vows notwithstanding, and had been attested with many oaths, and fierce imprecations, and accompanied with a touching and a copious effusion of tears. Their purport was an engagement to reject, to hate, and to insult the wedded wife; to yield her rival, not unwedded, but the helpmate of another, the preference on all occasions; to crown the existence of the one with all favour, and affection, and respect, while that of the other should be made wretched and unbearable by every slight which could be given, every outrage offered to the feelings most tyrannical over the female bosom. Swift followed, then, upon the making of the second and public vow, the punctual fulfilment of the first and private obligation. Never did the new-married pair meet but in the presence of others; the Princess was treated on every occasion, but most on public occasions, with ostentatious neglect, nay, with studied contumely; each resource of ingenious spite was exhausted in devising varied means of exhibiting her position in melancholy contrast with the empire of her rival: when she submitted, trampled upon as dastardly and mean; when she was reluctantly goaded into self-defence, run down and quelled and punished as contumacious; and as soon as maltreatment was suspected to have begotten the desire of retaliation, she was surrounded with spies, that not a gesture or a look, a word or a sigh might pass unregistered, unexaggerated, unperverted. Yet no one incident could be found upon which to hang the slightest charge of impropriety. Witness the necessity to which the Whig friends of Carlton-House were reduced (for want of other blame), of complaining that the sympathy of the people had been awaked in behalf of the persecuted and defenceless stranger; and that she did not shun occasions of seeing her only friend, the people, so carefully as the Whig notion of female propriety deemed fitting, or the Carlton-House standard of conjugal delicacy required.

At the end of a tedious and sorrowful year, the birth of the Princess Charlotte once more intoxicated the nation with loyal joy, and made it forget as well as the silent sorrows of the one parent, as the perfidious cruelty of the other. Scarce had the mother recovered, when a fresh and unheard-of outrage greeted her returning

health. The ‘First Gentleman of his age’ was pleased, under his own hand, to intimate, that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart; and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishments of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connexion even if their only child should die,—he added, with a moving piety, ‘which God forbid!’—in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation, thus delicately effected, made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was, that, instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one half of its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.

The incessant vigilance with which the unhappy Princess’s conduct was now watched, by eyes ready to minister fictions to those who employed them, soon produced a report that their prey had fallen into the appointed snare. It was duly represented to the ‘Most amiable Prince of his times,’ living with his paramours, that the wife whom he had discarded for their society, and to whom he had given what the head of the law, his comrade and adviser,* scrupled not to term ‘a letter of license,’ had followed his example, and used the license; in short, that she had been secretly delivered of a child. No intrigue had been denounced as detected by the spies; nor could any person be fixed on as he who had committed high treason, by defiling the solitary bed to which the ‘Companion of the King’s son’† had been condemned by her tender and faithful consort. The charge, however, was made, and it was minutely investigated,—not by the friends of the accused, but by the political and the personal associates of her husband. The result was her complete and triumphant acquittal of all but the charge that she had, to vary the monotony of her sequestered life, adopted the child of a sailmaker in the neighbourhood of her residence; thus endeavouring to find for her own daughter’s society a substitute upon whom the natural instinct of maternal feeling might find a vent, to relieve an overburdened heart. It was little creditable, certainly, to the Commissioners who conducted this ‘Delicate Investigation,’ as it was termed, that they stooped to mention levities of conduct wholly

* Lord Thurlow.

† *La Compagne Filz le Roy*—says the Statute of Treasons.

immaterial, and avowedly quite inoffensive in her, while they cautiously abstained from pronouncing any censure upon the guilt of the other party, by whose faithlessness and cruelty her existence had been rendered a scene of misery.

In those days, the accidental distributions of party had made the Princess acquainted with the most eminent of the Tory chiefs—Lord Eldon—Mr. Perceval—and Mr. Canning. These distinguished personages composed her familiar society, and they were her faithful counsellors through all her difficulties. Nor would it have been easy to find men on whom she could more safely rely for powerful assistance as advocates, or able advice as friends.

Lord Eldon, to great legal experience, and the most profound professional learning, united that thorough knowledge of men which lawyers who practise in the courts, and especially the courts of common law,* attain in a measure, and with an accuracy hardly conceivable to those out of the profession, who idly fancy that it is only from intercourse with courts and camps that a knowledge of the world can be derived. He had a sagacity almost unrivalled; a penetration of mind at once quick and sure; a shrewdness so great as to pierce through each feature of his peculiarly intelligent countenance; a subtlety so nimble, that it materially impaired the strength of his other qualities, by lending his ingenuity an edge sometimes too fine for use. Yet this defect, the leading one of his intellectual character, was chiefly confined to his professional exertions; and the counsellor, so hesitating in answering an important case—the judge so prone to doubt that he could hardly bring his mind to decide one—was, in all that practically concerned his party or himself, as ready to take a line, and to follow it with determination of purpose, as the least ingenious of ordinary politicians. The timidity, too, of which he has been accused, and sometimes justly, was more frequently the result of the subtlety and refinement which we have mentioned. At all events, no one knew better when to cast it off; and upon great occasions—that is, the occasions which put his interest or his power in jeopardy—a less wavering actor, indeed one more ready at a moment's warning to go all lengths for the attainment of his object, never appeared upon the political stage. His fears in this respect very much resembled his conscientious scruples, of which no man spoke more or felt less; he was about as often the slave of them, as the Indian is of his deformed little gods, of which he makes much, and then breaks them to pieces, or casts them into the fire. When all politics seemed smooth, and the parliamentary sea was unruffled as the peaceful lake, nothing was to

be heard but his Lordship's deep sense of his responsible duties; his willingness to quit the Great Seal; the imminent risk there was of his not again sitting in that place; the uncertainty of all the tenures by which official life is held; and even the arrival of that season when it became him to prepare for a yet more awful change; and the hearer, who knew the speaker, felt here an intimate persuasion, that the most religious of mortals could not have named the great debt of nature with more touching sincerity, or employed an expression more calculated to convey that feeling of dread. Such were the songs of the swan when the waters were a mirror, and there was no fear of dissolution. But in foul weather—the instant that peril approached—be the black cloud on the very verge of the horizon, and but the size of a man's hand—all these notes were hushed, and a front was assumed as if the Great Seal had been given to him for life, with the power to name his successor by any writing under his hand, or by parole before a single witness. In like manner, when the interests of suitors required despatch, when causes had been heard by the hour and by the day, and all the efforts of the judge to coax the advocate into greater prolixity had been exhausted, the dreaded moment of decision came, but brought only hesitation, doubt, delay. So, too, when common matters occurred in Parliament, and no kind of importance could be attached to the adoption of one course rather than another, bless us! what inexhaustible suggestions of difficulty, what endless effusion of conflicting views, what a rich mine of mock diamonds all glittering and worthless in the shape of reasons on all sides of a question never worth the trouble of asking, and which none but this great magician would stop to resolve! So again in the Council—when there was no danger of any kind, and it signified not a straw what was done, the day, had it been lengthened out by the sun being made to stand still, while our Joshua slew all the men in Buckram that he conjured up, would yet have been all too short to state and to solve his difficulties about nothing! But let there come any real embarrassment, any substantial peril which required a bold and vigorous act to ward it off—let there but be occasion for nerves to work through a crisis which it asked no common boldness to face at all—let there arise some new and strange combination of circumstances, which, governed by no precedent, must be met by unprecedented measures,—and no man that ever sat at a Council board, more quickly made up his mind, or more gallantly performed his part. Be the act mild or harsh, moderate or violent, sanctioned by the law and constitution, or an open outrage upon both, he was heard indeed to wail and groan much of painful necessity—often vowed to God—spoke largely of conscience—complained bitterly of a hard lot—but the paramount sense of duty overcame all other feelings; and, with wailing and with tears, beating his

* Lord Eldon was well versed in *Nisi Prius* practice during a great part of his life—having gone the Northern Circuit for many years.

breast, and only not tearing his hair, he did in the twinkling of an eye the act which unexpectedly discomfited his adversaries, and secured his own power for ever. He who would adjourn a private road or estate bill for weeks, unable to make up his mind on one of its clauses, or take a month to determine on what terms some amendment should be allowed in a suit, could, without one moment's hesitation, resolve to give the King's consent to the making of laws, when he was in such a state of mental disease, that the Keeper of his Person could not be suffered to quit the royal closet for an instant, while his patient was with the Keeper of his Conscience performing the highest function of sovereignty!

With all these apparent discrepancies between Lord Eldon's outward and inward man, nothing could be more incorrect than to represent him as tainted with hypocrisy, in the ordinary sense of the word. He had imbibed from his youth, and in the orthodox bowers which Isis waters, the dogmas of the Tory creed in all their purity and rigour. By these dogmas he abided through his whole life, with a steadfastness, and even at a sacrifice of power, which sets at defiance all attempts to question their perfect sincerity. Such as he was when he left Oxford, such he continued above sixty years after, to the close of his long and prosperous life;—the enemy of all reform, the champion of the throne and the altar, and confounding every abuse that surrounded the one or grew up within the precincts of the other, with the institutions themselves; alike the determined enemy of all who would either invade the institution or root up the abuse.

To the confidence, as to the society of the Princess, this remarkable person was recommended, not more by the extraordinary fertility of his resources as a counselor in difficult emergencies, than by his singular powers of pleasing in the intercourse of private life. For his manners were rendered peculiarly attractive by the charm of constant good humour; and his conversation, if not so classical and refined as that of his brother, Sir William Scott, and somewhat soiled with the rust of professional society and legal habits, was nevertheless lively and entertaining in a very high degree.

With him was joined another member of the same profession, incomparably less eminent in that way, in most other respects his inferior, but still a person of great ability, the late Mr. Perceval. Though formed in the same legal school, these men were exceedingly different from, and in many respects the opposite of each other. Mr. Perceval was a man of very quick parts, much energy of character, dauntless courage, joined to patient industry, practised fluency as a speaker, great skill and readiness as a debater; but of no information beyond what a classical education gives the common run of English youths. Of views upon all

subjects the most narrow, upon religious and even political questions the most bigoted and intolerant, his range of mental vision was confined in proportion to his ignorance on all general subjects. Within that sphere he saw with extreme acuteness,—as the mole is supposed to be more sharp-sighted than the eagle for half a quarter of an inch before it; but as beyond the limits of his little horizon he saw no better than the mole, so like her, he firmly believed, and always acted on the belief, that beyond what he could descry nothing whatever existed; and he mistrusted, dreaded, and even hated all who had an ampler visual range than himself. But here, unhappily, all likeness ceases between the puny animal and the powerful statesman. Beside the manifest sincerity of his convictions, attested by his violence and rancour, he possessed many qualities, both of the head and the heart, which strongly recommended him to the confidence of the English people. He never scared them by refinements, nor alarmed their fears by any sympathy with improvements out of the old and beaten track; and he shared largely in all their favourite national prejudices. A devoted adherent of the Crown, and a pious son of the Church, he was dear to all who celebrate their revels by libations to Church and King—most of whom regard the clergy as of far more importance than the gospel—all of whom are well enough disposed to set the monarch above the law. Add to this, the accidental qualification of high birth, in a family excessively attached to the Court and the Establishment, and still more the real virtues which adorned his character—a domestic life without stain—an exemplary discharge of the duties that devolve on the father of a numerous family—a punctual performance of all his obligations—a temper which, though quick and even irritable, was generally good—a disposition charitable and kind where the rancour of party or sect left his nature free scope. From all sordid feelings he was entirely exempt—regardless of pecuniary interest—careless of mere fortune—aiming at power alone—and only suffering his ambition to be restrained by its intermixture with his fiery zeal for the success of his cherished principles, religious and civil. The whole character thus formed, whether intellectual or moral, was eminently fitted to command the respect and win the favour of a nation whose prejudices are numerous and deep-rooted, and whose regard for the decencies of private life readily accepts a strict observance of them as a substitute for almost any political defect, and a compensation for many political crimes.

The two eminent men, whose habits we have been contemplating, differed from one another far less than both differed from the third. Mr. Canning was, in all respects, one of the most remarkable persons who have lived in our times. Born with talents of the highest order, these had been cultivated with an assiduity and

success which placed him in the first rank among the most accomplished scholars of his day; and he was only inferior to others in the walks of science, from the accident of the studies which Oxford cherished in his time being pointed almost exclusively to classical pursuits. But he was any thing rather than a mere scholar. In him were combined, with a rich profusion, the most lively original fancy—a happily retentive and ready memory—singular powers of lucid statement—and occasionally wit in all its varieties, now biting and sarcastic, to overwhelm an antagonist, now pungent or giving point to an argument, now playful for mere amusement, and bringing relief to a tedious statement, or lending a charm to dry chains of close reasoning. ‘*Erant ea in Philippo quæ, qui sine comparatione illorum spectaret, satis magna dixerit; summa libertas in oratione, multæ facetiæ; satis creber in reprehendendis, solutus in explicandis sententiis; erat etiam in primis, ut temporibus illis, Græcis doctrinis institutus, in altercando cum aliquo acculeo et maledicto facetius.*’—(Cic. *Brutus*.) Superficial observers, dazzled by this brilliancy, and by its sometimes being over-indulged, committed their accustomed mistake; and supposed that he who could thus adorn his subject was an amusing speaker only, while he was helping on the argument at every step,—often making skilful statements perform the office of reasoning, and oftener still seeming to be witty when he was merely exposing the weakness of hostile positions, and thus taking them by the artillery of his wit. But in truth his powers of ordinary reasoning were of a very high order, and could not be excelled by the most practised master of dialectics. It was rather in the deep and full measure of impassioned declamation, in its legitimate combination with rapid argument—the highest reach of oratory—that he failed; and this he rarely attempted. Of his powers of argumentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his celebrated speeches upon the ‘*Currency*,’ of all his efforts the most brilliant and the most happy.

This great man was the slave of no mean or paltry passions, but a lofty ambition inspired him; and had he not too early become trained to official habits he would have avoided the distinguishing error of his life—an impression which clung to him from the desk—that no one can usefully serve his country, or effectually further his principles, unless he possesses the power which place alone bestows. The traces of this belief are to be seen in many of the most remarkable passages of his life; and it even appears in the song with which he celebrated the praise of his illustrious leader and friend; for he treats as a fall his sacrificing power to principle at a time when by retiring from office Mr. Pitt had earned the applause of millions. Mr. Canning himself gave

an example yet more signal of abandoning office rather than tarnish his fame; and no act of his life can be cited which sheds a greater lustre on his memory.

In private society he was singularly amiable and attractive, though, except for a very few years of his early youth, he rarely frequented the circles of society, confining his intercourse to an extremely small number of warmly attached friends.* In all the relations of domestic life he was blameless, and was the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own.† His temper, though naturally irritable and uneasy, had nothing paltry or spiteful in it; and as no one better knew how and when to resent an injury, so none could more readily or more gracefully forgive.

It is supposed that from his early acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan and one or two other Whigs, he originally had a leaning towards that side of the question. But he entered into public life, at a very early age, under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, to whom he continued steadily attached till his death; accompanying him when he retired from power, and again quitting office upon his decease. His principles were throughout those of a liberal Tory, above the prejudices of the bigots who have rendered Toryism ridiculous, and free from the corruption that has made it hateful. Imbued with a warm attachment to the ancient institutions of the country, somewhat apt to overrate the merits of mere antiquity, from his classical habits and from early association, he nevertheless partook largely in the improved spirit of the age, and adopted all reforms, except such as he conscientiously believed were only dictated by a restless love of change, and could do no good, or such as went too far and threatened revolution. But this was the posture into which his opinions and principles may be said ultimately to have subsided—these the bearings of his mind towards the great objects of political controversy in the station which it finally took when the tempest of French convulsion had ceased, and statesmen were moored in still water. He began his career in the most troublous period of the storm; and it happened to him, as to all

* It is necessary to state this undoubted fact that the folly of those may be rebuked, who have chosen to represent him as ‘a great dinner-out.’ We will answer for it that none of those historians of the day ever once saw him at table.

† It is well known how much more attachment was conceived for his memory by his family and his devoted personal friends, than by his most stanch political adherents. The friendships of statesmen are proverbially of rotten texture; but it is doubtful if ever this rottenness was displayed in a more disgusting manner than when the puny men of whose nostrils he had been the breath joined his worst enemies as soon as they had laid him in the grave. It was justly said by one hardly even related to him but in open hostility, that ‘the gallantry of his kindred had rescued his memory from the offices of his friends,’—in allusion to Lord Clanricarde’s most powerful and touching appeal on that disgraceful occasion.

men, that the tone of his sentiments upon state affairs was very much influenced through after times by the events which first awakened his ambition, or directed his earliest pursuit of glory. The atrocities of the French Jacobins, the thoughtless violence of the extreme democratic party in this country, reduced by those atrocities to a small body, the spirit of aggression which the conduct of her neighbours had first roused in France, and which unexampled victories soon raised to a pitch that endangered all national independence—led Mr. Canning, with many others who naturally were friendly to liberty, into a course of hostility towards all change, because they became accustomed to confound reform with revolution, and to dread nothing so much as the mischief which popular violence had produced in France, and with which the march of French conquests threatened to desolate Europe. Thus it came to pass that the most vigorous and the most active portion of his life was passed in opposing all reforms, in patronising the measures of coercion into which Mr. Pitt had, so unhappily for his fame and for his country, been seduced by the charms of weak, and by the selfish schemes of unprincipled men; and in resisting the attempts which the friends of peace persevered in making for terminating the hostilities so long the curse, and still by their fruits the bane of this empire. It was not till the end of the war that his natural good sense had its free scope, and he became aware of the difference between reforms, of which he admitted the necessity, and revolution, against all risk of which he anxiously guarded. He had early joined Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question, and, while yet the war raged, he had rendered invaluable service to the cause of Emancipation, by devoting to it some of his most brilliant displays in the House of Commons. This, with the accident of a contested election in a great town bringing him more in contact with popular feelings and opinions, contributed to the liberal course of policy on almost all subjects, which he afterwards pursued. Upon one only question he continued firm and unbending; he was the most uncompromising adversary of all Parliamentary reform,—resisting even the least change in the representative system, and holding that alteration once begun was fatal to its integrity.* This opposition to reform became the main characteristic of the Canning party, and it regulated their conduct on almost all questions. Before 1831, no exception can be perceived in their hostility to reform, unless their differing

with the Duke of Wellington on East Retford can be regarded as such; but, in truth, their avowed reason for supporting that most insignificant measure was, that the danger of a real and effectual reform might thereby be warded off. The friends of Mr. Canning, including Lords Palmerston and Glenelg, who in 1818 had been joined by Lord Melbourne, continued steady to the same principles, until happily, on the formation of Lord Grey's government they entirely changed their course, and became the advocates, with their reforming colleagues, of a change, compared to which the greatest reforms ever contemplated by Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, or denounced by Mr. Burke and Mr. Canning, hardly deserved to be classed among measures of innovation. No one can pronounce with perfect confidence on the conduct which any statesman would have pursued, had he survived the times in which he flourished. But if such an opinion may ever with safety be formed, it seems to be in the present case; and it would require far more boldness to surmise that Mr. Canning, or even Mr. Huskisson, would have continued in the government after the 1st of March, 1831, than to affirm that nothing could ever have induced such an alteration in their most fixed opinions upon so momentous a question.

But while such was the strength of his opinions,—prejudices as to us they seem, on one great subject,—on almost all other matters, whether of foreign or domestic policy, his views were liberal, and suited to the spirit of the age, while he was a firm supporter of the established constitution of the country. If ever man was made for the service and the salvation of a party, Mr. Canning seemed to have been raised up for that of the Tories; if ever party committed a fatal error, it was their suffering groundless distrust, and unintelligible dislikes to estrange him from their side. At a time when nothing but his powerful arm could recall unity to their camp and save them from impending destruction, they not merely wilfully kindled the wrath of Achilles, but resolved that he should no longer fight on their side, and determined to throw away their last chance of winning the battle. To him they by general assent preferred Lord Castlereagh as their leader, without a single shining quality except the carriage and the manners of high birth; while Mr. Canning, but for his accidental death, would have ended his life as governor of a country where men neither debate, nor write; where eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs, and the sparkling of wit and the cadence of rhyme are alike unknown.

Such were the distinguished persons to whom the Princess looked for aid, counsel, and comfort, in the season of her first troubles. She was happy, indeed, in the society of others of her own sex. All who have lived in the last half century have learnt to admire and to esteem the great abilities, the lively wit, and the

* During the short period of his brilliant administration, the question of disfranchising a burgh, convicted of gross corruption, gave rise to the only difference between him and Mr. Brougham, who was understood to have greatly contributed towards that junction of the Whigs and liberal Tories which dissolved and scattered the old and high Tory party; and a division took place in which Mr. Canning was defeated.

yet more amiable qualities of the heart which are hereditary in the family of Lord North; but happily one of its most distinguished members survives in the respected person of a Noble Lady, whose fastidiousness would shrink from any efforts to portray their merits, by a pencil so much less delicate than her own.

Although from the superior attractions of his society, Mr. Canning was a more familiar inmate of the household than his two coadjutors, they were the more active partisans of the Princess's cause; and when the investigation of 1807 closed by the Report and the Censure already mentioned, they prepared for publication an appeal against the injustice and harshness of the whole proceeding. An extreme mystery hangs over this portion of the story; but we believe the fact to be that the work contained statements, which in those days of restricted printing and frequent prosecution, it was judged dangerous for any one to print, and impossible to find a bookseller who would undertake to publish. Certain it is, that the whole was secretly printed at a private press, under the direction of the ex-Chancellor and ex-Attorney-General, the law-officers who had brought more libellers to trial, and prepared more penal laws against the press than any others of the successors of Jeffries and of Noy. It was about this time the favourite object of George III. to get rid of the Whig Ministry. Ever since Mr. Fox's death in September, 1806, he had been convinced that the Tory party could carry on the government, and had been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of quarrelling with the Whigs. But more crafty by far than his well-meaning son, our late King, afterwards proved in similar circumstances, he suffered them to go on, and even to dissolve the Parliament and elect a new one; aware how impossible it was to change the Ministry without any ground on which he could appeal to the country for support.* While thus watching his time, the affair of the Princess, whom he had always loved with a genuine warmth of affection, and supported with his wonted strength of purpose, but greatly confirmed by his hatred of her persecutor and slanderer, came to his aid. He resolved to make this the ground of quarrel with the Whigs, who were the Prince's associates, had taken his part, had conducted the investigation, and presented the offensive Report. The strong feelings of the English people, he knew, would be easily roused against the violator of all conjugal duties; and the appeal to English generosity and justice against the partisans of one who violated both in his treatment of a friendless stranger, he felt assured would not be made in vain. There is no doubt what-

* The inextricable difficulties which the late King brought on himself by his foolish and worse than foolish conduct in the year 1834 are fresh in all men's remembrance.

ever that *The Book*, written by Mr. Perceval, and previously printed at his house under Lord Eldon's superintendence and his own, was prepared in concert with the King, and was intended to sound the alarm against Carlton House and the Whigs, when a still more favourable opportunity of making a breach with the latter unexpectedly offered itself in the Catholic question. The King, with his accustomed quickness and sagacity, at once perceived that this afforded a still more advantageous ground of fighting the battle he had so long wished to join with his enemies. To Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval nothing could be more suitable or agreeable; the cry against the Prince was laid aside for the cry of *No Popery*; and instead of proclaiming conjugal rights to be menaced by the Whigs, the Church was announced to be in danger from their machinations. The success of this movement is well known, and it laid the cause of the Princess out of view for some years.

It is difficult, however, to describe the sensation which the Report of the Secret Tribunal had made wherever a knowledge of its contents reached. That a wife, a Princess, and a stranger should be subjected to treatment the most cruel and unmanly, should then be driven from the shelter of her husband's roof, should be surrounded by spies and false-witnesses, and having been charged with a capital offence—nay, with high treason—should be tried behind her back, with the most able counsel to attend on behalf of her persecutor and accuser, without a human being present on her behalf, so much as to cross-examine a witness, or even to take a note of the evidence—was a proceeding which struck all men's minds with astonishment and dismay; and seemed rather to approach the mockery of all justice presented in the accounts of Eastern seraglios, than to resemble any thing that is known among nations living under constitutional Governments. But if the investigation itself was thus an object of reprobation and disgust, its result gave, if possible, less satisfaction still. What could be said of a sentence which showed that even when tried behind her back, and by an invisible tribunal, formed wholly of her adversaries, not the shadow of guilt could be found in her whole conduct; and that even the mercenary fancies and foul perjuries of the spies had failed to present any probable matter of blame; and yet, instead of at once pronouncing her innocent and unjustly accused, begrudged her the poor satisfaction of an acquittal, and fearful of affording her the triumph to which innocence is entitled, and offending the false accuser, both passed over all mention of her unparalleled wrongs, and left a stigma upon her name, by the vague recommendation that the King should advise her concerning certain levities or indiscretions of her behaviour—an allusion so undefined, that any one might fill up the dark outline as his imagination should enable him, or his want of common charity prompt him

to do? Every one knew that had there been the least tangible impropriety, though falling far short of guilt, it would have been stated in the Report; but the purposes of the accuser, to which the secret judges lent themselves, were best served by a vague and mysterious generality, that meant every thing, and any thing, as well as nothing, and enabled him to propagate by his hireling favourites, all over society, any new slanders which he might choose to invent.

If, however, the effect thus produced was most injurious to the character of the enquirers, and irrecoverably ruined that of the Prince in all honourable minds, the proceedings of the Princess's defenders, as soon as they came to be known, excited on the other hand no little surprise. That two such men as Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval—the one at the head of the law—the other Attorney-General, and who now became in effect, though not yet in name, Prime Minister—that those who had ever held the most rigorous execution of the old laws against the press to be absolutely necessary for the safety of the Monarchy, and had been among the chief framers of new measures more rigorous still, should now become the actors in a conspiracy to evade some of those laws, and break others, filled men's minds with unspeakable wonder. A secret printing press had been employed at a private house, for the express purpose of evading the provisions of that act which Lord Eldon had passed, and Mr. Perceval had supported, to prohibit, under severe penalties, any one from printing any thing whatsoever without appending to it his name and place of abode. They had written, and in this clandestine fashion had printed, thousands of a work, which, though nowadays far less libellous than almost every day's papers that are read one hour and pass the next with impunity into oblivion, was yet in those times equal to the most daring libels; and all this they had done for the purpose of blackening the character of the Heir-Apparent to the throne. This passage sunk deep into the public mind, and was esteemed an illustration on the one hand of the lengths to which party will carry very upright and prudent men, as well as of the hardships under which the law of libel places authors and publishers, and of their effects in fettering the discussion of every question which justice requires to be freely handled. For it was observed that while the defence of the innocent party could not be undertaken without the greatest risk, the wrong doer and all the parasite accusers were altogether safe in their attacks upon her character, through every channel of private communication, and even in these mysterious allusions through the press, too flimsy to be reached by the law, though quite significant enough to be injurious to their object, and the more hurtful for the very reason that they were so vague and so obscure.

The confirmed insanity of the King, three years

afterwards, called to the Regency the chief actor in these unhappy scenes. No prince ever ascended the throne with so universal a feeling of distrust, and even aversion. Nor was this lessened when the first act of his reign proved him as faithless to his political friends as he had been to his wife; and as regardless of his professed public principles as he had been of his marriage vows. It added little respect to the disesteem in which he was so universally held, that he was seen to discard all the liberal party with whom he had so long acted, and with whom, after an interval of separation, he had become again intimately united, and among them the very men who had stood by him in his domestic broils; whilst he took into full favour his determined enemies, and, worst of all, the very men who had secretly printed libels against him too outrageous to find a publisher!

The accession of the Princess's friends to the Regent's favour was the period of their intercourse with their former client. Not the slightest communication could now be held with her whose just quarrel they had so warmly espoused while the Prince was their antagonist; and Mr. Canning alone of them all, to his transcendent honour, refused to pay the tribute exacted by the Court of deserting a former friend, because an enemy had been found placable; and because he, setting too high a value upon his forgiveness, required his new favourites to be as perfidious as himself.

In 1813, the Princess, unable any longer to bear the separation from her daughter, who was now grown up, and of whom she was daily allowed to see less and less, addressed to the Regent that celebrated Letter which the silly and ignorant author of the contemptible, but malignant work before us loads with praises, while wholly unable to understand it, and then publishes at length, with the most absurd and misplaced censures; being perfectly ignorant that the letter which she thus reviles as being all it should not have been, is the self-same letter she had, a few pages before, held up as the universally admitted model of what the occasion required, and as the very perfection of all it should be. The reception of this Letter by the Prince was singular, and it was every way characteristic of his little mind. He directed Lord Liverpool to notify, that he could not receive nor read it, and that all communications of the wife to the husband must be addressed to the Minister, as if that Lord were the servant of the Consort as well as of the Prince. Thus it was supposed that a cunning way had been devised of avoiding the difficult task of giving the Letter and remonstrance any answer. The people, however, eagerly read this document, and greedily devoured its contents. But one opinion of reprobation was expressed—one feeling of disgust entertained—and one voice of indignation raised against the new and unheard-of cruelty, by which a wife, forcibly ejected from her husband's

house, only because her presence was a reproach and an interruption to his libertine life, was now to be farther deprived of her only child's society, without the shadow of a reason being assigned; and the sympathy thus universally excited with the mother's feelings was powerfully awakened in the daughter's behalf also; when it became certain that neither the high rank of the parties, nor the pains taken to estrange them from each other, had stifled in the breast of Princess Charlotte the strongest feelings of her nature. She all her life, indeed, had been and continued sincerely attached to her mother, and soon after showed how little industrious slander had prevailed over her unalterable confidence in the probity, as well as the tender affection of that parent. She was a person of great abilities, tolerably well cultivated; to the quickness of her mother, she united more deliberate judgment; and she inherited her resolute courage and determination of character. She had a temper violent and irascible, which neither her own efforts nor those of her preceptors had been able to tame; but there was nothing mean, spiteful, or revengeful in her disposition; while her mother's easy nature, her freedom from all pride and affectation, her warmth of affection, her playfulness of manner,—though such severe judges as those of the Whig Secret Tribunal in 1806 might have termed them the over-acts of levity, and visited them with a reprimand only capable of provoking laughter in its object,—were yet calculated to shed a singular lustre over so exalted a station, and made the character of her whom they adorned, peculiarly attractive. These two great ladies were not more united by mutual attachment than by the similarity of their tastes—both fond of reading—cultivators of the fine arts—and in one, that of sculpture, no mean proficient.

But they were doomed to be separated, that the caprice of their common tyrant might be gratified; and the Letter which he had, with unparalleled folly, refused to read, or rather to answer, being suffered to circulate through the whole country unanswered, produced the strongest effect in their favour, and against him. Accordingly, the mistake which had been committed was discovered too late. Any answer of an ordinary kind would have proved altogether unavailing; defence there was none, nor was any justification whatever attempted of the treachery universally cried out against. The resolution was, therefore, taken to try the effect of recrimination, and it was determined to bring out against the Princess as much of Mr. Perceval's book against the Prince as contained the particulars of the evidence which had been given before the Invisible Tribunal in 1806. The fate of this odious manœuvre was sufficiently striking; never was spite and falsehood visited with more speedy or more complete discomfiture. For three days the whole of the newspapers were filled with the most offensive details

of a pregnancy and delivery—the public taste was outraged—the public mind was disgusted—but the public feelings were roused, and they were found, as usual, to be pointed in the right direction—the whole charges were pronounced an absolute fabrication, and the accused stood higher than before, though it was not possible for any thing to sink her accuser lower. It may be observed, that in the interval between the secret printing of Mr. Perceval's work, and this new attack on the Princess of Wales, the affair of the Duke of York had materially obstructed the execution of the law of libel; and had made almost any discussion, however free, of the Royal family's conduct, much more safe than they had formerly been. That affair had also at one time produced a salutary effect upon the demeanour of the family itself. The King had, it is said, called the members of it together, and pointing out to them the dangers of their situation, loaded, as they now were, with popular odium, and become the objects of general suspicion, and all their actions narrowly and jealously watched, had besought them so to alter their conduct as to allay those feelings most perilous to the stability of the monarchy, and, above all, to shun as well intrigues as quarrels amongst themselves. Had George III. lived longer in possession of his faculties and his power, there cannot be any doubt that the almost superstitious awe with which he was approached by all his children would have had the salutary effect of enforcing the observance of this wise and provident injunction.

The public attention, thus painfully excited, could not be long kept on the stretch, and in a few months the affairs of the Royal family were forgotten. The aversion towards the Regent had been increased by these disclosures, although it was impossible to lessen the respect in which the country held him; and the ill-treatment of the Princess of Wales and of his daughter were the themes of universal commiseration as often as their names were mentioned; but men ceased to think of the subject, and the public attention was for some time, very naturally, engrossed by the successes which closed the war and overthrew Napoleon. In the summer of 1814, however, an incident occurred of an extraordinary nature, and by which the whole interest of the last year's controversy was suddenly revived. The Princess Charlotte, wearied out by a series of acts all proceeding from the spirit of petty tyranny, and each more vexatious than another, though none of them very important in itself, was in the state of irritation which such treatment is fitted to excite in one of her age, station, and temper, when a sudden order to change her chief attendants filled up the measure of vexation, and passed her powers of endurance. In a fine evening of July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, she rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unat-

tended; hastily crossed Cockspur Street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find; and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. He arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Mercer Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after the Royal Mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady in waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that by the law, as all the twelve Judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family, while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his Equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particularly imposing state, 'regard being had' to his eminent station; for, indeed he came in a hackney coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself, had for the day brought his simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained enclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many treaties used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Mercer and Lady Lindsay (whom she always honoured with a just regard) to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for and arrived in a royal carriage. The well-known habitual expression of Lord Eldon.

riage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he too was deserting her and leaving her in her father's power when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window, when the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later, on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood—nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

There had, however, been a treaty for some time pending, the object of which was her marriage with the King of Holland's eldest son—a match as unwise on public grounds as it was unpalatable to her own taste. She had set herself decidedly against it, and was apprehensive of being drawn or driven into it by the systematic course of ill-usage recently employed against her. It was even supposed by some, and indeed rather insinuated by herself, that her principal reason for leaving Warwick House had been to disentangle herself at once from the trammels of this negotiation. And it is certain that, before she would consent to return, she directed a declaration to be drawn up, which was signed by all present, in which she used remarkable expressions, to the following effect:—'I am resolved never to marry the Prince of Orange. If it shall be seen that such a match is announced, I wish this my declaration to be borne in mind, that it will be a marriage without my consent and against my will; and I desire Augustus (Duke of Sussex) and Mr. Brougham will particularly take notice of this.'

No farther attempts were made to enforce the hated marriage; but the duke of Sussex's supposed share in breaking it off was never forgiven. The Regent immediately called together the different members of the family; and announced that they must make their election between himself and the Duke—whoever refused to give up the society of the latter being warned that he gave up all intercourse with the Regent. It is most creditable to the Duke of Gloucester that this

honest and excellent man at once rejected the insulting and humiliating proposition. Nor was he visited with the awful penalty in consequence. On the contrary, he soon after married the Regent's favourite sister, the most distinguished of the family, and ever after enjoyed his favour, as he had commanded his respect.

The presence of the Allied Sovereigns after the termination of the war overjoyed the people of London, amused the Court, occupied the press, and furnished a new and grateful occasion to the Regent of annoying his Consort. Every engine of intrigue was set in motion to obtain from these royal strangers an acquiescence in that neglect of the Princess of Wales, which all good courtiers of our own country knew to be the surest road to her illustrious husband's favour. It seemed as if the whole object of the Regent's policy was to prevent every mark even of the most commonplace civility, from being bestowed upon her whom he had vowed to protect and to cherish, and whose position as his wife might have made so vain and selfish a being suppose was the cause of whatever attentions she should receive from his guests. He was successful in this negotiation; and none of the Princes, not even those most nearly connected with herself by the ties of blood or of affinity, ventured to incur the displeasure of Carlton House by any indication that they were aware of her existence.

A court was now held by the Queen Mother; and the Princess of Wales having been the object of her royal consort's unceasing affection and steady protection, to the last hour that his faculties remained entire, it might have been supposed that one who affected never to have known any law through life but his will, could hardly have turned against the cherished object of his care, and meanly sided with her persecutors. Queen Charlotte was a woman of the most ordinary size of understanding, of exceedingly sordid propensities, of manners and disposition that rendered her peculiarly unamiable, of a person so plain as at once to defy all possible suspicion of infidelity, and to enhance the virtue by increasing the difficulty of her husband's undeviating constancy to her bed. Her virtue was so much accompanied with superfluous starchiness and prudery, that it set the feelings of respect and sympathy on edge; and though her regularity of life was undeviating, the dulness of her society, the stiffness of her demeanour, the narrowness of her soul, tended to make respectable conduct as little attractive as possible, and rather to scare away from morality than to entice the beholder. Of a nature rigorously parsimonious, the slave besides of inordinate avarice, she redeemed not this hateful meanness by any of those higher qualities of prudence and practical sense which are not unfrequently seen in its company. Her spirit, too, was obstinate, and not untinged with spite; she was unforgiving; she was not un-

designing; she could mingle in the intrigues of a Court, as well as feel its malignities; and her pride knew no bounds,—combining the speculative aristocracy of a petty German court with the more practical haughtiness which is peculiar to the patrician blood of this free country. Of the Prince of Wales she never had been a friend, until he became Regent, when she became his tool and his slave. On the contrary, she had on all occasions partaken of her husband's hatred of him, and had been as ready an accomplice in his maltreatment of her first born child, as she now made herself the submissive and willing instrument of injury to his wife—his cousin and her own niece. The visitation of God which substituted that son for his father on the throne, altered the whole face of affairs in the eyes of this unamiable female; who seems to have been raised up as a remarkable proof how little one may be either respected or beloved, for being above reproach as regards the quality sometimes supposed to comprise all female virtue, and which indeed is familiarly allowed to engross the name. To gratify the Regent's paltry spite she now refused even to receive her daughter-in-law at that court where she might any day have become her successor; and the populace, moved with just indignation at the behaviour of this very disagreeable personage, loaded her with every offensive expression, and even with more substantial symbols of an extravagant disgust, while she was on her way to hold the Court whence she meanly submitted to exclude the Princess.

These things now attracted the notice, and secured the interposition of Parliament; and the Queen and her son had the mortification to find that all the influence of the Crown, and all the intrigues of the Court,—all the base fears of some, and the parasitical expectations of others,—could not screen their conduct from just animadversion; nor prevent the victim of their persecution from obtaining a mark of sympathy on the part of the people's representatives. A large addition to her income was immediately voted; and, worn out with ill-usage, she, in an evil hour, and contrary to the strong advice, and in spite of the anxious remonstrances of her advisers, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Brougham, quitted the country and devoted herself to foreign travel.

After sketching, with a feeble certainly, but as surely with a faithful pencil, the characters of her Tory counsellors, it would be improper to pass over that of the eminent and excellent person whom we have first named, and whose premature loss his country has had such cause to deplore. Of a singularly masculine understanding; of faculties which were rather effective from their strength, than admirable for their refinement; persevering and laborious beyond the nature, and contrary to the self-indulgent habits of aristocratic statesmen; actuated by an ambition not without some con-

siderable preponderance of vanity; of integrity the most uncompromising; inflexibly steady to his purpose, an ardent lover of liberty, a sworn enemy to all oppression; of manners plain, open, manly, sincere; of affections warm and mild as a woman's; generous beyond even the measure of his ample wealth; in every relation of life, whether as a relation, a connexion, or a friend, exemplary almost without a parallel,—Mr. Whitbread presented to the regard and respect of his country one of the most finished specimens of an English statesman and an English gentleman not of the patrician order; and his public life was that of a truly useful as well as a powerful and consistent patriot. Although his education had been most liberal, and extended by foreign travel, these advantages and the familiar society of the most accomplished political leaders, had not succeeded in refining his taste, any more than it had prevailed over his natural purity, or tamed down to an aristocratic standard the unbending sturdiness of his principles. His speeches were fraught with all that strong sense, a powerful apprehension, a persevering industry in grappling with details could give; while his manner, homely, impressive, admirably suited to his cast of speaking, never once offended the most fastidious critic, whom yet those more ambitious efforts which were foreign to the nature of his oratory, upon some great occasions, were calculated to repulse. His uniform adherence to his principles, the resolute independence with which on all occasions he declared them, his determined refusal to make any compromise for court favour, or even for party purposes, gained and procured to him the undiminished confidence of his country; and all good men felt that in losing him they lost one of their safest counsellors, most efficient supporters, and most trustworthy friends. Into his hands, and those of his political ally and personal friend, Mr. Brougham, the Princess of Wales had thrown herself from the time that the acquisition of the Regent's confidence had estranged Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval from her society. After extricating her from many difficulties, and carrying her controversy to a triumphant conclusion in July 1814, their fate was that of many other advisers, to see all their exertions thrown away, by their counsels being rejected on the greatest and most trying emergency of all. Her Royal Highness went abroad, after they had warned her that they could no longer answer for her safety if she continued among foreigners, and under the dominion of foreign princes.

It is unhappily but too well known how prophetic these warnings proved, and Mr. Brougham referred to them in 1820 while commenting on the perjured evidence brought forward to consummate her destruction. 'Therefore it was,' said he, 'and foreseeing all these fatal consequences of a foreign residence, that years ago I told her Majesty and her illustrious Daughter,

in a letter yet extant, how willingly I would answer with my head for the safety of both in this country, but how impossible it was to feel secure for an hour, if either should go abroad, abandoning the protection which the character of the people, still more than the justice of the law in England, throws around all its inhabitants.' Yet it seemed as if, while the daughter lived, the mother was safe; and even after her decease, although machinations were actively set in motion against her, until her steady friend George III. breathed his last, no active steps were pursued to her undoing: But it was a striking fact, that the day which saw the Father's remains consigned to the tomb, ushered in the ringleader of the Italian witnesses to a private interview in the palace of the Son.

The history of the Milan Commission is fresh in the recollection of all. A board of three persons—a Chancery lawyer, who had never seen a witness examined, and whose practice was chiefly confined to cases in bankruptcy, on which he had written an excellent book—a colonel in the army, who knew but little more of the matter—an active and clever attorney—composed this select body, commissioned to hunt for evidence which might convict the future Queen, and be ready to overwhelm her if she asserted her right to share her consort's throne.

Sir John Leach was an active adviser of all these nefarious proceedings; nor could all England, certainly not all its bar, have produced a more unsafe counselor. With great quickness of parts—an extraordinary power of fixing his attention upon an argument—and following steadily its details—a rare faculty of neat and lucid statement, even of the most entangled and complicated facts—considerable knowledge of legal principles, and still greater acquaintance with equity practice—he was singularly ignorant of the world; and had no kind of familiarity with the rules or the practice of evidence in the courts of common or criminal law. Moderately learned even in his own profession, beyond it he was one of the most ignorant men that ever appeared at the bar. Yet, by industry, and some art of gaining favour, by making himself useful to the powerful and the wealthy, little scrupulous how much he risked in any way to serve them, he had struggled with the defects of a mean birth and late adoption into the rank he afterwards so greatly affected; and he had arrived at extensive practice. 'Nullum ille poetam noverat, nullum legerat oratorem nullam memoriam antiquitatis collegerat: non publicum jus, non privatum et civile* cognoverat.—Is omnibus exemplo debet esse quantum in hac urbe polleat multorum obedire tempori, multorumque vel honori, vel periculo servire. His enim rebus, infimo loco natus, et honores, et pecuniam, et gratiam consecutus, etiam in patronorum sine doctrinâ, sine ingenio, aliquem nume-

*Equity, *jus prætorium*, is not very clearly here excluded.

the passions that domineered in the royal breast, and the conceited arrogance that inspired the vulgar adviser.

But if the Ministers saw all these things, and if they moreover were well aware,—as who was not?—that the whole country was excited to a pitch of rage and indignation bordering upon rebellion, and that the struggle, if persisted in against a people firmly resolved to stand between the Court and its prey, must hurry them into wide-spreading insurrection—how, it will be asked, was it possible that those Ministers—whose hatred of the Bill must have been as great as their apprehension of its consequences were grave, and who had not the shadow of an interest in its fate, except that it should instantly be abandoned—could be brought to sanction a proceeding fraught not only with every mischief to the country, but with extremest peril to themselves? The great difficulty of answering this question must be confessed; nor is it lessened by the reflection that at the head of the Government in those days there were men whose prudence was more striking than any other quality;—men cautious, unpretending, commonplace and loving place, like Lord Liverpool; wary, cold, circumspect, though of unflinching courage, like Lord Castlereagh; far-sighted, delighting in seeing all difficulties that existed, and many that did not, like Lord Eldon; above all, so firm-minded a man as the Duke of Wellington;—a man, too, so honourable in all his feelings, and so likely to influence the councils, if he failed to turn aside the desires of the Sovereign. The defenders of the Ministers never affected to doubt the mischievous nature of the whole proceeding; they admitted all their opinions to be strongly and decidedly against it; they saw, and confessed that they saw, all the dangers to which it exposed the country; they did not deny that it was the mere personal wish of the King; and that it was the bounden duty, the undoubted interest of his Ministers, peremptorily to refuse their assistance to such a wicked and hopeless project;—admitting, all the while, that as the Bill never could be carried through and executed, all the agitation with which so monstrous an attempt was convulsing the country, had absolutely not a chance of success, in so far as concerned the King's object. Then, what reason did they assign for the Ministers lending themselves to such an enormity? It seems incredible, but it is true, that the only ground ever hinted at was the King's fixed determination, and the risk his Ministers ran of losing their places if they thwarted him in his favourite pursuit! Yes; as if the loss of office was like the loss of life and they had no power of refusing, because refusal was death, they crouched to that command rather than yield to which, men of integrity and of firmness, would have faced death itself. It is certain, that had the Duke of Wellington been longer in civil life, and

attained his due weight in the councils of the Government, he would have taken this and no other view of the question; but it is equally certain that the Ministers at large betrayed the same submissive obedience to their master's will, showed the same dread of facing his displeasure, which unnerves the slaves of the Eastern tyrant when his voice echoes through the vaults of the seraglio, or casts them prostrate before his feet, as the scymitar's edge glances in their eye, and the bowstring twangs in their ear!

The course taken by the leading supporters of the Queen rendered the conduct of the Government still more despicable. It was early announced by Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons that nothing could be more safe than for the Ministers to refuse carrying through the Bill, because if the Regent after that, should venture to dismiss them on account of their refusal, no man among their adversaries would venture to take office from which the former occupants had been driven for refusing to abandon their duty, and fly in the people's face. The Regent at once perceived the tendency of this announcement; and he met it in the only way that could be devised for counteracting that tendency. He gave his Ministers to understand, that if he turned them out for refusing to go on with the Bill, he should take their adversaries into their places without requiring them to adopt or support it. The contrivance was certainly not without ingenuity; but a little reflection must have satisfied even the most timorous place-holder that he had little to fear from so senseless a resolution, and that as long as the Whigs refused to outbid them for the royal favour in the only stock which had any value at Carlton House, support of the Bill, there was no chance whatever of their being taken into office on any other terms. There surely must be something in official life as sweet as natural is supposed to be; and something peculiarly horrible to statesman in the bare possibility of political death—else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after longevity—or why this dread of dissolution that makes the soul shrink back upon itself? But in one material particular the two kinds of life and death widely differ. The official's death-bed is not cheered by any hopes of immortality. The world to which he now looks forward is another, but not a better world. He knows full sure that, from the pleasing state of being to which he has been so long used and so fondly clings, he must instantly, on the great change taking place, be plunged into the dreary night of a placeless existence; be cast away with other mournful ghosts on the tempest-beaten coast of Opposition; there to wander uncertain of ever again being summoned from that inhospitable shore, or visiting the cheerful glimpses of the courtly day. Hence it is, that while men of ordinary powers are daily seen to meet death in the breach for honour

or patriotism, hardly any can be found, even among the foremost men of any age, whose nerves are firm enough to look in the face the termination of official existence; and none but one bereft of his senses ever makes himself a voluntary sacrifice for his principles or his country. The Ministers of 1820 numbered not among them any one so void of political reason, as to follow Mr. Canning's noble example; and all were resolved to forego the discharge of every duty, and incur, both then and ever after, the loudest reproaches, rather than put to hazard the existence of the Administration.

The people, we have said, in one voice demurred to the Bill, and plainly indicated, that if every tittle of the charges against the Queen were proved, or were admitted to be true, they would not suffer her to be sacrificed to the rage of one who had no right whatever to complain of her conduct were it ever so bad.

But this feeling did not prevent them from also being prepared, in justice towards her character, to take issue upon the fact; and accordingly the trial before the Lords was looked to with the most universal and painful anxiety, though with a confidence which nothing could shake. After a strenuous but unavailing attempt to arrest the progress of the measure, and fling out the Bill on the first reading, her Majesty's Counsel, Mr. Brougham, her Attorney, and Mr. Denman, her Solicitor-General, prepared to resist it upon the merits of the case, to meet the evidence of the Milan Commissioners, and to defend their august client from every accusation.* An adjournment of some weeks was allowed the promoters of the measure to prepare their case; the Parliament, instead of the usual prorogation, remained sitting, though the Commons adjourned from time to time; and the Seventeenth of August was fixed for the opening of this extraordinary cause. All that public expectation and anxiety excited to the highest pitch could lend of interest to any trial, was here combined, with the unexampled attendance daily of almost all the Peers of the Empire, the assistance of all the Judges of the land, the constant presence of the Commons, a vast concourse of spectators. The Queen several times proceeded to the House in state, accompanied by her suite; and occupied a seat near her Counsel, but within the bar. The Nobles best known to the surrounding multitude, were greeted on their way to and from Westminster with expressions of popular feeling, friendly or hostile, according as they were known to take part with or against Her Majesty; but on the whole, extraordinary tranquillity prevailed. This was very much owing to the undoubting confidence of a favourable result, which kept possession of the people from the very first; for when the deposition of the chief

witness against the Queen had proved very detrimental to her case, and her adversaries were exulting before his cross-examination had destroyed his credit, very alarming indications of irritation and rage were perceived, extending from the people to the troops then forming the garrison of the capital. Nor were there wanting those who judged it fortunate for the peace of the empire and the stability of the throne, that so popular a prince and so very determined a man as the Duke of Kent, was not then living to place himself at the head of the Queen's party, espoused as that was by the military no less than by the civil portion of the community.

After great and memorable displays of eloquence and professional skill on all sides, it was found that the case had failed entirely; and the Bill, which for so many months had agitated the whole country, was at length, on the Seventh of November, withdrawn. It is said that the advisers of the Queen were dissatisfied with the conduct of that party to which they, generally speaking, belonged, the Whigs—because these might have much more shortly made an end of the case. There were several periods in the proceeding, which offered the firmest ground for that great and powerful body to act with decisive effect; espousing as it did the right side of the question, but espousing it feebly, and not very consistently. If at any of those points they had made a strenuous resistance, and refused to proceed further, though they might have been defeated by a small majority, the conductors of the Queen's case would have at once withdrawn from a proceeding which presented daily to the indignant world the spectacle most abhorrent to every right feeling, of justice outraged no less in form than in substance. Had they retired from this scene of mockery and vexation, the country was so entirely with them, that the Lords never would have ventured to proceed in their absence.* But fate ordered it otherwise; the whole case on both sides was exhausted to the very dregs; and the accusation failing, the Ministers were fain, on carrying one vote by only a majority of seven, to withdraw their Master's Bill and leave him to himself. There is every reason to believe that they were too happy to have so good a pretence for sounding a retreat from their hazardous position; and they rested satisfied with allowing the King to continue the same petty warfare of annoyance and insult in which the royal veteran

* The difficulties in which the Whig leaders then were placed hardly fell short of those of the Ministers. Than Lord Grey's whole conduct nothing could be more noble; whether the powers which he displayed or the honest independence of his demeanour be regarded. But we must restrain ourselves from the subject, so inviting, of sketching that amiable, honourable, and highly gifted person's character—offering such a brilliant contrast to many of whom we have spoken. Long, very long may it be before so irreparable a loss brings him within the province of history!

* Her other counsel were Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Serjeant Wilde, and Dr. Lushington.

had formerly reaped so many laurels, only refusing him any more Bills of Attainder.

Under such aggressions upon her peace and the comforts of all her associates and supporters, after a struggle of less than a year, the gallant nature sunk, which had, borne up against all neglect, braved the pitiless storms of incessant annoyance, and finally triumphed over the highest perils with which persecution could surround her. The people continued firmly her friend, but the upper classes were, as usual, found unable to face the frowns, or resist the blandishments of the Court. As long as the interest of the contest continued, and popular favour could be gained by taking the right side, these aristocratic partisans could defy, or thought they could defy, the royal displeasure. But when the excitement had subsided, and no precise object seemed furthered by any more popularity, they were disposed, some to regain lost favour elsewhere, almost all to avoid, widening the breach. There would be no use in concealing the truth, were it not already well known; the Queen's circle became daily more and more contracted; her cause was as much as ever allowed to be that of right and justice; her husband's conduct that of a tyrant destitute alike of feeling and of honour; but he was powerful, and she was weak; so the sentiment most generally felt was, that the subject was irksome—that it might as well now be dropt—that there were never such atrocities as the Prince had committed, nor such balls as he well and wisely gave from time to time—and that if the sense of public duty commanded votes and speeches against the Bill, in either House of Parliament, a feeling of what was due to near and dear relatives dictated the private duty of eschewing all that could close against their fashionable families the doors of Carlton House. In this state of the public mind, the resolution of the Queen once more to leave a country where her lot had been so wretched, would, upon its being disclosed, have produced very different effects in the various parts of the community. The people would have felt general concern, probably great, perhaps just displeasure; the Aristocracy, even its Liberal members, would have rejoiced at the removal of an irksome inconvenience. This plan, when on the eve of being carried into execution, was frustrated by Her Majesty's death. Exhausted by continued and unremitted persecution, and suffering severely by the signal failure of an attempt, ill-devised and worse executed, because planned against the peremptory remonstrances of her law advisers, and executed without any of her accustomed firmness of purpose, she was stricken with a malady that baffled all the resources of the medical art, and expired, after declaring to her chief adviser, in an affecting interview, that she was happy to die, for life had never been to her any enjoyment since her early years, and was now become a heavy burthen.

It is remarkable that the extreme fondness for young children which had twice before led her into trouble, should have caused her to do the only reprehensible act of her latter days.* The adoption of the sail-maker's child had led to the 'Delicate Investigation,' as it was called, of 1806; the delight she took in the child of one of her attendants, when in Italy, was the cause of all the favour which the father enjoyed in her household; and now her love of the child of her chaplain induced her to make room for the parents in her establishment, removing Lord and Lady Hood, whose services during her last persecution had been all that the most devoted attachment could render, and whose rank fitted them for the place according to the strictness of Court etiquette. It is matter worthy of observation, that during the three hours of wandering which immediately preceded her decease, the names of any of the persons with whom she had been accused of improper conduct, never escaped her lips; while she constantly spoke of those children,—a remarkable circumstance, if it be considered that the control of reason and discretion was then wholly withdrawn.

The body of the Queen lay in state at her villa near Hammersmith, and was conveyed through the metropolis attended by countless multitudes of the people. The Regent was then in Dublin, receiving those expressions of loyal affection in which our Irish fellow-subjects so lavishly deal, when they are filled with expectations of thereby gaining some favourite object. Indeed Mr. O'Connell himself, in consideration that money enough had not been spent in providing palaces, headed a proposition for building a mansion by subscription. The Ministers, therefore, in their Master's absence, and having no orders from him, could only conjecture his wishes and act accordingly. They therefore called out the troops to prevent the funeral procession from passing through the City, and a struggle ensued with the people, which ended in the loss of several lives. Except that the funeral was turned aside at Hyde Park, this unjustifiable proceeding pro-

* In the acts which caused this celebrated Princess to be sometimes taxed with the habitual ingratitude of her *caste*, something may always be allowed for inconsistency and want of reflection. A striking instance of this occurred on the defeat of the Bill, in 1820. Mr. Brougham waited upon her to announce it, and tender his congratulations. She instantly said that there was a sum of 7000*l.* at Mr. D. Kinnaird's (the banker's), which she desired him to take, and distribute 4000*l.* of it among his learned coadjutors. This he of course refused. Her Majesty would take no refusal, but the day after recurred to the subject, and insisted on his laying her commands before her other Counsel. They all joined in the respectful refusal. A few weeks after, Mr. Kinnaird suggested that the salaries of her law officers were in arrear, they never having been paid. The sum was under 200*l.*, but she peremptorily refused to have it paid off—and both this arrear, and all their other professional emoluments, on the ordinary scale, were first paid after her decease by the Treasury, among the other expenses of the cause!

duced no effect; for after moving along part of the New Road, it came back and entered the Strand near Temple Bar, so as to traverse the whole City. The inscription upon the coffin, dictated by the Queen herself—'Caroline of Brunswick, the Murdered Queen of England'—made some ecclesiastical authorities refuse it admission into the churches, on its way to the port of embarkation, where it arrived, accompanied by the executors,—Mr. Sergeant Wilde and Dr. Lushington, attending the remains of their royal client to the place of her final repose in Brunswick. The indecent haste with which the journey to Harwich was performed, excited indignation in all, surprise in none. Nor was there perhaps ever witnessed a more striking or a more touching scene than the embarkation displayed. Thousands of all ranks thickly covered the beach; the sea, smooth as glass, was alive with boats and vessels of every size, their colours floating half-mast high, as on days consecrated to mourning; the sun shone forth with a brightness which made a contrast to the gloom that shrouded every face; the sound of the guns booming across the water at intervals, impressed the solemnity upon the ear. Captains, grown grey in their country's service, were seen to recall the Princess's kindness and charities, whereof they had been the witnesses or the ministers, unable to restrain the tears that poured along their scarred cheeks. At length the crimson coffin was seen slowly to descend from the crowded pier, and the barge that received it wheeled through the water, while the gorgeous flag of England floated over the remains of the 'Murdered Queen,' whose sufferings had so powerfully awakened the English people's sympathy, and whose dust they now saw depart from their shores for ever, to mingle with the ashes of an illustrious race of heroes,—smitten with feelings in which it would be vain to deny that a kind of national remorse at her murder exacerbated their deep commiseration for her untimely end.

Let it not be supposed, that in sketching the characters of George IV. and his Queen, we have yielded to the feelings of party violence, and while we excused the errors of the injured party, exaggerated the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation, we have ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the reprehension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while he incurs our censure.

During the anxious period over which we have been passing, the licentiousness of the press had, as might be expected, reached its greatest height; and the most unmeasured attacks upon all the Royal Family, from the King downwards, were become as familiar as the communications of the Court Circular, or the weekly Gazette of prices and promotions. They thus became also about as harmless, and prosecution was never thought of for a moment. But after the loss of the Bill, the vindictive spirit of the Regent was turned to the adversaries by whom he had been discomfited; and then was begun a system of constant slander against private as well as public character, which spared women married and unmarried as little as men; and which was certainly never before equalled in any part of the world. The old predilection for this kind of warfare by which the Prince of Wales's younger days had been inspired, led men's minds to guess the quarter in which this plot against character and against society had been hatched; and it was pretty well understood, that he who had formerly paid some thousands of pounds for the damages given against a newspaper to a young lady of rank, rendered obnoxious to him by her virtue, and therefore broadly impeached by the libel, was fully capable of planning and directing the gross and foul slanders which now habitually disfigured a portion of the periodical press. It was remarked, too, that those who patronised this vile species of political warfare, played a very safe game. If their slanders succeeded, their adversaries were lowered, and all public men were sufferers in the end, to the no small benefit of the kingly power. If those slanders wholly failed, then the press was lowered, and its influence diminished, or even destroyed—an advantage still more precious to arbitrary power, because it was the disarming of its most powerful and deadly enemy. There can be little doubt that the latter alternative for a long while was the event which happened. The value and effect of Newspaper attacks on individual character has been incalculably lessened; and the influence of the Periodical Press is now confined to that which the force and the fairness of discussion gives it. The result is, that as an organ of instruction its power is not at all diminished; it can still warn powerfully against bad measures, and lend an important help in furthering good; but its terrors in the eyes of public men are exceedingly reduced; and they who would, some twenty years ago, have been staggered by a few invectives, or vexed by a satirical joke, now face the whole artillery, light and heavy, of ridicule and of defamation without ever seeming to flinch.

These remarks, although of general application, certainly apply peculiarly to the Newspaper Press, which has, ever since the Queen's Case, become not only more unbridled and violent in all attacks upon the measures of government, the institutions of the coun-

try, and the public conduct of public men, but incomparably more licentious in every other respect, and more especially in slanderous attacks upon character. Nor are such attacks confined to the private feelings of public men; they extend to unoffending individuals who never pass the bounds of a secluded life; to the aged who can no longer bear a part in the bustle and contentions of the busy world; to the young whose time for embarking on its troubled waves has not yet come; to women whose sex, and fears, and delicacy both forbid their meddling with public affairs, and should protect them against the hand of the libeller. The motives from which such attacks proceed are various, but among these the lucre of gain, in one shape or other, holds a very prominent place. If private spite is to be gratified, the dastardly wretch who dares not openly wound his antagonist, knows that for money he can command the pen and the press to serve his purpose, and minister to his revenge. A fraud of the grossest description is thus practised upon the public, and the utmost conceivable injustice is done to the party libelled. No one knows whose venom it is that the newspaper distils. To all appearance it proceeds from the impartial director of public opinion,—the faithful chronicler of passing events,—the calm reasoner on state affairs—who has been moved by the love of justice, or sense of duty, to stoop from his eminence and pronounce sentence, which he also executes, on the offences of an individual. If the real truth were known—if all who read the libel were aware that the real writer is some one who has a grudge against the slandered person—some one whom he has offended in the discharge of his duty—some one who has become his enemy merely because he would not, to oblige him, betray a sacred trust—the arrow would fall harmless, and the infamy rest and settle upon the slanderer alone. Cases have come out in the Courts of the most respectable and retired individuals being foully calumniated by some hired libeller, whom a rake had set on because he could not obtain consent to a marriage; or because he owed a sum of money of which re-payment was demanded. An instance has been often mentioned of a great personage being crossed in his illicit amours by the virtue of their object, and revenging himself by making a reverend newspaper editor, whom he indemnified, and had to pay for, charge her with having had a bastard child. So Judges are every day calumniated by those against whom, in discharge of their duty, under the obligation of their oaths, they have been obliged to decide causes. But to the public eye it seems as if the force of truth extorted from the impartial editors of papers those remarks which are the base progeny of an illicit union between falsehood and revenge. It is known that one newspaper having come under an engagement to a threatening prosecutor, whom it had

libelled, never more to comment on his conduct, evaded the condition of its escape, at the instigation of the secret enemy, by reporting a long *ex parte* statement, which, by a concert between the conductor of the journal and the calumniator, he was to make 'before the sitting magistrate,' on pretence of what is called 'asking his assistance and advice'—a mode of proceeding outraging all justice, and which never would be resorted to, were not the press, with its hundred mouths, ready to record and repeat all that passes behind the back of the party accused, but which makes the press subservient to the malice, or the yet baser designs of every villain who may bear a grudge against his neighbour.

But the most vile considerations of sordid interest are in a yet more hateful form mingled with the conduct of the slanderous press. In fact, that great engine of public instruction, and powerful ally of freedom, is prostituted to uses, of which the unreflecting part of the community are little aware, and all, perhaps, but a few, chiefly in the upper ranks of life, are completely ignorant. The universal publicity which is its grand achievement—the power which the periodical portion of it possesses of making whatever is once printed in a single newspaper read in every village and hamlet throughout the whole empire, provided it be only of a nature to excite any interest of whatever description—can hardly exist, and not be liable to one very grievous abuse. If there lives any person of weak nerves, and who would rather pay a sum of money than have his infirmities exposed to this universal gaze, from which no seclusion, no modesty, no humility of pretensions, can withdraw for an instant those whom the press marks for its prey; and if there be some other person aware of his weakness, and base enough to make it his gain; the villain is the unhappy man's master, and may have as much of his money as the necessity of providing for his own subsistence can spare to the use of the unprincipled extortioner. The folly is extreme, but the dishonesty is not inconsiderable, of those who endeavour to palliate what no man dares defend, by describing the office thus performed by the press as a kind of police, and its tendency as preventive of misconduct in private life. It greatly augments the number of private immoralities, and it prevents none. The things which men are most unwilling to have made food for the diseased appetite of the public, are far more frequently mere weaknesses, or personal peculiarities, than crimes; vice is far more bold and reckless, and difficult to cow by threats, than folly or infirmity. Nor is the disposition to yield and to pay always occasioned by a person's own weaknesses; those of his near connexions, their faults, but almost as much their mental and bodily afflictions, all furnish the hold over delicate minds, feelings of pure affection, and even of manly sensibility, and minister

to the machinations of the wretches whose offences are rife, whose success is prodigious, and whose security is almost assured. They thus by driving their trade of threats amass large sums of money, and the very nature of their victims and the article which they prostitute themselves to deal in, gives the law no terrors for them. The enforcement of the law implies publicity, and it is by threatening publicity that the offence is perpetrated. Their whole power is derived from one consideration—that whatever one newspaper will consent to publish must find its way into all the rest, provided the matter is of any interest; and this it can easily be made, even if relating to an obscure individual, though the universal publication of this might be less certain; but if the name of any person in a public station is involved, or of considerable rank, the universal publicity is certain. The fault here, as in most of the crimes and abuses of the press, lies in great part with the public, and chiefly the fashionable part, as it is termed, of the world; so that, by a kind of retributive justice, they who chiefly contribute to give the engine of torment its power, are also those who most suffer by its working. There can be little doubt that if any one paper were to insert a story, garnished with high names, however manifest might be the impropriety of the publication, the other papers would run great risk by not also giving it to their readers; so it is inserted with perhaps a comment, disapproving the original publication, but professing an unwillingness to withhold it, as it has already been made public; and possibly an offer is added to insert any contradiction that the parties may choose to give—a topic which demands some further remark.

The unwillingness of all men to prosecute for libels, always naturally great, has been much augmented of late years by the difficulty of obtaining verdicts from juries, who are themselves apprehensive of the attacks which will be made upon them individually for months after the trial. For a court of law is of all engines of publicity the most powerful, having at its command the whole resources of the press, with a good many peculiar to itself; and it gives not merely universal circulation to the subject-matter of its proceedings, but a degree of authority fatal to their objects. Whoever then would do his duty to the community by prosecuting a libel, must lay his account with enregistering his frailties in an imperishable record, and making a belief in them the faith of the whole world. It is true the libeller is also severely handled, and the fears of the press and its victims are undoubtedly mutual; legal proceedings being an object of especial and very natural dread to all editors and proprietors of works or papers. But the punishment can only be inflicted by the absolute sacrifice of the individual who proceeds, and he must lay his account with aggravating his own annoyance tenfold, for the sake of preventing others from being

similarly troubled hereafter. It thus happens that but very rarely are any proceedings instituted against the offenders who every day pollute the press with their defamation. But further, the powers of the press, mutually hostile on all other matters, are in firm and compact alliance in what regards their common interest—they do their utmost at all times to discourage prosecutions and actions for libel. Their rule is a convenient one certainly, and however gross the absurdity of the reason given for it, they find it almost universally received. If any one proceeds at law for an attack upon his character, they assume that he must feel himself justly accused, else why not trust to his reputation; and if he be of liberal politics, he is moreover charged with deserting his principles, by invading the press and stifling discussion. But if he is attacked and does nothing, then they never fail to pronounce that he dares not, because conscious of guilt. When, however, any indication appears of a desire to take the law, then 'our columns' are freely offered to explain or defend; he is at liberty 'to send his own statement,' which will be inserted 'with the strict regard to justice that has always distinguished us.' So that every newspaper is erected into a tribunal, before which any person may be cited; if he makes default, judgment goes against him; if he appears, he enjoys the advantage of contesting in his own person with an unknown adversary, while the scales are held by those who, having begun by taking part against him, are too ready to help the lurking defamer, because success is in part their own, or at all events conduces to their safety. As for any newspaper ever admitting that it has fallen into an error, or is in the wrong, or even that it has been hasty, or is capable, like other mortals, of erring in any respect, that is wholly out of the question; so that when by the most gross and palpable blunder some wholly groundless statement has once been made, however it may be exposed elsewhere and shown to have been some mere error of a name, or a date, or plain and downright misapprehension of a word or a fact, the mistake becomes the rule and canon of the paper for ever; and all that serves to prop it up is carefully given, and even dwelt upon, with a suppression of all that tends to expose and correct it. Nay, it is well for the luckless wight who has been the only sufferer, and of course the innocent cause of the error, if he do not incur the perpetual hostility of the paper, and be misconstrued, and misrepresented, and attacked on all other occasions, merely because it was in defaming him that the paper got itself into a scrape. Add to all this the preposterous state of the law, which throws every impediment in the way of just prosecutions—prevents an injured party from seeking redress in the only way in which he can defy his accuser to prove his charge—presses unjustly upon the publisher in one thing—in another as unjustly on the party de-

famed—encourages chicanery—protects anonymous slanderers,—affords no inducement to authors coming forward openly and avowedly in their own names*—and leaves it at all times impossible for editors to ascertain either the nature or the amount of the risk they run, and the means by which they may make themselves secure. Under this defective system the press has been at times oppressed, and at times, from the excess of the legal abuses, has revelled in licentiousness with absolute impunity; reputation has been at all times ill protected, and a habit has grown up among judges and juries of administering a bad law so badly, as to make it much worse than the legislature gave it them; so that, to instance but one of many defects, a slandered man, having but a single proceeding open to him by which he can vindicate his character, and defy a proof of the imputation—sues for damages—runs the risk of a conspiracy between writer and publisher proving falsehoods by false swearing against him—succeeds in obtaining a verdict—and receives from the ‘intelligent jury,’ under the direction of the impartial judge, that the damages should be ‘adequate but moderate,’ a verdict assessing the value of his character at some thirty pounds in London and Middlesex, and fifteen in the country.

After the case of the Queen was over, and while her enemies turned the current of their spite, exasperated by vengeance after their discomfiture, into the foul channels of periodical defamation, it was understood that her Majesty’s advisers were prevented from proceeding against her defamers, by the difficulties which the state of the law interposed. She suffered with the rest of the community from the abuses of the press; but from one of its consequences she was altogether exempt. Upon her firm soul the menaces of the professional defamer fell powerless; the daily and hourly attempts of those abandoned ruffians, who knowing that the press armed them with the boundless power of publication, threaten weak minds with that universal exposure, were, in the Queen’s case, wholly fruitless; not one farthing of her money was ever expended in averting a menace or silencing a defamer, any more than in bribing a witness, or gaining an adversary; and the only sum she is ever known to have given in any

connexion whatever with the press, is said to have relieved a celebrated writer from a verdict obtained against him in a court of justice, upon a matter which had no connexion whatever either with the Queen or her supporters.

The abuse of the press, to which we have been referring, has a pervading influence that can hardly be conceived, and the editors and other responsible conductors of it are really fully as much the victims of it as the instruments. They are wholly incapable of making themselves partakers in it, with a few vile exceptions; so are they, with the same exceptions, wholly free from all charge of accepting bribes, to resist or to suppress matters affecting individuals. But unless they exercise a sharpness of eye, and control with a firm hand, and which is next to impossible, are never thrown off their guard, they cannot prevent the powerful engine which is under their direction from being pointed by the malice or the covetousness of individuals, often unknown to them, so as to further the plots in which this base traffic of threats consists. The extent to which the vile trade is driven can hardly be conceived. All public men, especially all men in office, nay, most persons of both sexes who move in the eye of the world, experience its effects, or at least perceive symptoms of it almost daily. We have heard men high in the public service declare that they hardly ever knew a complaint or a remonstrance from a disappointed suitor for promotion which did not throw out intelligible threats, by hints, by references to other appeals, by allusion to an impartial public, or often by the use of a single word far more vague than any of these expressions, but the meaning of which could be doubted. Nay, we have heard in the same quarters, that very many applications for favours, most respectfully couched, contain some suggestions, as if it would be not less for the interest of the minister than of his suitor, that the prayer should be listened to. In other instances where the firmness and integrity of the great man himself are such as to make any threats unavailing, or even perilous, he is approached by friends and by connexions who are gained over to favour the petitioner by threats applied to them. But the most extensive branch of the threatening trade looks to mere pecuniary profit. Sometimes a sum is extorted; sometimes an annuity—not seldom, the payment of a tradesman’s exorbitant demand, to avoid ‘exposure in a Court of Justice.’ Of all this detestable commerce the press, but especially the newspaper press, is the mainspring, without which not one of its operations could be preferred to any extent whatever. The late Lord Dudley had a custom of saying that it had reduced assassination to a mere question of prudence—meaning, that when men are kept in a state of torment and irritation by this system of extortion, all other feelings merge in the resolution of self-defence. But there are other

* Not only is no kind of obstacle thrown in the way of the skulking assassin of character, by making it, for instance, the rule, that upon proof of a defendant being the real author, he should, in a criminal proceeding, be suffered to give evidence of the truth of his libel, after due notice to the prosecutor; but the law allows a kind of proceeding, which prevents many an honest man from proceeding against his defamer. The author conceals himself and indemnifies the publisher. The latter is sued, and pleads in justification, that is, avers the matters of the libel to be true. He then produces as his witness the real defamer, who pretends to know the things he has sworn, and being a competent witness, if he denies the indemnity, his evidence, in all probability uncontradicted, secures the escape of all parties.

risks which the press encounters, and from which nothing can save it but a most rigorous exercise of far greater vigilance than is now displayed; an abstinence from dragging forward private persons into public view; above all, a rigid determination that, whoever connected with any newspaper establishment shall be once caught taking advantage of his access to its columns, in order to gratify any private spite, much more any sordid propensity, shall that instant cease for ever to have any connexion with, or employment in it. The rule should be, that any editor or proprietor who finds out any of his writers to have had a private grudge against any one whom he has been attacking, must immediately be dismissed, and with notice of the ground of dismissal to all the other papers. In truth, the offence is that of gross dishonesty and breach of trust.*

To these abuses by newspapers and pamphleteers are now to be added those committed by booksellers and publishers on a larger scale. Select society and its manners, conversations of deceased persons into whose mouths any slander against the living may be safely put, collections of letters, with anecdotes of their writers, and those to whom they are addressed, have become a most favourite branch of reading with the thoughtless public; and accordingly there is no expense to which avaricious and unprincipled publishers will not go in providing food for this diseased appetite. Here, again, the great market for the vile commodity is found among the upper classes, who, by a just retribution, are themselves the victims of the slanderous authors. Men of rank, and ladies of fashion, never reflect while they pay for a book exposing their rivals or their friends, that their own turn may come next, and their own private life be made sport for the town before the London season is over. As nothing published is now attended with the smallest risk of prosecution or action, a publisher has only to reckon the profits by the number of copies he can sell; and the cost by the sum the manuscript is purchased for; and as the copies sold will be many in proportion to the venom which pervades the book, the number of private persons who are exposed in it, the delicacy of the subjects of exposure; so will the price paid be low in proportion as the station of the author is mean, and his or her fortunes desperate. A double security is thus afforded that the publications will be of the very worst description in every respect; that abominable slanders will pervade the whole; that disclosures offensive to every feeling of delicacy, outraging even common propriety, will stud each page; and that the want of all talent, learning, style, correctness, literary

* An offence of a very similar kind is sometimes chargeable upon Reviews, that of taking articles against works from rivals in the same walk of letters,—as from rival translators, or writers that are known to have a hostile feeling towards others.

merit of every kind, will be only atoned for by the malignity or the indecency of the details. To discourage such an infamous traffic is the interest—the direct personal interest—of every man and every woman in the country. Every man who keeps a body-servant—every woman who has a waiting-maid—nay, every one who is upon terms of intimacy with any person having a waiting-maid, or corresponding with such a person—is directly interested in the failure and the punishment of such panders to the depraved taste of the public, as those publishers. In the case of the work before us, Mr. Colburn has induced a lady of rank to be his caterer and accomplice, at the cost, as he himself states of 1000*l.*; he will next find it better worth his while, perhaps, to give this lady's Abigail fifty guineas for her letter-box, or for a MS. which will probably show more literary ability than that of her malicious mistress.

It may, however, be asked in what way any danger is to approach the press—that 'Great Power in the state,' as it has often been termed, and most accurately—'the New Power in Europe,' as Mr. Wyndham called it—'the Fourth Estate in the monarchy,' as others phrase it? Its great influence is not denied; but we deny altogether that it is invulnerable or invincible. Let the abuse of which we have spoken but proceed a little farther; let it go on unchecked and unabated as it now exists; and it is our firm belief, that instead of crouching and complaining of these facts, men will begin to defend themselves against the unseen tyrant with many heads—the only despot who, himself living and thriving by assassination, is exempt from a fate and a fear to which all single and ordinary despots are subject, as the only check to their enormities, and the only control of their caprice. Oppression pushed beyond a certain pitch never fails to rouse its victims, and beget the spirit of resistance. That hour may well be thought to approach, when it has so often been said in free England that the country is happy where the press is fettered; that the price we pay for the liberty of the press in its gross abuses is all too dear; and that if we can only preserve our public liberty by an individual thralldom which makes life uncomfortable, the balance is a loss by the bargain. Nor can any inference be drawn against the practicability of resistance from the abortive attempts already made. They were deservedly abortive, because they were directed against the perfections of the press, and not against its crimes; nay, the attacks upon it were made by the very men who were, for their own most nefarious purposes, fostering its worst offences against society, and profiting by them. Instead of assailing the libeller, or the violator of domestic peace—the venal or the malignant wretch who encroaches upon the privacy of secluded life, to gratify his own spite, or feed for lucre the foul appetite of others,—the daring

writer was attacked who denounced abuse and corruption, who invaded tyranny in its strongholds, who ventured to think for himself upon the great questions of Church and State, and taught the people to follow his bright example. Meanwhile private slander was propagated by the very parties who would secure immunity for public delinquency by silencing the press; and while no discussion of the measures of state and the conduct of statesmen was tolerated, hired assassins were set on to run down by scurrilous falsehoods the character of all who dared to oppose the career of oppression or malversation. The *Constitutional Association*, as it called itself—the *Bridge Street Gang*, as the people soon learned to nick-name it—had no better object than to silence free discussion of public affairs; and it was in close alliance with the party which, under the royal patronage, on the same occasion, the acquittal of the Queen, seduced and polluted the press to defame all who espoused the cause of justice against tyranny. Yet had that association been established for a praiseworthy purpose, and with consistent views—had the same numbers and funds been collected together for the punishment of whatever paper drove a trade in slander—had its members strenuously exerted themselves to enforce the whole law—that is, the criminal law, against all private libels, whether in the books of the Mr. Colburns, or the pamphlets of Mrs. Clarke, or the newspapers of each week and each day—who can entertain a doubt that the press would have speedily been defeated, been purified, been exalted, by restoring it to the proper and dignified office of teaching the people and overawing their rulers? The community would have gained much, but in truth the press would have gained much more, by such a defensive league of all respectable and firm-minded men against its intolerable abuses. Nor can the time now be far distant when some man of irreproachable life, in public and in private, of sufficient authority with his countrymen to ensure co-operation, and of capacity fit for so important a service, will arise amongst us, and worthily execute the important mission of leading the revolt against unknown oppressors; and, if not destroying the invisible tribunal which now domineers over the community, at least restraining within due bounds its lofty pretensions, and compelling it to wholly abstain from the excesses that have rendered it hateful to God and man.

But if it shall be said that we must take the bad with the good—that no great institution, no powerful instrument is exempt from the liability to be abused which attends all the works of man and all his exertions—and that the evils of which we are so loudly complaining, cannot be extirpated or prevented without endangering, perhaps destroying the freedom of the press itself—we make answer that no persons have ever been more constantly the strenuous and uncom-

promising friends of that freedom than ourselves; and that we give the best earnest of our sincerity when we add the expression of our wish even to accept of this great security for public liberty with all its encroachments on individual comfort, to which our remarks have been directed—IF WE CAN HAVE IT ON NO OTHER TERMS. But then we must first be satisfied that this is a necessary condition, and that there is no possibility of severing the clog from the benefit. No reasoning can convince us of any such thing. Past experience is all the other way; for the press never was more free in the right and wholesome sense, than when private feelings were spared, nor ever more harassed with state prosecutions than during some periods of licentious invasion of private society. A trial of measures devised for its purification—its restoration to former purity—can alone show that the country must be put to the sad election of losing the best security for its liberty, or suffering the present intolerable evils of unbridled licentious publication. The wretched libellers and threateners, and the disreputable booksellers of whom we have been compelled to speak, are the only portion of society who can pretend the least interest in the most prodigious abuse of our times. Where is the man courageous enough to pretend that the constitution of England is in jeopardy if Mr. Colburn shall no longer be suffered to tempt persons of feeble understanding, and destitute of all honourable feeling, into a partnership with himself, by giving them a share of the profits derived from publications outraging all the feelings of our nature, and on subjects with which the public at large have absolutely no concern?

One topic remains, a plausible one, but a fallacy still. The feelings thus outraged are said to be those only of the higher and more fastidious circles, and, above all, of public men, who it is said must lay their account with suffering for the public good; must steel their minds against being too sensitive to attacks upon their private life; and must persuade their connexions, how retired soever their habits, to be as callous as themselves. But we ask, if it is really just to public men that because their lives are given up to the service of their country, therefore they should be the only portion of its inhabitants whose feelings may be outraged with impunity? Is there any thing like justice in proscribing the class of society most devoted to their duties, and proclaiming that upon them alone may be inflicted what to all others would be the extreme of torture? But, we further ask, if there is any wisdom in this cruel proscription? How often is it said that the character of public men is public property? Then, has the public a less interest in their character being really pure, honest, high-spirited, gentle, and kind, than in their enjoying the reputation merely of those excellent virtues? But can the ingenuity of a fiend devise so effectual a method of making them the very

reverse of all this, as making their souls callous in the most tender points of all? The state of the press is every day bringing matters nearer and nearer to the point when no man can submit to serve the country who has either nice feelings of honour and reputation, or a refined sensibility of heart—and we feel perfectly convinced, that the loss is prodigious which its service must sustain by so miserable a selection as must soon be made of those qualified to engage in it.

This is the rational view of the matter, and places in its true light the impolicy of sanctioning the abuse complained of by destroying all regard for reputation in the most important members of society. But after all, we are disposed to place our refutation of the fallacy upon higher ground, reverting to our first topic—namely, the crying injustice of it to those whose feelings are so outraged. The infliction of pain is never justifiable unless for some great public purpose. This principle is the foundation of our only right even to punish offenders. How much more strongly does it apply to the case of unoffending parties? See how we even treat the lower animals! All men cry out against experiments, the cruelty of which is out of all proportion to the amount or the utility of the knowledge thus obtained; and no philosophical enquirer is allowed to push his experiments so far as to torture rabbits and dogs, unless there is a reasonable prospect of an investigation thus conducted leading to some discovery highly beneficial to mankind. What possible right then can the Colburns and their like have to torture the feelings of living persons by publications which can only slake their own thirst of profit, or food to the prurient and diseased appetites of the idle or the malignant? Their crimes would be unpardonable were even some gratification of scientific curiosity the purpose of the offender, unless that curiosity referred to matters of great moment, which might justify the pain whereby it was purchased. When the only possible fruit of the offence is money to the criminal, and corruption to the public—there is nothing but aggravation in every view that can be taken of their delinquency.

We have, in the course of these remarks, discussed a subject of such paramount importance, that we hardly think any other ever broached by us since the commencement of our labours, five-and-thirty years ago, possesses the same deep and universal and permanent interest. We trust that the discussion may have its due effect with the reader of at least fixing his attention upon the question in all its various relations. Aware, as we must be, that the other matters handled in this long paper will be apt at first sight to appear more interesting and more attractive, because treating more upon personal topics, we, nevertheless, are profoundly impressed with the vastly superior claims to attention of this latter part of the article; and we make our most earnest request that this portion may be

suffered to become the subject of deliberation and calm reflection among all who value the best interests of society. To those who regard the great uses of the press itself, and its high destinies, if kept pure, we chiefly make our appeal. The grievous abuses we have been exposing are fatal to that great engine of public instruction; and while they present the most cheering prospect to the bigoted enemy of reformation and the interested adversary of liberty—to the friend of darkness and the ally of tyrants—they offer nothing but despair to the advocate of human improvement and the assertor of the rights of man. The most superficial of observers alone can for a moment imagine that we have been setting ourselves in opposition to the press. As well might he be called an enemy of the city who would cleanse its sewers of the 'perilous stuff' that threatens to lay its population waste with pestilence,—as well might the physician, endowed with courage to stand between the living and the dead, and stay that plague, be deemed the enemy of man, because he applied the remedy needful for the malady wherewithal his patient had been stricken.

And now we assuredly feel the swift descent which we make from subjects of such surpassing interest and importance, as the great characters of the past age, and the gross abuses of the press, to the work before us, remarkable only for displaying in equal and in ample measure, the utmost ignorance of the one, and the most striking example of the other. But the duty which will be expected of us must be performed; and we have no right to let the dulness and feebleness with which a bad purpose is executed, act as a screen to shelter the vile intention from justice. The origin, the nature, and the execution of this book, therefore, claim a few remarks.

A woman of the highest rank, by birth at least, is openly stated to be its author. Her name has been repeatedly given in the newspapers, without any contradiction either from her accomplice the publisher, or from herself, or from any one else under the sanction of a real name. A highly respectable Journal of a political and literary nature,* in an article devoted to the subject, gave vent to the feelings of just indignation at the offence committed, and charged it on Lady Charlotte Campbell (now Bury) by name. Still, no denial has proceeded either from herself, her publisher, or her friends. That Mr. Colburn gave a thousand pounds for the manuscript, and that it is the work of a woman, is all we know to have been told of the plot by him; and that has appeared under his own hand, and the hand of a correspondent, a military gentleman, who, justly offended at certain untrue matters published in it, in regard to an amiable and respected relative,

* *Quarterly Review*. The observations on Queen Caroline, in the article alluded to, are dictated by great prejudice and some political rancour.

thought proper to address a letter of enquiry to the publisher. One thing is quite certain in all this; Lady C. Campbell (otherwise Bury) might in one hour remove all doubt on the subject; so might Mr. Colburn; and as both knew of the universally received belief, and neither has taken any steps whatever to dispel it, we are entitled to conclude, either that she is the author, or that he has made it worth her while to pass for such, and in either case she must bear the blame. That he would resent as an injury to him in his trade any doubts seriously expressed on this head, no one can pretend to deny; for the whole value (such as it is) of the details contained in the Book, depends upon their being vouched by the authority of some one who had been in the Queen's household. And here begins the ground of all the charges to which this woman is exposed by the scandalous business. For Lady C. Campbell was in the household of the Queen when Princess of Wales, and she was received into it as an act of kindness well suited to that illustrious Lady's charitable disposition. Knowing that Lady Charlotte had been left in poor circumstances, with the burthen of a large family, by her husband's death, she conceived that humanity required her to accede to the application, on the suggestion made, and gave a woman of narrow means, of altogether unexceptionable conduct, and of manners and figure extremely pleasing, the convenient addition to her income of a few hundreds a-year. It is said,—such a passage being naturally now called to mind by her late unexpected conduct,—that a friend of the Princess being asked by her, while deliberating upon the appointment, if the proposed lady was a safe and trust-worthy person, or one likely to gossip and make mischief in a house well known to be infested with spies and other vermin, replied with something like indignation at the doubt, 'Madam, she is a gentlewoman, ay, and sister to the most honourable and amiable gentleman of the age!' The feelings of her Royal Highness's friend may be conceived, if he should have survived to read the records of this high-born gentlewoman's treachery. Little could it then have entered into his mind, that she was occupied, while in waiting, with committing to paper all she saw, and heard, and misunderstood, or comprehended not at all, in order that she might afterwards turn her portfolio to account, and sell the confidence of her kind mistress for the means of decking her own person in the costly tawdriness of younger days!

If there be any thing in this book more stupid than another, where all is marked with want of sense as much as of sound principle and right feeling, it is the absurd trick of pretending that it is the work of a man. How is this silly falsehood kept up? We need give no further proofs than the Princess's familiar letters and notes, published with the most unblushing effron-

tery, in which she addresses the author in all the familiarity of persons writing to those of their own sex. However, we at once put down the base fabrication by a letter from Mr. C. K. S. at Christ Church, Oxford, stated to be addressed to the author as a man, and in which occurs the following passage, which we presume is not in the style of the inmates of Christ Church, when addressing their *male* correspondents.

'I have finished your portrait and it is not like, so I have met the fate of all my painting predecessors.—Yet to catch your Lordship's likeness would not be quite impossible, if this system of galvanism could be improved, and four painters of ancient times rendered as lively by it, as a pig's tail is at present.—I would rouse from his dull repose, Titian, to paint your head; Sir Peter Lely, your neck; Vandyke, your hands; and Rubens for the draperies and back ground of the picture;—then, perchance, one might have something worth looking at;—as matters stand, I confess I am in utter despair.'

The first thing that strikes any one who reads these volumes, is the detestable conduct of any person living in a select society, and keeping minutes of every unguarded expression, notes of each thoughtless and careless action, and copies of any hasty or unreflecting letter, for the purpose of afterwards coining the whole into money, by exposing all to the public gaze. But after this first impression is effaced, and the indignation has subsided which it had occasioned, the next surprise is that any person of the rank of a gentlewoman should deem it worth her while, for a paltry sum of money, to sacrifice her station in society; and make it nearly as impossible for any persons of respectable condition, nay, for any who prudently set a value on their own personal safety, to admit her under their roofs, as if she had been convicted of an infamous crime. It is said, indeed, that she threatens society with a fresh outrage, not in the shape of dull and unreadable novels, but of Letters received from all her friends. Then we will say that it is their own fault if she or her publishing accomplices shall execute this menace. Every person who has ever written her a Letter ought to have an Injunction Bill ready to put on the file of the Court of Chancery the instant any such work appears. The property in Letters is partly in the writer of them, and the receiver has no right whatever to publish them without the writer's leave. As for property in a book like the present, there is, there can be, no copyright at all in it; and we speak the deliberate opinion of the heads of the law, when we say that any one may pirate it with perfect impunity—the court giving no kind of protection to so slanderous a publication. Mr. Colburn has, therefore, spent his money to no purpose, and will find it a poor speculation to repeat a like adventure.

But really the stupidity and gross ignorance which prevail through every page of it, are sufficient to deprive this work of any sale, and the purchaser of the copy-

right of any profit. It is wonderful how any person of the authoress's rank in society, should evince so little knowledge of the world in which she ought to have lived. Every page demonstrates that she had never associated with the good company of her day. She is as wholly ignorant of the tone, and as much at a loss respecting the meaning, of refined conversation, as if she had come from the provinces, and never been in the society of the capital. It is plain, indeed, that she is out of her element. Astonished at matters which are familiar, and of hourly occurrence,—receiving without the least remark things which would stagger persons inured to refined converse,—utterly unable to comprehend men and things which are known as the *a, b, c* of all who live in the higher circles of London,—every page shows that a person has obtained admission to society wholly new to her, and is among those whose intercourse is foreign to her habits of life. Endless mistakes—ridiculous confusions of persons and of things—constant inability to comprehend what is the matter—are the inevitable result. But the construction of the difficult passages is always the same,—the blank is always filled up in one way—the unknown meaning is without any exception always given in a single unvaried direction—the uncharitable, the malignant, the spiteful, the cruel—above all, the slanders are seasoned the highest, and concentrated the most strongly, when levelled the most bitterly against the Royal Mistress, patroness, benefactress of the author—against her whose charitable hand had been timely extended to relieve her wants by receiving her in the household, and whose bounty in an extra largess of money, the pages of this very work itself record, after the period of her service had expired.

Nor is the Princess herself the only subject of misapprehension, and of uniform, or all but uniform, slander. Hardly a person is mentioned who does not afford opportunities for displaying alternately the dullness and the malevolence of the writer. No matter how little these may be obtruded upon the public eye by their position in society or their conduct in private life; no matter how little connected they may be with the court of the late Queen; it suffices that their names should be named—that the recollection of them should come across this gentlewoman—her pen is at once dipped in gall, and the scandal flows. The publisher, no doubt, gave a hint that an abundance of names would be required to make the book sell, and as he had given a large price, he had a right to be heard. The stupid affectation of initials and dashes is another trick to give mystery and pique curiosity, where, in case any one should mistake or be at the smallest loss to find out who are meant, sometimes a circumstance is added that at once fills up the blank, and sometimes a note tells that Lady M—— C—— means Lady Mary Coke. If a faint allusion be made

in a private letter, written only for the eye it was addressed to, but here published to increase the selling value of the work, a commentary explains what the author's vanity is resolved should be no secret. Thus, 'I suppose Her Royal Highness alludes to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the beauty of the Argyll family of that day.' Indeed the small traffic of malignity that is driven between the author in the text, and a supposed editor in the notes, presents the very picture of petty trickery as well as detraction. If the text abuses, the note, with a stupid stare expresses wonder at any person having such bad taste as to dislike such a one; if the text, by some rare chance, happens to praise, the note spits out the author's venomous phlegm, which perhaps it was thought better, for some purpose or other, that she should be able to deny,—as when a very near connexion of one who married her daughter is to be slandered, and the peace of a whole family irrecoverably destroyed, the libeller skulks into the note, for the purpose of being able to exclaim, 'Thou canst not say 'twas I that did it.'

If a sample be required of the breach of all trust and confidence with which this book throughout abounds, and which indeed is the very subject of it, and for which the publisher paid his thousand pounds, take the letter, Vol. I. p. 23.—or rather the extract of a letter—for it is curiously culled out from the original document, and is the only passage given. The Princess expresses herself indiscreetly, certainly, but surely not unnaturally, as if the death of her unsparing tormentor would be the period of her troubles. Had she been guilty of the vile hypocrisy of pretending any the least sorrow for such an event, or the blasphemy of praying that it might not happen, we should equally have had the letter published, and all the world would have turned from it with disgust. This letter, as the publisher no doubt foresaw, has excited much indignation, and the great indecency of it has been exclaimed against. But let two very different offences be kept distinct in our reprobation of them, as they differ most widely in their nature. There is the offence of feeling relieved at a cruel and heartless persecutor's decease,—her husband indeed—but only the more inexcusable on account of the relation, the whole duties of which he habitually violated. No one can visit severely what every one must admit to have been a feeling all but unavoidable. There is also the indiscretion of expressing such natural feelings in writing, which, had the writing never met any eye but hers to whom alone the writer addressed it, never could have called down a severe censure from any one who heard of it. We live certainly in an age, if not of canting, at least of a lax and defective morality, whose many blanks we seek to fill up with a very cheap kind of virtue,—that of indignation at other people's failings, and overdone views of their obligations; pretty much as dishonest goldsmiths put in bits of tinsel to minish

the precious metals, and knavish coiners colour over copper and lead to make them pass for the current coin. The heroics into which some of our contemporaries have been thrown upon female delicacy and affection to husbands, by reading this publication, reminds us very much of those mean practices; for we have looked in vain through the page that glows with such virtuous indignation at the mere indiscretion of one party, in order to find one solitary expression betokening even the most tempered disapprobation of the cruelty, the perfidy, and the crimes by which the revengeful life of the other party was filled up and disfigured. Wonderful, if not wilful, is the blindness of some men! How could it ever be imagined that their clipped morality should attract much respect—that this gross inconsistency should be overlooked even by the most careless of readers? The husband is suffered to pass his life in tormenting his wife,—to turn her out of doors,—to live in open adultery from the hour of his marriage,—and afterwards to seek her life whom he had driven into strange society—while she is to be execrated as if she had done all this and worse, for merely giving vent to a feeling which every human being, every one lower than the angels, must have entertained, and which if she had not entertained, all men would have believed that they witnessed a miracle!

In answer to a mass of scandalous gossip distributed over page after page, the greater part of which is unquestionably the creation of a malicious fancy uniting with a dull understanding, and the rest a misconception of facts of mere royal idleness and caprice, it is quite sufficient to say, that if the writer really believes all or half of the slanders that distil from her pen—if she really was living in scenes so revolting to a woman of virtue, or even of ordinary refinement, as she would have us believe—why did she remain a day, or an hour, amidst such pollution? There was no tie of any kind to hold her; no duty whatever to discharge; no obligation to bind. Had she chosen to go forth from the den of impurity, the door was open. She had been received into the household from motives of humanity; in order to bestow this kindness so acceptable to her circumstances, her fantastic habits had been overlooked, her dull society borne with. What kept her there then one hour after her virtue forbade a longer sojourn? She is in a dilemma from whence it would require far other ingenuity than hers to extricate herself. Either she is now saying the thing that is not; or she stamps herself with discredit by the confession of having submitted to degrading intercourse for the love of gain. She is like a witness who comes forward to inculpate herself, and whom no court believes. The tale she tells works her own discredit in the exact proportion of its injury to her deceased mistress. We believe this writer not to be the person she now would fain represent herself; indif-

ferently as we think of her, she is not by a great deal so bad as she would paint herself. She did not prostitute herself by living in scenes of impurity; but she had heard things which made her suspicious; she was deceived by jokes she understood not, nor ever gave herself the trouble of examining;—witness her swallowing all the nonsense told by the Princess about her deceased sister Princess *Caroline*, the very name alone being enough to show the whole was a fiction invented to play upon a fool; she was imposed upon by interested agents who would fain make her their tool; she misconceived some things from not having lived in courtly company; others she misunderstood from natural incapacity; and having once persuaded herself that all was not right, whatever she saw gave birth to wrong impressions. But as she saw nothing in the least decisive, her belief at the time, and on the spot, was not formed and fixed. She kept her place, therefore, as her predecessor Lady Douglas had done five years before; and afterwards, from supposing she had seen much vice, her fancy suggested much that she never saw; she resolved to make a book for money, as her predecessor had resolved for some such reason to make a trial; and had the parties been still alive, we are not at all sure that the parallel would not have been rendered complete, by a new 'Delicate Investigation,' in which she might form the prominent actor.

There is nothing much more disgusting in this book than the cant of religion which pervades it. By that hard name we have assuredly a full right to call it, when we see it usually unaccompanied with charity. Take one instance. Lord Abercorn had been visited with the most severe afflictions in the loss of his amiable family, almost all of whom he had survived. He maintained a firm and erect posture under this storm of fate. To what use must the malicious writer of these volumes turn the mention of his misfortunes, but to record that he was an unbeliever? In all likelihood this is a fabrication or a mistake, arising from the Marquis pushing aside some officious attempts of hers at increasing his sufferings by reading him a dull lecture. But she puts it broadly down as a fact. 'I wish I could give him comfort, by advising him where to seek for it, where alone it is to be found; but his heart is hardened and he will not believe.' The name is here given at full length; and in the very same paragraph mention is made of something quite immaterial having occurred at a lady's house—but her name is carefully wrapt up as Lady S——!

In the midst of all the abuse of the unfortunate Princess, which forms the staple of these volumes, though not to the exclusion of attacks upon nearly every other person who happens to be named, we find one or two passages where the truth is so powerful that it lays slander low, and pierces through malevolence itself. We defy any human being to have displayed more re-

finest delicacy of feeling, or been guided by a stricter regard to propriety and good taste, or to have shown in most difficult circumstances more entire presence of mind, than the Princess exhibits in the following passages; the only extract we shall give from the author's own part of the work.

'When we arrived at the Opera, to the Princess's, and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes, in a box to the right. 'God save the King' was performing when the Princess entered, and consequently she did not sit down. I was behind; so of course I could not see the house very distinctly, but I saw the Regent was at that time standing and applauding the Grassinis. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the Princess's box and applauded *her*. We, who were in attendance on her Royal Highness, entreated her to rise and make a curtsy, but she sat *immovable*, and at last, turning round, she said to Lady —, 'My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present.' We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove. 'We shall be hissed,' said Sir W. Gell. 'No, no,' again replied the Princess with infinite good humour, 'I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband's mouth; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name.' The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately; I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eye witness of the circumstance, know the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the Prince took the applause to himself; and his friends, or rather his *loadies* (for they do not deserve the name of friends), to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say, that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!!

'When the Opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had his Royal Highness left the box, when the people called for the Princess, and gave her very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curtseys, and hastily withdrew. I believe he acted perfectly right throughout the evening—but every body tells a different story, and thinks differently. How trivial all this seems, how much beneath the dignity of rational beings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and in this instance this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales's interests, therefore it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and as I was present, I can and will tell the truth. When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles-street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the Princess's carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton House, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was her Royal Highness, they applauded and huzzaed her Royal Highness till she, and Lady —, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned. The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton House. 'No, my good people,' she said, 'be quite quiet—let me

pass, and go home to your beds.' They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, 'Long live the Princess of Wales, long live the innocent,' &c. &c. She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told.'

The second of these volumes opens with one of the most notable of the countless instances which they present of the writer's being as completely in the dark upon the whole intercourse and meaning and society of the wits whom she met at the Princess of Wales's table, as if she had been transplanted from the house-keeper's room. She records a dinner at Kensington Palace, where the company was composed of Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Ward, and Lord King. Of the latter she is pleased to say, for the purpose of at once destroying the whole credit of all the accounts she gives of other less known persons: 'He is a very dull man. I never met him here or any where else before that I remember' (so that he *must* be an obscure man as well as a dull one), 'nor can I conceive why the Princess thought of inviting him. She must have some reasons; such as making him useful; for he is neither ornamental nor agreeable.' Now, it is so universally known that Lord King was one of the most distinguished men of his age, and not more for knowledge and great talents than for the powers of conversation which made his society singularly delightful, that the reader of this passage is lost in amazement—the more so, that he who is represented as not ornamental, was about the most handsome person of the day, as any painter could have informed this silly writer. But what follows is perfect. She represents herself as affected by the conversation taking the turn 'of quizzing Mr. Wilberforce;' and so little did she know the tone of the society she was admitted to, that she was not aware of Mr. Wilberforce being the intimate friend and object of veneration of several of the company who indulged in this harmless pleasantry, as they were wont, from time to time, merely to plague Mr. Brougham, whose more intimate friendship with that great man used to call forth these sallies of mere good-humour from men, all of whom were as incapable of really laughing at or underrating Mr. Wilberforce, as this dull author was of comprehending the tone of those she was permitted now and then to see.

If her ignorance of men and things in English society leads her into such mistakes, but never, be it observed, into good-natured or charitable ones, we may well expect that when the scene of her remarks is laid abroad, the page will be studded, at least as thick with blunders. Among them, we hope, may be placed the story in Vol. II. p. 95, of a duchess being for some time the favourite of a certain prince—she being, what

this writer probably knew not, the aunt of that serene personage. But not content with incest, she must needs charge the lady with the profligacy of having admitted her coachman to her favours, in the same breath. In one single instance we retract or qualify our assertion, that all her misapprehensions are unfavourable to their objects. Speaking of Lord Glenbervie, whose great merits we do not at all deny, though they certainly were of another cast, she says, he was 'famous, when at the bar, for being so very profound a lawyer that he was termed the very dungeon of law.'

It may possibly prove a further qualification to what we have more than once observed of the uniform malignity displayed towards the Princess, if we add that the proceedings in 1820, on the Bill of Pains and Penalties, seem to have animated this author with a momentary enthusiasm in favour of her kind benefactress. But it is under the guidance of so very weak a head, that it can lend very little help to its object. Witness the indignation which she expresses (Vol. II. p. 397), against the Queen's counsel for not 'hurling their briefs at the wig of the Lord Chancellor,' and at which, and at their going on with the evidence, to prove her Majesty's innocence, instead of picking a quarrel with the House of Lords, by 'dashing the powder out of the lion-visaged, mane-like upper work of Eldon,' she says, 'her heart swelled in her bosom to the size of thrice their hearts!'

The reader of this article is already aware that the authoress of the book has thrown open her letter-box to the publisher, and he seems to have ransacked it with the mere purpose of garnishing its pages with distinguished names, and without the least regard to the propriety of printing any given production, or indeed to its contents possessing the smallest portion of interest. There are several letters given of the Princess of Wales, which contain absolutely nothing that any human being can find the least entertainment in reading. Can any thing be more like a trick than advertising a book as containing original letters of Queen Caroline, when again and again all that you find to read is only such matter as the following, about equal in interest, and as well deserving to be printed as cards of invitation to dinner?

'I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening, as the wind is favourable, in the Jason frigate. Another brig is to carry all our luggage, baggage, and carriages. Captain King represents Jason himself. If the present wind is favourable to land at (illegible) continues, we shall arrive by the 12th of August; by the 15th I hope to be at Brunswicke. I intend only to remain in my native country ten or fifteen days, after which I shall set out immediately for Switzerland in the beginning of September. My intention still is to remain at Naples for the winter, but in case disturbances should commence there against Murat, of course I should prefer to be the winter at Rome or Florence—

but we must not anticipate misfortunes before they really arrive, for which reason I trust for the best, to be able to be at Naples,' &c. &c.

But the like objection cannot certainly be made to the publication of Sir W. Gell's letters, though any thing more reprehensible than giving to the world such effusions of good-humoured nonsense, can hardly be imagined. The mere keeping of them, and exposing them to the risk of seeing the light, is bad enough; and tends to break up all social intercourse by destroying its whole security; but the deliberate act of selling them for money, in order that the public may be admitted to see what the writer assuredly wrote and sent in the perfect certainty of its being instantly destroyed—at all events of no eyes but hers he was addressing ever seeing one line—is an offence of a flagrant character. We subjoin two of these letters, the oddity of which shows they came from a humorist; though he was also a man of rare talents and endowments. It may be presumed that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson mean the Regent and Princess; and of course Thompson House is Carlton Palace.

'As to favour with both Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, that is out of the question. I was drubbed for executing my commissions in the aphrodisiac way, in such style; but you are not to suppose that crowned heads are capable of distinguishing such superabundant talents. On the contrary, my constituents see my merits, and the University confers the horrors—I mean honours; for they will not let princes do any thing of the kind in mere gaiety of heart, but all is done through the ministry. Keppel Craven returns in the first week of June; Mrs. P. is going to Worthing to see Lady C. Campbell, and so is Mr. Knutson, or Canuteson, to prevent the sea from flowing, as his ancestor, Canute the Great, did.

'As to Mrs. D——, you know, when you are gone to France I shall have a fine opportunity of retorting all your malice and your sallies, and I can trust to the lady in question. I seem banished from Thompson House, but she has a triumph at Boodle's ten to one. The balls at White's and Co. seem in a languishing state, but London is furiously full of parties and suppers. Only to give you an idea of what I was engaged to go to last night:—Dinner, Mrs. Lock, 2000 virgins; Lady Douglas, music; Mrs. Davenport, christening; Devonshire House, supper; Lady Salisbury's. I do not pretend to send you any thing entertaining, as we write on business. Being,

'My dear——,

'Your affectionate grandmother,

'JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTELT.

'Mrs. Thompson had an idea of hiring Lady Oxford's house, next door, and persuading Lady C. Campbell to come and occupy it. I wish her Royal Highness would try and make Ma Tante Aurore accept this invitation, it would do very well, if the said Oxfords quitted it. The Oxfords say that they can live perfectly well for 3000 a-year, provided they have *only* what is necessary; but a carriage is included in the said necessities, and a tutor for the ugly boy, and a doctor for the naughty girls; besides all the furniture they spoil or destroy, which cannot be trifling; and four thousand

resses, with gold embroidery, for the little Alfred; and last, but not least, many dogs, who have neither left one corner of the carpet nor a single silk chair, without roles.

Inspired by these awful reflections, my paper seems to be finished. I see, every day and every hour, more reasons why people should never marry, and why I shall never be in love with a lady of fashion. I see sighs and tears lavished on one, and as quickly bursting and dropping from another. No; in spite of those smiles of Lady C. C., which might seduce one's weak heart for a moment, I shall never be really in love with her. Tell her so, and that she may give way to all those elegant effusions of sentimentality in her next letter, which so eminently distinguish her from the other inhabitants of the civilized world, add, that my judgment will not be perverted by the state of my heart, which is adamant, and I shall be able to give her excellent counsel, where prudence, patience, chastity, temperance, and the best of the virtues of northern climates, want of opportunity, and barren hills, are required. We expect Lady Charlotte Lindsay daily. Love to Lord and Lady Glenberve. Oh! fie, Mr. Douglas!

'Your most affectionate aunt,

'ANNA TAYLOR,

'Alias, WILLIAM GELL.'

Having extracted these specimens of his epistolary style, it is fit we add that Sir William Gell was one of the most accomplished scholars, most learned antiquaries, and most agreeable companions of his day. Few ever added more relish to the cup of society than was infused into the sweet potion by his varied acquirements, extensive knowledge of the world, familiarity with the best society, experience of various countries, full acquaintance with 'the manners of many men and many cities,'—added to his quaint and original humour, and his constant good spirits, in spite of the most painful infirmities. Nor were these, high though they be, the only qualities which entitled him to a distinguished place in the mundane system of refined intercourse. His manly courage in facing the adversaries who would oppress his Royal mistress, and crush all her adherents—his noble disregard of interest and all other sordid considerations—his constancy in maintaining a serene front amidst the frowns of fate as well as of power—his gaiety, even to buoyancy of spirits, whilst a martyr to the hereditary gout that prematurely shortened, after embittering, his life—present a character well fitted to win the admiration of the philosopher, as well as the esteem of all just men. His truly classical works have attracted the well deserved esteem of the learned world; his loss, not to the society of this country, when his crippled state obliged him to seek relief in the delightful climate of Italy, then to the world, when he sank into the grave with a spirit unsubdued and nerves unshaken, have left a blank in the polished circles of Europe not easily to be filled up.

While we perform the grateful task of strewing flow-

ers over his classical grave, another lies near, as we are reminded by these volumes—a grave destined to receive still higher attainments, and to close over far more brilliant prospects. The late Lord Dudley, better known for the greater part of the present century as John William Ward, was certainly one of the most remarkable men that have appeared in this country; and when the adventitious gifts which fortune bestowed on him, in union with extraordinary endowments of mind, are regarded, we may well affirm that a more cruel fate has hardly ever blighted such singular expectations as the world had a good right to indulge in him. Born to an immense and an unincumbered fortune, with none of the trammels which a numerous body of relations too often impose, as more than a counterpoise for any power and influence that such a connexion is calculated to confer, this eminent person entered public life with the most perfect independence that ever rising statesman enjoyed. But nature had been still more lavish of his gifts than fortune. He possessed one of the most acute and vigorous understandings that any man ever was armed with. His quickness was not accompanied with the least temerity; on the contrary, he was as sure as the slowest of mankind. His wit was of the brightest order, combining with the liveliest perception of remote resemblances, and mere distinctions—the peculiar attribute of wit properly so called—all that nice relish of the ludicrous, especially in character, out of which perfect humour is engendered. His powers of reasoning, though never cultivated in the walks of the stricter sciences, were admirable; and the tuition of Dugald Stewart had well supplied the defects of an Oxford education in all that concerned metaphysical lore. To a prodigious memory he added a lively imagination, even in matters unconnected with the merriment of humour, or the playfulness of wit. And it was none of the least enviable of his great qualities that, in union with all those endowments, and in spite of that fortune and station usually so inimical of laborious pursuits, he possessed the faculty of intense application; passing his life by preference in study, and having acquired the habits of unremitting intellectual labour as completely as if he had been born a poor man, by necessity become a student, gifted with a slow understanding, and at once devoid of fancy and of acuteness.

This distinguished man had early become a consummate classical scholar. The taste which habitually evolving the remains of ancient genius had refined to the most exquisite pitch, and even rendered so fastidious as to impede his own exertions, was subsequently enlarged and variegated by his marvellous facility of acquiring modern languages. Nor was there a great writer from Homer to Dante, and from Dante to Byron, with whose productions he was not perfectly familiar. His acquaintance with the records

of history, and with the principles of political as well as moral and metaphysical science, was extensive and profound.—‘Est enim et scientia comprehendenda rerum plurimarum, sine quâ verborum volubilitas inanis atque irridenda est; et ipsa oratio conformanda non solum electione, sed etiam constructione verborum; et omnes animorum motus, quos hominum generi rerum natura tribuit, penitus pernoscendi, quod omnis vis ratioque dicendi, in eorum, qui audiunt, mentibus, aut sedandis, aut excitandis expromenda est. Accedat eodem oportet lepos quidam, facetiæque et eruditio libero digna, celeritasque et brevitæ et respondendi, et lacescendi, subtili venustate atque urbanitate conjunctâ. Tenenda præterea est omnis antiquitas, exemplorumque vis:’—(Cic. *De Or. Lib. I.*)

All this was well known when he entered into public life, and vast expectations were raised of his success. Nor can it be said with any truth that these were disappointed. For though he made no progress, during the two first sessions of his sitting in Parliament, while he joined Mr. Pitt who estimated him at the highest rate, and Mr. Canning, whom he long after rejoined, having quitted him for a season; yet having been one of those most conscientious and honourable Pittites who adhered with Lord Grenville to Mr. Fox, after Mr. Pitt had been, unhappily for his fame and for his happiness, induced to break up the Coalition in 1804 and take office alone, Mr. Ward, in the short session of 1807, before the dissolution, distinguished himself above all competitors by a most able and eloquent advocacy of the Slave Trade Abolition; in him rendered the more valuable and the more meritorious by the fact that he was heir to ample West Indian possessions. In 1808, and still more in 1810, when the Walcheren expedition was brought into discussion at the commencement of the session, he delivered some of the most splendid orations which have been heard in Parliament, whether we regard the closeness of their reasoning, the force of their sarcasm, or the inimitable beauty of their composition. His health in some of the following years was so much broken, that he rarely took part in debate; but he returned to public life in the high station of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when Mr. Canning’s administration was formed in 1827; and continued in that great and difficult office until the secession of the Canning party at Whitsuntide of the following year. Steady to the principles of his leader, he offered the most uncompromising resistance to all Parliamentary Reform; attacked with extraordinary vehemence and the most distinguished ability the Bill of 1831; and alone, or almost alone of his party, held by its peculiar creed, when, happily for the country, as we think, Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg had joined with ‘the brave Gyas and the brave

Cloanthus,’ in deserting their colours, and ranging themselves under the banners of Reform.

To say that Mr. Ward failed in answering the large expectations formed of him by all parties, is therefore a very great mistake. His capacity and his acquirements were fully developed, and bore him both to high honours, to great fame, and to exalted station. But he had an over-sensitiveness, an exquisitely fastidious taste, a nervous temperament which was perhaps never uncombined with physical constitution, and ended in the most melancholy mental as well as bodily disease. Unsteadiness of purpose, therefore—unwillingness to risk, and reluctance to exert—incapacity to make up his mind either as to the measures of others or his own conduct—greatly checkered his existence as a public man during the latter years of his brilliant, but unhappy life. At length, what seemed only to have been a morbid affection of the will, extended itself to the understanding, and laid waste one of the most acute, subtle, powerful intellects ever bestowed upon man. A cloud overspread his whole mind; he ceased utterly out of society; he, who was among its most brilliant ornaments, could no more be admitted to its intercourse; he whose faculties of every kind and in the most extraordinary combination, hardly had known an equal, was reduced to the darkness of entire aberration of intellect; and fate, untimely and relentless, more, far more, than counterbalanced all the singular gifts with which nature and fortune had striven together in order to enrich him, and left us all the melancholy reflection, how little those gifts avail here below!—

‘————Manibus date lilia plenis:

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.’ *Æn. Lib. vi. 884.*

From these lofty though mournful contemplations, we must once more descend to the mean level of the Book before us. That this writer is of the class to which the notorious Mary Ann Clarke belonged, as far as regards revelations of private anecdote, and making money of her own journals and other people’s letters, we have already suggested. But it appears, too, which might not have been so readily expected, that she has cultivated her sister-artist’s acquaintance. Her object in so doing is unfolded by herself. It was in the way of business—of their common trade—as one dealer in the foul wares of improper books or prints may communicate with another in furtherance of their forbidden traffic. She has occasion to cite Mary Ann Clarke as her authority for a scandalous anecdote respecting the Royal Family, and she adds, ‘you know how I *wheedled* her to show me the ‘notes she had prepared for her own Memoirs.’* We ask what she

* The italics are the writer’s own, to call our attention to her cunning tricks.

would have said of any of those exalted persons whom she slanders in each page of her work, had they been guilty of associating with an infamous woman like this, and for so sordid a purpose?

One other anecdote recorded by herself—one more trait of her sketched by her own hand, and we have done. 'The Princess,' (says she, Vol. II. 198), 'has heaped benefits on Lady C. Campbell, and sent her a thousand ducats in hard cash as soon as she arrived' (at Genoa). How does she requite all this kindness? How relieve herself from this load of gratitude for the benefits so heaped upon her? By this abominable publication! Is she callous and insensible to the cruelty and the ingratitude she is thus committing? No such thing. She can feel it criminal to write down the anecdotes which no eye but her own can ever see. 'Writing these notes, though they are never to meet any eye but my own, seems to me unamiable; for I am more than ever overwhelmed with kindness.' Where then were the feelings thus roused by the mere scratching of the solitary pen, when the machinery of the printing press was by her own mercenary hand made to play, and the recorded scandal to resound through all the newspapers and in all the circulating libraries of the empire? Verily, she has pronounced with her own mouth her own condemnation, and under this sentence we leave her.*

From Tail's Magazine.

WHITE'S VIEWS AND TOURS AMONG THE HIMALAYA.†

In noticing this splendid volume, one is at a loss whether to give predominance to the engravings or the illustrative descriptions. It is only because we are on a ground nearly untrodden by travellers by the fire-side,

* We are aware that we have in this long paper confined our attention entirely to the general subject of the Abuses of the Press, and the Characters of Statesmen and Princes now no more. We have purposely kept ourselves within those comparatively narrow limits, and we think our reasons justify this course. As to the Press, we felt it sufficient for one occasion to open the general subject, and reserve for a future discussion those most important details with which we are enabled to illustrate our positions, and which we shall hereafter lay at large before the reader. As to the historical portion of this article, we felt it a safer course, and one that exposed us both to fewer temptations and less misconstruction, to avoid sketching the characters, or commenting on the conduct of living statesmen and living monarchs. But we desire it to be distinctly understood that we have abstained, without entertaining the least doubt that the public conduct and public character of living men and of women, too, in high station, falls within the legitimate scope of our duty. Our next article of this kind will comprehend the other great characters of the past age.

† Views and Tours among the Himalaya Mountains. by Lieutenant George White. Edited by Emma Roberts. VOL. XXXIII.—JULY, 1838.

that we give preference to the latter, and first advert to the magnificent region to which the Views refer. To a certain extent, it may happen of mountains as of birds, of which it is proverbially said, "Far away fowls have feathers fair;" yet we are compelled to believe that the Himalaya range, while it greatly exceeds the Pyrenees, the mountains of Norway, the Swiss Alps, and even the Andes, in altitude, equals them in grandeur of scenery. Travellers who have seen both, yield the palm to this chain, which divides the plains of Hindostan from those of Thibet, and in which the Ganges and the Jumna, and many smaller rivers have their rise. These, however, are but isolated features of this sublime barrier of our eastern empire.

Since the termination of the Goorka war in 1815, this interesting scenery has been opened to English travellers, who, until then, knew comparatively little of the Himalaya, and who have not yet been able to penetrate the regions of perpetual snow. Some of these mountains rise to the immense height of 27,000 feet above the level of the sea; and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet appears a common altitude. The passes which European travellers have already explored, as those of Shastool and Rol, are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, therefore, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The Shastool pass is flanked by an inaccessible icy peak, 2,000 feet higher than itself.

There is very little level ground to be found in these mountainous districts, though cultivation is attempted upon the southward slopes, at the incredible height of 10,000 feet, and in some places even higher. There the crops are out before they are ripe. Few human habitations are found above 9,500 in height, and at 11,800 the forest ceases, though dwarf birches and bushes creep up to 13,000. Pasture ranges seem to ascend to 14,000 feet. On the northern sides of some of the valleys, having, of course, a southern exposure, both dwellings and fields are found somewhat higher, and furze bushes are found at the immense height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Since the Goorkas, a brave and hardy race of mountaineers, were finally subdued by Sir David Ochterlony, they have been taken under the protection of the British government, and now occupy military stations in the hills, proving faithful mercenaries to their conquerors, who depend upon them alone for maintaining the peace of the country. The conquered districts are now visited every year by the English, whose summer journeys to the hills, or the inferior range of the Himalaya, form delightful episodes in the lives of the sweltering European residents of the plains. They seek at once health in a bracing climate, and pleasure in contemplating the most sublime and picturesque scenery in the world. The number of visitors in search of health,

change of air and amusement, and of scientific travellers and sportsmen, increases every year. Their journeys have been facilitated by the formation of an excellent road, and there are now several hill-stations, in which the residents in the plains have villas, to which they repair during the hot seasons. The description given of these new mountain retreats, remind us of the watering-places in the Pyrenees. *Mussooree*, one of the principal hill-settlements, and a great resort of visitors from the plains, is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood commands the most extensive and splendid views of the rich plains of Hindostan, with the Ganges and Jumna winding through them, for forty miles, out of the 1,200 miles of their prolonged course.

The private journals of many of the late Himalaya tourists, and of the enterprising explorers of the mountain fastnesses, far beyond the hill settlements, have been placed at the disposal of Miss Roberts in compiling interesting illustrations of the views; and her valuable descriptions contain much original information concerning the Alpine regions of the East, their scenery, inhabitants, and natural productions, and the manners of the Indian Highlanders. How much of this comes direct from the pen of Lieutenant White we are at a loss to know. To the spirit and fidelity of his pencil we have heard testimony borne by those who have visited the scenes depicted. His original sketches are retouched—or embellished, shall we say?—by Turner, Stanfield, Harvey, and other eminent artists; and the engraving alone, of twenty-nine views, has cost, it is stated, £2,400. This may give one an idea of the scale of the undertaking. They are beautifully executed, and the work, in every department, is finished in that style which reflects so much honour upon our modern enterprising publishers, and indirectly upon the country to which they belong. There are no truer indications of the rapid progress of high civilization than those splendid specimens of the diffusive productions of art, which now adorn the tables of persons of refined taste even in the middle ranks of life, and which, like this elegant volume, become enhanced in value from being purchasable by that most important class of society.

The vignette, by Lieut. White, possesses a purely Oriental character. It represents the encampment of the chief of Lahore, *Runjeet Singh*, on the banks of the Sutlej; the Hyphasis of Alexander the Great, and the boundary of his eastern conquests. It was here that Lord William Bentinck, during a truce, met the great chief and conqueror. The scene of the plate, and another, is thus described:—"Roopur is beautifully situated among the lower skirts of the Himalaya, where the Sutlej first enters the plains; and the splendid encampment shewed to great advantage, amid the low ranges of hills and woody valleys of the landscape.

Runjeet Singh's army occupied the right bank, and probably equalled in magnificence any display ever made by the gorgeous satraps of the East. The spot chosen for the temporary palace of the chieftain exhibited, to great advantage, the peculiar ingenuity of native talent, which is never so favourably occupied as in the conversion of some desert waste into a scene which looks like the work of the fabled genii of the soil. A space, about eight acres of land, had been marked out, and the interstices, between the intended erections, were sowed with a quick-growing herb, and kept constantly watered, so that the pavilions and tents appeared to be surrounded by parterres of the brightest green. Nothing could equal the splendour of these tents, which gleamed with the richest draperies of crimson, purple, scarlet, and gold, supported on gilt pillars, and having awnings, embroidered, and fringed, and tasselled in the most costly manner. Each thing was in the same style, and the river, running in front, reflected the whole of this barbaric pomp upon its polished surface. Above a ledge of rock, the highly gorgeous scene was crowned by a pavilion, formed of panels of wood plated with silver, and all around were splendid groups of caparisoned elephants, war-horses, and camels. In the distance, the Maha-rajah's army occupied picturesque positions among the hills, which opened to a view of the snowy range bounding the view. The British camp, on the other side of the river, looked poor in comparison with the barbaric magnificence of the Chief of Lahore and his train. Among the other appendages, were 200 camels, each decorated with housings of crimson and gold, and carrying a swivel, and his principal officers, sumptuously arrayed, and mounted upon elephants." This splendid warlike pageant is well described; yet we turn with pleasure from it to the solitary tours in the Himalaya, which occupy so much of the work. The frontispiece to the "Views in India" is the *Rocks at Calzong* on the Ganges, a scene of exquisite loveliness. These rocks are esteemed holy by the Hindoos; and a fakir is occasionally found there, and a few religious mendicants. These beautiful crags are luxuriantly garlanded with creepers, and are the haunts of numerous birds. Pigeons nestle in the trees; and, on the smallest alarm, myriads of waterfowl rush out in snowy flocks. The view is exquisite. Over these translucent waters, Turner displays as much mastery as in the fields of sunny air. But these subjects, and the magnificent Oriental shews of *Runjeet-Singh*, possess less distinctive and original character than the Views as we approach the Himalaya. The first of these is *The Ganges entering the plains near Hurdwar*, at a hundred and fifty miles from its sacred birth-place in the bosom of the mountains, and where it has still to flow on, for twelve hundred more, before it reach the sea. A view of part of the Ghaut, at the holy city of Hard-

war, introduces a lengthened and animated description of the celebrated fairs of that place—a striking feature in native Indian life, and one strongly marking a particular stage in civilization. These fairs—or convocations for traffic, for religious and secular purposes, as well as for amusement—have, however, been described by former writers, and this volume contains much fresh matter. Hurdwar is almost at the portal of the Himalaya chain, and of the new settlements frequented by the British; and from it we shall start with a travelling party. Upon leaving Hurdwar, they ascended the valley of the *Dhoo* to the village of Rajpore. Part of the way led through a thick forest of lofty trees, among which the rhododendron, here a tall tree, was seen covered with its rich crimson flowers. The cultivated flowers of English gardens, and nearly all the European fruits, are found wild and abundant in the Himalaya. In the *Dhoo*, the turf is adorned with the amaranth and the ranunculus, in variety. The ascent from Rajpore to the town of Deyrah, the station of the Goorka battalion of hill-rangers, is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible; but thence it becomes so steep that hill-ponies are used, a rough but sure-footed species of small horses, well adapted to the country. The road now leads up the side of precipices of the most romantic character—craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees, descending to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines. From the summit of this ridge, a glorious burst of view is obtained over the plains; but the mountain scenery, as seen from all the hill-settlements, is yet more striking. These villages themselves are romantic or picturesque in a high degree. At Simlah, the most fashionable of them, the scattered dwellings have been compared to gulls' nests, perched on the side of a cliff. There is no table-land, the level places being chiefly cut out of the rock; and there is scarcely a road or enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads scooped out of the sides of the precipices look fearful to strangers; yet ladies soon learn to gallop along them without apprehension. The pear, the cherry, and barberry, abound in this neighbourhood; but while the beautiful rhododendron clothes the southward slopes, the northern sides of the hills shew only the gloomy pine, and a stunted and withered vegetation.

The hill-settlements already possess all the necessities and the western luxuries of life known in the plains. Though delightful as summer residences, they can never become permanent abodes to the English, from the severe and tempestuous weather which prevails in the mountains for a great part of the year. A dwelling at *Mussooree*, termed the *Abbey*, commands, from its elevated and isolated position, the noblest prospects; but, in the rainy season, is scarcely habitable, and completely enveloped in mists. The entrance of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable;

but in those altitudes, the *clouds* take the same liberty; and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window open, the inmates may find themselves drenched through. Terrific storms often rage below the sublime or dizzy peak, upon which the European may have fixed his dwelling; while, as frequently, thunder and lightning, a snow-storm and a hurricane, assail it all at once. The loss of animal and of human life is often sustained in these terrific tempests.

Sunrise is described by nearly all the tourists as being attended with extraordinary splendour in these alpine regions, when the mountain brows and the snowy peaks are tinted with hues of gold, or glowing in rosy light; and the settlement of Mussooree must be exceedingly picturesque at night, with the lights twinkling from the numerous scattered dwellings, so fancifully placed on heights, and the gleaming fires which the native servants always kindle on the ground, marking the site of each homestead. Our tourists tired at length of Mussooree, and determined to penetrate into the snowy ranges; and, indeed, all adventurous persons residing at the hill-stations for a season, make the attempt of going farther into the mountain wilds. The tourists, consisting of three gentlemen, with the host of native servants and coolies which attend all Indian expeditions, mustered to the number of eighty persons, equipped with everything required in this difficult and even perilous journey; for they contemplated nothing less than reaching the source of the Jumna. The first view taken upon the ascent, is of *The snowy range from Tyne to Marma*. We leave the reader to judge if the scene is not wildly sublime. The place stands at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

The fore-ground was composed of a rich ridge, covered with timber, the growth of ages; and, contrasting by its dark foliage with the bare eminences, which, rising in all directions, appeared as if the tumultuous waves of a stormy ocean had suddenly been converted into earth; while the forest, standing forth in the midst, looked like a peninsula, stretching far into the billows. Beyond this wild and confused sea, arose, in calmer majesty, those towering piles of unchanging snow, which, from whatever point they may be viewed, can never fail to inspire sentiments of awe and admiration. The higher cluster of white peaks, near the centre, are those of Bunderpooch, above Jumnotree, the source of the Jumna. To the right are the Rudra, Himala, near Gongootree, whence springs the Ganges; and, still farther to the east, the loftiest of the peaks, the Dwa-walagiri, may sometimes be discovered, although at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, rearing its snowy coronet, and looking down at the height of 27,000 feet, upon the pigmy world below; while, far to the east and west, extend the hoary tributaries of the giant, until their snowy summits melt into air, and are lost to the straining sight.

Several enterprising explorers have made their way to the more northward of these hills; but their peaks remain, and probably ever must, untrodden by human feet. This snowy ridge divides India from the plains

of Thibet and Chinese Tartary; and, at the narrowest part, is penetrated, by tedious and troublesome journeys, through long tracks of rock and snow. The descent upon the other side to Thibet is comparatively easy, as Thibet stands at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The journal of the tourists, in this wild and almost untrodden region, is exceedingly interesting, both from the savage grandeur of the magnificent scenery, and their personal adventures. One day's march may serve us as a specimen of many:—

The first part conducted us through a narrow gorge, walled on either side by fantastic rocks, and crowded with fine alders, the stream rolling beneath our feet; while the path was overhung by dreadful precipices, toppling crags, now and then threatening to follow some of the huge fragments which had already fallen; then the scene widened a little, and a natural terrace, shaded by some splendid mulberry trees, offered rest and repose; the rocks scattering themselves around, traversed, at one place, by a foaming cataract. Ascending a steep and rugged eminence, we toiled on our weary way up rock and crag, until we came to another halting-place of table-land, adorned with fine chestnut-trees, and commanding an extensive view, backed by the snowy ranges; while we looked down upon a splendid confusion of waterfalls, wild precipices, and luxuriant forests. The air was delightfully cool and bracing; and, it may be supposed, we enjoyed the meal that awaited us in this glorious resting-place. In addition to the articles of foreign luxury which we had brought with us, we regaled ourselves with mountain mutton, a hill-pheasant, some of the delicious honey for which the place is famed, and peaches of no despicable size and flavour. Our appetites, sharpened by exercise and the invigorating breeze, enabled us to do full justice to the meal; while we were at no loss for subjects of conversation—the surrounding country being sufficient to inspire the most prosaic mind with poetical ideas.

The absence of lakes, or any large bodies of water in these mountains, is regretted by travellers, as the one thing wanting to complete the beauty of the scenery; but the rolling mists often seen below, as in all mountainous regions, take the form of lakes and seas, and cheat the tourist with an agreeable illusion. The Himalayas are rich in vegetable productions. Nearly all the cultivated fruits of Europe grow spontaneously, and the ground is carpeted with strawberries. Flocks of wild sheep are seen; and deer, and a great variety of game, abound; so that these regions afford the exiles of Great Britain their favourite sports. The musk-deer and the hawk are regarded as a sort of royal game—the property of the state, or of the chieftains of the district; but these are the only rights of forestry which appear to exist in India. Musk-bags bear a high value in the hills and plains; and the drug would seem to be greatly adulterated before it reaches Europe.

The native mode of hunting the musk-deer, reminds us of the ancient royal huntings in Scotland, so often

described; and of the chamois hunts in the Pyrenees. When a musk-deer is espied, the whole population of the neighbouring villages turn out—the information being spread through the hills with extraordinary celerity. The country being up, a *cordon* is formed round the destined victim, and he seldom fails to be hemmed in; pelted with stones from the surrounding cliffs, on which the natives are perched like eagles, wounded, scared, and finally surrounded and taken. Ten pounds is sometimes paid for a live hawk, taken in the mountains, and carried down to the plains for sale, for the purpose of being trained for the chivalrous sport of hawking. This is a favourite amusement with Runjeet-Singh and his train. The Himalaya are inhabited, as we have said, to a great height; and the castles of the petty native chiefs, and the scattered hamlets, perched upon some cliff, often form a picturesque feature of the scene. The natives are a harmless race, contented with their few enjoyments, and knowing nothing better. They are easily managed by kindness, but occasionally restive under the scornful treatment of their new European employers. The women, since they have conquered their first fears of the white strangers, have been found particularly obliging to travellers, and as hospitable as their slender means permit. "In passing through a village," says the tourist, "the women will frequently bring out, unasked, milk and fruits for the refreshment of the travellers; and although, according to the custom of all semi-barbarous countries, they are looked upon with great contempt by the other sex, we found them generally more intelligent, as well as more communicative, than the men; and they are certainly quite as industrious." Female degradation is so horrible in one respect, that we would fain hope that the travellers may have been misinformed as to the tenure of Himalaya marriages. A love of flowers seemed to be the most elegant taste manifested by the mountaineers, who are quite insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scenery which attracts strangers to their country. All tourists appear to be enchanted with the changeful and beautiful skies, and remarkable atmospheric effects seen in the Himalaya particularly at dawn.

The following random extracts may serve as a specimen of the sylvan delight experienced by the Himalaya tourist and sportsman—for sport seems to have been generally conjoined with the other objects of these excursions:—

We met with some delightful halting-places on the line of march—grassy terraces, carpeted with strawberry and wild flowers, where the cowslip, the primrose, and butter-cup, brought the pranked-out fields of our native country strongly to the mind. Many of the travellers in the Himalaya are moved even to rapture at the sight of the first daisy which springs spontaneously in their path. As an exotic in some gardens of the

plains, it excites deep emotion; but growing wild, spangling the meadow-grass with its silvery stars, it becomes infinitely more interesting, and the home-sick, pining exile will often gather its earliest-encountered blossoms, weeping. Leaving this luxuriant vegetation, we arrived at a wild spot, the summit of a ridge of peaks, covered with snow; and though the prospect was more circumscribed and of greater sameness, we enjoyed it amazingly. We seemed to be hemmed in on all sides by thick ribbed ice, transported to antarctic snows, imprisoned amid ice-bergs, ever-freezing and impassable. Presently, however, we emerged, and, descending through the snow, reached the boundary line between the districts of the Jumna and the Ganges. The extreme limits of these river territories, are marked in the manner usually employed in rude and desolate places, by heaps of stone—many raised by Europeans, who thus commemorate their pilgrimage.

Those *cairns* are all nameless. The next point of great interest in this excursion, is the summit of a ridge, whence the first view of the Ganges is obtained; a sight that never fails to raise the drooping spirits of the Hindoo followers, and which generally excites no small degree of enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian travellers. This holy place is very difficult of approach. It lies in a deep glen, and considerable distances, covered with loose flinty stones, must be traversed at no small peril. Sometimes the face of the rock must be climbed from cliff to cliff, which offered no resting place for foot or hand, and one scaled by ladders. These difficulties surmounted, behold our travellers near the desired goal.

The grandeur of the scene which opened upon us as we at length stood upon the threshold of Gungootree, cannot be described by words. Rocks were piled upon rocks in awful majesty, all shivered into points, which rise one upon another, in splendid confusion, enclosing a glen of the wildest nature, where the Ganges, beautiful in every haunt, from its infancy to its final junction with the ocean, pours its shallow waters over a bed of shingle, diversified by jutting rocks, and even here shadowed by the splendid foliage of some fine old trees. The devotee who undoubtedly believes that every step that he takes towards the source of that holy river, which from his infancy he has been taught to look upon as a deity, will lead him into beatitude, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree; but the true source of the sacred stream lies still higher, in still more inaccessible solitudes; and it was reserved for the ardour of those who measured the altitudes of the highest peaks, and penetrated to the utmost limits of man's dominion, to trace the exact birth-place of the holy river. Captains Hodgson and Herbert in 1818, found, at the height of thirteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, the Bhagarati, or true Ganges, issuing from beneath a low arch, at the base of a vast mass of frozen snow, nearly three hundred feet in height, and composed of different layers, each several feet in thickness, and, in all probability, the accumulation of ages. Neither here nor at Gungootree, is there anything resembling a cow's mouth to support the popular fable.

A pilgrimage to Gungootree is, to the Hindoo, like one to Mecca, performed by the Mahomedan. In commemoration of an act of piety, which compara-

tively few have the good fortune to perform, a Goorka chief has here erected a small pagoda in honour of the goddess, on a platform of rock twenty feet above the bed of the river. A few Brahmins live in the vicinity of this temple, to whom the pilgrims make their oblations. Europeans, though not reaping the benefit of the prayers and ceremonies, also pay voluntary toll to the priests of the goddess. Holy water is carried from this place to all parts of India, and is highly prized by Hindoo devotees, and pious frauds are often practised in this traffic, though the portion of water borne away, is carefully sealed up by the presiding Brahmins.

European tourists seem to enjoy these excursions even more than the devout pilgrims. They travel with those appliances and means which leave just as much of danger and hardship as may give zest to their rambling forest life. Their Mahomedan attendants are intelligent and zealous, and an exception to the nearly universal adage about the quarter from whence cooks are sent. No sooner do the party reach the encamping ground pitched upon for the time, than the servants set to work, while the masters use their guns, sketch, or enjoy the scenery. A fire is kindled in a hole in the earth; and if there be no charcoal for roasting their jungle-birds, or mountain mutton, as it may be, they are delicately braised. Spices and materials for a fry are carried along with the party; and whenever eggs can be found, forth comes an omelette. Rain is the greatest drawback upon this sylvan life; it falls in torrents, and for successive days, besides the regular season of rain in July and August. Nor are falls of snow unfrequent at seasons when they are not naturally looked for. To servants from the plain, snow is a marvel and a horror.

Our attention has been riveted upon the descriptive parts of the work; but we must not forget to apprise the reader that this is not considered its strength. It is a book of Views of a fresh and lovely world, remote from our European imagination—the sublime and luxuriant highlands of a tropical country. One or two of the engravings were noticed above; but we shall not attempt to describe them, which is the office of the tours we have been quoting, much less to criticise. They must be seen, to be understood or felt. Those we leave unnoticed are full of character. Those mountain passes, and dreary and forlorn primeval solitudes—those dizzying aerial bridges, spanning chasms and ravines—the animals of the Himalaya, and its peculiar vegetable productions—are all silent historians of this novel region. Sometimes we have an Alpine hamlet, with its rude primitive temple, and groups of native inhabitants; and special justice has been done to the new hill settlements, which are all charmingly picturesque; *native* pictures mingling finely with those adjuncts of European civilization which the English raise amidst them, as if by magic. Their incursions,

the money they scatter, and their usages, may be expected to have a happy if not a rapid effect among the natives, who are not so strongly fettered by *caste* as the Hindoos of the plains.

The enlightened benevolence which Miss Roberts displayed in her former work on India does not slumber here. Her reflections upon the sort of influence which the white strangers ought to seek over those "black fellows" whom they are too apt to despise, or forget altogether, save as carriers and serfs—are worthy of the profound consideration of young Anglo-Indians. We could expatiate upon the fool-hardy, undisguised contempt with which the prejudices of the natives, and their most sacred opinions, are too often treated by thoughtless, arrogant young men; but this is not the place; and, moreover, a better and wiser feeling is arising. Let us, therefore, close the book in good humour. It is one which must be particularly prized by Anglo-Indians and their connections, and one which adds another splendid trophy to the treasures of diffusive art. Paintings are like the rare illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, which few could possess; engravings come to us like the same manuscripts having undergone the magic transformation of the printing-press, and ready to fly abroad, carrying enlightenment and blessing over the whole earth.

From the Spectator.

LANE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ARBIAN NIGHTS.*

In spite of the disadvantage of a translation made from the French instead of the original, and by persons not over well versed in Oriental customs or character, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has been and continues to be the delight of youth and the occasional recreation of age. The novelties and wonders which it opens up, the strange and fascinating kind of life and the variety of adventures which it contains, are alluring to childhood. The lessons of prudence and worldly instruction that it imparts, render the book attractive to maturer years; which, swayed by old associations or by the obvious belief of the writers in the marvels they relate, tacitly admit them to be *speciosa miracula*.

The merit of the work, which is tested by a popular circulation wider than the Classics, and perhaps than the Scriptures—for it circulates over the Christian and Mahometan world—deserves a better translation than our literature possesses. And no fitter man than Mr. Lane could be found to undertake the task; for he has

* A New Translation of the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, known in England as the Arabian Night's Entertainments; with copious Notes. By Edward William Lane, Author of "Modern Egyptians." Illustrated with many hundred Wood-Cuts, engraved by the first English Artists, after Original Designs by William Harvey. Part I.

given ample proof of his knowledge of the Arabian language and of Egypto-Arabic customs, in his account of the Modern Egyptians. His plan is as judicious as his acquirements are sufficient. The object he proposes to himself in this new translation is, faithfully to reflect the original without interpolations or omissions, except "of such portions as the translator deems uninteresting or on any account objectionable. Truth is always valuable for itself; but, independent of being more true as regards the points, incidents, and character of the tales, the present version, Mr. Lane says, will give an exact picture of Arabian manners, which, "since the downfall of the Arab Empire of Bagdad," are to be found in perfection at Cairo. How far this is the case, we are not prepared to dispute; though we incline to think that the personal feelings springing from long residence in the city which has been to him an *alma mater*, may induce our author not to make sufficient allowance for the lapse of ages, the change of masters, and the influx of foreigners, or even for the evidence of the book he is at work upon. But be this as it may, the narrative, in the part before us, has unquestionably an Oriental character, yet one differing considerably from all other pictures of Oriental life that we have met with; being more primitive in manners, more simple, and less *knowing* in estimating the distinctions of life and the observance of its forms. The brother Sultans, whose matrimonial misfortunes and subsequent experience of the faithlessness of the sex give occasion to Shahrazád to tell the "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights," are invested in the descriptions with all the external power and riches of royalty, such as they might seem to the fancy of an Arab; but their feelings and behaviour are those, we opine, of a desert chief. Speaking with submission to Orientalists, there is another internal evidence in the tales, of a very simple, that is of an Arab state of society. The supernatural impossibilities, and geographical absurdities, are indeed articles of common belief throughout all the East, unless perhaps where a familiar intercourse with Europeans may have induced doubt, but the infidelities of the Sultanas, their punishment by their lords, the conduct of the monarchs in leaving their thrones, and the determination of Shahriyár to behead each new wife the morning after the wedding, are told with the good faith of a trusting story-teller applying vulgar gallantries to the great, and the coolness of an Oriental too accustomed to little displays of regal power to deem them worthy of comment. The tales themselves bear evidence of a primitive state of society. Their wisdom arises from direct and homely instances of universal application, not from any power of generalizing or any attempt at it. They present results without any minute filling-up, and bring about changes without any of those attempts at smoothing together, or explanation, which writers in an awakening

state of society find necessary to secure the credence of a reflecting generation. Abstracting national character, they remind us of the popular national tales of Europe.

The translation forms only one literary characteristic of the present edition, and that perhaps the smallest. To each chapter notes are appended, as yet far exceeding the text in quantity, and devoted to its illustration. Sometimes these notes are brief explanations, or remarks on the work or its allusions; but frequently they are elaborate commentaries on the religion, superstitions, manners, customs, and scientific notions of the people, if that can be called science which is physically impossible. Of the nature of these notes, a few samples will convey an idea.

MAHOMETAN ARTICLES OF BELIEF.

1. Belief in God, who is without beginning or end, the sole Creator and Lord of the universe, having absolute power, and knowledge, and glory and perfection.

2. Belief in his Angels, who are impeccable beings, created of light; and Genii (Jinn), who are peccable, created of smokeless fire. The Devils, whose chief is Iblees, or Satan, are evil Genii.

3. Belief in his Scriptures, which are his uncreated word, revealed to his prophets. Of these there now exist, but held to be greatly corrupted, the Pentateuch of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, in an uncorrupted and incorruptible state, the Kurán, which is held to have abrogated, and to surpass in excellence, all preceding revelations.

4. Belief in his Prophets and Apostles; the most distinguished of whom are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Jesus is held to be more excellent than any of those who preceded him; to have been born of a virgin, and to be the Messiah, and the word of God, and a spirit proceeding from Him, and not partaking of his essence, and not to be called the Son of God. Mohammed is held to be more excellent than all; the last and greatest of prophets and apostles; the most excellent of the creatures of God.

5. Belief in the general resurrection and judgment, and in future rewards and punishments, chiefly of a corporeal nature: that the punishments will be eternal to all but wicked Mohammedans; and that none but Mohammedans will enter into a state of happiness.

6. Belief in God's predestination of all events, both good and evil.

ARABIAN ESTIMATE OF THE SEX.

The wickedness of women is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs, with an affected feeling of superior virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgment or good sense is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves, as it rests on an assertion of the Prophet; but that they possess a superior degree of cunning is pronounced equally certain and notorious. The general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of men. "I stood," said the Prophet, "at the gate of Paradise; and lo, most of its inmates were the poor: and I stood at the gate of Hell; and lo, most of its inmates were women." In allusion to women, the Khaleefeh-'Omar said, "Consult them, and do the con-

trary of what they advise." But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, or when other advice can be had. "It is desirable for a man," says a learned Imán, "before he enters upon any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits: if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife, and consult her; and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary: so shall he proceed rightly in his affair, and attain his object." A truly virtuous wife is, of course, excepted in this rule: such a person is as much respected by Muslims as she is (at least according to their own account) rarely met with by them. When woman was created, the Devil, we are told, was delighted, and said, "Thou art half of my host: and thou art the depository of my secret; and thou art my arrow, with which I shoot and miss not."

The Mahometans, it seems, acknowledge two kinds of destiny,—one general, or as it were in the nature of things, and unalterable; the other peculiar, and capable of being changed, God willing, by prayer. And in some cases their conduct seems to show that they consider a particular result capable of being influenced by human means.

The Arabs in general constantly have recourse both to charms and medicines, not only for the cures, but also for the prevention of diseases. They indeed have a strange passion for medicine, which shows that they do not consider fate as altogether unconditional. Nothing can exceed the earnestness with which they often press a European traveller for a dose; and the more violent the remedy, the better are they pleased. The following case will serve as an example. Three donkey-drivers, conveying the luggage of two British travellers from Boolák to Cairo, opened a bottle which they observed in a basket, and finding it to contain, as they had suspected, brandy, emptied it down their throats: but he who had the last, on turning up the bottle, got the tail of a scorpion into his mouth; and looking through the bottle, to his great horror, saw it contained a number of these reptiles, with tarantulas, vipers, and beetles. Thinking that they had poisoned themselves, but not liking to rely on faith, they persuaded a man to come to me for medicine. He introduced the subject to me by saying, "O Efendee, do an act of kindness: there are three men poisoned: in your mercy give them medicine and save their lives;" and then he related the whole affair, without concealing the theft. I replied that they did not deserve medicine; but he urged that by giving it I should obtain an immense reward. "Yes," said I, "he who saveth a soul alive, shall be as if he had saved the lives of all mankind." I said this to try the feeling of the applicant; who, expressing admiration of my knowledge, urged me to be quick, lest the men should die; thus showing himself to be no unconditional fatalist. I gave him three strong doses of tartar emetic; and he soon came back to thank me, saying that the medicine was most admirable, for the men had hardly swallowed it when they almost vomited their hearts and livers, and every thing else in their bodies.

From a distrust in fate, some Muslims even shut themselves up during the prevalence of plague; but this

practice is generally condemned. A Syrian friend of mine who did so nearly had his door broken open by his neighbours. Another of my friends, one of the most distinguished of the 'Ulama, confessed to me his conviction of the lawfulness of quarantine, and argued well in favour of it; but said that he dared not openly avow such an opinion. "The Apostle of God," said he, "God favour and preserve him! hath commanded, that we should not enter a city where there is pestilence, nor go out from it. Why did he say, 'Enter it not?'—because, by so doing, we should expose ourselves to the disease. Why did he say, 'Go not out of it?'—because, by so doing, we should carry the disease to others. The Prophet was tenderly considerate of our welfare; but the present Muslims in general are like bulls (brute beasts); and they hold the meaning of this command to be, go not into a city where there is pestilence, because this would be rashness; and go not out from it, because this would be distrusting God's power to save you from it."

Many of the vulgar and ignorant among modern Muslims believe that the unchangeable destinies of every man are written upon his head, and what are termed the sutures of the skull.

The wood-cuts, that thickly inlay the text, become a prominent feature of this book: they not merely adorn, but really illustrate its pages. Assuming the correctness of the translator's theory as to Cairo, the costumes, the furniture, the dwellings, &c. represent the habits and mode of life described in the stories with minute accuracy. The value of these graphic comments is the greater, though less ostentatious, from their being made subservient to the invention of the designer, Mr. Harvey, in giving picturesque effect to the incident depicted. The cavalcade of the brother Sultans—the revels of the faithless Sultanas and the slaves in the garden—the interview of the Wezeer and his daughter Shahrazád, and her reception by the King, whose deadly purpose she so successfully diverts—and the Oriental shop of the merchant—have all the seeming verisimilitude that belongs to authentic delineations. The apparitions of the Genii, like a column of cloud assuming shape, and the aspect of the gigantic Afreet, though purely imaginative, acquire a degree of reality by the juxtaposition of characteristic costumes. In a word, the union of fact and fancy is complete; and the figures are graceful, spirited, and expressive. The engravings are the perfection of the present refined style of the art: in delicacy and sharpness of line, and pictorial effect, they may vie with etchings on copper; and every leaf is enriched with one or more.

From the Examiner.

Rondeaulx. Translated from the French by J. R. Best, Esq. Saunders and Otley.

A little work evincing all the appropriate joyousness and gallantry of the troubadour, with more fidelity

to the text than many minstrels of the sixteenth century showed to *their* originals. The curious in *Runes* will no doubt be gratified to learn

"What are the exact poetic characteristics of 'a good rondeau.' In this matter I confess myself somewhat in the dark. That it consists of thirteen lines of five feet each, involved in a peculiar manner, and with only two rhymes amongst them, I know to my cost. Some have objected to the structure of the sonnet, that its effect is like that which would be produced by shackling a performer with chains before he should begin to dance; but the sonnet boasts of fourteen rhymes. Nor is it hampered with my *refrain*, which is generally, though not always, made to agree with the sense of the preceding line. This *refrain* is also, I believe, a principal characteristic of a French rondeau. Like the Italian rondo in music, the French poem is bound to leave off as it commenced—a system which may be more clearly exemplified by the pretty nursery ballad of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.

The following is a fair specimen of Rondeau, and leads to some amusing annotations:—

"ESPERANT D'AVOIR QUELQUE BIEN.

While fondly hoping she'll bestow
Some gift of love for all I bear,
To her door, a beggar, I repair:—
The almoner says briefly—'No.'
Then wailing much, my hand I show
All wasted and disfigured grown;
She says, 'To-morrow morn will do;
'They're all a-bed: our dole is done.'
Just as I came, I lingering, go;
Save that far greater's my despair:
But hope still comforts all my care,
And I endure—God knows 'tis so!*

"* As this rondeau is graced by a different metre from the preceding; and as it is, moreover, a very pretty little piece of conceit, the reader may be glad to have the original French:

Esperant d'avoir quelque bien
D'amours pour qui tant de mal porte
Comme ung coquin suis a sa porte
Mais lausmonier ne me dict rien
Trop bien me plains et tends la main
Monstrant chiere forte deffaicte
Lausmonier dict cest a demain
Ilz sont couchez lausmone est faicte
Je men revoye tel que ie vien
Fors que ma douleur est plus forte
Mais bon espoir me reconforte (a)
Et iendure Dieu le scait bien
Esperant d'avoir, &c.

"(a) '*Reconforte*,' exclaims John Bull; 'why that cannot be French! we all know that the French have no word for comfort; no word to express all that an Englishman prizes more than state or wealth; no word to express roast beef (with the *gravy* in it, as we delicately call the ruddy effusion;) no word to express King Arthur's plum pudding (with his "great lumps of suet"); no word to express a roaring sea-coal fire, or a tankard of foaming ale!' Who has not heard similar expressions from our travelling *compatriotes* while grumbling through a country where cookery has raised itself to the rank of one of the fine arts, and where the extensive forests and the 'vine-covered hills' might of themselves show cause why the natives should not dig into the bowels of the earth for fuel, nor 'corrupt barley,' as Cæsar says, 'into a certain similitude of wine?' Not only, however, does it appear that 'comfort' is really

We earnestly hope that future years will fully justify the following, as the note invests it:—

"LA PLUS DU MONDE."*

Of all the world, most perfect whole art thou;
Of choicest workmanship whose gifts o'erflow;
Inestimable deemed by just renown;
Of love most worthy; in thy worth alone;
In every place thy fame and praises grow;
God 'fends thee too from every care and woe;
With kind good will doth thy high bosom glow;
Modest in every action; loved and known
Of all the world.

No need to praise where all do praise thee so;
Thy kindness bids thy rank to others bow;
Grace, graciousness, in all thy deeds is shown;
No slightest blame on thee was ever thrown.
Lady most blest! where virtues most do show
Of all the world.

From the Examiner.

MR. CARLYLE'S LECTURES.

We attended the third of these lectures on Monday. An unexpected accident prevented our presence on the fourth, the day before yesterday; but we hope in future to give our notices, such as they are, without omissions. Mr. Carlyle described the earliest charac-

French word, but that the French have the advantage over us in possessing its extension '*reconforte*' and even its diminutive *meconforte*.

"'*L'espoir me conforte*' is, indeed, the old French motto of one of our peers.

"Having now satisfied my cosmopolite feelings by thus defending the language of the French, my John Bullism revives triumphant in the assertion that, although comfort was formerly a French word, it is so no longer; and that although our neighbours may have originally lent us the word, they have never since been under the necessity of reclaiming it—because words are the signs of ideas.

"How curious is this interchange of words and ideas! *Ennui* is a French word which we have not; although we have the idea in such perfection that we are compelled to naturalize the word amongst us. *Home* is an English word which the French and Italians do not possess;—for *chez moi* is only a corruption of

Casa mia! casa mia!
Qualche picciola che sia
Tu sei sempre casa mia!

"But although neither *casa mia* nor *chez moi* convey the domestic feeling embalmed in the English word *home* and its German root *heimath*, yet those who know the French people intimately will doubt whether the kindly love and attachment between parents, children, and home, does not exist more vividly with them than amongst the English; to whom long years of childhood passed at public schools give an independence of feeling which active private pursuits and distinct domestic establishments do not afterwards tend to rectify."

"Not being a courtier, I can only request any friend differently situated, to represent to her Majesty, the Queen, that this rondeau must have been addressed in a prophetic spirit to herself; and that, with all devotion and respect, I pray therefore to inscribe to her this most literal translation of it."

ter of Rome as consisting in a spirit of steady agricultural *thrift*, a quality which he considered 'the germ of all other virtues;' meaning, we presume (for he sometimes gives his auditors too great credit for making the most of his sententious brevity,) the inclination to turn every little power we possess to its utmost, in a right direction; but his allusions to the *Dutch* and *Scotch* hardly tended to do justice to the higher part of his inferences on this point. This thrifty faculty in the Romans became turned into the 'steady spirit of conquest,' for which they soon grew famous,—all 'by method' and the spirit of 'the practical;' and the lecturer made some striking remarks on the vulgar objection to the early Romans, as thieves and robbers. He said they were only a tribe of a superior character, gradually, and of necessity, forcing the consequences of their better knowledge upon the people around them. The Carthaginians, he considered, in comparison with the Romans, as a mere set of money-hunters, with 'a Jewish pertinacity' affecting their whole character. He then noticed the spirit of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, which showed 'the triumph of civil knowledge and regulated valour over barbarism;'—the 'brief, nervous, and commanding character of the Latin language;'—the poor, un-epical character of *Æneas*, 'a suit of armour, without a man inside it,' praising Virgil nevertheless for his music, and a certain 'Roman breadth of writing *enamelled*;'—Horace, full of a graceful worldliness and good sense, tending, like all worldliness, to melancholy;—Ovid (if we mistake not, for we hardly caught the name,) whom we think he greatly undervalued, as exhibiting nothing but consciousness and conceit;—Seneca, who with an excess of consciousness and a sort of honest cant between worldliness and a wish to be philosophic, exaggerated in all things, and declaimed himself into a notion of being a Stoic in the midst of luxuries;—and lastly, Tacitus, the last of the Romans, born in a most un-Roman time, and great by contradicting it. Does not our lecturer, now and then (we ask the question with great hesitation of so deep a thinker,) tend to confound consciousness with conceit?—things not unlikely indeed to go together, but not of necessity so doing; for consciousness, *per se*, though implying self-deference, does not at all imply self-esteem. It may be accompanied, for obvious reasons, with something quite the reverse. Tacitus, Mr. Carlyle's last of the Romans, was full of consciousness, as a writer. We regretted, and were somewhat surprised to hear nothing, in this part of the lecture, of Lucretius, Plautus, &c., Catullus, and Cicero: but whatever Mr. Carlyle may omit, he is sure abundantly to make up in *thought's worth* by what he does say.

From the Spectator.

MR. LISTER'S LIFE OF CLARENDON.

Life and Administration of Edward First Earl of Clarendon; with Original Correspondence and Authentic Papers, never before published. By T. H. Lister, Esq. In 3 vols.

An impartial life of Lord Clarendon is one of the desiderata of English literature; or rather, we want a searching and enlarged estimate of his character and career, for the paucity of materials renders a complete biography impossible. Few statesmen so little distinguished as the leaders of a party, or the avowed movers of great events, have been so praised and attacked as Clarendon. After his fall, and indeed for some time preceding it, his character was given up to the vituperation of his political and personal enemies. But these feelings died away in time; and on the publication of his *Apology for Charles the First*, which he nicknamed a History, he became a sort of sacred ark, not only with Tories and Churchmen, but even with many Whigs, who professed veneration for the "Royal Martyr," and horror at his life-taking. Few, except sturdy persons of wrong opinions, dared raise a voice against him; for it was a mark of deficiency in taste and breeding to be insensible to the merits of the "illustrious Clarendon,"—a not uncommon fallacy confounding the character of the artfully-agreeable writer with that of the pernicious statesman. A cant of another kind has sprung up in our day, which, endowing itself with the title of philosophical, proceeds very unphilosophically to judge Clarendon by the standards of the present age, pretty deeply modified by the notions and pursuits of the individual pronouncing judgment.

Edward Hyde was born in 1609; and at fourteen was sent by his father—a country gentleman of sufficient fortune—to the University. Here he at first studied for holy orders,—whence probably his zeal for the Church; but family circumstances induced him to turn his attention to law. He became a student of the Middle Temple; in due time he was called to the bar, and gradually rose to practice,—family influence perhaps aiding him, for his uncle was a judge. In 1640, he was elected a Member of Parliament, and continued for some time to act in opposition to the Court; his practical sagacity, industry, and a style of speaking at once sensible and attractive, rendering him of considerable service to the friends of the people; though his caution, and perhaps his penetration as to the objects of some of them, kept him hanging loose upon the party. His first difference with his friends was upon Church questions; and a message from the King, followed by a private and flattering interview, confirmed his change. In this there was no breach of political

morality; but it seems not consistent with common honesty to maintain, as Hyde did, the appearance of an independent Member of Parliament, while he was the secret and irresponsible adviser of the King, the writer of his public manifestoes, and no doubt the furnisher of such intelligence as his position enabled him to obtain. On the breaking out of the civil war, he remained in London as a sort of spy, until the King required his counsels; when he escaped. During a considerable part of the troubles, he was zealously occupied in the Royal cause, till the successes of the Republicans in the West of England compelled him to fly, first to Scilly and subsequently to Jersey, with the Prince of Wales, to whom he had been appointed a kind of political tutor or dry-nurse.

Throughout the exile, he partook of all the privations of Charles and his courtiers: and besides acting generally as a kind of Mentor to the young King, he underwent the grievance of an embassy to Spain; where he was treated with civil contempt, and exposed to the galling bitterness of the hardships of poverty, as well as the appearance of it. He was also the centre of the Royalist plots and correspondence; and was appointed Chancellor,—a sinecure perforce, from the want of suits.

With the Restoration came his reward. He was retained in his high office; created a Peer; his daughter was married to the Duke of York (James the Second); whilst his influence with the King made him virtual Prime Minister. And now the defects of his character came into play. He exhibited the arrogance of a *parvenu* and the ostentation of the *nouveau riche*. Overlooking the lapse of years and the change of circumstances, he assumed the pedagogue over the ~~man~~ Charles King of England *de facto*, as if he were still a stripling vagabond Monarch *de jure*. This might, or perhaps must have been borne, had Clarendon possessed the nerve and commanding genius of Chatham; or been like Shaftesbury, versatile and unscrupulous, and ready to throw himself into opposition; or even had he been consistent in his virtue: but 'he wound his way between right and wrong.' He lectured the King on his amours; he sermonized upon his conduct to his wife; he refused to put the great seal to grants to mistresses, or to allow Lady Clarendon to visit Lady Castlemaine. Yet he undertook the decent and delicate mission of persuading the Queen to receive the King's mistress as a Lady of the Bedchamber; he managed secret intrigues for pecuniary assistance with France; and he was not only a willing instrument, but even, according to his own account, a forward adviser upon stretching the prerogative, in a manner which he must have known to be illegal. These inconsistencies were not likely to escape so quick sighted a man as Charles the Second; so that, after a time, Clarendon, in addition to a censor, became a bore and a butt. He pertinaciously annoyed

the King with business, and, Charles said, with his 'temper,' and he is reported to have required the Monarch to meet him at an earlier hour than he himself would see any body. His old-fashioned habits and his ostentation also exposed him to that most fatal of weapons, just ridicule. Amongst other weaknesses of display, Clarendon seems to have had the seal and mace carried about with him even on private occasions; and Buckingham used to mimic the solemn and swelling demeanour of the gouty Chancellor, with the shovel and tongs borne before him to represent those insignia.

Whilst thus declining in Court favour, he had no other resource to fall back upon. His loyalty, his prejudices, his regard to appearances, and to do him justice, his honesty, prevented him from uniting with a hostile party to force his way into power. And the same *juste-milieuism*, which had weakened him at court, had left him without supporters in the public. As a minister he had done enough to make enemies of his friends, but not enough to make friends of his enemies, or to enforce the *moral respect* of all parties. The Catholics and Dissenters were united against him for his persecuting acts; the Churchmen were angry because he would not let them persecute more. Refusing to do any thing in the settlement of property which had been sold during the Commonwealth the whole was left to the law; which decided that individual transactions should not be disturbed, but all purchases from the State should be restored. The Roundheads, whose property was thus in a measure confiscated for the 'Church and King,' were naturally indignant; while the Cavaliers, many of whom had been forced by persecution or circumstances to sell their estates very unfavourably, and even had applied the purchase-money to the purposes of the Royal cause, were equally dissatisfied, if not with such good reason. The friends of absolute power were offended with his opposition to some arbitrary measures; he did enough, and perhaps said more, to alarm the friends of liberty. His unwillingness to sacrifice more of the Regicides than he could help, exposed him to the suspicion of the Royalists, from revenge and party feelings anxious for blood; the zealous Republicans bore him a grudge for those who were executed.

While the power of the Minister was thus baseless, popular indignation was turned against him by the distress consequent upon the Fire of London, the Great Plague, and the disasters of the Dutch war; and he heightened this, as well as gave scope to the charge of corruption, by having built a very magnificent house. Refusing to resign the seals, he was forced to give them up; and his enemies turned their Parliamentary power against him. He was impeached by the Commons on seventeen articles, some of them

general, but all intelligible and capable of proof. They, perhaps, neither individually nor collectively amounted to treason, (except a charge put in afterwards,) but involved corruption, breach of law, and the exercise of arbitrary power. The Lords, however, demurred to receive an impeachment without some evidence in support of it; and to prevent a 'collision' between the Houses, and on a message from the King, (so runs the story,) Clarendon withdrew, in November 1667, to the Continent: there he died in 1674; having solaced the broken fortunes of his declining years by study, by finishing his 'History,' and by composing some other works.

As a minister and a statesman, Lord Clarendon was only of the second class—fully up to his age, but not a step in advance of it; possessing great experience, foresight, and worldly sagacity, but without any principles founded in the nature of politics, or, it would really appear, of morals, to guide him in difficulties. This intellectual deficiency was increased by his truly English prejudices, and even by his sense of honesty and right. It was made conspicuous by the unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed as a minister; his conscientious feelings urging him one way, his sense of loyalty another; whilst his want of firmness, or perhaps a lurking love of power and profit, induced him to choose the loyalty when it came to a pinch. His fate has been a theme with moralists; but the fall of

'Hyde,

By kings protected and to kings allied,'

does not display the instability of power, as the folly of attempting to unite incongruities—to exhibit moderation in right, to carry the principles of the *juste-milieu* between vice and virtue, especially when a mercenary self-interest seems to be the prompter of the course. The moral of his fate is, that neither abilities, acquirements, nor even a good degree of virtue, can uphold a politician who halts midway between conflicting principles.

As an author, Clarendon was deficient in depth, and in that grasp and comprehension which, enabling the historian to present the whole of his subject to the reader, secures his own pre-eminence by preventing even the approach of others,—a natural deficiency, increased in him by his bias, and purposed partiality. But as a chronicler or memoir-writer he is unrivalled. His style has been called diffuse, and critically speaking is so; but to the bulk of readers it is merely a dilution, just sufficient to enable them to bear and palate the spirit of the matter,—for condensation, requiring thought to read, is distasteful to the vulgar of all ranks. As a delineator of characters, Mr. Lister truly remarks, he is admirable: Sallust only excels him in strength and brevity. As an advocate, he has perhaps no equal for artfulness without the appearance of art: his easy,

attractive narrative, half verging upon the gossip style, both lulls the judgment and disposes the assent. 'The long and almost fanatical regard for the 'misfortunes' of his treacherous and faithless master, is attributable in a great degree to Clarendon's History; as that and the autobiography are the cause of his own fame and repute. People like to get at results by the easiest process: it was much easier to read the agreeable pages of Clarendon than to inquire into the facts; so his character and merits were taken upon his own warranty. Such is the power of a pleasant pen.

A good deal of his reputation, however, arises from his personal, or rather his native character; which, strongly resembling his countrymen's in general, strongly appeals to their sympathies and prejudices. Lord Clarendon was a 'most respectable man,' and his very failings all leaned to the side to which respectable men themselves incline. His morals were strict; his mode of living regular and decorous; he paid great regard to appearances; and he would not do any thing criminal for the world,—but then, he had a lax and accommodating conscience when the wrong was required by greatness. He does not deny that he sold offices; but all Chancellors had done so before him—it was only a percentage or perquisite in the *regular* way of business. He had a truly English aversion to change and theory; much of the practical soundness of the middle classes; and a deep veneration for things established—yet not approaching to idolatry, especially if interest required that they should go. He wished to be, and was, a *safe* man; but, like all very cautious people, in novel difficulties he looked only to the present, and the neglected future was too much for him. He was religious, and personally tolerant, for his own theology was large and Scriptural; but his politics drove him to religious persecution. His practical morality was conventional, and dependent upon the greatness of the object. He was horrified at some Royalists, who in Spain murdered a Parliamentary agent,—for it alienated still further an ill disposed Court; but he himself could be privy to plots for the assassination of Cromwell,—a crime, however, which nothing would have induced him to engage in for any personal advantage, or against a man whom he did not consider a public criminal.

Mr. Lister's work, professing to narrate the 'life and administration' of this very remarkable man, is in outward seeming all that could be desired. The volumes are of the right size; portly, well-clothed, and well-printed, with a good portrait of Clarendon. The time is scrupulously noted in the margin, the authorities at the foot; and some notes on genealogy and family history are added, which show that Mr. Lister is not ill-read in that department of letters. But to entitle the book a *life*, is a delusion. Mr. Lister does not seem to have a notion of what biography is. All that

really relates to Clarendon might have been put into half of one of the three volumes. The greater part of the rest consists of a narrative, strongly Whiggish, but not disagreeable further than being out of place, of the events which had any relation to the events with which Clarendon was connected: thus, when he is elected a Member of Parliament, Mr. Lister favours his readers with a *précis* of the history of the Parliaments of Charles the First.

Nor does the biographer, in despite of his labours in libraries and public offices, tell any thing very new. Little personally characteristic or historically important is brought out, beyond what may be found in Clarendon's own writings, or in memoirs and histories; though, had this information been properly put together, it would have been an acquisition. But in addition to literary defects, Mr. Lister is an apologist of his hero, to an extent which might be called dishonest, were it not that a family connexion by marriage suggests a solution of another kind. He has 'always an excuse ready:' he does not deny, but he glosses. This, however, is chiefly in the narrative: his estimate of Clarendon, both personal and literary, is just; though throughout the book Mr. Lister exhibits great deficiency in that discrimination which marks by a touch the nice and characteristic points.

The third volume consists of selections from the yet unpublished manuscripts of Clarendon, preserved at Oxford. They are curious and informing to the historical student or minute inquirer, but have little popular attraction.

Perhaps the most interesting passages in the publication are from the pen of Clarendon himself, though well dovetailed by Mr. Lister. Such is this account of his privations during exile. We wonder whether royalty ever reflects, or whether reflection ever profits! Had not the Stuarts been a doomed race, the distresses noted in the following graphic passages would surely have taught them wisdom from experience.

In August 1652, Hyde states, in a letter to Sir Richard Browne, that 'a summ lately receaved at Paris for the Kinge,' 'which is all the money he hath receaved since he came hither, doth not inable his cooks and backstayres men to goe on in provydinge his dyett; but they protest they can undertake it no longer.' In December 1652, Hyde says, the King is 'reduced to greater distresse than you can believe or imagyne.' In June 1653, he says, in a letter to Nicholas, with respect to the distresse of the King and his adherents, 'I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. I am sure the King himself owes for all he hath eaten since April; and I am not acquainted with one servant of his who hath a pistole in his pocket. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day, for a pistole a week, but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us. I believe my Lord of Ormond hath not had five livres in his purse this month, and hath fewer clothes of all sorts than you have; and yet I take you to be no gallant.'

Hyde was severely exposed not merely to the nominal

distresses of pecuniary embarrassment, but to the real privations of poverty, as is apparent from many of his letters. 'At this time,' (November 9, 1652,) 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season.'

'I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot.' 'I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat which I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am.' It appears, too, that his official duties as Secretary in the place of Nicholas, instead of being a source of profit, caused what, in his destitute state, was a serious addition to other burdens. 'I cannot,' he says, 'avoid the constant expense of seven or eight livres the week for postage of letters, which I borrow scandalously out of my friends' pockets; or else my letters must more scandalously remain still at the post-house; and I am sure all those which concern my own private affairs would be received for ten sous a week; so that all the rest are for the King, from whom I have not received one penny since I came hither, and am put to all this charge.' In another letter, he mentions that he is reduced to want of decent clothing; and, in May 1653, tells Nicholas—'I owe so much money here, to all sorts of people, that I would not wonder if I were cast into a prison to-morrow; and if the King should remove, as I hope he will shortly have occasion to do, and not enable me to pay the debt I have contracted for his service, I must look for that portion, and starve there.'

Here is a specimen of Clarendon's own account of his mode of dealing with the King: the subject was his wife's visiting Lady Castlemaine.

He told him, 'that as it would reflect upon his Majesty himself, if his Chancellor was known or thought to be of dissolute and debauched manners, which would make him as incapable as unworthy to do him justice; so it would be a blemish and taint upon him to give any countenance, or to pay more than ordinary courtesy and unavoidable civilities to persons infamous for any vice, for which, by the laws of God and man, they ought to be odious, and to be exposed to the judgment of the church and state; and that he would not for his own sake, and for his own dignity, to how low a condition soever he might be reduced, stoop to such a condescension as to have the least commerce, or to make the application of a visit to any such person, for any benefit or advantage that it might bring to him. He did beseech his Majesty not to believe that he hath a prerogative to declare vice virtue, or to qualify any person who lives in a sin and avows it, against which God himself hath pronounced damnation, for the company and conversation of innocent and worthy persons: and that whatever low obedience, which was in truth gross flattery, some people might pay to what they believed would be grateful to his Majesty, they had in their hearts a perfect detestation of the persons they made address to; and that for his part he was long resolved that his wife should not be one of those courtiers; and that he would himself much less like her company, if she put herself into theirs who had not the same innocence.'

Turning from Clarendon, we will close with an extract from Mr. Lister, descriptive of the state of things after the Chancellor's dismissal. The anecdotes are all of them old enough, but they are agreeably grouped, and furnish a fair sample of the author's composition—well-studied commonplace.

Charles signalized his emancipation from Clarendon's control, by making, within a month after that Minister had retired from office, a grant of plate to Lady Castlemaine; and afterwards by an indulgence more open and unbridled in reckless extravagance and licentious pleasures. His Minister, Buckingham, encouraged in him that contempt of decency which Clarendon had been wont to reprove; and, at Buckingham's instigation, Charles installed in Lady Castlemaine's post of dishonour an actress of notorious frailty; who, in allusion to two proceeding paramours of the same name, called the King her 'Charles the Third.' The few years following Clarendon's expulsion were the most glaringly profligate in that age of profligacy—the most corrupt and degraded in that reign of political degradation. Morality had fallen so low that it could scarcely obtain even the homage of the shallowest hypocrisy from those whose position, making them conspicuous, ought to have made them also mindful of the example they were setting; and the grossest crimes were sometimes pardoned if they assumed the character of frolic. Two court favourites, the King's recent companions in an indecent revel, 'run up and down all the night almost naked, through the streets,' and are taken into custody; 'the King takes their parts,' and a Lord Chief Justice imprisons the constable who had done his duty in apprehending them. The favourite Minister kills in a duel the husband of a woman whose paramour he is, and who assists at the combat in the disguise of a page. The King's illegitimate son Monmouth, in company with the young Duke of Albemarle and others, kills a watchman, who begs for mercy, and the King pardons all the murderers. A daring ruffian, named Blood, attempts to assassinate the Duke of Ormond, and soon afterwards to steal the regalia; Charles admits the felon to his presence—hears with amusement the boastful confession of his committed and intended crimes, and not only pardons but rewards him. The son of Ormond tells the King's Minister, before the King, that he believes him the instigator of the recent attempt to assassinate his father; and that should any such attempt succeed, he shall regard that Minister as the secret instrument, and kill him even in the King's presence. Sir John Coventry a Member of Parliament, in the course of a debate in reply to an argument against taxing playhouses, namely, that the players were the King's servants and a part of his pleasure, asked, whether the King's pleasure lay amongst the men or the women who acted? Charles stung by Coventry's allusion to what everybody knew, sends some officers of the Guards to waylay and maim him; which they do by cutting his nose to the bone. Assuming that these facts were monstrous exceptions, and not average examples of the state of society, it may still be urged that they could not have been possible except in a period of unparalleled corruption.

From the Spectator.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A story of the Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Red Rover,' &c. &c.

Considered merely as a novel, this work wants the interest that springs from number, variety, and novelty of incidents woven into a connected story; all which are probably reserved for the continuation,—as the *Homeward Bound* breaks off with the arrival of the ship at New York, where the persons in whom the author desires to excite an interest are left in a requisite state of mystery, dilemma, and distress. As a distinct, complete, and truthful picture of life at sea in a New York packet ship, varied by a gale and a wreck, the book is entitled to high praise. It has also considerable merit for sketches of character, as well as for its observations on life and opinions; which are always shrewd and thoughtful, though some of them are dry and out of place.

Whatever the object of the author might be, the effect of the *Homeward Bound* is to lay the foundation of a tale of love and rivalry, which shall open where any other novel might do, with the advantage of having the reader familiarized with the characters and the growth of their feelings; as if Shakspeare, for example, had written an introductory account of the dangers and wooing of *Othello*. The subject is simply the narrative of a voyage to America in the *Montauk*, which is driven from her course by a King's ship following her to search for a public defaulter, whereas the commander of the *Montauk* apprehended delay on some trumped-up charge of smuggling. The incidents springing out of this are a long and varied chase, a tempest, and a partial wreck, followed by several adventures on the African coast in a voyage of boats, and a contest with the Arabs, until the packet is refitted.

All this is little enough of itself for three volumes: the interest in it arises from our feelings towards the persons, who are so truly and so quietly developed, that before long we regard them as old acquaintances. As yet, indeed, only three or four persons—the lovers, the lady, her father, and an old bachelor cousin—seem certain to act very prominent parts in the ensuing volumes; but it is probable that the conduct of several other characters will have some material influence on the future fate of the hero. It is chiefly, however, in the portraits that the interest of the work resides. Mr. Truck, the master—a thorough-bred seaman; whose soul is in his ship, and whose country's contests with England on maritime rights have induced him to ponder over Vattel without understanding him—is a capital specimen of a respectable, good hearted American seaman, without a dash of caricature, but perhaps with a little favourable softening. The Coloured steward, Saun-

ders, is also a sketch to the life—with the love of gossip and greatness inherent in Negro blood; the slave's habits of familiarity checked by the discipline of a ship; his affectation of fine words caught up from the passengers and misapplied; and his whole thoughts centred in his pantry. The foolish, vain defaulter, voyaging under the style and title of a baronet, is slightly touched, but with truth and effect; as is Mr. Monday, the commercial traveller—thoroughly attentive to his own comforts, with a strong dash of vulgar sensualism, but good-natured, unaffected, and brave when necessity calls. Steadfast Dodge, Esq., the representative of the servile American when travelling abroad, and of the thorough-paced demagogue at home, is the most elaborated personage, though scarcely the most successful: he is too much an abstraction of mean-spiritedness, vulgarity, and all the other shabby qualities which Mr. Cooper seems to consider characteristic of the present American political mob-leaders. The rest of the persons, even when weak or bad-principled, have their lights and reliefs thrown in with remarkable skill; but for Mr. Dodge, the author has neither respect nor pity. Whenever any meanness is to be perpetrated, in thought, word, or deed, he is the man engaged; and, by way of capping the whole, he is made to have written a journal, during his European tour,—a species of *Pencilings by the Way*, some of which he has sent to the American newspapers, and parts of which he occasionally reads to the passengers: these, though amusing enough, and cleverly imagined, are too exaggerated to be possible.

Always excepting the political discussions on America and Federalism, with some other points of a similar kind, which are becoming bores in the hands of Mr. Cooper, the interest of the book is inseparably bound up with its character as a whole; the incidents being too few, and too long drawn out, to have any attraction without the characters and little events that give them nature and reality. The dialogues, however, are always truthful and characteristic, even when they lead to nothing.

NAUTICAL THEOLOGY, WITH TOUCHES OF NATURE.

'Mr. Leach!'

'Captain Truck!'

'Do you ever pray?'

'I have done such a thing in my time, Sir; but, since I have sailed with you I have been taught to work first and pray afterwards; and when the difficulty has been gotten over by the work, the prayers have commonly seemed surplusage.'

'You should then take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach.'

'Yes, he was,' Sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade.'

'You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach. My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. A poor man, and, if truth must be spoken, a poor preacher too; but a zealous

one, and thoroughly devout. I ran away from him at twelve, and never passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards. He could do little for me, for he had little education and no money, and, I believe, carried on the business pretty much by faith. He was a good man, Leach, notwithstanding there might be a little of a take-in for such a person to set up as a teacher: and as for my mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth, it was in her body!

'Ah, that is the way commonly with the mothers, Sir.'

'She taught me to pray,' added the Captain, speaking a little thick, 'but since I've been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for any thing but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to.'

'This is the way with all of us: it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for.'

'Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched.'

'That doctrine makes an easy tide's-way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up in the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch upon them after all his pains.'

'I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make any thing of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it.'

'Why not believe it heartily, Sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another.'

THE COAST OF ENGLAND.

The coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for the general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though, compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean, they are but mole-hills; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teeming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favourable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful and the pleasing; while a background of modest receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect, England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life; or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, women and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.

A STORM BREWING.

The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently

attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs; as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the airs that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies; many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated; the billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards like fiery couriers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element—the seas heaving themselves upward without order, and frequently without any visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour, was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for, with her canvass reduced, she too seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was 'wallowing,' nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object—perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand.

'This is an extraordinary scene,' said Eve, who clung to her father's arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and in awe; 'a dread exhibition of the sublimity of nature.'

THE RISKS OF SCUDDING.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship; and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same direction, of course this power of the helm is neutralized; and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all: the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments continuance; else, indeed, would the condition of the mariner be hopeless; but it is of constant occurrence, and so irregular as to defy calculations and defeat caution. In the present instance, the Montauk would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress; and then, as a furious surge overtook her in the chase, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly in the grass, resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapour in the atmosphere; and one unpractised would be apt to think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along in company with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the process of

scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows; for, besides losing her way in the cauldron of water—an imminent danger of itself, if left exposed to the attack of the succeeding waves—her decks at least would be swept, even should she escape a still more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, and is also peculiar to the process of scudding. It merely means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible; it being deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes a source of new danger of itself: thus, exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck, as never to rise again.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

JONATHANIANA.—Every new book that appears is of course clearly proved in turn to be a 'desideratum;' that is an established rule, which has no exception; and we therefore run no risk in pointing out a decided desideratum for the benefit of American as well as English readers. We allude to the absolute necessity that now exists of collecting into one vast volume (would there be a richer in any language?) the 'Jonathaniana' that arrive from month to month, and excite among all real relishers of a wild and monstrous excess of humour grins almost as broad as the Atlantic. We have had a rich supply of late, and the collection ought to be proceeded with at once. The materials are abundant. Among the more recent flights and frolics of fancy, the convulsed collector will not forget to include the story of the scythe, the shadow of which cut a man's leg off; nor the account of the blind beggar, who had sat so long on one particular spot, that his shadow remained on the wall five days after he was dead; nor the history of the very thin gentleman, who required six weeks' fattening to make him a good skeleton; nor the narrative of that capital shot, who could get no sport by virtue of his unerring aim; for the racoons knew him, and called out 'Is that you, Major A.? Well, don't fire, I'll come down;' nor the tale of the new and surprisingly popular journal, which was stated by the editor to be selling with the rapidity of 'greased lightning;' nor the story of the tall man, who was obliged to get upon a ladder to

shave himself; nor that of the oyster, that followed a gentleman about the house like a loving little dog; nor of that still more remarkable oyster, of a size so excessive that it took three men to swallow it whole; nor of the bear, that went to the theatre night after night, and at last took with him a young alligator into the pit, to see the irresistible Ellen Tree; nor, in short, should any of the exquisite extravagancies of the present or past months be omitted.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A CHILD.

Dear Child! whom sleep can hardly tame
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wildwood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But swift on summer breezes borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glist'ning down from sparry caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Fancy and Wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings play
Congenial with the light of day,
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Not wise indeed thou seem'st, but made
With joy and hope the wise to aid.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforc'd, unthought of ecstasy,
How idly weak the proud endeavour
Thy soul and body's bliss to sever!
I hail thee, Childhood's very Sprite,
One voice and sense of true delight.

In spite of all foreboding sadness
Thou art a thing of present gladness;
And thus to be enjoy'd and known
As is a pebbly fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's music through the glade;
Like odour, breeze, and sun thou art,
A gush from Nature's vernal heart.

And yet, dear Child, within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
For sweet and fair as aught may be,
A human promise dwells in thee,
And 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect Heart and Will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy blossoms breathes
A wind that waves the fragrant wreaths,
In each faint rustling sound I hear
A mighty Spirit journeying near,
That dawns in every human birth—
A messenger of God to earth.

From Tait's Magazine.

*Extracts from the Memorandum Book of the late Pastor
of St. Leonard's.*

No. I.—THE SOMNAMBULIST.

28th March 18—.

Eo die.—Having been informed, by George Anderson, the clerk, that Walter B——, the proprietor of the estate called Dowielee, had been sorely tried—that, like Habakkuk, his lips quivered, that rottenness had entered into his bones, that he trembled and prayed to be at rest in the day of trouble, and wished to see me—I resolved to visit him. After all my labours, how little good, alas! do I do, unless I am aided by the powerful mean of Heaven-sent affliction! Yesterday I did no service to heaven, for the individuals I attempted to benefit were steeped in the drunkenness of wordly prosperity. These are strange times in which we live. They are like those mentioned by Esdras—‘When men hope, but nothing obtain; and labour, but their ways do not prosper.’ It is necessary, however, that our energies in the good cause of salvation be doubled. I hope this day may not be like yesterday—a barren field in God's kingdom on earth.

I called at Dowielee. Though in the neighbourhood, I had never even seen the house, which lies deep in the birchwood that surrounds it, and conceals it from the eye of the passer by. The proprietor never before solicited either my friendship or my professional aid—preferring to struggle single handed with his sorrows and misfortunes; but it is not good that we should stand by and wait till we are called; for, while we wait, the soul perisheth; therefore do I blame myself for not having waited on him before. Walter B——, to whom the servant introduced me by name, received me kindly. He is about seventy years of age; has been a good-looking, and is still an intelligent, though grief-worn and miserable individual—bent, broken down, and carrying on his aged shoulders a dreadful load of disease and sorrow. As the proprietor of so fair an estate, he must have ‘enjoyed’ in his day; but he is receiving now in this time ‘an hundredfold.’ He could not rise to receive me—being bound, by his innumerable infirmities, to an old high-backed chair, elaborately carved and stuffed with cushions, but a faint smile, which struggled with difficulty through wrinkles, deep furrowed by age and sorrow, made ample amends for the want of the accustomed forms of reception he had been necessitated to renounce.

Having sat down, I told him I had called in consequence of his own request, communicated to me through the session-clerk.

‘And I am glad,’ he replied, ‘that you have so quickly complied with my wish; for, though I have suffered as no man hath suffered, my affliction hath sprung from my heart, along with my pain, but too

little of a balm that is said to be secreted there, and which, if brought forth and properly applied, is capable of not only assuaging our sorrow, but making us love it. Nor have I inquired for good means to produce this effect.’

‘It is not too late,’ said I, ‘for the final good, though it may be for the temporal benefit, of your mind and body, which, I dare say, you acknowledge to be of no great importance, when compared with that which awaits us; for none of us are long in this world of trial till we are compelled to pray, as Tobit prayed, that we may be ‘dissolved and become earth.’ Experience, common sense, poetry, and revelation, all agree in the conclusion, that the portion of man in this world, is suffering.’

‘Ay, but it is not even in the power of poetry,’ said he, smiling painfully, ‘to shadow forth suffering like mine. What I have borne, I have concealed; but I have latterly thought that, if I were to unburden my mind of the secret of my misery, I might, from such a person as you, receive the aid of a sympathy which would not stop to assuage my temporal sorrow, but lead and accompany my mind in an endeavour to turn that sorrow to account in the place where it may be of proper avail.’

I expressed myself well pleased with his intention, and described to him many advantages that I had known to result from unburdening the mind of secret causes of grief, besides that of enabling a person in my situation to enter into the same train of thinking and feeling, and thence to lead the mind from thoughts already ascertained, to others, in the gradation and progress of a proper regeneration. He accordingly proceeded with his narrative.

‘I have said that my sufferings are beyond the descriptive powers of the poet; but, indeed, no invention of man in weaving together the incidents of life, by the powers of a fertile imagination, ever can accomplish a work combining so many ingenious modes of misery as may be found in actual operation in the mind and body of a man engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. The dramatic poet has, especially in Greece and in our own England, done perhaps all that can be done, to shew how far the invention of man can go, in making the ideal elevated and intensive; yet, on a comparison of these grand and immortal efforts of inspired genius, with one single hour of the life of any man that has lived long enough ‘to know what it is to live,’—occupied, as that brief span may be, with ten thousand successive ideas and emotions, following and crowding on each other with a celerity equalled by nothing that is palpable to man's sense, and yet every one of them loaded with its appointed portion of human suffering too fine and too acute for being expressed by the clumsy apparatus of language—how far short do they fall of a portrayal of pure moral truth! Your own

individual sufferings—for all men consider their griefs to be great, each indeed conceiving his own to be the most acute and unmerited—will secure for me an admission of the correctness of what I now advance. In the expression of the real suffering of life—at least of what I have felt of it, and I think I excel all in my experience of misery—a man can scarcely stumble on the province of paradox; and, taking refuge under that sentiment, I could say, in sober earnestness, that I have experienced more pain in one minute of time than all the splendid and magnificent language of *Æschylus* in his ninety plays, or of *Shakspeare* in all he wrote, is capable of conveying to the mind of man. But, in this impotency of language, we may discover the traces of the merciful finger of God; for, if it were possible for man to communicate to his brethren the real *felt* nature of his sufferings, the misery of our condition would be multiplied a thousand millions of times, and the heavens would be filled with the lamentations of mortals.

‘Were it not for the reason I have already mentioned, you may be well assured that I would not, I could not have prevailed upon myself to lay open, so far as our gift of language, inadequate as it is, might enable me, those dark recesses of my mind, where Sorrow, in her long dreary residence, has generated forms which I cannot contemplate without terror, and from which I can get no refuge. It might, indeed, have been well for me if I could have, long ere this, communicated, partially at least, my knowledge and sentiments to sympathizing friends. My sorrow might have been alleviated; but Nature hath said to man, ‘Whilst thou sufferest, thou shalt not have the power of communicating thy woes, till time hath taken that sting from them which would poison the happiness of thy neighbours; doubtless a good final cause, which, in our voiceless grief, we dare not impugn.

‘You know, I believe, my parentage, from your having been brought up in the neighbourhood. This property of *Dowielee*, which I got from my father, was a gift to one of my ancestors by King James VI., in consideration of services done to the State. It is, as you must have observed, one of the most beautiful and romantic estates in Scotland; for it is ornamented by thick umbrageous woods, through which a noble river rolls its majestic stream—roaring, in some places, with the voice of the dashing cataract—in others, singing like a blythe maiden on her way to be married—and, in some, sleeping with the placidity and the latent power of the infant *Hercules*. This house, called *Dowielee House*, was built by my great-grandfather. It is old, but on that account the more romantic and interesting; for it is associated in my mind with a host of historical family occurrences, which exhibit, in a strong light, the virtues of my ancestors—though sometimes I am forced to confess their crimes, and, I may

add, mournfully, their misfortunes, which alas! are all shamed by my own. In this last respect, I have been fated to contribute to the old mansion an interest which, in after times, when my griefs shall have darkened the page of our family annals, may raise an unavailing tear to the eye of a remote descendant, as he lifts it to those moss-covered walls which have witnessed scenes that lend, says holy writ, an eloquence to stones.

‘I came by far too soon to my property and power, for I was scarcely twenty when my father died intestate, whereby, being put under no salutary restraining fetters of testamentary guardianship, and no legal curators being deemed necessary for a nine months’ non-age, I became possessed of a power of which I did not know the value, and a forward status in society, without experience to guide me in the affairs of life. But power and opportunity are divested of their danger, when the heart is happily free from a propensity to evil. Yet weaknesses, which are often fostered by riches, may generate misfortunes as gigantic as the consequences of vice; and we get little consolation from our own consciences, in the midst of self-caused suffering, from any fine-spun distinction between blind error and voluntary crime. While I have God to thank for keeping me free from the contamination of serious evil, I have myself to blame for the consequences of faults and follies as pregnant as crime itself of unhappiness to man.

‘Inheriting, from weak and nervous parents, feelings of extreme sensibility—ready, on the slightest touch of an exciting cause, to burn into love or shame, or to thrill with disappointments, fancied slights, and imaginary insults—I soon found myself unsuited for general society. I sometimes fancied that this itself was an imagination, and, for a period, struggled against the irresistible constitution of my nature, only to be made more certain that my happiness lay among my own beautiful woods of *Dowielee*; though, alas! my certainty was only that human confidence which, like the mists that conceal the shelving rock of a lee-shore, prevent us from seeing the dangers that almost infringe upon our very organ of vision. As it is easy to argue ourselves into a belief of the truth of our wishes, especially when they seem pointed by original constitution and natural bias, I arrived early at the conclusion that the best life for a man of morbid sensibility was a rural one. The woods, and bosky dells, and green schaws, and running streams of my paternal inheritance, had an eloquent language of their own, which went to the heart of the worshipper of nature, without carrying with it personalities to wound his pride, or excite his fevered emulation. They possessed inhabitants too corporeal to satisfy the inquiries and engage the attention of the scientific and the unlettered naturalist; and incorporeal, to respond to the inspired invocations of the poet. What more did I require? Yet

more was to be found in these sweet retreats, and that, too, I was fated to discover; for who is so ready to meet with misfortune as he whom nature has made incapable of bearing it—the man whom sensibility makes a lover of pleasure, and forces to seek it in the state in which it comes from the womb of Nature.

‘There are few in these parts whose ears have not been often saluted by the perhaps exaggerated—though that was scarcely possible—description of the rare, almost angelic beauty of the young female who, for a long period, bore the charmed name of the Beauty of Dowielee—an appellation by which she was far better known among the people than that of Lucy Oliver, given to her by her father, David Oliver, the humble cottar of Broomhaugh, part of my property. This simple girl had, for a number of years, been residing with an uncle at a place in the western parts of Scotland, and had returned to Broomhaugh, bringing with her those improved and now perfect charms, which afterwards rendered her so famous in parts much more distant than a cottager’s beauty is generally carried. I had heard generally that David Oliver had a pretty and an interesting daughter; but her residence at a distance had prevented me from seeing her; and I felt no interest in a matter which apparently concerned me so little as the alleged and unseen beauty of a cottager’s daughter. My fancies, fortunately, did not run in that direction. I was then merely an ardent lover of nature, whom I courted in places the farthest removed from the haunts of disagreeable man or beautiful woman—creatures whom, in the refined society I had left in disgust, I had found imbued with qualities repugnant to those sensibilities which shrunk at the touch of the familiar badinage of fashion.

‘Not long after the arrival of David Oliver’s daughter, I one day sauntered down to Holy Well, the limpid medicinal spring that bubbles up from the moss-covered ground of the retreat that goes under the name of the Fox’s Glen. My grandfather erected there a pretty little figure of Niobe, executed with some classical taste; and my father, with that love of refined sentiment by which he was distinguished, planted at her back a willow tree, which, growing more rapidly than his son, had now arrived at an extreme height, sending down over the face of the figure, long weeping tendrils, that, in the winds, moaned in supplication of the expression of sorrow of the bereaved mother, and, in summer showers, sent drops simulating the tears that are feigned to flow incessantly from the stony eyes of the mournful victim of maternal grief. I sat down under the tree, and was meditating on the character and virtues of these ancestors, who were, by their time-extended acts, exciting in me, their descendant, those sentiments and feelings with which they were themselves, in the very spot I now occupied, inspired.

I looked up in the face of the statue, to realize the idea which that same countenance had produced in their minds. There were two faces there—one beside that of the figure, of flesh and blood, so beautiful, that I had never seen anything on earth, or imagined anything in heaven, more fair. I felt, in some degree, alarmed. I had never seen mortal in that spot. I had heard no noise of one approaching. There could be no person with so heavenly a countenance in these parts unknown to me. My nervous sensibility received in an instant the impression of a mysterious awe; and Fancy, lifting up her magic wand, was on the eve of realizing some immaterial creation, when Perception, vindicating its truer and more natural authority, detected the figure of a female softly yet quickly retiring behind the trunk of the willow. I followed her; and, as she had only tried to secret herself by the cover of the tree, I discovered a young woman, simply, but gracefully attired, standing, overcome with shame, and endeavouring to conceal the beautiful face I had already been so much struck with, by holding up her two hands, through the half-opened fingers of which her dark-blue eyes shone with the lustre of excitement. I stood before her silent, indulging the fanciful humour of testing her fortitude and her patience, by ascertaining how long she would keep her position and attitude, in which I thought she looked more interesting than if the full beauty of her countenance had been entirely exposed to my impassioned gaze. When she saw me in this playful humour, her confidence enabled her to take down her hands; but the blush remained, colouring her temples with a vermilion tint, as beautiful as that which Diana exhibited, as she returned from the stream in which she bathed.

‘Who are you, and whence came you, fair maiden?’ said I. ‘These retreats have heretofore been sacred to me, and to those songsters whose voices fill the air with their music. If such as you frequent our solitudes, I fear they will soon become thoroughfares.’

‘I am the dochter o’ David Oliver o’ Broomhaugh,’ said she, simply. ‘He is ane o’ yer Honour’s cottars.’

‘Then you know me?’ said I.

‘My faither pointed ye oot to me ae day as ye passed our cottage,’ replied she. ‘But I didna ken that ye was at the Holy Well when I looked owre the back o’ the stane leddie. My faither drinks the water o’ the spring for his health—and my pitcher is yet empty.’

‘She accompanied these words with a deep curtsey, and a motion to seize a pitcher that lay at her feet. With a quick step she hastened down to the spring, and, taking a supply of water, turned to proceed homewards. I said I would accompany her; but the proposition startled her, and, like the frightened roe, she bounded away over the greensward, with as much quickness as her burden, bearing lightly on the springs

forms of society, and the obligations of hospitality, imperiously demanded. We were each to each alone, and all the world to each; and so luxurious were we in the gratification of our tastes and perceptions of matrimonial bliss, that we not only enjoyed as no mortals ever enjoyed it, but we discussed of it and contemplated its characters, and compared it with all the other modes of earthly enjoyment. We were idolators—worshippers—even the interests of heaven were in danger of being sacrificed or overlooked in this harvest-home of our earthly happiness.

‘Within a year my wife bore a son, who was named after me. I would have become altogether oblivious of Lucy Oliver, had I not, on several occasions, met her in places where I would have been as well pleased not to have seen her. I noticed that she sometimes frequented Dowielee House—a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Will it be believed that it hurt my pride, to think that the first object of my affections could have so far overcome her feelings, and the very recollection of her feelings, as to frequent my house, and to meet me with apparent indifference? But the accompanying sensation of satisfaction, that she *had* mastered her passion, survived her injury, and rejoiced in the continuation of her forgiveness, reconciled me to the extraordinary apparition, who thus, without pain, haunted the mausoleum of her incorporated happiness. I discovered from Amelia, that, as she said, a beautiful and interesting creature, called Lucy Oliver, the daughter of one of my tenants, had introduced herself to her, and seemed anxious, in any way that lay in her humble power, to contribute to her comfort and that of the family of Dowielee.

‘‘Have you known this beautiful cottager long, Amelia?’ said I.

‘‘For six months,’ replied she; ‘and the longer I know her I love her the more. Her beauty, her simplicity, her kindness, her conversation, delight me. She is mistress of all the fairy legends of the neighbourhood, which her romantic imagination weaves into new forms; yet so gentle, so bashful, so modest, that you would think she could not speak beyond the sound of a whisper, or tell more than a child. In imagination, she has carried me where my feet have not yet wandered; by the Fox’s Glen, the Holy Well, and the Weeping Mother, where strange doings are done in the light of the harvest moon.’

‘I looked at Amelia, but not suspiciously. She had heard nothing of my intimacy with Lucy. She was beyond my suspicion. Her open and generous soul despised secrecy.

‘‘What is her object in calling, Amelia?’ continued I.

‘‘Kindness, pure kindness, beloved soul,’ replied my wife. ‘She is not happy at home, and I think she

would be well pleased to be my lady’s maid, a situation for which her kindness and obliging disposition, as well as her little self-taught accomplishments eminently qualify her. I have a strong desire to comply with her wishes, and then,’ (embracing me playfully) ‘my servant and my lord will be equally delightful to me.’

‘This arrangement did not please me; but I had already committed myself. I had wronged my dear confiding Amelia in not opening my bosom to her at the beginning. I could not now unburden myself: my confession would be merely the result of necessity and compulsion. I must now contrive to keep my secret at the expense of my peace. Thus does secrecy degenerate into deceit. I had never interfered hitherto in the choice or direction of female servants; and, if I wished to keep consistent, and preserve my secret, I behoved to leave the matter of Lucy’s engagement to the free will and judgement of my wife. In a short time I saw my former love—her for whom once I could have died, who first lighted up the flame of passion in my bosom, whom I had renounced, who by her generosity had obtained over me and her own heart a victory beyond the conquests of kings—going through the servile details of the waiting woman of my wedded wife. Beyond all, I was struck with the coolness and propriety of her deportment. She never, not even when together alone, recognised me as her lover of the Holy Well. She treated me simply as the husband of the mistress she was bound and willing to serve—as her master, whose commands she waited, with the servility of an ordinary servant, to receive and to execute. I gradually became reconciled to her; and gratitude for the persevering constancy of her faith, in keeping our secret, lent its acclaim to this additional feature in her extraordinary character.

‘In a short time my beloved Amelia gave me another pledge of an affection which increased with the time of our fortunate union. It was at this period that the attentions of Lucy to her mistress were most marked and unremitting. Amelia expressed her gratitude towards her as her benefactor—as one sent from heaven to administer to her all the comforts which her situation demanded. In two days after the birth of the child—a female—the mother fevered. The medical man detected by the eye of professional experience the nature of the complaint—a puerperal fever; and pronounced a prognostic of a dubious character. I became alarmed, but not unfitted for acting as my wife’s nurse—an occupation in which I took delight. I watched at her bedside. My assistant was Lucy Oliver; she seconded all my efforts with an assiduity and kindness even transcending my own. The fever proceeded to a crisis. As it advanced, my situation was indescribable. I slept almost none—my vigils,

my solicitude, my anxiety preyed on my weak nerves, and produced tremors, morbid terrors, and, during the moments I slept, night mares. My time was spent at her bedside, in attentions, watchings, and secret prayers; yet, in the midst of all this devotion, I could not but observe, admire, and be grateful for the extraordinary conduct of my fellow comforter. Lucy Oliver varied with the man who had courted and deserted her in the extent of her sacrifice of time, health, and happiness, for the recovery of her successful rival. Good God! when I look back to that awful scene—my wife in the grasp of one of the most dangerous diseases incident to mortal; her nurse, my former lover, watching her every motion, anticipating her every whispered want; and I, with racked nerves, and my sympathies wound up till my heart-strings seemed on the eve of cracking—the witness of all that, and distracted with hopes, fears, gratitude, love, I wonder how my feeble frame could have withstood such a fearful combination of torturing causes. Many days and nights were thus spent. The crisis approached; my wife passed the dreadful ordeal. On the announcement of the happy tidings, I fell on my knees; Lucy Oliver followed my example. We offered up thanks to Heaven for the awarded mercy.

'Alas! alas! our thanks were a vain offering. Overcome with watching, I retired to a couch, to seek a few hours' repose. My dear wife relapsed during night. Lucy approached me, with trembling steps and timid voice, to announce to me what the doctor had not fortitude to do. I rose, and hastened to the scene of suffering. The lovely victim was in the firm grasp of the grim Destroyer. Her bosom heaved with the weight of death; her mouth was open as she gasped for breath; her eyes were fixed; her consciousness gone; she knew not her husband—her miserable, distracted husband—who bent over her stiffening body, and clutched her in the agonies of despair. She expired in my arms.

'I cannot continue these details. My wife was buried in the family vault of Dowielee. Who should have taken charge of my pretty pledges, but she who had attended and watched their dying mother with such unparalleled devotion? Time passed on, and partially alleviated sufferings that brought me to the brink of the grave; where, indeed, I often, in my agony, wished myself quietly deposited, by the side of her who taught me happiness, transcending all other modes of pleasure, as much as my misery exceeded all other kinds of pain. During this period of trial, my good angel was Lucy Oliver. She it was who administered to me the only relief that remained for me on earth. She tended, with a mother's care, my children, and, with a wife's devotion, their father. My wants were supplied, my wishes anticipated, my whispers, my looks, my signs watched with the soli-

citude of one whose own happiness depended on my recovery. Yet was there never an allusion to our former intimacy; it seemed to be erased from the tablets of her memory—to be obliterated from Time's records; so effectually did she avoid every allusion to it, and conceal every thought or feeling connected with it.

'Time, aided by the unremitting endeavours of my benefactress, performed his usual wonders. I slowly recovered my health. My establishment had been under the charge of her who had exhibited so much fidelity. My dear children looked upon her as their mother: she had become necessary to them. Was she not also necessary to their father? As time softened the recollections of my wife, my old feelings towards my first love revived. I need not describe the rise of a passion, whose progress to the greatest height of human emotion I have already detailed. What use is there for more? The prudence that opposed that passion before, would now have been imprudence. The situation of matters was changed. I married Lucy Oliver at the end of the second year after the death of my Amelia.

'I again experienced human happiness greater than mortals generally are destined to enjoy in this world. M Lucy seemed all to me that my Amelia had been; and the love which the two bore to each other sanctified my affection for my second wife, while it embalmed in my recollection the feelings I entertained for my first. The bereavement to which I had been subjected by death, made me tremble for the health of her who was now my last, as she had been my first love. In a short time, she was to give me a pledge of affection—a pleasure which the recollection of a former experience turned into a terror and a pain. If it had been a legitimate subject for an address to the Almighty, I would have prayed for barrenness to the wife of my affection, and sacrificed the all-powerful feelings of a father, to the certainty of an avoidance of a repetition of that dreadful calamity that had bowed down my head to the earth, and stretched my heart-strings to breaking. But these things are not in the hands of man, and I checked my impious aspirations, by enforcing resignation to the will of Heaven. My Lucy bore to me a son. She escaped the dangers incident to her situation; but she recovered tardily, in spite of my devotion to the suppliance of her wants, and of everything that could contribute to her safety and restoration to health. A general weakness hung about her long after she was able to walk. An atrophy reduced her body; and neuralgic pains shot through her, forcing her often to cry aloud. At night, she was visited by troubled dreams, in which nightmares and all the hags generated by morbid fancies, followed her, and jabbered, and louted, and hugged her, terrifying her, and forcing herself to nestle closely in my arms for protec-

tion, and often wakening her with a loud scream of horror, which, in its turn, roused me from my own troubled sleep, in fright and anxiety. This state of mind and body continued for a considerable time; and the recollection of the noctuary of these horrors carries with it to this hour an insufferable pain.

'A change now came over my dear Lucy, whose sufferings increased, if that was possible, my love and tenderness. The horrors of nightmare, in some degree, left her, and she slept with apparently more composure, drawing, however, at short intervals, long sighs, accompanied with mutterings and broken unintelligible speech. I wakened one night about the hour of twelve, and was surprised and alarmed to find her place by my side empty. The weakness she had laboured under for a time rendered it difficult for her, even in the day time, to rise and walk; and I could not conceive how she was able to have risen and left the bed. I called out, and received no answer. All was dark and silent. I perceived, by the dim light reflected by her white night-dress, my sick wife walking softly and silently along the room, heedless, because unconscious of my presence, and deaf to my sympathetic inquiries for explanation of her extraordinary conduct. I flew and seized her in my arms. She uttered a loud piercing scream, and, escaping from my grasp, fell senseless on the floor. I called the servants, and procured light. She had partially recovered, and on being put to bed, I asked her why she had left the bed, and why she had screamed when I approached her. She seemed to feel uneasy under my questions; and I did not press her farther on a subject which gave her pain.

'On the following night I took the precaution of having a taper in the room, in case of a repetition of the scene which had produced in me so much alarm; for I was inclined to think that she had become a somnambulist. I slept little, for my fancy was busy with my misfortunes, and my heart occupied with sympathy for the sufferings of my wife. At the same hour she rose and left the bed, walking erectly and firmly, as if her weakness had suddenly left her, and she had been restored to health. She went to a small rosewood cupboard that stood in the end of the room, and opened it, taking from it a small bottle, which she folded in her hands and pressed to her bosom. She then held it up to the light of the taper, and sighed deeply as she looked through it. She turned her face to the bed, and stared at me with open lack-lustre eyes for several minutes. Keeping this frightful attitude, with the bottle held up in her hand, she spoke:—

'She is past danger now, and will recover.' (A pause, and listening.) 'That breathin' is lighter—no sae like death—her mains and grains are gane—the struggle's past, and, when she recovers, I maun continue to dress her for his eye and undress her for his

embrace. Shall that be guid help?' (Looking through the vial.) 'Na, na, she has had her time, and mine waits me. A revivin' patient needs a cordial. Hark! he comes from the couch in the next room.' (Listening again.) 'It is the winds o' the woods o' Dowielee. Quick—quick!—his twa hours are out, and he'll hae a braw wakenin; she canna refuse a cordial frae the hands o' Lucy Oliver.'

'She now approached the bed where I lay in a state of horripilation. My mind denied me thought. I could not think; a general sensation of indescribable horror, which ran through my veins, was the only symptom of consciousness I felt in my mind or frame. I lay, bound to the bed, without power to move, to think, to speak. She approached silently and fearfully, looking back to the door at intervals, and listening; then progressing a step, then pausing and listening again—motions and attitudes she repeated till she arrived at the bedside. She now seemed to recollect herself, turned suddenly, and flew quickly, hurriedly, and tremblingly, for the taper, which, taking up, she held in her left-hand, while her right grasped the vial. She then approached the bed by four or five long rapid steps—her white gown flowing behind her, and her hair, which had come down, streaming over her shoulders. She stood for a moment at the bedside, looking, with staring orbs, into my face, and holding, before my eyes, the taper, which she moved backwards and forwards as if to perceive whether my gaze followed it. She then laid down the taper on a chair at the bedside, and applied her left-hand to my brow. She spoke again:—

'You are warm, dear leddie; but there's a dew on your forehead—a good sign. Your breathin' is freer, and the weight is gane frae your breast. 'When the signs come,' said the doctor to me, 'gie her this.' (Holding up the vial in my 1stce.) 'It is a cordial I hae tasted wi' my ain lips, and what is sweet to Lucy, canna be sour to her she luves abune a' mortals. Drink, my dear leddie—health is the queen o' blessings, und wha wadna wish to be weel wha has Dowielee for a husband? Quick, dear leddie—ay, ay—there, there—a drap still remains, it's owre precious to be lost. There—you will sleep now; and, when ye waken, Dowielee will kiss ye in joy o' your recovery.'

'She now took up the taper, and with a rapid hurried step hastened to the cupboard, opened it, put in the vial, closed it, locked it, placed the taper on the table, blew it out, and came to bed. When she lay down, she sighed deeply, and shook so that the bed moved. I tried to calm my mind, and think of the strange scene I had witnessed, of the strange things I had heard. I had never known of any draught given to my wife on the morning of her death; but she might have got a cordial administered to her. Was there anything in Lucy's words that indicated more. I could not answer my own question; my mind reverted back to Lucy's

extraordinary conduct and character. She was not like other women. She had acted as no other woman could act; but had she not acted nobly and generously?—Why, then, draw evil from good. But to what did my doubts point? I could not mention it. The thought was not recognised by me as an act of my conscious mind. It was a rebel. I quelled it, and tried to sleep; yet I could not. I lay awake during the whole night; my mind turned against itself; my fancy bounded by my judgment; confidence warring with suspicions; doubts struggling in the grasp of a determined but generous dogmatism. During the following day, I observed the same conduct to Lucy; for I had, to a great extent, banished from my mind every reflection suggested by the scene of the previous night, except the conclusion—that somnambulists do strange things in their nocturnal vocations.

‘Two nights afterwards, my wife rose again. I watched her motions. She repaired to the cupboard, in the same way as formerly, took out the vial, lifted up the taper, and approached the bed. Her manner was more confused on this occasion; for she approached and receded from the bed; walked along the room with a rapid step; repeated these motions eight or ten times; and, at last, stood still in the middle of the apartment, pronouncing this monologue in a distinct and impressive manner:—

‘*‘Lang, lang hae I suffered. By the Holy Well I suffered; in my father’s cottage I suffered; beneath the window of this bedroom, on his marriage night, as I sat shiverin’ in the cauld winter blast, I suffered; as I undressed his wife for his bed, and retired to my ain, to think o’ their happiness, and greet myself asleep, I suffered. Yet, a’ this time, he thought I had forgotten him. I loved him still the mair; and my love and my sufferin’ hae come to a height. I can wait nae langer. This chance has failed. Her bairn’s born, and the fever has passed its dangerous hour. Now or never! Lucy Oliver or Amelia Gordon maun dee. She or I maun drink this black death, to the health o’ Apothecary Watson, wha, silly man, refused at first to gie me’t. Come, come, my time is short; he will be here anon.’*

‘She rose, and again approached the bed, holding up before my eyes the light, laying it down, passing her hand along my brow, and going through the same series of movements, and using nearly the same words, as on the previous occasion. She at last came to bed, and lay down, sighing and uttering deep groans.

‘My mind was again in a state of confusion; but my horror was, if possible, increased. Her tale was now more connected, and filled with an import more dreadful. It bore a character of waking reality—borrowing, from the daily occurrences of life, facts—undeniable, melancholy truths—turning them to a rational account, and explaining even those very parts of her conduct

which never, in my estimation, quadrated with human nature. My mind tried to escape from the fearful, connected, rational sense of her monologue. Its truth horrified me. I scrutinized the nature of my own dreams, which, I acknowledge, were wild and fanciful, having seldom any verisimilitude to the rationale of life. But I was forced to distinguish between mere dreaming and somnambulism; a state of the mind in which certain of its faculties are even improved, and vested with powers sometimes considered nearly supernatural. Was I bound or entitled to *disbelieve* a rational tale of personal experience, merely because some of the faculties of the mind, not necessary to the reminiscence or the narration, were in a state of inactivity? My inability to answer this in the affirmative, increased my difficulty, and added to my horror. Yet, was I bound or entitled to *believe* the connected, rational tale of a somnambulist? Neither could I answer this. I was on the eve, I thought, of becoming a madman—an opinion which a strong inborn sense of total inability to bear the force of a discovery which I conceived awaited me, confirmed. I sickened and sunk, as the necessity of an investigation rose upon me. The prospect of being compelled to search for proof that my wife—the creature on whom I leant for support, to whom I looked for consolation, in whose love lay my only happiness on earth—was guilty of a crime sufficient to call down the vengeance of heaven, made me almost delirious. Yet the prospect of remaining wilfully in doubt; of being placed on the rack of suspicion; of having all my confidence, all my love, all my converse, all my intercourse with her who slept on my bosom, and nestled in my arms, mixed, qualified, tainted, and poisoned by the thought that she *might have*, that it was *doubtful* whether she *had not*, murdered Amelia Gordon—was that a better one—was it preferable to the killing certainty itself—the last, kind, unqualified, finishing horror, that would admit of no lingering, no torturing, but finish at one stroke, grief, and doubt, and life together?

‘This night was also restless. I slept none. For three nights I had not closed an eye. My brow for all that time had been burning. My constitution felt the stroke. I was seized with a fever, and removed to another apartment. I can say little of this period of my suffering; but I saw often, at my bedside, Lucy Oliver, my wife, who administered to me *medicines—cordials*—restoratives. O God! what were the thoughts which, suggested by her image, changed and coloured by a maniac fancy, mixed with the recollections of Amelia Gordon! Suspicions, hatreds, love, and pity, careered through my fevered, maddened brain! Yet I weathered this pitiless storm of fate. I recovered from the fever; but I convalesced with poison on my mind. Ob, had I then died!

‘I left, at last, my sick chamber; but my suspicions

accompanied me. All my efforts were not able to conceal a change. For a time I struggled on, endeavouring to master my feelings, to look with a steady eye on Lucy, to embrace her without trembling. It would not do. The pain was unbearable. I started up in the midst of an accession of my agony; I walked out; and, scarcely knowing whither I was wandering, found myself in the shop of Nicholas Watson, the village apothecary. I put the question to him whether any of my domestics had bought poison from him for a length of time back.

'Yes,' said he, 'I sold, with reluctance, and after much questioning as to the use to which it was to be applied, an ounce of oxalid acid to Lucy Oliver, then your lady's waiting-woman, now your wife.'

'What more did I require? Yet, I got more. My wife was unable to stand the change that had come over me. She had suspected the cause—for I noticed that she never would speak of her dreams or night-walking. Our eyes became eloquent of mutual suspicions, sometimes of mutual horror, though our mouths were dumb. The disease that already lurked in her system—and all hope of its removal was now gone—would have been sufficient of itself to dissolve her frame; but the accession of a new mental agony, transcending all bodily diseases and pains, accelerated what, though inevitable, might have been long kept off by remedial means. She was soon confined entirely to bed, and reduced to the extremity of life. Her struggles were too painful for me to witness, and I left her to the charge of her attendants. One evening I was called by an urgent express. I approached her bed. She waved her hand to the attendants, to retire. She looked up in my face with a placidity which surprised me. As I gazed on her, her eyes filled with tears.

'It is true—it is true!' she said, and expired.

'What I have experienced since would take years to tell. Have I not suffered as no mortal ever suffered?'

'Your story, Mr. B——,' said I, 'is a remarkable one. I will meditate upon it, and, when we shall have more time, endeavour to extract from it the evidences of the touch of the finger of the Almighty, which, be assured, may be traced, by an eye anxious to find it, in all the sorrows of mortals.'

Having prayed with this heir of sorrow, I left him, to return next day. Nothing else must be allowed to interfere with this duty.

—
From Bentley's Miscellany.

A TALE OF GRAMMARYE.

The Baron came home in his fury and rage,
He blew up his Henchman, he blew up his Page;
The Seneschal trembled, the Cook looked pale,
As he ordered for supper grilled kidneys and ale.
Vain thought! that grill'd kidneys can give relief,
When one's own are inflamed by anger and grief.

What was the cause of the Baron's distress?

Why sank his spirits so low?—

The fair Isabel, when she should have said "Yes,"
Had given the Baron a "No."

He ate, and he drank, and he grumbled between:
First on the viands he vented his spleen,—
The ale was sour,—the kidneys were tough,
And tasted of nothing but pepper and snuff!
—The longer he ate, the worse grew affairs,
Till he ended by kicking the butler down stairs.

All was hushed—'twas the dead of the night—

The tapers were dying away,
And the armour bright
Glanced in the light

Of the pale moon's trembling ray;
Yet his Lordship sat still, digesting his ire,
With his nose on his knees, and his knees in the fire,—
All at once he jump'd up, resolved to consult his
Cornelius Agrippa de rebus occultis.

He seized by the handle
A bed-room flat candle,
And went to a secret nook,
Where a chest lay hid
With so massive a lid,
His knees, as he raised it, shook,
Partly, perhaps, from the wine he had drunk,
Partly from fury, and partly from funk;
For never before had he ventured to look
In his Great-Great-Grandfather's conjuring-book.

Now Lord Ranulph Fitz-Hugh,
As lords frequently do,
Thought reading a bore,—but his case was quite new;
So he quickly ran through
A chapter or two,
For without Satan's aid he knew not what to do,—
When poking the fire, as the evening grew colder,
He saw with alarm,
As he raised up his arm,
An odd-looking countenance over his shoulder.

Firmer rock will sometimes quake,
Trustiest blade will sometimes break,
Sturdiest heart will sometimes fail,
Proudest eye will sometimes quail;—
No wonder Fitz-Hugh felt uncommonly queer
Upon suddenly seeing the Devil so near,
Leaning over his chair, peeping into his ear.

The stranger first
The silence burst,
And replied to the Baron's look;—
"I would not intrude,
But don't think me rude
If I sniff at that musty old book.
Charms were all very well
Ere Reform came to Hell;
But now not an imp cares a fig for a spell.
Still I see what you want,
And am willing to grant
The person and purse of the fair Isabel.
Upon certain conditions the maiden is won;—
You may have her at once, if you choose to say 'Done.'

"The lady so rare,
Her manors so fair,
Lord Baron, I give to thee;
But when once the sun
Five years has run,
Lord Baron, thy soul's my fee!"

Oh! where wert thou, ethereal Sprite?
Protecting Angel, where?
Sure never before had noble or knight
Such need of thy guardian care!
No aid is nigh—'twas so decreed;—

The recreant Baron at once agreed,
And prepared with his blood to sign the deed.

With the point of his sword
His arm he scored,
And mended his pen with his Misericorde;
From his black silk breeches
The stranger reaches
A lawyer's leathern case,
Selects a paper,
And snuffing the taper,
The Baron these words mote trace:—
"Five years after date, I promise to pay
My soul to Old Nick, without let or delay,
For valne received."—"There, my Lord, on my life,
Put your name to the bill, and the lady's your wife."

* * * * *
All look'd bright in earth and heaven,
And far through the morning skies
Had Sol his fiery coursers driven,—
That is, it was striking half-past eleven
As Isabel opened her eyes.

All wondered what made the lady so late,
For she came not down till noon,
Though she usually rose at a quarter to eight,
And went to bed equally soon.
But her rest had been broken by troublesome dreams:—
She had thought that, in spite of her cries and her screams,
Old Nick had borne off, in a chariot of flame,
The gallant young Howard of Effingham.
Her eye was so dim, and her cheek so chill,
The family doctor declared she was ill,
And muttered dark hints of a draught and a pill.

All during breakfast to brood doth she seem
O'er some secret woes or wrongs;
For she empties the salt-cellar into the cream,
And stirs up her tea with the tongs.
But scarce hath she finished her third round of toast,
When a knocking is heard by all—
"What may that be?—'tis too late for the post,—
Too soon for a morning call."
After a moment of silence and dread,
The court-yard rang
With the joyful clang
Of an armed warrior's tread.
Now away and away with fears and alarms,—
The lady lies clasped in young Effingham's arms.
She hangs on his neck, and she tells him true,
How that troublesome creature, Lord Ranulph Fitz-
Hugh,
Hath vowed and hath sworn with a terrible curse,
That, unless she will take him for better for worse,
He will work her mickle rue!

"Now, lady love, dismiss thy fear,
Should that grim old Baron presume to come here,
We'll soon send him home with a flea in his ear;—
And, to cut short the strife,
My love! my life!
Let me send for a parson, and make you my wife!"
No banns did they need, no license require,—
They were married that day before dark:
The Clergyman came,—a fat little friar,
The doctor acted as Clerk.

But the nuptial rites were hardly o'er,
Scarce had they reached the vestry door,
When a knight rush'd headlong in;
From his shoes to his shirt
He was all over dirt,
From his toes to the tip of his chin;
But high on his travel-stained helmet tower'd
The lion-crest of the noble Howard.
By horrible doubts and fears possess'd,
The bride turned and gaz'd on the bridegroom's breast—

No Argent Bend was there;
No Lion bright
Of her own true knight,
But his rival's Sable Bear!
The Lady Isabel instantly knew
'Twas a regular hoax of the false Fitz-Hugh;
And loudly the Baron exulting cried,
"Thou art wooed, thou art won, my bonny gay bride!
Nor heaven nor hell can our loves divide!"

This pithy remark was scarcely made,
When the Baron beheld, upon turning his head,
His Friend in black close by;
He advanced with a smile all placid and bland,
Popp'd a small piece of parchment into his hand,
And knowingly winked his eye.

As the Baron perused,
His cheek was suffused
With a flush between brick-dust and brown;
While the fair Isabel
Fainted, and fell
In a still and death-like swoon.
Lord Howard roar'd out, till the chapel and vaults
Rang with cries for burnt feathers and volatile salts.

"Look at the date!" quoth the queer-looking man,
In his own peculiar tone;
My word hath been kept,—deny it who can,—
And now I am come for mine own."
Might he trust his eyes?—Alas! and alack!
'Twas a bill ante-dated full five years back!
'Twas all too true—
It was over due—
The term had expired!—he wouldn't "renew,"—
And the Devil looked black as the Baron looked blue.

The Lord Fitz-Hugh
Made a great to-do,
And especially blew up Old Nick,—
" 'Twas a stain," he swore,
"On the name he bore
To play such a rascally trick!"—
"A trick!" quoth Nick, in a tone rather quick,
"It's one often played upon people who 'tick.'"
Blue flames now broke
From his mouth as he spoke,
They went out, and left an uncommon thick smoke,
Which enveloping quite
Himself and the Knight,
The pair in a moment were clean out of sight.
When it wafed away,
Where the dickens were they?
Oh! no one might guess—Oh! no one might say,—
But never, I wis,
From that time to this,
In hall or in bower, on mountain or plain,
Has the Baron been seen or been heard of again.

As for fair Isabel, after two or three sighs,
She finally open'd her beautiful eyes.
She coughed, and she sneezed,
And was very well pleased,
After being so rumpled, and towzled, and teased,
To find, when restored from her panic and pain,
My Lord Howard had married her over again.

MORAL.

Be warned by our story, ye Nobles and Knights,
Who're so much in the habit of "flying of kites;"
And beware how ye meddle again with such Flights:
At least, if your energies Creditors cramp,
Remember a Usurer's always a Scamp,
And look well at the Bill, and the Date, and the Stamp:
Don't sign in a hurry, whatever you do.
Or you'll go to the Devil, like Baron Fitz-Hugh.
"DALTON."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Involves a Critical Position.

"Who's that?" inquired Brittles, opening the door a little way with the chain up, and peeping out, shading the candle with his hand.

"Open the door," replied a man outside; "it's the officers from Bow-street that was sent to, to-day."

Much comforted by this assurance, Brittles opened the door to its full width, and confronted a portly man in a great coat, who walked in without saying anything more, and wiped his shoes on the mat as coolly as if he lived there.

"Just send somebody out to relieve my mate, will you, young man?" said the officer: "he's in the gig minding the prad. Have you got a coach'us here that you could put it up in for five or ten minutes?"

Brittles, replying in the affirmative, and pointing out the building, the portly man stepped back to the garden gate, and helped his companion to put up the gig, while Brittles lighted them in a state of great admiration. This done, they returned to the house, and, being shown into a parlour, took off their great-coats and hats, and showed like what they were. The man who had knocked at the door was a stout personage of middle height, aged about fifty, with shiny black hair, cropped pretty close, half whiskers, a round face, and sharp eyes. The other was a red-headed bony man, in top-boots, with a rather ill-favoured countenance; and a turned-up sinister-looking nose.

"Tell your governor that Blathers and Duff is here, will you?" said the stouter man, smoothing down his hair, and laying a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Oh! Good evening, master. Can I have a word or two with you in private, if you please?"

This was addressed to Mr. Losberne, who now made his appearance; and that gentleman, motioning Brittles to retire, brought in the two ladies and shut the door.

"This is the lady of the house," said Mr. Losberne, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie.

Mr. Blathers made a bow, and, being desired to sit down, put his hat upon the floor; and, taking a chair, motioned Duff to do the same. The latter gentleman, who did not appear quite so much accustomed to good society, or quite so much at his ease in it, one of the two, seated himself, after undergoing several muscular

affections of the limbs, and forced the head of his stick into his mouth with some embarrassment.

"Now, with regard to this here robbery, master," said Blathers. "What are the circumstances?"

Mr. Losberne, who appeared desirous of gaining time, recounted them at great length and with much circumlocution: Messrs. Blathers and Duff looking very knowing meanwhile, and occasionally exchanging a nod.

"I can't say for certain till I see the place of course," said Blathers; "but my opinion at once is,—I don't mind committing myself to that extent,—that this wasn't done by a yokel—eh, Duff?"

"Certainly not," replied Duff.

"And, translating the word yokel for the benefit of the ladies, I apprehend your meaning to be that this attempt was not made by a countryman?" said Mr. Losberne with a smile.

"That's it, master," replied Blathers. "This is all about the robbery, is it?"

"All," replied the doctor.

"Now, what is this about this here boy that the servants are talking of?" said Blathers.

"Nothing at all," replied the doctor. "One of the frightened servants choose to take it into his head that he had something to do with this attempt to break into the house; but it's nonsense—sheer absurdity."

"Werry easy disposed of it is," remarked Duff.

"What he says is quite correct," observed Blathers, nodding his head in a confirmatory way, and playing carelessly with the handcuffs, as if they were a pair of castanets. "Who is the boy? What account does he give of himself? Where did he come from? He didn't drop out of the clouds, did he, master?"

"Of course not," replied the doctor with a nervous glance at the two ladies. "I know his whole history;—but we can talk about that presently. You would like to see the place where the thieves made their attempt, first, I suppose?"

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Blathers. "We had better inspect the premises first, and examine the servants arterwards. That's the usual way of doing business."

Lights were then procured, and Messrs. Blathers and Duff, attended by the native constable, Brittles, Giles, and everybody else in short, went into the little room at the end of the passage, and looked out at the window, and afterwards went round by way of the lawn, and looked in at the window, and after that had a candle handed out to inspect the shutter with, and after that a lantern to trace the footsteps with, and after that a pitchfork to poke the bushes with. This done amidst the breathless interest of all beholders, they came in again, and Mr. Giles and Brittles were put through a melo-dramatic representation of their share

in the previous night's adventures, which they performed some six times over, contradicting each other in not more than one important respect the first time, and in not more than a dozen the last. This consummation being arrived at, Blathers and Duff cleared the room, and held a long council together, compared with which, for secrecy and solemnity, a consultation of great doctors on the knottiest point in medicine would be mere child's play.

Meanwhile the doctor walked up and down the next room in a very uneasy state, and Mrs. Maylie and Rose looked on with anxious faces.

"Upon my word," he said, making a halt after a great number of very rapid turns, "I hardly know what to do."

"Surely," said Rose, "the poor child's story, faithfully repeated to these men, will be sufficient to exonerate him."

"I doubt it my dear young lady," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I don't think it would exonerate him, either with them or with legal functionaries of a higher grade. What is he, after all, they would say—a runaway. Judged by mere worldly considerations and probabilities, his story is a very doubtful one."

"You credit it, surely?" interrupted Rose in haste.

"I believe it, strange as it is, and perhaps may be an old fool for doing so," rejoined the doctor; "but I don't think it is exactly the tale for a practised police officer, nevertheless."

"Why not?" demanded Rose.

"Because, my pretty cross-examiner," replied the doctor, "because, viewed with their eyes, there are so many ugly points about it; he can only prove the parts that look bad, and none of those that look well. Confound the fellows, they will have the why and the wherefore, and take nothing for granted. On his own showing, you see, he has been the companion of thieves for some time past; he has been carried to a police-office on a charge of picking a gentleman's pocket, and is taken away forcibly from that gentleman's house to a place which he cannot describe or point out, and of the situation of which he has not the remotest idea. He is brought down to Chertsey by men who seem to have taken a violent fancy to him, whether he will or no, and put through a window to rob a house, and then, just at the very moment when he is going to alarm the inmates, and so do the very thing that would set him all to rights, there rushes into the way that blundering dog of a half-bred butler and shoots him, as if on purpose to prevent his doing any good for himself. Don't you see all this?"

"I see it, of course," replied Rose, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity; "but still I do not see anything in it to criminate the poor child."

"No," replied the doctor; "of course not! Bless the

bright eyes of your sex! They never see, whether for good or bad, more than one side of any question; and that is, invariably; the one which first presents itself to them."

Having given vent to this result of experience, the doctor put his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down the room with even greater rapidity than before.

"The more I think of it," said the doctor, "the more I see that it will occasion endless trouble and difficulty to put these men into possession of the boy's real story. I am certain it will not be believed; and, even if they can do nothing to him in the end, still the dragging it forward, and giving it publicity to all the doubts that will be cast upon it, must interfere materially with your benevolent plan of rescuing him from misery."

"Oh! what is to be done?" cried Rose. "Dear, dear! why did they send for these people?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maylie. "I would not have had them here for the world!"

"All I know is," said Mr. Losberne at last, sitting down with a kind of desperate calmness, "that we must try and carry it off with a bold face, that's all! The object is a good one, and that must be the excuse. The boy has strong symptoms of fever upon him, and is in no condition to be talked to any more; that's one comfort. We must make the best of it we can; and, if bad's the best, it's no fault of ours. Come in."

"Well, master," said Blathers, entering the room, followed by his colleague, and making the door fast before he said any more. "This warn't a put-up thing."

"And what the devil's a put-up thing!" demanded the doctor impatiently.

"We call it a put-up robbery, ladies," said Blathers, turning to them, as if he compassionated their ignorance, but had a contempt for the doctor's "when the servants is in it."

"Nobody suspected them in this case," said Mrs. Maylie.

"Wery likely not, ma'am," replied Blathers, "but they might have been in it, for all that."

"More likely on that wery account," said Duff.

"We find it was a town hand," said Blathers, continuing his report; "for the style of work is first-rate."

"Wery pretty indeed, it is," remarked Duff in an under tone.

"There was two of 'em in it," continued Blathers, "and they had a boy with 'em; that's plain, from the size of the window. That's all to be said at present. We'll see this lad that you've got up stairs at once, if you please."

"Perhaps they will take something to drink first, Mrs. Maylie?" said the doctor, his face brightening up as if some new thought had occurred to him.

"Oh! To be sure!" exclaimed Rose eagerly. "You shall have it immediately, if you will."

"Why, thank you, Miss!" said Blathers, drawing his coat-sleeve across his mouth: "its dry work this sort of duty. Anything that's handy, Miss; don't put yourself out of the way on our accounts."

"What shall it be?" asked the doctor, following the young lady to the sideboard.

"A little drop of spirits, master, if it's all the same," replied Blathers. "It's a cold ride from London, ma'am, and I always find that spirits comes home warmer to the feelings."

This interesting communication was addressed to Mrs. Maylie, who received it very graciously. While it was being conveyed to her, the doctor slipped out of the room.

"Ah!" said Mr. Blathers, not holding his wine-glass by the stem, but grasping the bottom between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and placing it in front of his chest, "I have seen a good many pieces of business like this in my time, ladies."

"That crack down in the back lane at Edmonton, Blathers," said Mr. Duff, assisting his colleague's memory.

"That was something in this way, warn't it?" rejoined Mr. Blathers; "that was done by Conkey Chickweed, that was."

"You always gave that to him," replied Duff. "It was the Family Pet, I tell you, and Conkey hadn't any more to do with it than I had."

"Get out!" retorted Mr. Blathers: "I know better. Do you mind that time Conkey was robbed of his money, though? What a start that was! better than any novel-book I ever see!"

"What was that?" inquired Rose, anxious to encourage any symptoms of good humour in the unwelcome visitors.

"It was a robbery, Miss, that hardly anybody would have been down upon," said Blathers. "This here Conkey Chickweed ——"

"Conkey means Nosey, ma'am," interposed Duff.

"Of course the lady knows that don't she?" demanded Mr. Blathers. "Always interrupting you are, partner. This here Conkey Chickweed, Miss, kept a public-house over Battle-bridge way, and had a cellar where a good many young lords went to see cock-fighting, and badger-drawing, and that; and a wery intellectual manner the sports was conducted in, for I've seen 'em off'en. He warn't one of the family at that time; and one night he was robbed of three hundred and twenty-seven guineas in a canvass-bag, that was stole out of his bedroom in the dead of night by a tall man with a black patch over his eye, who had concealed himself under the bed, and, after committing the robbery, jumped slap out of window, which was only a story high. He was wery quick about it.

But Conkey was quick, too, for he was woke by the noise, and, darting out of bed, fired a blunderbuss arter him, and roused the neighbourhood. They set up a hue-and-cry directly, and, when they came to look about 'em, found that Conkey had hit the robber; for there was traces of blood all the way to some palings a good distance off, and there they lost 'em. However he had made off with the blunt, and, consequently, the name of Mr. Chickweed, licensed widler, appeared in the Gazette among the other bankrupts; and all manner of benefits and subscriptions, and I don't know what all, was got up for the poor man, who was in a wery low state of mind about his loss, and went up and down the streets for three or four days, pulling his hair off in such a desperate manner that many people was afraid he might be going to make away with himself. One day he come up to the office all in a hurry, and had a private interview with the magistrate, who, after a good deal of talk, rings the bell, and orders Jem Spyers in, (Jem was a active officer,) and tells him to go and assist Mr. Chickweed in apprehending the man that robbed his house. 'I see him, Spyers,' said Chickweed, 'pass my house yesterday morning.'—'Why didn't you up, and collar him?' says Spyers.—'I was so struck all of a heap that you might have fractured my skull with a toothpick,' says the poor man; 'but we're sure to have him, for between ten and eleven o'clock at night he passed again.' Spyers no sooner heard this, than he put some clean linen and a comb in his pocket, in case he should have to stop a day or two; and away he goes, and sets himself down at one of the public-house windows behind a little red curtain, with his hat on, all ready to bolt at a moment's notice. He was smoking his pipe here late at night, when all of a sudden Chickweed roars out—'Here he is! Stop thief! Murder!' Jem Spyers dashed out; and there he sees Chickweed tearing down the street full-cry. Away goes Spyers; on keeps Chickweed; round turn the people; everybody roars out 'Thieves!' and Chickweed himself keeps on shouting all the time like mad. Spyers loses sight of him a minute as he turns a corner,—shoots round—sees a little crowd—dives in. 'Which is the man?'—'D-me!' says Chickweed, 'I've lost him again!'

"It was a remarkable occurrence, but he warn't to be seen nowhere, so they went back to the public house, and next morning Spyers took his old place, and looked out from behind the curtain for a tall man with a black patch over his eye, till his own two eyes ached again. At last he couldn't help shutting 'em to ease 'em a minute, and the wery moment he did so, he hears Chickweed roaring out, 'Here he is!' Off he starts once more, with Chickweed half way down the street ahead of him; and, after twice as long a run as the yesterday's one, the man's lost again! This was done once or twice more, till one half the neighbours

gave out that Mr. Chickweed had been robbed by the devil who was playing tricks with him afterwards, and the other half that poor Mr. Chickweed had gone mad with grief."

"What did Jem Spyers say?" inquired the doctor, who had returned to the room shortly after the commencement of the story.

"Jem Spyers," resumed the officer, "for a long time said nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and, taking out his snuff-box, said, 'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.'—'Have you?' said Chickweed. 'Oh, my dear Spyers, only let me have vengeance, and I shall die contented! Oh, my dear Spyers, where is the villain?'—'Come!' said Spyers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon! You did it yourself.' So he had, and a good bit of money he had made by it, too; and nobody would ever have found it out if he hadn't been so precious anxious to keep up appearances, that's more!" said Mr. Blathers, putting down his wine-glass, and clinking the handcuffs together.

"Very curious, indeed," observed the doctor. "Now, if you please, you can walk up stairs."

"If *you* please, sir," returned Mr. Blathers. And, closely following Mr. Losberne, the two officers ascended to Oliver's bedroom, Mr. Giles preceding the party with a lighted candle.

Oliver had been dozing, but looked worse, and was more feverish than he had appeared yet. Being assisted by the doctor, he managed to sit up in bed for a minute or so, and looked at the strangers without at all understanding what was going forward, and, in fact, without seeming to recollect where he was, or what had been passing.

"This," said Mr. Losberne, speaking softly, but with great vehemence notwithstanding, "this is the lad, who, being accidentally wounded by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's grounds at the back here, comes to the house for assistance this morning, and is immediately laid hold of, and maltreated by that ingenious gentleman with the candle in his hand, who has placed his life in considerable danger, as I can professionally certify."

Messrs. Blathers and Duff looked at Mr. Giles as he was thus recommended to their notice, and the bewildered butler gazed from them towards Oliver, and from Oliver towards Mr. Losberne, with a most ludicrous mixture of fear and perplexity.

"You don't mean to deny that, I suppose?" said the doctor, laying Oliver gently down again.

"It was all done for the—for the best, sir!" answered Giles. "I am sure I thought it was the boy, or I wouldn't have meddled with him. I am not of an inhuman disposition, sir."

"Thought it was what boy?" inquired the senior officer.

"The housebreaker's boy, sir!" replied Giles. "They—they certainly had a boy."

"Well, do you think so now?" inquired Blathers.

"Think what, now?" replied Giles, looking vacantly at his questioner.

"Think it's the same boy, stupid-head!" rejoined Mr. Blathers impatiently.

"I don't know; I really don't know," said Giles, with a rueful countenance. "I couldn't swear to him."

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Blathers.

"I don't know what to think," replied poor Giles. "I don't think it is the boy; indeed I'm almost certain that it isn't. You know it can't be."

"Has this man been a-drinking, sir?" inquired Blathers, turning to the doctor.

"What a precious muddle-headed chap you are!" said Duff, addressing Mr. Giles with supreme contempt.

Mr. Losberne had been feeling the patient's pulse during this short dialogue; but he now rose from the chair by the bedside, and remarked, that if the officers had any doubts upon the subject they would perhaps like to step into the next room, and have Brittles before them.

Acting upon this suggestion, they accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring apartment, where Mr. Brittles being called in, involved himself and his respected superior in such a wonderful maze of fresh contradictions and impossibilities as tended to throw no particular light upon anything save the fact of his own strong mystification; except, indeed, his declarations that he shouldn't know the real boy if he were put before him that instant; that he had only taken Oliver to be he because Mr. Giles had said he was, and that Mr. Giles had five minutes previously admitted in the kitchen that he began to be very much afraid he had been a little too hasty.

Among other ingenious surmises, the question was then raised whether Mr. Giles had really hit anybody, and upon examination of the fellow pistol to that which he had fired, it turned out to have no more destructive loading than gunpowder and brown paper:—a discovery which made a considerable impression on everybody but the doctor, who had drawn the ball about ten minutes before. Upon no one, however, did it make a greater impression than on Mr. Giles himself, who, after labouring for some hours under the fear of having mortally wounded a fellow-creature, eagerly caught at this new idea, and favoured it to the utmost. Finally, the officers, without troubling themselves very much about Oliver, left the Chertsey constable in the house, and took up their rest for that night in the town, promising to return next morning.

With the next morning there came a rumour that

two men and a boy were in the cage at Kingston, who had been apprehended over-night under suspicious circumstances; and to Kingston Messrs. Blathers and Duff journeyed accordingly. The suspicious circumstances, however, resolving themselves, on investigation, into the one fact that they had been discovered sleeping under a haystack, which, although a great crime, is only punishable by imprisonment, and is, in the merciful eye of the English law, and its comprehensive love of all the King's subjects, held to be no satisfactory proof in the absence of all other evidence, that the sleeper or sleepers have committed burglary accompanied with violence, and have therefore rendered themselves liable to the punishment of death,—Messrs. Blathers and Duff came back again as wise as they went.

In short, after some more examination, and a great deal more conversation, a neighbouring magistrate was readily induced to take the joint bail of Mrs. Maylie and Mr. Losberne for Oliver's appearance if he should ever be called upon; and Blathers and Duff, being rewarded with a couple of guineas, returned to town with divided opinions on the subject of their expedition: the latter gentleman, on a mature consideration of all the circumstances, inclining to the belief that the burglarious attempt had originated with the Family Pet, and the former being equally disposed to concede the full merit of it to the great Mr. Conkey Chickweed.

Meanwhile Oliver gradually throve and prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne. If fervent prayers gushing from hearts overcharged with gratitude be heard in heaven,—and if they be not, what prayers are?—the blessings which the orphan child called down upon them, sunk into their souls, diffusing peace and happiness.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Of the happy life Oliver began to lead with his kind friends.

Oliver's ailings were neither slight nor few. In addition to the pain and delay attendant upon a broken limb, his exposure to the wet and cold had brought on fever and ague, which hung about him for many weeks, and reduced him sadly. But at length he began by slow degrees to get better, and to be able to say sometimes, in a few tearful words, how deeply he felt the goodness of the two sweet ladies, and how ardently he hoped that when he grew strong and well again he could do something to show his gratitude; only something which would let them see the love and duty with which his breast was full; something, however slight would prove to them that their gentle kindness had not been cast away, but that the poor boy, whom their charity had rescued from misery or death, was eager

¹ anxious to serve them with all his heart and soul.

"Poor fellow!" said Rose, when Oliver had been one day feebly endeavouring to utter the words of thankfulness that rose to his pale lips. "You shall have many opportunities of serving us, if you will. We are going into the country, and my aunt intends that you shall accompany us. The quiet place, the pure air, and all the pleasures and beauties of spring, will restore you in a few days, and we will employ you in a hundred ways when you can bear the trouble."

"The trouble!" cried Oliver. "Oh! dear lady, if I could but work for you,—if I could only give you pleasure by watering your flowers, or watching your birds, or running up and down the whole day long to make you happy, what would I give to do it!"

"You shall give nothing at all," said Miss Maylie smiling; "for, as I told you before, we shall employ you in a hundred ways; and if you only take half the trouble to please us that you promise now, you will make me very happy indeed."

"Happy, ma'am!" cried Oliver: "oh, how kind of you to say so!"

"You will make me happier than I can tell you," replied the young lady. "To think that my dear good aunt should have been the means of rescuing any one from such sad misery as you have described to us, would be an unspeakable pleasure to me; but to know that the object of her goodness and compassion was sincerely grateful and attached in consequence, would delight me more than you can well imagine. Do you understand me?" she inquired, watching Oliver's thoughtful face.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes!" replied Oliver eagerly; "but I was thinking that I am ungrateful now."

"To whom?" inquired the young lady.

"To the kind gentleman and the dear old nurse who took so much care of me before," rejoined Oliver. "If they knew how happy I am, they would be pleased, I am sure."

"I am sure they would," rejoined Oliver's benefactress; "and Mr. Losberne has already been kind enough to promise that when you are well enough to bear the journey he will carry you to see them."

"Has, he ma'am!" cried Oliver, his face brightening with pleasure. "I don't know what I shall do for joy when I see their kind faces once again!"

In a short time Oliver was sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigue of this expedition; and one morning he and Mr. Losberne set out accordingly in a little carriage which belonged to Mrs. Maylie. When they came to Chertsey Bridge, Oliver turned very pale, and uttered a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter with the boy!" cried the doctor, as usual all in a bustle. "Do you see anything—hear anything—feel anything—eh?"

"That, sir," cried Oliver, pointing out of the carriage window. "That house!"

"Yes; well, what of it? Stop, coachman. Pull up here," cried the doctor. "What of the house, my man—eh?"

"The thieves—the house they took me to," whispered Oliver.

"The devil it is!" cried the doctor. "Halloa, there! let me out!" But before the coachman could dismount from his box he had tumbled out of the coach by some means or other, and, running down to the deserted tenement, began kicking at the door like a madman.

"Halloa!" said a little ugly hump-backed man, opening the door so suddenly that the doctor, from the very impetus of his last kick, nearly fell forward into the passage. "What's the matter here?"

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, collaring him without a moment's reflection. "A good deal. Robbery is the matter."

"There'll be murder too," replied the hump-backed man coolly, "if you don't take your hands off. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," said the doctor, giving his captive a hearty shake. "Where's—confound the fellow, what's his rascally name—Sikes—that's it. Where's Sikes, you thief?"

The hump-backed man stared as if in excess of amazement and indignation; and, twisting himself dexterously from the doctor's grasp, growled forth a volley of horrid oaths, and retired into the house. Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor had passed into the parlour without a word of parley. He looked anxiously round: not an article of furniture, not a vestige of anything, animate or inanimate, not even the position of the cupboards, answered Oliver's description!

"Now," said the hump-backed man, who had watched him keenly, "what do you mean by coming into my house in this violent way? Do you want to rob me, or to murder me?—which is it?"

"Did you ever know a man come out to do either in a chariot and pair, you ridiculous old vampire?" said the irritable doctor.

"What do you want then?" demanded the hunchback fiercely. "Will you take yourself off before I do you mischief? curse you!"

"As soon as I think proper," said Mr. Losberne, looking into the other parlour, which, like the first, bore no resemblance whatever to Oliver's account of it. "I shall find you out some day, my friend."

"Will you?" sneered the ill-favoured cripple. "If you ever want me, I'm here. I haven't lived here dead, and all alone, for five-and-twenty years, to be scared by you. You shall pay for this; you shall pay for this." And so saying, the misshapen little demon set up a hideous yell, and danced upon the round as if frantic with rage.

"Stupid enough, this," muttered the doctor to himself: "the boy must have made a mistake. There; put that in your pocket, and shut yourself up again." With these words he flung the hunchback a piece of money, and returned to the carriage.

The man followed to the chariot door, uttering the wildest imprecations and curses all the way; but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage, and eyed Oliver for an instant with a glance so sharp and fierce, and at the same time so furious and vindictive, that, waking or sleeping, he could not forget it for months afterwards. He continued to utter the most fearful imprecations until the driver had resumed his seat, and when they were once more on their way, they could see him some distance behind, beating his feet upon the ground, and tearing his hair in transports of frenzied rage.

"I am an ass!" said the doctor after a long silence. "Did you know that before, Oliver?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't forget it another time."

"An ass," said the doctor again after a further silence of some minutes. "Even if it had been the right place, and the right fellows had been there, what could I have done single-handed? And if I had had assistance, I see no good that I should have done except leading to my own exposure, and an unavoidable statement of the manner in which I have hushed up this business. That would have served me right, though. I am always involving myself in some scrape or other by acting upon these impulses, and it might have done me good."

Now the fact was, that the excellent doctor had never acted upon anything else but impulse all through his life; and it was no bad compliment to the nature of the impulses which governed him, that so far from being involved in any peculiar troubles or misfortunes, he had the warmest respect and esteem of all who knew him. If the truth must be told, he was a little out of temper for a minute or two at being disappointed in procuring corroborative evidence of Oliver's story on the very first occasion on which he had a chance of obtaining any. He soon came round again, however, and finding that Oliver's replies to his questions were still as straight-forward and consistent, and still delivered with as much apparent sincerity and truth, as they had ever been, he made up his mind to attach full credence to them from that time forth.

As Oliver knew the name of the street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they were enabled to drive straight thither. When the coach turned into it, his heart beat so violently that he could scarcely draw his breath.

"Now, my boy, which house is it?" inquired Mr. Losberne.

"That, that!" replied Oliver, pointing eagerly out of the window. "The white house. Oh! make haste!

Pray make haste! I feel as if I should die: it makes me tremble so."

"Come, come!" said the good doctor, patting him on the shoulder. "You will see them directly, and they will be overjoyed to find you safe and well."

"Oh! I hope so!" cried Oliver. "They were so good to me; so very, very good to me, sir."

The coach rolled on. It stopped. No; that was the wrong house. The next door. It went on a few paces, and stopped again. Oliver looked up at the windows with tears of happy expectation coursing down his face.

Alas! the white house was empty, and there was a bill in the window—"To Let."

"Knock at the next door," cried Mr. Losberne; taking Oliver's arm in his. "What has become of Mr. Brownlow, who used to live in the adjoining house, do you know?"

The servant did not know; but would go and enquire. She presently returned, and said that Mr. Brownlow had sold off his goods, and gone to the West Indies six weeks before. Oliver clasped his hands, and sank feebly backwards.

"Has his housekeeper gone too?" inquired Mr. Losberne, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "The old gentleman, the housekeeper, and a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Brownlow's, all went together."

"Then turn towards home again," said Mr. Losberne to the driver, "and don't stop to bait the horse till you get out of this confounded London!"

"The book-stall keeper, sir?" said Oliver. "I know the way there. See him, pray sir! Do see him!"

"My poor boy, this is disappointment enough for one day," said the doctor. "Quite enough for both of us. If we go to the book-stall keeper's we shall certainly find that he is dead, or has set his house on fire, or run away. No; home again straight!" And, in obedience to the doctor's first impulse, home they went.

This bitter disappointment caused Oliver much sorrow and grief even in the midst of his happiness; for he had pleased himself many times during his illness with thinking of all that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin would say to him, and what delight it would be to tell them how many long days and nights he had passed in reflecting upon what they had done for him, and bemoaning their cruel separation. The hope of eventually clearing himself with them, too, and explaining how he had been forced away, had buoyed him up and sustained him under many of his recent trials; and now the idea that they should have gone so far, and carried with them the belief that he was an impostor and robber,—a belief which might remain uncontradicted to his dying day,—was almost more than he could bear.

The circumstance occasioned no alteration, however, in the behaviour of his benefactors. After another fortnight, when the fine warm weather had fairly begun, and every tree and flower was putting forth its young leaves and rich blossoms, they made preparations for quitting the house at Chertsey for some months. Sending the plate which had so excited the Jew's cupidity to the banker's, and leaving Giles and another servant in care of the house, they departed for a cottage some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind and soft tranquillity, which the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts? Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil, and never wished for change; men to whom custom has indeed been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face, and carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and crawling forth from day to day to some green sunny spot, have had such memories awakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of Heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun, whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before, faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up, are not of this world, or of its thoughts or hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but, beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

It was a lovely spot to which they repaired, and Oliver, whose days had been spent among squalid crowds, and in the midst of noise and brawling, seemed to enter upon a new existence there. The rose and honeysuckle clung to the cottage walls, the ivy crept round the trunks of the trees, and the garden-flowers perfumed the air with delicious odours. Hard by, was a little churchyard: not crowded with tall, unsightly grave-stones, but full of humble mounds covered with fresh

turf and moss, beneath which the old people of the village lay at rest. Oliver often wandered here and thinking of the wretched grave in which his mother lay, would sometimes sit him down and sob unseen; but, as he raised his eyes to the deep sky overhead, he would cease to think of her as lying in the ground, and weep for her sadly, but without pain.

It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and serene, and the nights brought with them no fear or care, no languishing in a wretched prison, or associating with wretched men: nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts. Every morning he went to a white-headed old gentleman, who lived near the little church, who taught him to read better and to write, and spoke so kindly, and took such pains, that Oliver could never try enough to please him. Then he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books or perhaps sit near them in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read, which he could have done till it grew too dark to see the letters. Then he had his own lessons for the next day to prepare, and at this he would work hard in a little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them: listening with such pleasure to all they said, and so happy if they wanted a flower that he could climb to reach, or had forgotten anything he could run to fetch, that he could never be quick enough about it. When it became quite dark, and they returned home the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some melancholy air, or sing in a low and gentle voice some old song which it pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles at such times as these, and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music, while tears of tranquil joy stole down his face.

And, when Sunday came, how differently the day was spent from any manner in which he had ever spent it yet! and how happily, too, like all the other days in that most happy time! There was the little church in the morning, with the green leaves fluttering at the windows, the birds singing without, and the sweet-smelling air stealing in at the low porch, and filling the homely building with its fragrance. The poor people were so neat and clean, and knelt so reverently in prayer, that it seemed a pleasure, not a tedious duty, their assembling there together; and, though the singing might be rude, it was real, and sounded more musical (to Oliver's ears at least) than any he had ever heard in church before. Then there were the walks as usual, and many calls at the clean houses of the labouring men; and at night Oliver read a chapter or two from the Bible, which he had been studying all the week, and in the performance of which duty he felt more proud and pleased than if he had been the clergyman himself.

In the morning Oliver would be a-foot by six o'clock, roaming the fields and surveying the hedges far and wide, for nosegays of wild flowers, with which he would return laden home, and which it took great care and consideration to arrange to the best advantage for the embellishment of the breakfast table. There was fresh groundsel, too, for Miss Maylie's birds, with which Oliver,—who had been studying the subject under the able tuition of the village clerk,—would decorate the cages in the most approved taste. When the birds were made all spruce and smart for the day, there was usually some little commission of charity to execute in the village, or failing that, there was always something to do in the garden, or about the plants to which Oliver—who had studied this science also under the same master, who was a gardener by trade, applied himself with hearty good-will till Miss Rose made her appearance, when there were a thousand commendations to be bestowed upon all he had done, for which one of those light-hearted beautiful smiles was an ample recompense.

So three months glided away; three months which, in the life of the most blessed and favoured of mortals, would have been unmixed happiness; but which, in Oliver's troubled and clouded dawn, were fecility indeed. With the purest and most amiable generosity on one side, and the truest, and warmest, and most soul-felt gratitude on the other, it is no wonder that, by the end of that short time, Oliver Twist had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece, and that the fervent attachment of his young and sensitive heart was repaid by their pride in, and attachment to himself.

JACK AMONG THE MUMMIES.

From Nights at Sea, in Bentley's Miscellany.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

'To my thinking, she's a treasure-craft laden with mummies.'

'Did you ever fall athwart any o' them there hanimals, Bob?' inquired Joe Nighthead.

'What hanimals do you mean, Joe?' returned Martingal. 'For my part, I've seen a little somut of everything.'

'I means the mummies,' replied Joe, as he squatted down in amidships just before the foremast, in preparation for a yarn, and was soon surrounded by the rest;—'I means the mummies, my boyo.'

'No; can't say as I have,' answered Bob; 'though I've heard somut about 'em, too:—what rig are they?'

'Why, for the matter o' that,' said Joe, laughing, 'they're broom-stick-rig as soon as they makes a brush of it; but I'm blow'd if I hadn't onest as pretty a spree

with a whole fleet of mummies as ever any man could fall aboard of in this world, or t'other either.'

'What was it, Joe?' asked the boatswain's mate eagerly. 'Pay it out handsomely, messmate; but don't pitch us any of Bob's devil's consarns;—let's have it all truth and honesty.'

'I'd scorn to deceive *you*, Jack, or anybody else o' my shipmates wot's seamen,' responded Joe reproachfully. 'It's all as true as the skipper's a lord, and looks, alongside o' Johnny Cropoh there, like a man alongside of a— But, there,—it arn't honourable to make delusions; and so, shipmates, here goes for a yarn. I was coxswain in the pinnace of the ould Ajax, the Honourable Captain Cochrane, at that 'ere time when Sir Richard Bickerton took command of the fleet, and a flotilla was employed in co-operating with the troops again' Alexandria. Well, shipmates, I was always fond of a bit of gab; and so, the night we lay at a grapplin', waiting for daylight to begin the attack, my officer gets to talking about the place, and what a grand consarn it was in former days for gould and jewels, and sich like; and thinks I to myself, mayhap the Lords of the Admiralty will take all that 'ere into account in regard o' the prize-money: and then he overhauls a good deal about the hobbylists and Clipsypaddyree's Needle, and what not, that I'm blow'd if it didn't quite bamfoozle my larning. Well, we'd four or five days' hard work in the fighting way, and then there was a truce, and my officer run the pinnace aboard of a French prize laden with wine and brandy; so we starts the water out of one of the breakers and fills it with the real stuff, and I manhandled a pair of sodgers' canteens chock-full; and the prize master, Muster Handsail, an old shipmate of mine, gives me a two-gallon keg to my own cheek, and I stows 'em all snug and safe abaft in the box, and kivers 'em up with my jacket to keep 'em warm. Well, it was just getting dusk in the evening when the skipper claps us alongside, and orders the leftenant to land me well up the lake, so as I might carry a letter from him across to a shore party as manned one of the heavy batteries away inland, at the back of the town.

'Now, in'course, shipmates, I warn't by no manner o' means piping my eye to get a cruise on *terror firmer*, seeing as mayhap I might chance to pick up some 'o' the wee things about the decks' as likely wud get me a bottle o' rum in England,—for my thoughts kept running on the gould and jewels the leftenant spun the yarn about, and I'd taken a pretty good whack of brandy aboard the prize, though I warn't not in the least tosticated, but ounly a little helevated, just enough to make me walk steady and comfortable. So we run the boat's nose on to the beach, and I catches up my jacket and my canteens, leaving the keg to the marcy of Providence, and strongly dubersome in my

mind that I had bid it an eternal farewell. Howsom-ever, I shines away with my two canteens filled chock ablock; and 'Bear a hand, Joe!' says the leftenant, 'though I'm blessed if I know what course you're to take, seeing as it's getting as dark as a black fellow's phisog.'—'Never fear, yer honour,' says I; 'ounly let me catch sight o' Clipsypaddyree's Needle for a landmark, and I'm darned if I won't find myself somewhere, anyhow;' and away I starts, shipmates, hand over hand, happy go lucky—all's one to Joe! But it got darker and darker, and the wind came down in sudden gusts, like a marmaid a-sighing; so, to clear my eyes, and keep all square, I waa in course compelled to take a nip every now and then out of the canteen, till at last it got so dark, and the breeze freshened into a stiff gale, that the more I took to lighten my way and enable me to steer a straight course, I'm blessed, shipmates, if I didn't grow more dizzy; and as for my headway, why, I believes I headed to every point in the compass:—it was the dark night and the cowld breeze as did it, messmates.'

'No doubt in the world on it, Joe,' assented Jack Sheavehole; 'for if anything could have kept you in good sailing trim, it was the brandy, and the more especially in token o' your drinking it neat;—them dark nights do play the very devil with a fellow's reckoning ashore, in regard of the course and distance, and makes him as apt to steer wild, like a hog in a squall.'

'You're right, Jack,' continued Nighthead; 'and anybody as hears you, may know you speaks from experience o' the thing. Howsomever, there I was,—not a sparkler abroad in the heavens, not a beacon to log my bearings by; and, as I said afore, there I was in a sort of no-man's-land, backing and filling to drop clear of shoals, sometimes just at touch-and-go, and then brought-up all standing, like a haystack a-privateering. At last the weather got into a down-right passion, with thunder, lightning, and hail; and 'I'm blessed, Joe,' says I to myself, 'if snug moorings under some kiver or other, if it's ounly a strip o' buntin', wouldn't be wastly superior to this here!' But there was no roadstead nor place of shelter, and the way got more rougher and rougher, in regard o' the wrecks of ould walls and ould buildings, till I'm blessed if I didn't think I was getting into the latitude and longitude of the dominions of the 'long-shore Davy Jones.'

'My eyes, Joe!' exclaimed Martingal, replenishing his quid from an ample 'bacca' box, 'but you was hard up, my boy!'

'Indeed and I was, Bob,' responded the other, 'and I'm blowed if every thing as I seed about me didn't begin to dance jigs and hornpipes to the whistling of the wind, that I thought all manner of bedevilment had come over me, and so I tries to dance too, to keep

om company. But it wouldn't do, shipmates, and I capsizes in a sudden squall, and down I went, head-foremost.'

'It's precious bad work that, Joe,' said the old boat-swain's mate, shaking his head. 'A fellow in an open sea may do somut to claw to wind'ard; but when you're dead upon a lee-shore, it's time to look for your bag. But what did you do, Joe?'

'Why, what could I do, shipmate, but to take another nip at the canteen,' responded Joe; 'it was all I had in life to hould on by, with a heavy gale strong enough to blow the devil's horns off, and the breakers all round me: my eyes! but it was a reg'lar sneezer. 'Howsomever,' thinks I, 'it won't do, Joe, to be hove down here for a full due—you must at it again, ould chap;' and so I tries to make sail again, and heaves ahead a few fathoms, when down I comes again into a deep hole, and, before you could say Jack Robison, I'm blow'd if I warn't right slap in the middle of a large underground wault, where there was a company o' genelmen stuck up in niches, and peeping over mummy-cases, with great candles in their hands; and in other respects looking for all the world like the forty thieves as I once seed at the play, peeping out of their oil-jars; and there was a scuffling and scrimmaging at t'other eend o' the wault: and, 'Yo hoy!' says I, 'what cheer—what cheer, my hearties!' but not nobody never spoke, and the genelmen in the niches seemed to my thinking to be all groggy, and I'm blessed if ever I seed sich a set o' baboon-visaged fellows in all my days. 'Better luck to us, genelmen,' says I, filling my tot and taking a dram; but not a man on 'em answered. 'Pretty grave messmates I've got,' says I; 'but mayhap you don't hail as messmates, seeing as you arn't yet had a taste o' the stuff. Come, my hearties, I'll pipe to grog, and then I'll sarve it out all ship-shape to any on you as likes.' So I gives a chirp, and 'Grog ahoy!' sings I. Well, shipmates, I'm blessed if one on 'em didn't come down from the far end o' the wault, and claps me alongside as I was sitting on the ground, and he takes hould o' the tot, knocks his head at me, as much as to say, 'All in good fellowship,' and down went the stuff through a pair o' leather lips in the twinkling of a handspik. 'All right, my hearty,' says I, filling the tot again: 'is there ny more on you to chime in?'—'Sailor,' says he, in a voice that seemed to come from a fathom and a half down underneath him, for I'm blowed, messmates, if his lips ever moved;—'sailor, you must get out o' this,' says he.—'Lord love your heart,' says I, 'the thing's impossible; you wouldn't have the conscience to make a honest tar cut and run in sich a rough night as this ere.'—'We arn't never got no consciences,' says he; 'we're all dead.'—'Dead!' says I laughing, though, messmates, I own I was a bit flusticated; 'dead!' says I; 'that's gammon you're pitching, and I think it's

hardly civil on you to try and hambaxter me arter that fashion. Why, didn't I see you myself just now when you spliced the main brace!—dead men don't drink brandy.'—'We're privileged,' sings out a little cock-eyed fellow up in one o' the niches; 'we're the ould ancient kings of Egypt and I'm Fairer.'—'If there warn't many more fairer nor you,' says I, 'you'd be a cursed ugly set, saving your majesty's presence,' for I thought it best to be civil, Jack, seeing as I had got jammed in with such outlandish company, and not knowing what other privileges they might have had sarved out to 'em besides swallowing brandy. 'Will your majesty like just to take a lime-burner's twist, by way of warming your stumack a bit, and fumigating your hould?' says I, as I poured out the stuff.—'Give it to King Herod, as is moored alongside of you,' says he, 'and keep your thumb out of the measure; for, shipmates, I'd shoved in my thumb pretty deep, by way of lengthening out the grog, and getting a better allowance of plush. How the ould chap came to obsarve it, I don't know, unless it was another of their privileges to be up to everything. 'Keep your thumb out!' says he.—'All right, your honour,' says I, handing the little ould fellow the tot; and he nipped it up, and knocked off the stuff in a moment. And 'Pray,' says I, 'may I make bould to ax your honour how long you've been dead?'—'About two thousand years,' says he: and, 'My eyes!' thinks I, 'but you're d—d small for your age.' 'But, sailor,' says he, 'what brought you here?'—'My legs, your honour,' says I, 'brought me as far as the hatchway; but I'm blowed if I didn't come down by the run into this here consarn.'—'You mustn't stop here, sailor,' says he,—'that's King Herod,—you can have no business with us, seeing as we're all mummies.'—'All what?' says I, 'all dummies?' for I didn't catch very clearly what he said; 'all dummies?' says I. 'Well, I'm bless'd if I didn't think so!'—'No, no! mummies,' says he again, rather cantankerously; 'not dummies, for we can all talk.'—'Mayhap so, your majesty,' says I, arter taking another bite of the cherry, and handing him a third full tot, taking precious good care to keep my thumb out this time: 'but what am I to rouse out for? It'd take more tackles than one to stir Joe Nighthead from this. I'm in the ground-tier,' says I, 'and amongst all your privileges, though you clap luff upon luff, one live British tar, at a purchase, is worth a thousand dead kings, any day.'—'Haugh!' says he, as he smacked his leather lips, and the noise was just like a breeze making a short board through a hole in a pair of bellows; 'Haugh!' says he, as soon as he'd holted the licker, 'it doesn't rest with us, my man: as mummies, we're privileged against all kinds of spirits.'—'Except brandy,' says I.—'I means evil spirits,' says he: 'but if the devil should come his rounds, and find you here upon his own cruising-ground, he'd pick you up and make a prize of you to a sartinty.'

—'D—the devil!' says I, as bould as a lion, for I warn't a-going to let the ould fellow think I was afeard of Davy Jones, though I was hard and fast ashore; and 'D—the devil,' says I, 'axing your majesty's pardon; the wagabone has got no call to me, seeing as I'm an honest man; and an honest man's son as defies him.' Well, shipmates, I had my head turned round a little, and something fetches me a crack in the ear, that made all sneer again, and 'Yo hoy! your majesty,' says I; 'just keep your fingers to yourself, if you pleases.'—'I never touched you,' says he; 'but there's one close to you as I can see, though you can't.'—'Gammon!' says I; 'as if your dead-eyes were better than my top-lights.'—But, shipmates, at that moment somut whispers to me,—for may I be rammed and jammed into a penny cannon if I seed anything; but somut whispers to me, Joe Nighthead, I'm here over your shoulder.'—'That's my name all reg'lar enough, whatever ship's books you got it from,' says I: 'But who the blazes are you that's not nothing more than a voice and no-body?'—'You knows well enough who I am,' says the whisper again; 'and I tell you what it is, Joe, I've got a job for you to do.'—'Show me your phisog first,' 'or I'm blow'd if I've anything whatsoever to say to you. If you are the underground Davy Jones, it's all according to natur, mayhap; but I never signs articles unless I knows the owners.'—'But you *do* know *me*, Joe,' says the voice, that warn't more nor half a voice neither, in regard of its being more like the sigh of a periwinkle, or the groan of an oyster.—'Not a bit of it,' says I; for though I suckpected, shipmates, who the beggar was, yet I warn't going to let him log it down again me without having hoelar proof, so 'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'but if you wants me to do anything in all honour and wartue,'—you see, Jack, I didn't forget wartue, well knowing that when the devil baits his hook he claps a 'skylark' on to the eend of it; so, 'all in honour and wartue,' says I, 'and Joe's your man.'—'Do you know who's alongside of you?' says the voice.—'Why, not disactly,' says I: 'he calls himself King Herod; but it's as likely he may be Billy Pitt, for anything I knows to the contrary.'—'It is King Herod,' says the whisper again; 'the fellow who killed all the Innocents.'—'What innocents?' axes I, seeing as I didn't foregather upon his meaning.—'The innocent babbies,' says the voice; 'he killed them all, and now he's got a cruising commission to keep me out o' my just rights, and I daren't attack him down below here.'—'The ould cannibal!' says I: 'what! murder babbies?—then I'm blowed if he gets a drop more out of my canteen.'—'Who's that you're meaning on?' says King Herod; 'who isn't to get another taste?'—'Not nobody as consarns you, your honour,' answers I, for I didn't like to open my broadside upon him, in regard of not knowing but he might have a privilege to man-handle me again.—'I think you meant me,' says he; 'but if you didn't,

prove the truth on it by handing me over a full gill.' Well, shipmates, that was bringing the thing to the pint, and it put me into a sort of quandary; but 'All in course, your honour,' says I; 'but I'm saying, your majesty, you arn't never got sich a thing as a bite o' pigtail about you—have you? seeing as I lost my chaw and my 'bacca-box in the gale—hove overboard to lighten ship.'—'Yes, I can, my man—some real Wirginny,' says the king."

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the sergeant of marines; 'go it, Joe;—you'll rival Tom Pepper presently. Why, Virginia is only a late discovery; such a place wasn't known in the days of Herod, nor tobacco either.'

'To my thinking it's wery hodd, Muster Jolly, that you should shove your oar in where it arn't wanted,' muttered Joe. 'Why?—couldn't they have a Wirginny in Egypt? and as for the 'bacca, I'm blowed if I don't wouch for the truth on it, for out his majesty lugs a box as big round in dameter as the top of a scuttle-butt, and, knocking off the lid, 'There's some of the best as ever was manyfacter'd,' says he. 'I loves a chaw myself, and there's nothing whatsoever as 'ull beat the best pound pig-tail.'—'Sartinly not, in course, your honour, says I; 'but I'm blest if it doesn't double upon my calculations o' things to think how your majesty, who ought to be in *quod* in t'other world, should take your *quid* in this.'—'We're privileged, my man, says he; 'we're privileged and allowed to take anything, in reason,' and he fixed his glazed eyes with a 'ticing look at the canteen. 'You know,' says he, 'that it's an ould saying aboard, 'the purser makes dead men chaw tobacco.' Well, shipmates, that was a clencher in the way of hargyfication that brought me up all standing; so I hands King Herod the tot again, and I rouses out a long scope of pig-tail out o' the box, and takes another nip at the brandy.—'You won't do it, then, Joe,' says the whisper t'other side of me.—'What is it?' axes I.—'The best pound pigtail,' says King Herod, as if he thought I was speaking to him.—'It's ounly to borrow one of these here mummies for me for about half an hour,' says the voice.—'Which on 'em?' says I.—'This here in the box,' says King Herod. 'Why, I'm thinking your brains are getting all becalmed.' And so they was shipmates; for, what with the voice at one ear that I couldn't see, and his majesty at the other, who often doubled himself into two or three, I'm blowed if I warn't reg'larly bamboozled in my upper works.'

'You was drunk, Joe,' said the sergeant of marines; 'it's very evident you was *non compos mentis*.'

'And, what if I hadn't a nun compass to steer by?' replied Joe angrily, 'is that any reason I should be tosticated? I tell you I warn't drunk, in regard o' the full allowance o' brandy I stowed in my hould to keep me steady and sober. Ax Jack there if it's any way likely I should be drunk.'

'It stands to reason, not,' argued Jack Sheavehole, 'or, what's the use of a fellow having the stuff sarved out at all? Short allowance only brings a mist afore the eyes and circumpollygates the head till everything looms, like Beachy in a fog. But when you've your full whack, it clears the daylights, cherishes the cockles o' your heart, and makes you more handy, 'cause you often sees two first leftenants where there's ounly one.'

'Dat berry true, massa Jack,' said Mungo Pearl; 'me al'ays sweep da deck more clean when me tink me hab two broom in me hand.'

'In course,' continued Joe, more soothed: 'none but a Jolly would go to say anything again it, or doubt the woracity o' the thing. Well, shipmates, to heave ahead, I'm saying I was reg'larly bamblustercated when one of the genelman up in the niches squeaks out, 'King Herod, I'll just thank you for a thimble-full of the stuff.'

'Did he say 'a thimble-full?' inquired Sam Slick, the tailor. 'It couldn't be a professional thimble, then, for they never has no tops to 'em. It shows, however, the antickity of thimbles; though I thought they never had any use for them in those days.'

'And why not you lubber?' asked Bob Martingale.

'Simply because their garments were not sewed together as they are in the present day,' answered the tailor.

'Tell that to the marines, Sam,' said the boatswain's mate; 'why what was Clipsypaddyree's needle for, eh? But, get on, Joe; there's no conwincing such ignoramasses.'

'Ay, ay, messmate!' uttered Joe. 'Well,' says the genelman in the niche, 'I'll thank you for a thimbleful of that 'ere stuff.'—'With all the pleasure in life, your honour,' says I as I filled up the tot, and was going to carry it to him, but—'Give it to me, I'll take it,' says King Herod; and up he gets,—my eyes! I never seed such a queer little ould chap in all my life!—and off he bolts to t'other mummy, steering precious wild, by the way; and he tips him the *likser witey*, and then back again he comes, and brings up in his ould anchorage. 'May I make bould to ax your majesty,' says I, 'what the name o' that genelman is as you've just sarved out the stuff to?'—'He's not a genelman, not by no manner o' means,' says he, 'in regard of his being a king.'—'And King who?' axes I.—'You're werry quizative, Muster Sailor,' says he; 'but it's in the natur o' things to want to know your company. That's King Hangabull.'—'And a devilish queer name, too,' says I, 'for a fellow to turn into his hammock with. Is he of Irish distraction?'—'His mother was an Irishman,' says the king, 'and his father came out of a Cartridge.'—'And a pretty breed they'd make of it,' says I, 'somut atwixt a salt cod and a marmaid.'—'Will you steal me a mummy?' comes the whisper again; 'you'd better, Joe.'—'No

threats, if you please,' says I.—'I never threatened you,' says the king, who thought I was directing my discourse to him; 'but, sailor, I must call over all their names now to see there's none absent without leave,'—and I'm blow'd if he didn't begin with King Fairer; but there was a whole fleet of King Fairers and King Rahshakers, and King Dollyme, and ever so many more, every one answering muster, as if it had been a rope-yarn Sunday for a clean shirt and a shave, till at last I got fairly foozled, and hove down on my beam-ends as fast asleep as a parish-clerk in sarmon time.'

'A pretty yarn you're spinning there, Mister Joe,' said old Savage, who it was evident had been listening,—as he had often done both before and since he mounted his uniform coat:—'A pretty yarn you're spinning. I wonder you arn't afraid to pay out the slack o' your lies in that fashion.'

'It's all true as Gospel; Muster Savage,' responded Joe: 'I seed it, and suffered it myself, and afore I dropped asleep—'Mayhap,' thinks I, 'if I could steal a mummy for myself to give to my ould mother, it 'ud be a reg'lar fortin to her,—dead two thousand years, and yet drink brandy and chaw tobacco!' So I sleeps pretty sound, though for how many bells I'm blessed if I can tell; but I was waked up by a raking fire abaft, that warmed my starn, and I sits upright to clear my eyes of the spray, and there laid King Herod alongside of me, with one of the canteens as a pillow, and all the ould chaps had come down out o' their niches, and formed a complete circle round us, that made me fancy all sorts of conjuration and bedevilment; so I jumps up on to my feet, and lets fly my broadsides to starboard and port, now and then throwing out a long shot ahead, and occasionally discharging my starn chasers abaft till I'd floored all the mummies, and the whole place wrung with shouts of laughter, though not a living soul could I see, nor dead uns either,—seeing as they'd nothing but bodies. Well, shipmates, if the thought didn't come over me again about bolting with one on 'em, and so I catches up King Herod, and away I starts up some steps,—for the moon had got the watch on deck by that time, and showed her commodore's light to make every thing plain:—Away I starts with King Herod, who began to hollow out like fun, 'Stop—stop, sailor! stop!—where are you going to take me? I'm Corporal Stunt.'—'Corporal H—!' says I, 'you arn't going to do me in that way,—you said yourself you was King Herod.'—'It was all a trick,' says he, again, kicking and sputtering like blazes; 'I'm not King Herod, I'm ounly Corporal Stunt,' says he.—'That be d—;' says I, 'you're convicted by your own mouth. And didn't the voice tell me you was the barbarous blaggard as murdered the babbies?'—'Yes,—yes; but I did it myself,' says he.—'I know you did,' says I, fetching him a poke in the ribs,—for, shipmates, I made sure he warn't pri-

viledged above ground,—‘I know you did,’ says I, ‘and I’m blessed if the first leftenant shan’t bring you to the gangway for it!’ And then he shouts out, and I hears the sound of feet astarn coming up in chase, and I carries on a taut press, till I catches sight of Clip-sypaddyree’s needle, that sarved me for a beacon, and I hears the whole fleet of mummies come ‘pad-pad’ in my wake, and hailing from their leather-lungs, ‘Stop, sailor—stop!’ but I know’d a trick worth two of that, shipmates; so I made more sail, and the little ould chap tries to shift ballast so as to bring me down by the head; but it wouldn’t do, and he kept crying out, ‘Let me down! pray let me go, I’m ounly Corporal Stunt!’—‘Corporal Stunt or Corporal Devil,’ says I, giving him another punch to keep him quiet; ‘I knows who you are, and I’m blessed if the ould woman shan’t have you packed up in a glass cage for a show! you shall have plenty o’ pigtail and brandy:’ and on I carries, every stitch set, and rattling along at a ten-knot pace, afeard o’ nothing but their sending a handful o’ monyments arter me from their bow-chasers, that might damage some of my spars. At last I makes out the battery, and bore up for the entrance, when one of the sodgers, as was sentry, hails, ‘Who goes there?’—‘No—no!’ says I, seeing as I warn’t even a petty officer.—‘That won’t do,’ says the sodger; ‘you must give the countersign.’—‘What the blazes should I know about them there things?’ axes I, ‘you may see I’m a blue-jacket.’—‘You can’t pass without the countersign,’ says he.—‘That be d—d!’ says I, ‘arn’t I got King Herod here? and arn’t there King Fairer, and King Dollyme, and King Hangabull, and a whole fleet more on ’em in chase!’ says I.—‘Oh, Tom Morris, is that you?’ says King Herod.—‘Yes,’ says the sentry; ‘why, I say, sailor, you’ve got hould o’ the corporal!’—‘Tell that to the marines,’ says I, ‘for I knows well enough who he is, and so shall my ould mother when I gets him home! But, I’m blessed, but here they come!’ and, shipmates, I heard ’em quite plain close aboard o’ me, so that it was all my eye to be backing and filling palavering there afore the sentry, and get captured, and with that I knocks him down with King Herod, and in I bolts with my prize right into the officer’s quarters. ‘Halloo! who the devil have we got here?’ shouts the leftenant, starting up from his cot.—‘It’s not the devil, your honour,’ says I, ‘not by no manner o’ means; it’s Joe Nighthed, and King Herod,’ and I pitches the wagabone upright on to his lower stancheons afore the officer.—‘There, your majesty,’ says I, ‘now speak for yourself.’—‘Majesty!’ says the leftenant, onshipping the ould fellow’s turban and overhauling his face,—‘majesty!’ why, it’s the corporal—Corporal Stunt; and pray, Muster Corporal, what cruise have you been on to-night?’—and then there was the clattering of feet in the battery, and, ‘Here they all are, your honour!’ says

I, ‘all the ould ancient kings of Egypt as are rigged out for mummies. My eyes, take care o’ the grog bottles, for them fellows are the very devil’s own at a dram! Stand by, your honour! there’s King Dollyme and all on ’em close aboard of us! but, I’m blowed if I don’t floor some on ’em again as I did in the wault!’ Well, messmates, in they came; but, instead of mummies in their oil jars, I’m bless’d if they warn’t rigged out like sodger officers, and they stood laughing at me ready to split their sides when they saw me squaring away my yards all clear for action.’

‘But, what was they, Joe?’ inquired the boatswain’s mate, ‘they must have shifted their rigging pretty quick.’

‘I think I can explain it all,’ said the sergeant, laughing heartily, ‘for I happened to be there at the time, though I had no idea that our friend Joe here was the man we played the trick on.’

‘Just mind how you shapes your course, Muster Sergeant!’ exclaimed Joe, angrily. ‘I’d ounly give you one piece of good advice,—don’t be falling athwart my hawse, or mayhap you may wish yourself out o’ this.’

‘Don’t be testy, Joe,’ said the sergeant, ‘on my honour I’ll tell you the truth. Shipmates, the facts are these:—I belonged to the party in the battery, and went with some of the officers to explore a burial-ground, not without hopes of picking up a prize or two, as the report was that the mummies had plates of gold on their breasts. Corporal Stunt went with us; and, when we got to the place we lighted torches and commenced examination, but, if they ever had any gold about them the French had been there before us, for we found none. Whilst we were exploring, a storm came on, and not being able to leave the vault the officers dressed Stunt up in some of the cerements that had been unrolled from the mummies by way of amusement, little expecting the fun that it was afterward to produce. When Joe came in as he has described, we all hid ourselves, and, if truth must be spoken, he was more than half sprug.’ Joe grumbled out an expletive. ‘Stunt went to him, and we had as fine a piece of pantomime—’

‘Panter what?’ uttered Joe, with vehemence, ‘there’s no such rope in the top, you lubber! and arter all you can say I werily believes it wur King Herod; but, you see, messmates, what with running so hard, and what with losing my canteens, I got dumbfoundered all at once, and then they claps me in limbo for knocking down the sentry.’

‘And the officers begged you off,’ said the sergeant, ‘on account of the fun they’d enjoyed, and you was sent away on board, to keep you out of further mischief, Joe, and to prevent your going a mummy-hunting again. As for Corporal Stunt—’

‘Corporal D—n!’ exclaimed Joe in a rage, ‘it’s all gammon about your Corporal Stunt; and in regard o’



Joe Nighthead and the Mummies.



Master Bates explains a professional technicality.

the matter o' that, what have you got to say in disputation o' the voice? There I has you snug enough anyhow; there was no mistake about the voice,' and Joe chuckled with pleasure at what he deemed unanswerable evidence in his favour.

'It may be accounted for in the most sensible way imaginable,' said the sergeant; 'Corporal Stunt was what they call a ventriloquist.'

'More gammon!' says Joe; 'and, what's a wentiller-quis, I should like to know; and how came the mummies to muster out of their niches when I woke?'

'We placed them there whilst you were asleep,' replied the sergeant, 'and, as for Stunt, he was as drunk and drowsy as yourself.'

'Ay,—ay, sergeant!' said Joe, affecting to laugh, 'it's all wery well what you're overhauling upon, but I'm blessed if you'll ever make me log that ere down about Corporal Stunt and the wentiller consarn. I ounly wish I had the canteens now.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE COMPACT.

"Truth is strange! stranger far than fiction!"

The night was already far advanced, and still the officers of an Austrian regiment of Hussars sat round their table in Vienna, apparently with the same uncourteous determination as the one thus expressed in an old Scotch song:—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait a wee."

And certainly, judging from the appearance of things, she was likely to wait for their departure rather longer than would have been consistent with her duties to the rest of the world.

The party consisted of nine persons, most of them being in the very prime of manhood, although there were two or three among them who could scarcely have reached that age when men are *supposed* to be able to act discreetly for themselves: all, however, seemed perfectly on an equality, and all (even if not at that moment seen to the best advantage) presented those undeviating marks of gentle birth and high breeding which are never to be mistaken, and, which, when added to the manly bearing of the accomplished soldier, constitute, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the 'Genus Homo.'

The room in which they were assembled was of an oblong shape, and although the furniture it contained had prematurely lost much of its original freshness and beauty, by reason of the rude treatment to which it had

been subjected, it still bore the marks of former elegance: the red damask curtains which fell in heavy folds over every window from the tarnished beak of the gilded eagle which surmounted them, *might* have been cleaner, and more neatly arranged! the rich Turkey carpet (itself a luxury in those parts), though it only covered a small space in the centre of the room, was soiled with stains which the ill-natured might have hinted to be those of wine, whilst the portrait of a great statesman, which hung over the fireplace, had become so clouded and dingy as to render the lineaments as difficult to discern, as his own dark and mysterious policy. Bottles of various shapes and sizes occupied the table where several empty ones, as though in illustration of the effects which they produce, were lying prostrate, and only prevented from rolling unheeded away from a scene in which they were now neither useful nor ornamental, by having come in contact with the decanters and claret jugs that stood in their way: there were the red wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, together with those which are the delicious produce of the vineyards that border the Rhine; and their tapering, long-necked bottles, with corks three inches in length, formed a curious contrast with those stunted, square-shaped phials, which, being twisted round with straw, might be supposed to contain the perfumed '*Maraschino di Zara*,' or some of those hundred-and-one kinds of '*Chasse Café*,' for the manufacture of which the French are so deservedly famous. A few small dishes of dried fruits were also scattered over the table, but at such long distances, that it appeared as though the strong light that emanated from the richly cut chandelier which hung from the ceiling was not sufficient to allow of their being noticed amid the crowd of bottles which surrounded them, and which, in fact, seemed to have entirely monopolised the attention of those who sat at the feast.

The individuals in question appeared, however, to have a very good idea of enjoying themselves, and to be not often in the habit of refusing, for mere form's sake, anything that might contribute to their creature comforts; as certainly the singularity of their dress, and the easy (because habitual) manner in which they were lolling indolently in their well-stuffed chairs, intimated a greater regard for personal ease and comfort, than for the maintenance of those constrained and irksome observances, from which the Englishman, bred only in accordance with the formal laws of his own stiff society, would have deemed it sacrilege to deviate: seven out of the nine then having doffed their ornamented and tightly-fitting coats, had very wisely replaced them by loose flowing '*robes de chambre*' of richly flowered silk or brocade; whilst the other two, though they retained the uniform of the regiment, had still so far acceded to the general custom, as to wear a round velvet cap, beautifully worked with gold thread,

similar in form, if not in fancy, to those that covered the heads of their companions. They were Germans—need it then be said that each man was furnished with his pipe? indeed, the caps just mentioned were worn for no other purpose than to screen the hair from the fumes of tobacco which constantly floated through the room during their convivial meetings, and which, though not otherwise disagreeable to themselves, had proved an atmosphere as injurious to the good looks of their furniture in general, as to those of the Minister whose portrait was hanging above them.

‘And so it positively is your real opinion, Seckendorf!’ exclaimed a young man at the end of the table, and who evidently spoke in continuation of some previous conversation, ‘so it positively is your real opinion that one flask of wine from the vineyards of Medoc is worth a dozen of that which grows upon the heights of our own Hocheimer?’

‘Positively!’ replied he who was thus addressed, but without removing the amber mouthpiece of his richly-ornamented Mereschaum from his lips, ‘Positively!’

‘And may it be allowed to one who is patriotic enough to differ with you in this, to ask your reasons, Herr Graf, for such an absolute preference?’ returned the other, as he twisted the point of his fondly-cherished moustache between his finger and thumb.

‘I have but one,’ replied he, ‘and it is, that *my* palate is better pleased with the flavour of the one than of the other: have I need of any better?’

‘Our friend is sententious to-night,’ rejoined one of those who have been described as retaining their uniforms, and whose long, drooping epaulets, showed that he held the rank of captain. ‘But I know why it is; the dull wines, whose flavour he commends so strongly, have not the power of inspiring those who drink them with either eloquence or wit! Their fumes may mount to the brain, but in a cloud so thick and heavy as to paralyse its actions, instead of quickening them!—to dim the natural brilliancy of its ideas, instead of adding to them!—and, in short, to rob the mind of its existing powers, instead of filling it with new ones!—they cannot warm the heart like this,’ he continued, as he poured out a bumper of Rudesheimer into the largest division of his double glass; ‘No, no; *mien leiber freund*, take to our own Rhenish if you be wise, or would be happy, and in the meanwhile I drink this to the speedy improvement of your taste.’ So saying, he emptied the contents at a draught, although his sparkling eyes and rather excited manners were proofs that, however good the prescription might be for others, he was not overwise to try its efficacy upon himself.

‘I do believe,’ rejoined the other, laughingly, so soon as the ample volume of smoke which he had inhaled had curled in a gentle, but long-continued stream from his lips; ‘I do believe that you are partly right in what you have uttered, for of a surety you appear to be the

very incarnation of those delightful emotions which you say are *only* to be excited by the wine you so strenuously recommend both by precept and example: it does, indeed, seem in your case not to have belied the eulogy you have pronounced upon it! I will, therefore, believe for your sake that its qualities are excellent; but shall I on that account agree to your conclusion, that the exquisite wines of Bordeaux are worthless, save in the possession of similar properties to that fabled stream, whereof whosoever drinks, becomes necessarily dull and oblivious? Surely not! and as to a want or deficiency of taste, whether intellectual or sensual (for in this case it may be either) I might with equal justice accuse *you*, seeing that I should have exactly the same reasons for doing so as yourself.’

‘Bravo! bravo!’ exclaimed the other; ‘gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I was wrong in supposing that the wines of Bordeaux deadened instead of brightening the mental faculties! Why, there was a speech worthy of a doctor of laws, at once argumentative, logical, and luminous (said I voluminous by mistake). Oh! commend me to your Bordeaux for the future, whenever it becomes necessary to play the orator!’

‘I have often before had occasion to admire your powers of raillery,’ answered Seckendorf, who now, for the first time, appeared to be somewhat moved by the sarcasms of his mercurial friend; ‘and I have as often wondered why they were always most keenly exerted in proportion as the subject of them was weak and unimportant; but now,’ he paused abruptly, and then continued in a lighter tone, ‘however, I have no mind to carry on the discussion with the same animated enthusiasm as yourself; so prithee let the matter rest; and though I cannot convince you that the wines I speak of are the best, at least you will do me the credit to believe that I sincerely think so, and that they might possibly be found as powerful a stimulus to wit and satire, if *I also* felt disposed to prove their capabilities in my own person.’

‘Hark to the advocate of the sour wines of France,’ replied the impetuous and unrelenting Löwenstein: ‘but Heaven forbid that we should drive him to this last proof of their excellence, for then we should all have to yield at once, astounded by the power and daring which I plainly see are derivable from such a source, but——’

‘By the God of my fathers, but this is beyond a joke!’ exclaimed Seckendorf, starting on his feet; ‘whatever may be your opinion of the matter, Herr Graf von Löwenstein, I believe that, without the same incentive you have mentioned to urge you on to low bravado, you would never have dared to insinuate——’

‘Ah! *dared*, said you?’

‘Such was my word, Herr Graf——’

‘I am sorry for it, Seckendorf,’ he replied, after a moment’s pause; ‘I could have forgiven you the rest, as, though the retort was somewhat bitter, I had

brought it on myself; but you must answer me for *that* word.'

The rest of the party (who, never anticipating so serious a termination to so apparently unmeaning a discourse, had hitherto taken no steps to prevent it) now rose at once, and, making light of the matter, endeavoured to appease the fiery spirits of the two friends, and to restore them to their customary amity, for both of them being highly esteemed by the members of the corps, they were unwilling that they should proceed to extremities upon so foolish a misunderstanding. It was accordingly represented to them that not even the rigorous laws of their own code of honour would warrant them in pursuing this quarrel to the extent which their words implied; and so well did they act the part of mediators on this occasion, and so efficient was their friendly interference, that they at last succeeded in extracting from each a positive, though reluctant promise *that no duel should take place between them upon the matter*. With this assurance they remained satisfied, and the affair was considered at an end; but the previous hilarity of the party was completely destroyed, for the two *friends*, whose hasty tempers had so unfortunately clashed together, continued silent and thoughtful, whilst the others, who, with good sense and politeness, endeavoured to carry on among themselves a conversation upon one of the numerous topics of the day, soon gave it up when they found that they were unable to maintain it with any spirit in consequence of the disagreeable event which had occurred to disturb the harmony of their society. Under these circumstances, they began to make arrangements for their departure, and then, dispersing in different directions, with the usual phrase of '*schlafen sie wohl,*' they betook themselves to their several quarters.

The system of duelling is (or was) carried to a frightful extent in the cavalry regiments of the Austrian army, the officers of which have the most absurd ideas of their superiority over those who belong to the troops of the line. The propriety of their laws on this subject appears never to have been questioned by any of them, although they are so severe as to merit the name of sanguinary, for the slightest offence, however unintentional, is a sufficient warranty for demanding a hostile meeting; and as an apology is considered to be, if not exactly a sign of cowardice, at any rate to denote a want of proper martial spirit, it is, of course, but very seldom rendered. In these encounters the small sword or sabre is the weapon almost always employed, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to point out how much more fatal they must be than when a hurried pistol shot decides the matter: indeed, it may be said that if one of the combatants be not killed upon the spot, he is at least maimed or disfigured for life, for when swords are once crossed *in earnest*

there must be bloodshed before they are sheathed again. 'Tis, in truth, a dreadful and appalling custom, look upon it as we will; and albeit, the knowledge that they will be thus fearfully called upon to answer for their words, may make men more correct in their conduct towards each other, and more careful in their conversation, yet who will not confess that even these advantages are purchased at too high a price?

As consenting parties to the policy of retaining this powerful curb upon the licentiousness of society, and therefore holding, from the mere force of habit, most perverted notions upon all points of honour, it is to be supposed that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening weighed heavily upon the minds of the two individuals connected with it; and though they had been companions from their very boyhood, and, with their progress to man's estate, their intimacy had ripened into a purer friendship than that scarcely to be defined feeling that men have towards the mere companions of their pleasures, yet so strongly were they imbued with the opinions in which they had been bred, that they found it difficult, if not impossible, to pass over a small affront even from one another.

They both of them belonged to two of the highest families in Hungary, among the haughty nobles of whom the representatives of the houses of Löwenstein and Seckendorf were considered as magnates; and their high hereditary rank, added to their enormous wealth, (for the nobility of Hungary are, perhaps, as rich as any in the world,) gave them so much influence and power in their own territory, that these could scarcely have been greater in the strictly feudal times of their ancestors.

Adolph von Löwenstein was twenty-three years of age, and, though so young, was the head of his family, for his father had died about ten months before the date of this story, leaving him heir to his immense possessions: but the hereditary honours of Ulric Seckendorf (though three years older) were yet only in expectancy, for his father still lived. They had entered the same regiment at exactly the same time, and their gradual rise in it from cadets to a higher rank had been also simultaneous: their friendship seemed to increase daily; they were constantly together, in barracks, the promenade, or the theatre, so that they went by the name of the 'two friends:' and this was the footing on which they stood one to another on that evening when the foolish altercation already described took place, and which was the occasion of the most extraordinary compact ever entered into between man and man.

From circumstances which came to light long afterwards, it appears that both of them, on reaching their homes, instead of returning to sleep during the small portion of the night which yet remained, sat brooding abstractedly until the morning, and that, with the first

dawn of day, impelled by similar feelings of wounded pride, they severally left their houses with the intention of seeking each other, and of consulting on the means of wiping away that disgrace which, in spite of the opinions of their friends, they considered must attach to them, until their quarrel had been settled by the usual appeal to arms. They met in one of the neighbouring streets, and, after a few words of explanation, walked together towards the public promenade, which, being at that hour deserted, was a place where they would be enabled to converse freely, without any danger of being overheard. With what absorbing interest would he who studies human nature, in order to understand the acts of men, have listened to their discourse! Calmly and slowly did they go over in detail the incidents of the previous evening; each in his turn reminding the other of some word or circumstance that had escaped his memory; and calmly and distinctly, without the least appearance of anger, did they both express their conviction, that, consistently with their ideas of honour(!) they could not meet again *as friends* until *something* had been done in extenuation of the affront they had mutually given and received! Yet how was it to be accomplished? The usual way was closed against them, for they had severally pledged their words that no duel should take place between them, and yet they felt convinced that they must peril their lives *somehow*, one against the other, before they should be satisfied!

Will this be believed? Of a surety it may well be doubted, for it is scarcely credible; but it is nevertheless *absolutely and literally true!*

'I have it,' said Löwenstein, decidedly, after some moments' consideration; 'and though it may appear even to you a dreadful alternation, yet, as you feel your honour to be tainted, I know you too well to suppose that you will refuse to avail yourself of it, when you must feel that, under the circumstances, there is no other efficient means by which it may regain its purity. Follow me!'

They retraced their steps, taking the direction of the town, where they quickly arrived, and then turning down one of the narrow streets in the suburbs, they entered the billiard-room of a large but dirty *estaminet* situated near the middle of it. The table was already engaged, and the jaded looks of the players told that they had spent the night in their present occupation. They mounted to the first floor, which was empty, and then calling the marker, Löwenstein desired him to place a red and a white ball into any receptacle, whence they might be drawn out singly, without the possibility of distinguishing the difference between them: he accordingly placed them into one of those small bags which the lower classes in Germany use for carrying their tobacco, and drawing the string closely laid it on the

table: he was then ordered to withdraw, when Löwenstein thus addressed his companion:—

'You have seen the two balls fairly placed, and my proposition is this: let us draw lots to decide which of us shall draw the first ball, and then let it be understood between us, that he to whose lot the red one falls *shall kill himself within a year from this day—the mode of death being left entirely to the choice of him who is to suffer it!*'

Startled at the abruptness of this horrible proposal, Seckendorf remained silent for some moments—the blood left his cheeks, and a slight shudder quivered through his frame: but he recovered himself in an instant, and, considering that he was bound in honour (!) to accept even this unprecedented challenge, he at once consented to incur his share of peril in the fearful venture! The lots were accordingly drawn, and the privilege of choosing (if indeed it could be called a choice) devolved upon him. His face was deathly pale, and his lips bloodless, as he drew near the table, but his countenance was expressive of firmness and resolution, as, with a steady hand, he drew back the strings which closed the mouth of the bag. Then turning away his head he thrust in his hand, and, slowly withdrawing it, as if willing to delay the certainty of his doom—the white ball was closely clenched in his nervous grasp! whilst the other and the fatal one (whose colour was surely emblematical of the use to which it had been applied) of course remained as the lot of his companion. During these few but anxious moments Löwenstein had remained with his arms folded upon his breast, erect and motionless, though the fixity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, and his dilated nostrils, told how intense was his interest in the scene; and now that it was over, he still stood in the same position, face to face with his adversary, who, like himself, appeared to have been suddenly turned to stone! The ball which Seckendorf had continued to hold in his hand fell heavily to the ground, and aroused them from their waking trance.

'Tis well!' said Löwenstein, firmly, after a deep expiration; 'tis well! the peril was the same to both, and I will abide the issue! Seckendorf, we may be friends again, *for our wounded honour is now made whole!*'

A deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, was the only answer he received, for Seckendorf, after wringing his proffered hand in silent anguish, with almost painful violence, dashed down the stairs into the street, whither he was soon afterwards followed by the other.

It is of course to be supposed that each of them had sworn to maintain the most inviolable secrecy upon the subject of their meeting, and therefore when they met their comrades in the evening as usual, not the smallest hint was given that could lead them to imagine that their well-meant interference had proved

so futile: thus (being entirely ignorant of the events of the morning) they one and all congratulated them upon the happy termination of a dispute which seemed to threaten serious consequences: in fact, everybody appeared to be in good spirits, with the exception of Seckendorf, who left the table at a very early hour, and who had remained so silent and abstracted that nothing but the recollection of yesterday's occurrence could have saved him from the jests of his comrades. Löwenstein, on the contrary, seemed even gayer than usual—he laughed loudly, he talked incessantly, he drank deeply—although one who watched him closely might perhaps have discovered that his gaiety was more forced than natural, and that he only resorted to these means in order to conceal the real feelings of a heart but ill at ease.

On the following morning, Löwenstein applied for a month's leave of absence, which, being granted, he set out for his own domains, where, after preparing the means for raising a large sum of ready money, he occupied himself entirely on business-affairs, and in setting his house in order; all of which being concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to Vienna, about a week before his term of leave had expired, and then instantly commenced a course of life of such ceaseless debauchery and dissipation as frequently to create doubts of his sanity in the minds of those who had been previously acquainted with him. At all times rather *extravagant*, he now became *profuse* in every item of his expenditure: the most costly carriages thronged his court-yard without the remotest chance of ever being used! a hundred horses were fed and hampered in his stables! and as to his domestics, their name was legion! His nights and days were spent in the unremitting pursuit of pleasure and excitement of every kind: he made himself the patron like of poets, musicians, actors, philosophers, buffoons, and charlatans, and his house was more generally the resort of the wanton and licentious than the honourable or virtuous: but he was evidently reckless of consequences, and only seemed to live in the midst of excitement and revelry, without the smallest care for the world's opinion.

Of course many and marvellous were the reasons assigned for such extraordinary conduct; and as he became the universal talk of the town, it may well be supposed that the ears of his 'lady love,' of his betrothed, though deserted bride, were often startled by heart-rending stories of his profligacy! To her, this sudden change had something appalling in it, and many a weary hour had she passed in maddening speculations as to what could have produced it; but she suffered not alone! for though every other pang he had to struggle with, as a part of his dreadful lot might have been borne with fortitude, yet this estrangement was to him like the tearing of his 'dear heart strings!'

He, Seckendorf, the companion of his youth; the friend of his boyhood, and it may be said the innocent cause of all, how fared he in the estimation of himself? He had lived for some time in constant fear and wretchedness; for *the day* had not been fixed, and when he laid him down at night he was never certain that the tale of horror might not be sounded in his ears on waking! but latterly he had dared to hope! for as the prescribed period drew near its close, and still found Löwenstein absorbed in the reckless pursuit of pleasure, he had supposed it *possible* that he might neglect to fulfil their dreadful compact! and then (although he could never speak of him again) his blood would not be called for at his hands. Alas, he utterly misconceived the meaning of those very acts which, like the symptoms of a disease, should have taught him the real nature of the cruel malady which preyed upon the mind of its wretched victim; it was evident that he bore so keenly in mind the horrid fate which awaited him, that he could not think upon it with fortitude, and therefore resorted to every kind of excitement, in order to drive it from his thoughts until the period had come when it could no longer be postponed. It was but too evident that he did not intend to break the devilish compact he had made; as the very manner in which he threw away the means of life told how plainly he felt that he should never want them. Can anything be conceived more terrible than this? not only to know the very hour at which we are to die, and therefore to crawl through life with the cold hand of death upon our shoulder! but to feel also that the manner of it must shut us out for ever from the mercy of offended Heaven! Oh, horrible!

Exactly twelve months from the evening of that day which was the epoch of the commencement of this narration, there was a *grand bal masqué* at the house of the — Ambassador to the imperial court of Vienna. In the motley crowd there were characters of all kinds, from the buffoon to the night-templar, and many who mingled in the gay crowd were, on that evening, to their infinite dismay, reminded of their most secret peccadilloes, by those who being better disguised than themselves, had it in their power to pursue their malicious pastime without the chance of discovery. Löwenstein was present in the dress of a Spanish grandee, which was well calculated to exhibit his symmetrical figure to advantage; his short gold-embroidered velvet cloak hung carelessly over his left shoulder, leaving his richly-worked satin vest exposed to view, whilst the plume of ostrich feathers which nodded from his jewelled hat drooped so low upon his face as to conceal its features nearly as well as some of the masks which, for the sake of coquetry or affectation, was merely held by the hand, instead of being duly fastened over the face. He had been extremely gay during

the early hours of the evening dancing almost incessantly, and leading on the waltzers with such unwearied spirit, as to appear entirely proof against fatigue; but as the night advanced he had retired with his partner from the blaze of the brilliantly-lighted saloon, and was observed to enter the conservatory with her whence the fragrant exotics gave a delightful freshness to the air.

The lady in question was young and beautiful, and though it was evident from her mien and bearing that she belonged to a far higher order, she was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the canton of Zurich; nothing could be more simple than this attire, for, save that her head-dress of black lace, which resembled the outstretched wings of a gigantic butterfly, was secured by means of a small diamond brooch, which might be likened to the body of the insect, she wore no ornaments of any kind; as the bracelet of dark hair which encircled her left arm (and which so strongly resembled the colour of his who stood by her side, as to lead any one to imagine they might be the same) although clasped with gold, could scarcely be called so. Those who watched them on this evening, (and the prying gaze of many were upon them,) say that during their brief interview the lady's looks were sad, and that many a tear after trembling for a moment in her dark-blue eyes fell heavily upon her pallid cheek; while he though he spoke with all the forced calmness of despair, was evidently dreadfully agitated!

The strokes upon the silver bell of the enamelled dial at their side were heard to chime the three-quarters; he started as if the pangs of an adder had suddenly pierced his flesh, and these concluding words of their discourse reached the ears of the standers-by—'Amilie, I cannot! I dare not! I have already staid too long, for I have an engagement to fulfil *before midnight*, or my honour is lost—Farewell!' He passed hurriedly through the crowd which thronged the saloon, taking no notice of the numerous inuendos of his masked associates, and springing down the marble staircase, he entered his carriage, which whirled him away with great rapidity from the festive scene.

It wanted still a few minutes to midnight when the neighbourhood of ——— was aroused by the report of a pistol-shot! It came from the bed-room of Löwenstein; his servants entered with fear and trembling, and there upon his couch, with the fatal instrument by his side, lay the lifeless corpse of their master, his rich apparel still unremoved spattered with brains and blood!—He had lived to the last moment allowed him by the terms of the dreadful agreement to which he had pledged himself, and then he thus fearfully fulfilled it.

The tale is ended! and for the melancholy satisfaction of those who may be unwilling to believe that such a thing could ever come to pass, it may be mentioned

that there are several now living who can vouch for its perfect truth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A LONG WHILE AGO.

STILL hangeth down the old accustom'd willow,
Hiding the silver underneath each leaf,
So droops the long hair from some maiden pillow,
When midnight heareth the else silent grief;
There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign
Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd

A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging
From the wild thyme when they have past the noon—
There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,
Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune,
Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadow,
As the west wind bends down the long green grass,
Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadow
Of the light clouds pass as they wont to pass

A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather
To bind a young fair brow no longer fair:—
Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,
To be so sunny with the loved one!—Where?
'Tis not her voice—'tis not her step—that lingers
In lone familiar sweetness on the wind;
The bee, the bird are now the only singers—
Where is the music once with theirs combined

A long while ago.

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hands perish'd
Is she who only hath a memory here.
She was so much a part of us, so cherished—
So young, that even love forgot to fear.
Now in her image paramount, it reigneth
With a sad strength that time may not subdue;
And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
As the slow looks we cast around renew

A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
The tree with green leaves, and the ground with flowers;
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
Of nature's changeless loveliness, and feel
That with the sunshine, round the heart is dreaming
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,

A long while ago.

Ah! visit not the scenes where youth and childhood
Pass'd years that deepened as those years went by;
Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—
There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree;
I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not—and yet that used to be—

A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruin'd altar:—
Where are the friends, and where the faith of yore?
My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—
Thinking of those whom I can love no more.
We change, and others change—while recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recall.
Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all

A long while ago.

L. E. L.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TO UNA, WITH A SHELL.

Ah! were it true, at once I thought,
That to this empty shell
Some spirit of the ocean brought
Its chimings as they fell.
So that within the enchanted cell,
For ever thou might'st hear
The tales the wandering billows tell,
Come murmuring to thine ear;—
Still, when the waves at eventide
Are wailing sad and slow,
The sorrow-pleading deep beside,
I would be whispering low;
For I would dream that wailing so
Its fairy chambers through,
Blent with their voice, thine ear might know
Those lonely whispers too.

COUL GOPPAGH.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her:
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner giving,
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revealings;
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
Remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion:

It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But nought upon earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

From Tait's Magazine.

THE BLACKSMITH'S HAME*

Oh, bonny and sweet is my ain wife at hame;
Whatever befa'a, she's ever the same;
And hard do I hammer the red bar o' airn
At the thoughts o' my winsome wee wife and my bairn.

Oh, fu' licht is my heart, and just loupin' wi' glee,
As, darker and darker, the smiddy I see;
And, brichter and brichter, at every new heat,
The airn on the anvil sae stoutly I beat.

When "six o'clock, six o'clock," the bells have loudly sang,
Flung down is the hammer, wi' quick, ringing bang;
My shirt sleeves unbuckled, and, no to take lang,
My coat I tear down, and put on as I gang.

Fu' soon I'm at hame: no to file her clean face,
I wash mysel' clean, and put on ither claes;
Then I yield to the love my heart that makes warm,
So I kiss Mary's lips, and the bairn on her arm.

How pleasant is a' at my ain humble hame!
My wife's glossy hair is bound trig by its kaim;
Her gown, though but coarse, is as neat as is seen;
Clean soopit's the floor, and the hearth-stane is clean.

The jams on the inside are white as can be,
They are black on the outside, and sparkling to see;
The parrich are toomed, at the ingle sae bricht,
Neither het, nor owre cauld, but just unco richt.

The night flichters by, ere we think it begun,
In daffin', and laughin', and kissin' our son;
But whiles Mary sews, while some good book I read;
In summer, to walk in the fields we proceed.

Oh, bonnie and sweet is my ain wife at hame!
Whatever may happen, she's ever the same.
Ye drinkers o' whisky, nae langer ye'd tyne
Your hard-gotten gains, were your fireside like mine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE FORTUNES OF SIR ROBERT ARDAGH;

Being an extract from the papers of the late father Purcell.

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath—
And these are of them.

In the south of Ireland, and on the borders of the
county of Limerick, there lies a district of two or three
miles in length, which is rendered interesting by the
fact that it is one of the very few spots throughout
this country, in which some fragments of aboriginal
wood have found a refuge. It has little or none of
the lordly character of the American forests; for the

* By a stout Glasgow smiter upon the anvil.

axe has felled its oldest and its grandest trees; but in the close wood which survives, live all the wild and pleasing peculiarities of nature—its complete irregularity—its vistas, in whose perspective the quiet cattle are peacefully browsing—its refreshing glades, where the grey rocks arise from amid the nodding fern—the silvery shafts of the old birch trees—the knotted trunks of the hoary oak—the grotesque but graceful branches, which never shed their honours under the tyrant pruning hook—the soft green sward—the chequered light and shade—the wild luxuriant weeds—its lichen and its moss—all, all are beautiful alike in the green freshness of spring, or in the sadness and sear of autumn—their beauty is of that kind which makes the heart full with joy—appealing to the affections with a power which belongs to nature only. This wood runs up, from below the base, to the ridge of a long line of irregular hills, having perhaps in primitive times, formed but the skirting of some mighty forest which occupied the level below.

But now, alas, whither have we drifted?—whither has the tide of civilization borne us?—it has passed over a land unprepared for it—it has left nakedness behind it—we have lost our forests, but our marauders remain—we have destroyed all that is picturesque, while we have retained everything that is revolting in barbarism. Through the midst of this woodland, there runs a deep gully or glen; where the stillness of the scene is broken in upon by the brawling of a mountain stream, which, however, in the winter season, swells into a rapid and formidable torrent.

There is one point at which the glen becomes extremely deep and narrow, the sides descend to the depth of some hundred feet, and are so steep as to be nearly perpendicular. The wild trees which have taken root in the crannies and chasms of the rock, have so intersected and entangled, that one can with difficulty catch a glimpse of the stream, which wheels, flashes, and foams below, as if exulting in the surrounding silence and solitude.

This spot was not unwisely chosen, as a point of no ordinary strength, for the erection of a massive square tower or keep, one side of which rises as if in continuation of the precipitous cliff on which it is based. Originally, the only mode of ingress was by a narrow portal, in the very wall which overtopped the precipice; opening upon a ledge of rock which afforded a precarious pathway, cautiously intersected, however, by a deep trench cut with great labour in the living rock; so that, in its original state, and before the introduction of artillery into the art of war, this tower might have been pronounced, and that not presumptuously, almost impregnable.

The progress of improvement, and the increasing security of the times had, however, tempted its successive proprietors, if not to adorn, at least to enlarge

their premises, and at about the middle of the last century, when the castle was last inhabited, the original square tower formed but a small part of the edifice.

The castle, and a wide tract of the surrounding country had from time immemorial, belonged to a family, which, for distinctness, we shall call by the name of Ardagh; and, owing to the associations which, in Ireland, almost always attach to scenes which have long witnessed alike, the exercise of stern feudal authority, and of that savage hospitality which distinguished the good old times, this building has become the subject and the scene of many wild and extraordinary traditions. One of them I have been enabled, by a personal acquaintance with an eye-witness of the events, to trace to its origin; and yet it is hard to say, whether the events which I am about to record, appear more strange or improbable, as seen through the distorting medium of tradition, or in the appalling dimness of uncertainty, which surrounds the reality.

Tradition says that, sometime in the last century, Sir Robert Ardagh, a young man, and the last heir of that family, went abroad and served in foreign armies, and that having acquired considerable honour and emolument, he settled at Castle Ardagh, the building we have just now attempted to describe. He was what the country people call a *dark* man; that is, he was considered morose, reserved, and ill-tempered; and as it was supposed from the utter solitude of his life, was upon no terms of cordiality with the other members of his family.

The only occasion upon which he broke through the solitary monotony of his life, was during the continuance of the racing season, and immediately subsequent to it; at which time he was to be seen among the busiest upon the course, betting deeply and unhesitatingly, and invariably with success. Sir Robert was, however, too well-known as a man of honour, and of too high a family to be suspected of any unfair dealing. He was, moreover, a soldier, and a man of an intrepid as well as of a haughty character, and no one cared to hazard a surmise, the consequences of which would be felt most probably by its originator only. Gossip, however, was not silent—it was remarked that Sir Robert never appeared at the race ground, which was the only place of public resort which he frequented, except in company with a certain strange looking person, who was never seen elsewhere, or under other circumstances. It was remarked, too, that this man, whose relation to Sir Robert was never distinctly ascertained, was the only person to whom he seemed to speak unnecessarily; it was observed that while, with the country gentry he exchanged no further communication than what was unavoidable in arranging his sporting transactions, with this person he would converse earnestly and frequently. Tradition asserts, that to enhance the curiosity which this

unaccountable and exclusive preference excited, the stranger possessed some striking and unpleasant peculiarities of person and of garb—she does not say, however, what these were—but they, in conjunction with Sir Robert's secluded habits, and extraordinary run of luck—a success which was supposed to result from the suggestions and immediate advice of the unknown—were sufficient to warrant report in pronouncing that there was something *queer* in the wind, and in surmising that Sir Robert was playing a fearful and a hazardous game, and that in short, his strange companion was little better than the devil himself.

Years, however, rolled quietly away, and nothing novel occurred in the arrangements of Castle Ardagh, excepting that Sir Robert parted with his odd companion, but as nobody could tell whence he came, so nobody could say whither he had gone. Sir Robert's habits, however, underwent no consequent change; he continued regularly to frequent the race meetings, without mixing at all in the convivialities of the gentry, and immediately afterwards to relapse into the secluded monotony of his ordinary life.

It was said that he had accumulated vast sums of money—and, as his bets were always successful, and always large, such must have been the case. He did not suffer the acquisition of wealth, however, to influence his hospitality or his housekeeping—he neither purchased land, nor extended his establishment; and his mode of enjoying his money must have been altogether that of the miser—consisting, merely, in the pleasure of touching and telling his gold, and in the consciousness of wealth. Sir Robert's temper, so far from improving, became more than ever gloomy and morose. He sometimes carried the indulgence of his evil dispositions to such a height, that it bordered upon insanity. During these paroxysms, he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep. On such occasions he insisted on perfect privacy, even from the intrusion of his most trusted servants;—his voice was frequently heard, sometimes in earnest supplication, sometimes raised as if in loud and angry altercation, with some unknown visitant—sometimes he would, for hours together, walk to and fro, throughout the long oak vainscotted apartment, which he generally occupied, with wild gesticulations and agitated pace, in the manner of one who has been roused to a state of unnatural excitement, by some sudden and appalling intimation.

These paroxysms of apparent lunacy were so frightful, that during their continuance, even his oldest and most faithful domestics dared not approach him; consequently, his hours of agony were never intruded upon, and the mysterious causes of his sufferings appeared likely to remain hidden for ever. On one occasion, a fit of this kind continued for an unusual time—the ordinary term of their duration, about two days,

had been long past—and the old servant, who generally waited upon Sir Robert, after these visitations, having in vain listened for the well-known tinkle of his master's hand-bell, began to feel extremely anxious; he feared that his master might have died from sheer exhaustion, or perhaps put an end to his own existence, during his miserable depression. These fears at length became so strong, that having in vain urged some of his brother-servants to accompany him, he determined to go up alone, and himself see whether any accident had befallen Sir Robert. He traversed the several passages which conducted from the new to the more ancient parts of the mansion; and having arrived in the old hall of the castle, the utter silence of the hour, for it was very late in the night, the idea of the nature of the enterprise in which he was engaging himself, a sensation of remoteness from anything like human companionship, but more than all the vivid but undefined anticipation of something horrible, came upon him with such oppressive weight, that he hesitated as to whither he should proceed. Real uneasiness, however, respecting the fate of his master, for whom he felt that kind of attachment, which the force of habitual intercourse, not unfrequently engenders respecting objects not in themselves amiable—and also a latent unwillingness to expose his weakness to the ridicule of his fellow-servants, combined to overcome his reluctance; and he had just placed his foot upon the first step of the staircase, which conducted to his master's chamber, when his attention was arrested by a low but distinct knocking at the hall-door. Not, perhaps, very sorry at finding thus an excuse even for deferring his intended expedition, he placed the candle upon a stone block which lay in the hall, and approached the door, uncertain whether his ears had not deceived him. This doubt was justified by the circumstance, that the hall entrance had been for nearly fifty years disused as a mode of ingress to the castle. The situation of this gate also, which we have endeavoured to describe, opening upon a narrow ledge of rock which overhangs a perilous cliff, rendered it at all times, but particularly at night, a dangerous entrance; this shelving platform of rock, which formed the only avenue to the door, was divided, as I have already stated, by a broad chasm, the planks across which had long disappeared by decay or otherwise, so that it seemed at least highly improbable that any man could have found his way across the passage in safety to the door—more particularly, on a night like that, of singular darkness. The old man, therefore, listened attentively, to ascertain whether the first application should be followed by another; he had not long to wait; the same low but singularly distinct knocking was repeated; so low that it seemed as if the applicant had employed no harder or heavier instrument than his hand, and yet despite the immense thickness of the door, so very distinct,

that he could not mistake the sound. It was repeated a third time, without any increase of loudness; and the old man obeying an impulse for which to his dying hour, he could never account, proceeded to remove, one by one, the three great oaken bars which secured the door. Time and damp had effectually corroded the iron chambers of the lock, so that it afforded little resistance. With some effort, as he believed, assisted from without, the old servant succeeded in opening the door; and a low, square-built figure, apparently that of a man wrapped in a large black cloak, entered the hall. The servant could not see much of this visitant with any distinctness; his dress appeared foreign, the skirt of his ample cloak was thrown over one shoulder; he wore a large felt hat, with a very heavy leaf, from under which escaped what appeared to be a mass of long sooty-black hair;—his feet was cased in heavy riding-boots. Such were the few particulars which the servant had time and light to observe. The stranger desired him to let his master know instantly that a friend had come, by appointment, to settle some business with him. The servant hesitated, but a slight motion on the part of his visiter, as if to possess himself of the candle, determined him; so taking it in his hand, he ascended the castle stairs, leaving his guest in the hall.

On reaching the apartment which opened upon the oak-chamber, he was surprised to observe the door of that room partly open, and the room itself lit up. He paused, but there was no sound—he looked in, and saw Sir Robert—his head, and the upper part of his body, reclining on a table, upon which burned a lamp; his arms were stretched forward on either side, and perfectly motionless; it appeared that having been sitting at the table, he had thus sunk forward, either dead or in a swoon. There was no sound of breathing; all was silent, except the sharp ticking of a watch, which lay beside the lamp. The servant coughed twice or thrice, but with no effect—his fears now almost amounted to certainty; and he was approaching the table on which his master partly lay—to satisfy himself of his death—when Sir Robert slowly raised his head, and throwing himself back in his chair, fixed his eyes in a ghastly and uncertain gaze upon his attendant. At length he said slowly and painfully, as if he dreaded the answer—

‘In God’s name, what are you?’

‘Sir,’ said the servant, ‘a strange gentleman wants to see you below.’

At this intimation, Sir Robert, starting on his legs, and tossing his arms wildly upwards, uttered a shriek of such appalling and despairing terror, that it was almost too fearful for human endurance; and long after the sound had ceased, it seemed to the terrified imagination of the old servant, to roll through the deserted

passages in bursts of unnatural laughter. After a few moments, Sir Robert said—

‘Can’t you send him away? Why does he come so soon? Oh God! oh God! let him leave me for an hour—a little time. I can’t see him now—try to get him away. You see I can’t go down now—I have not strength. Oh God! oh God! let him come back in an hour—it is not long to wait. He cannot lose anything by it—nothing, nothing, nothing. Tell him that—say anything to him.’

The servant went down. In his own words, he did not feel the stairs under him, till he got to the hall. The figure stood exactly as he had left it. He delivered his master’s message as coherently as he could. The stranger replied in a careless tone—

‘If Sir Robert will not come down to me, I must go up to him.’

The man returned, and to his surprise he found his master much more composed in manner. He listened to the message; and though the cold perspiration stood in drops upon his forehead, faster than he could wipe it away, his manner had lost the dreadful agitation which had marked it before. He rose feebly, and casting a last look of agony behind him, passed from the room to the lobby, where he signed to his attendant not to follow him. The man moved as far as the head of the staircase, from whence he had a tolerably distinct view of the hall, which was imperfectly lighted by the candle he had left there.

He saw his master reel, rather than walk down the stairs, clinging all the way to the bannisters. He walked on as if about to sink every moment from weakness. The figure advanced as if to meet him, and in passing struck down the light. The servant could see no more; but there was a sound of struggling, renewed at intervals with silent but fearful energy. It was evident, however, that the parties were approaching the door, for he heard the solid oak sound twice or thrice, as the feet of the combatants, in shuffling hither and thither over the floor, struck upon it. After a slight pause he heard the door thrown open, with such violence that the leaf struck the sidewall of the hall, and it was so dark without that this was made known in no other way than by the sound. The struggle was renewed with an agony and intenseness of energy, that betrayed itself in deep-drawn gasps. One desperate effort, which terminated in the breaking of some part of the door, producing a sound as if the door-post was wrenched from its position, was followed by another wrestle, evidently upon the narrow ledge which ran outside the door, overtopping the precipice. This seemed as fruitless as the rest, for it was followed by a crashing sound as if some heavy body had fallen over, and was rushing down the precipice, through the light boughs that crossed near the top. All then became still as the

grave, except the moan of the night wind that sighed up the wooded glen.

The old servant had not nerve to return through the hall, and to him that night seemed all but endless; but morning at length came, and with it the disclosure of the events of the night. Near the door upon the ground, lay Sir Robert's sword-belt, which had given way in the scuffle. A huge splinter from the massive door-post had been wrenched off, by an almost super-human effort—one which nothing but the gripe of a despairing man could have severed—and on the rock outside were left the marks of the slipping and sliding of feet.

At the foot of the precipice, not immediately under the castle, but dragged some way up the glen, were found the remains of Sir Robert, with hardly a vestige of a limb or feature left distinguishable. The right hand, however was uninjured, and in its fingers was clutched, with the fixedness of death, a long lock of coarse sooty hair—the only direct circumstantial evidence of the presence of a second person. So says tradition.

This story, as I have mentioned, was current among the dealers in such lore; but the original facts are so dissimilar in all but the name of the principal person mentioned, Sir Robert Ardagh, and the fact that his death was accompanied with circumstances of extraordinary mystery, that the two narratives are totally irreconcilable, (even allowing the utmost for the exaggerating influence of tradition,) except by supposing report to have combined and blended together the fabulous histories of several distinct heroes of the family of Ardagh. However this may be, I shall lay before the reader a recital of the events from which the foregoing tradition arose. With respect to these there can be no mistake; they are authenticated as fully as anything can be by human testimony; and I state them principally upon the evidence of a lady who herself bore a prominent part in the strange events which she related, and which I now record as being among the few well-attested tales of the marvellous, which it has been my fate to hear. I shall, as far as I am able, arrange in one combined narrative, the evidence of several distinct persons, who were eye-witnesses of what they related, and with the truth of whose testimony I am solemnly and deeply impressed.

Sir Robert Ardagh was the heir and representative of the family whose name he bore; but owing to the prodigality of his father, the estates descended to him in a very impaired condition. Urged by the restless spirit of youth, or more probably by a feeling of pride, which could not submit to witness, in the paternal mansion, what he considered a humiliating alteration in the style and hospitality which up to that time had distinguished his family, Sir Robert left Ireland and

went abroad. How he occupied himself, or what countries he visited during his absence, was never known, nor did he afterwards make any allusion, or encourage any inquiries touching his foreign sojourn. He left Ireland in the year 1742, being then just of age, and was not heard of until the year 1760—about eighteen years afterwards—at which time he returned. His personal appearance was as might have been expected, very greatly altered, more altered, indeed, than the time of his absence might have warranted one in supposing likely. But to counterbalance the unfavourable change which time had wrought in his form and features, he had acquired all the advantage of polish of manner, and refinement of taste, which foreign travel is supposed to bestow. But what was truly surprising was, that it soon became evident that Sir Robert was very wealthy—wealthy to an extraordinary and unaccountable degree; and this fact was made manifest, not only by his expensive style of living, but by his proceeding to disembarass his property, and to purchase extensive estates in addition. Moreover, there could be nothing deceptive in these appearances, for he paid ready money for every thing, from the most important purchase to the most trifling.

Sir Robert was a remarkably agreeable man, and possessing the combined advantages of birth and property, he was, as a matter of course, gladly received into the highest society which the metropolis then commanded. It was thus that he became acquainted with the two beautiful Miss F——ds, then among the brightest ornaments of the highest circles of Dublin fashion. Their family was in more than one direction allied to nobility; and Lady D——, their elder sister by many years, and some time married to a once well-known nobleman, was now their protectress. These considerations, besides the fact that the young ladies were what is usually termed heiresses, though not to a very great amount, secured to them a high position in the best society which Ireland then produced. The two young ladies differed strongly, alike in appearance and in character. The elder of the two, Emily, was generally considered the handsomer—for her beauty was of that impressive kind which never failed to strike even at the first glance, possessing all the advantages of a fine person, and of a commanding carriage. The beauty of her features strikingly assorted in character with that of her figure and deportment. Her hair was raven black and richly luxuriant, beautifully contrasting with the even, perfect whiteness of her forehead—her finely pencilled brows were black as the ringlets that clustered near them—and her eyes, full, lustrous, and animated, possessed all the power and brilliancy of the black, with more than their softness and variety of expression. She was not, however, merely the tragedy queen. When she smiled, and that was not

unfrequently, the dimpling of cheek and chin, the laughing display of the small and beautiful teeth—but more than all, the roguish archness of her deep, bright eye, shewed that nature had not neglected in her the lighter and the softer characteristics of woman.

Her younger sister Mary was, as I believe not unfrequently occurs in the case of sisters, quite in the opposite style of beauty. She was light-haired, had more colour, had nearly equal grace, with much more liveliness of manner. Her eyes were of that dark grey which poets so much admire—full of expression and vivacity. She was altogether a very beautiful and animated girl—though as unlike her sister as the presence of those two qualities would permit her to be. Their dissimilarity did not stop here—it was deeper than mere appearance—the character of their minds differed almost as strikingly as did their complexion. The fair-haired beauty had a large proportion of that softness and pliability of temper which physiognomists assign as the characteristics of such complexions. She was much more the creature of impulse than of feeling, and consequently more the victim of extrinsic circumstances than was her sister. Emily, on the contrary, possessed considerable firmness and decision. She was less excitable, but when excited, her feelings were more intense and enduring. She wanted much of the gaiety, but with it the volatility of her younger sister. Her opinions were adopted, and her friendships formed more reflectively, and her affections seemed to move, as it were, more slowly, but more determinedly. This firmness of character did not amount to anything masculine, and did not all impair the feminine grace of her manners.

Sir Robert Ardagh was for a long time apparently equally attentive to the two sisters, and many were the conjectures and the surmises as to which would be the lady of his choice, at length, however, these doubts were determined; he proposed for and was accepted by the dark beauty, Emily T——d.

The bridals were celebrated in a manner becoming the wealth and connections of the parties; and Sir Robert and Lady Ardagh left Dublin to pass the honeymoon at the family mansion, Castle Ardagh, which had lately been fitted up in a style bordering upon magnificent. Whether in compliance with the wishes of his lady, or owing to some whim of his own, his habits were henceforward strikingly altered, and from having moved among the gayest if not the most profligate of the votaries of fashion, he suddenly settled down into a quiet, domestic, country gentleman, and seldom, if ever, visited the capital, and then his sojourns were brief as the nature of his business would permit.

Lady Ardagh, however, did not suffer from this change further than in being secluded from general society; for Sir Robert's wealth, and the hospitality

which he had established in the family mansion, commanded that of such of his lady's friends and relatives as had leisure or inclination to visit the castle; and as the style of living was very handsome, and its internal resources of amusement considerable, few invitations from Sir Robert or his lady were neglected.

Many years passed quietly away, during which Sir Robert's and Lady Ardagh's hopes of issue were several times disappointed. In the lapse of all this time there occurred but one event worth recording. Sir Robert had brought with him from abroad a valet, who sometimes professed himself to be a Frenchman; at others an Italian; and at others again a German. He spoke all these languages with equal fluency, and seemed to take a kind of pleasure in puzzling the sagacity and balking the curiosity of such of the visitors at the castle as at any time happened to enter into conversation with him, or who, struck by his singularities, became inquisitive respecting his country and origin. Sir Robert called him by the French name, *Jacque*; and among the lower orders he was familiarly known by the title of 'Jack the Devil,' an appellation which originated in a supposed malignity of disposition, and a real reluctance to mix in the society of those who were believed to be his equals. This morose reserve, coupled with the mystery which enveloped all about him, rendered him an object of suspicion and inquiry to his fellow-servants, amongst whom it was whispered that this man in secret governed the actions of Sir Robert with a despotic dictation, and that as if to indemnify himself for his public and apparent servitude and self-denial, he in private exacted a degree of respectful homage from his so-called master, totally inconsistent with the relation generally supposed to exist between them.

This man's personal appearance was, to say the least of it, extremely odd; he was low in stature; and this defect was enhanced by a distortion of the spine, so considerable as almost to amount to a hunch; his features, too, had all that sharpness and sickliness of hue which generally accompany deformity; he wore his hair, which was black as soot, in heavy neglected ringlets about his shoulders, and always without powder—a peculiarity in those days. There was something unpleasant, too, in the circumstance that he never raised his eyes so as to meet those of another; this fact was often cited as a proof of his being ~~somewhat~~ **NOT QUITE RIGHT**, and said to result not from the timidity which is supposed in most cases to induce this habit, but from a consciousness that his eye possessed a power, which, if exhibited, would betray a supernatural origin. Once, and once only, had he violated this sinister observance; it was on the occasion of Sir Robert's hopes having been most bitterly disappointed; his lady, after a severe and dangerous confinement, gave birth to a dead child. Immediately after the in-

telligence had been made known, a servant, having upon some business, passed outside the gate of the castle yard, was met by Jacque, who, contrary to his wont, accosted him, observing, 'so, after all the pother, the son and heir is still-born.' This remark was accompanied by a chuckling laugh, only, the only approach to merriment which he was ever known to exhibit. The servant, who was really disappointed, having hoped for holy-day times, feasting and debauchery with impunity during the rejoicings which would have accompanied a christening, turned tartly upon the little valet, telling him that he should let Sir Robert know how he had received the tidings which should have filled any faithful servant with sorrow; and having once broken the ice, he was proceeding with increasing fluency, when his harangue was cut short and his temerity punished, by the little man's raising his head and treating him to a scowl so fearful, half demoniac, half insane, that it haunted his imagination in nightmares and nervous tremors for months after.

To this man Lady Ardagh had, at first sight, conceived an antipathy amounting to horror, a mixture of loathing and dread so very powerful that she had made it a particular and urgent request to Sir Robert that he would dismiss him, offering herself, from that property which Sir Robert had, by the marriage settlements, left at her own disposal, to provide handsomely for him, provided only she might be relieved from the continual anxiety and discomfort which the fear of encountering him induced.

Sir Robert, however, would not hear of it; the request seemed at first to agitate and distress him; but when still urged in defiance of his peremptory refusal, he burst into a violent fit of fury; he spoke darkly of great sacrifices which he had made, and threatened that if the request were at any time renewed he would leave both her and the country for ever. This was, however, a solitary instance of violence; his general conduct towards Lady Ardagh, though at no time bordering upon the uxorious, was certainly kind and respectful, and he was more than repaid in the fervent attachment which she bore him in return.

Some short time after this strange interview between Sir Robert and Lady Ardagh; one night after the family had retired to bed, and when everything had been quiet for some time, the bell of Sir Robert's dressing-room rang suddenly and violently; the ringing was repeated again and again at still shorter intervals, and with increasing violence, as if the person who pulled the bell was agitated by the presence of some terrifying and imminent danger. A servant named Donovan was the first to answer it; he threw on his clothes, and hurried to the room with haste proportioned to the urgency of the call.

Sir Robert had selected for his private room an

apartment, remote from the bed-chambers of the castle, most of which lay in the more modern parts of the mansion, and secured at its entrance by a double door; as the servant opened the first of these, Sir Robert's bell again sounded with a longer and louder peal; the inner door resisted his efforts to open it; but after a few violent struggles, not having been perfectly secured or owing to the inadequacy of the bolt itself, it gave way, and the servant rushed into the apartment, advancing several paces before he could recover himself. As he entered, he heard Sir Robert's voice exclaiming loudly 'wait without, do not come in yet;' but the prohibition came too late. Near a low truckle-bed, upon which Sir Robert sometimes slept, for he was a whimsical man, in a large arm chair, sate, or rather lounged, the form of the valet, Jacque; his arms folded, and his heels stretched forward on the floor so as fully to exhibit his misshapen legs, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed upon his master with a look of indescribable defiance and derision, while, as if to add to the strange insolence of his attitude and expression, he had placed upon his head the black cloth cap which it was his habit to wear.

Sir Robert was standing before him at the distance of several yards in a posture expressive of despair, terror, and what might be called an agony of humility. He waved his hand twice or thrice, as if to dismiss the servant, who, however, remained fixed on the spot where he had first stood; and then, as if forgetting every thing but the agony within him, he pressed his clenched hands on his cold damp brow, and dashed away the heavy drops that gathered chill and thickly there. Jacque broke the silence.

'Donovan,' said he, 'shake up that drone and drunkard, Carlton; tell him that his master directs that the travelling carriage shall be at the door within half an hour.'

The servant paused as if in doubt as to what he should do; but his scruples were resolved by Sir Robert's saying hurriedly, 'Go, go, do whatever he directs; his commands are mine, tell Carlton the same.'

The servant hurried to obey, and in about half an hour the carriage was at the door, and Jacque having directed the coachman to drive to B——n, a small town at about the distance of twelve miles, the nearest point, however, at which post horses could be obtained, stepped into the vehicle, which accordingly quitted the castle immediately.

Although it was a fine moonlight night, the carriage made its way but slowly, and after the lapse of two hours, the travellers had arrived at a point about eight miles from the castle, at which the road strikes through a desolate and heathy flat, sloping up, distantly at either side into bleak undulatory hills, in whose monotonous sweep the imagination beholds the heaving of

some dark sluggish sea, arrested in its first commotion by some preternatural power; it is a gloomy and divested spot; there is neither tree nor habitation near it; its monotony is unbroken, except by here and there the grey front of a rock peering above the heath, and the effect is rendered yet more dreary and spectral by the exaggerated and misty shadows which the moon casts along the sloping sides of the hills. When they had gained about the centre of this tract, Carlton, the coachman, was surprised to see a figure standing, at some distance in advance, immediately beside the road, and still more so when, on coming up, he observed that it was no other than the person whom he believed to be at that moment quietly seated in the carriage; the coachman drew up, and nodding to him, the little valet exclaimed, 'Carlton, I have got the start of you, the roads are heavy, so I shall even take care of myself the rest of the way; do you make your way back as best you can; and I shall follow my own nose;' so saying he chucked a purse into the lap of the coachman, and turning off at a right angle with the road he began to move rapidly away in the direction of the dark ridge, that lowered in the distance. The servant watched him until he was lost in the shadowy haze of night; and neither he nor any of the inmates of the castle saw Jacque again. His disappearance, as might have been expected, did not cause any regret among the servants and dependants at the castle; and Lady Ardagh did not attempt to conceal her delight; but with Sir Robert matters were different; for, two or three days subsequent to this event, he confined himself to his room; and when he did return to his ordinary occupations, it was with a gloomy indifference which showed that he did so more from habit than from any interest he felt in them; he appeared from that moment unaccountably and strikingly changed, and thenceforward walked through life as a thing from which he could derive neither profit nor pleasure. His temper, however, so far from growing wayward or morose, became, though gloomy, very, almost unnaturally, placid and cold; but his spirits totally failed, and he became silent and abstracted.

These sombre habits of mind, as might have been anticipated, very materially affected the gay house-keeping of the castle; and the dark and melancholy spirit of its master, seemed to have communicated itself to the very domestics, almost to the very walls of the mansion. Several years rolled on in this way, and the sounds of mirth and wassail had long been strangers to the castle, when Sir Robert requested his lady, to her great astonishment, to invite some twenty or thirty of their friends to spend the Christmas, which was fast approaching, at the castle. Lady Ardagh gladly complied, and her sister Mary, who still continued unmarried, and Lady D—— were of course included in the invitations. Lady Ardagh had requested her sisters

to set forward as early as possible, in order that she might enjoy a little of their society before the arrival of the other guests; and in compliance with this request they left Dublin almost immediately upon receiving the invitation, a little more than a week before the arrival of the festival which was to be the period at which the whole party were to muster.

For expedition's sake it was arranged that they should post, while Lady D——'s groom was to follow with her horses; she taking with herself her own maid and one male servant. They left the city when the day was considerably spent, and consequently made but three stages in the first day; upon the second, at about eight in the evening, they had reached the town of K——k, distant about fifteen miles from Castle Ardagh. Here owing to Miss F——d's great fatigue, she having been for a considerable time in a very delicate state of health, it was determined to put up for the night. They, accordingly, took possession of the best sitting room which the inn commanded, and Lady D—— remained in it to direct and urge the preparations for some refreshment, which the fatigues of the day had rendered necessary, while her younger sister retired to her bed-chamber to rest there for a little time, as the parlour commanded no such luxury as a sofa.

Miss F——d was, as I have already stated, at this time, in very delicate health; and upon this occasion the exhaustion of fatigue, and the dreary badness of the weather, combined to depress her spirits. Lady D—— had not been left long to herself, when the door communicating with the passage was abruptly opened, and her sister Mary entered in a state of great agitation; she sat down pale and trembling upon one of the chairs, and it was not until a copious flood of tears had relieved her, that she became sufficiently calm to relate the cause of her excitement and distress. It was simply this. Almost immediately upon lying down upon the bed she sank into a feverish and unrefreshing slumber; images of all grotesque shapes and startling colours flitted before her sleeping fancy with all the rapidity and variety of the changes in a kaleidoscope. At length, as she described it, a mist seemed to interpose itself between her sight and the ever-shifting scenery which sported before her imagination, and out of this cloudy shadow, gradually emerged a figure whose back seemed turned towards the sleeper; it was that of a lady, who, in perfect silence, was expressing as far as pantomimic gesture could, by wringing her hands, and throwing her head from side to side, in the manner of one who is exhausted by the over-indulgence, by the very sickness and impatience of grief, the extremity of misery. For a long time she sought in vain to catch a glimpse of the face of the apparition, who thus seemed to stir and live before her. But at length the figure seemed to move with an air of authority, as if about to give directions to some inferior, and in doing so, it

turned its head so as to display, with a ghastly distinctness, the features of Lady Ardagh, pale as death, with her dark hair all dishevelled, and her eyes dim and sunken with weeping. The revulsion of feeling which Miss F——d experienced at this disclosure—for up to that point she had contemplated the appearance rather with a sense of curiosity and of interest, than of any thing deeper—was so horrible, that the shock awoke her perfectly. She sat up in the bed, and looked fearfully around the room, which was imperfectly lighted by a single candle burning dimly, as if she almost expected to see the reality of her dreadful vision lurking in some corner of the chamber. Her fears were, however, verified, though not in the way she expected; yet in a manner sufficiently horrible—for she had hardly time to breathe and to collect her thoughts, when she heard, or thought she heard, the voice of her sister, Lady Ardagh, sometimes sobbing violently, and sometimes almost shrieking as if in terror, and calling upon her and Lady D——, with the most imploring earnestness of despair, for God's sake to lose no time in coming to her. All this was so horribly distinct, that it seemed as if the mourner was standing within a few yards of the spot where Miss F——d lay. She sprang from the bed, and leaving the candle in the room behind her, she made her way in the dark through the passage, the voice still following her, until as she arrived at the door of the sitting-room it seemed to die away in low sobbing.

As soon as Miss F——d was tolerably recovered, she declared her determination to proceed directly, and without further loss of time to Castle Ardagh. It was not without much difficulty that Lady D—— at length prevailed upon her to consent to remain where they then were, until morning should arrive, when it was to be expected that the young lady would be much refreshed by at least remaining quiet for the night, even though sleep were out of the question. Lady D—— was convinced, from the nervous and feverish symptoms which her sister exhibited, that she had already done too much, and was more than ever satisfied of the necessity of prosecuting the journey no further upon that day. After some time she persuaded her sister to return to her room, where she remained with her until she had gone to bed, and appeared comparatively composed. Lady D—— then returned to the parlour, and not finding herself sleepy, she remained sitting by the fire. Her solitude was a second time broken in upon, by the entrance of her sister, who now appeared, if possible, more agitated than before. She said that Lady D—— had not long left the room, when she was caused by a repetition of the same wailing and lamentations, accompanied by the wildest and most agonized applications that no time should be lost in coming to Castle Ardagh, and all in her sister's voice, and uttered at the same proximity as before. This time the voice

had followed her to the very door of the sitting room, and until she closed it, seemed to pour forth its cries and sobs at the very threshold.

Miss F——d now most positively declared that nothing should prevent her proceeding instantly to the castle, adding that if Lady D—— would not accompany her, she would go on by herself. Superstitious feelings are at all times more or less contagious, and the last century afforded a soil much more congenial to their growth than the present. Lady D—— was so far affected by her sister's terrors, that she became, at least, uneasy; and seeing that her sister was immovably determined upon setting forward immediately, she consented to accompany her forthwith. After a slight delay, fresh horses were procured, and the two ladies and their attendants renewed their journey, with strong injunctions to the driver to quicken their rate of travelling as much as possible, and promises of reward in case of his doing so.

Roads were then in a much worse condition throughout the south, even than they now are; and the fifteen miles which modern posting would have passed in little more than an hour and a half, were not completed even with every possible exertion in twice the time. Miss F——d had been nervously restless during the journey. Her head had been out at the carriage window every minute; and as they approached the entrance to the castle demesne, which lay about a mile from the building, her anxiety began to communicate itself to her sister. The postilion had just dismounted, and was endeavouring to open the gate—at that time a necessary trouble; for in the middle of the last century, porter's lodges were not common in the south of Ireland, and locks and keys almost unknown. He had just succeeded in rolling back the heavy oaken gate, so as to admit the vehicle, when a mounted servant rode rapidly down the avenue, and drawing up at the carriage, asked of the postilion who the party were; and on hearing, he rode round to the carriage window, and handed in a note which Lady D—— received. By the assistance of one of the coach-lamps they succeeded in deciphering it. It was scrawled in great agitation, and ran thus—

'My Dear Sister—my dear Sisters both,—In God's name lose no time, I am frightened and miserable; I cannot explain all till you come. I am too much terrified to write coherently; but understand me—hasten—do not waste a minute. I am afraid you will come too late.'

E. A.'

The servant could tell nothing more than that the castle was in great confusion, and that Lady Ardagh had been crying bitterly all the night. Sir Robert was perfectly well. Altogether at a loss as to the cause of Lady Ardagh's great distress, they urged their way up the steep and broken avenue which winded through the crowding trees, whose wild and grotesque branches,

now stript and naked by the blasts of winter, stretched drearily across the road. As the carriage drew up in the area before the door, the anxiety of the ladies almost amounted to sickness; and scarcely waiting for the assistance of their attendant, they sprang to the ground, and in an instant stood at the castle door. From within were distinctly audible the sounds of lamentation and weeping, and the suppressed hum of voices as if of those endeavouring to soothe the mourner. The door was speedily opened, and when the ladies entered, the first object which met their view was their sister, Lady Ardagh, sitting on a form in the hall, weeping and wringing her hands in deep agony. Beside her stood two old, withered crones, who were each endeavouring in their own way to administer consolation, without even knowing or caring what the subject of her grief might be.

Immediately on Lady Ardagh's seeing her sisters, she started up, fell on their necks, and kissed them again and again without speaking, and then taking them each by a hand, still weeping bitterly, she led them into a small room adjoining the hall, in which burned a light, and having closed the door, she sat down between them. After thanking them for the haste they had made, she proceeded to tell them, in words incoherent from agitation, that Sir Robert had in private, and in the most solemn manner, told her that he should die upon that night, and that he had occupied himself during the evening in giving minute directions respecting the arrangements of his funeral. Lady D—— here suggested the possibility of his labouring under the hallucinations of a fever; but to this Lady Ardagh quickly replied,

'Oh! no, no! would to God I could think it. Oh! no, no! wait till you have seen him. There is a frightful calmness about all he says and does; and his directions are all so clear, and his mind so perfectly collected, it is impossible, quite impossible;' and she wept yet more bitterly.

At that moment Sir Robert's voice was heard in issuing some directions, as he came down stairs; and Lady Ardagh exclaimed, hurriedly—

'Go now and see him yourself; he is in the hall.'

Lady D—— accordingly went out into the hall, where Sir Robert met her; and saluting her with kind politeness, he said, after a pause—

'You are come upon a melancholy mission—the house is in great confusion, and some of its inmates in considerable grief.' He took her hand, and looking fixedly in her face, continued—'I shall not live to see to-morrow's sun shine.'

'You are ill, sir, I have no doubt,' replied she; 'but I am very certain we shall see you much better to-morrow, and still better the day following.'

'I am *not* ill, sister,' replied he. Feel my temples, they are cool; lay your finger to my pulse, its throb

is slow and temperate. I never was more perfectly in health, and yet do I know that ere three hours be past, I shall be no more.'

'Sir, sir,' said she, a good deal startled, but wishing to conceal the impression which the calm solemnity of his manner had, in her own despite, made upon her, 'Sir, you should not jest; you should not even speak lightly upon such subjects. You trifle with what is sacred—you are sporting with the best affections of your wife——'

'Stay, my good lady,' said he; 'if when this clock shall strike the hour of three, I shall be anything but a helpless clod, then upbraid me. Pray return now to your sister. Lady Ardagh is, indeed, much to be pitied; but what is past cannot now be helped. I have now a few papers to arrange, and some to destroy. I shall see you and Lady Ardagh before my death; try to compose her—her sufferings distress me much; but what is past cannot now be mended.'

Thus saying he went up stairs, and Lady D—— returned to the room where her sisters were sitting.

'Well,' exclaimed Lady Ardagh, as she re-entered, 'is it not so?—do you still doubt?—do you think there is any hope?'

Lady D—— was silent.

'Oh! none, none, none,' continued she; 'I see, I see you are convinced,' and she wrung her hands in bitter agony.

'My dear sister,' said Lady D——, 'there is, no doubt, something strange in all that has appeared in this matter; but still I cannot but hope that there may be something deceptive in all the apparent calmness of Sir Robert. I still must believe that some latent fever has affected his mind, as that owing to the state of nervous depression into which he has been sinking, some trivial occurrence has been converted, in his disordered imagination, into an augury foreboding his immediate dissolution.

In such suggestions, unsatisfactory even to those who originated them, and doubly so to her whom they were intended to comfort, more than two hours passed; and Lady D—— was beginning to hope that the fated term might elapse without the occurrence of any tragical event, when Sir Robert entered the room. On coming in, he placed his finger with a warning gesture upon his lips, as if to enjoin silence; and then having successfully pressed the hands of his two sisters-in-law, he stooped over the almost lifeless form of his lady, and twice pressed her cold, pale forehead with his lips, and then passed motionlessly out of the room.

Lady D—— followed to the door, saw him take a candle in the hall, and walk deliberately up the stairs. Stimulated by a feeling of horrible curiosity, she continued to follow him at a distance. She saw him enter his own private room, and heard him close and lock the door after him. Continuing to follow him as

far as she could, she placed herself at the door of the chamber, as noiselessly as possible; where after a little time, she was joined by her two sisters, Lady Ardagh and Miss F——d. In breathless silence they listened to what should pass within. They distinctly heard Sir Robert pacing up and down the room for some time; and then, after a pause, a sound as if some one had thrown himself heavily upon the bed. At this moment Lady D——, forgetting that the door had been secured within, turned the handle for the purpose of entering; some one from the inside, close to the door, said, 'Hush! hush!' The same lady now much alarmed, knocked violently at the door—there was no answer. She knocked again more violently, with no further success. Lady Ardagh, now uttering a piercing shriek, sank in a swoon upon the floor. Three or four servants, alarmed by the noise, now hurried up stairs, and Lady Ardagh was carried apparently lifeless to her own chamber. They then, after having knocked long and loudly in vain, applied themselves to forcing an entrance into Sir Robert's room. After resisting some violent efforts, the door at length gave way, and all entered the room nearly together. There was a single candle burning upon a table at the far end of the apartment; and stretched upon the bed lay Sir Robert Ardagh. He was a corpse—the eyes were open—no convulsion had passed over the features, or distorted the limbs—it seemed as if the soul had sped from the body without a struggle to remain there. On touching the body it was found to be cold as clay—all lingering of the vital heat had left it. They closed the ghastly eyes of the corpse, and leaving it to the care of those who seem to consider it a privilege of their age and sex to gloat over the revolting spectacle of death in all its stages, they returned to Lady Ardagh, now a widow. The party assembled at the castle, but the atmosphere was tainted with death. Grief there was not much, but awe and panic were expressed in every face. The guests talked in whispers, and the servants walked on tip-toe, as if afraid of the very noise of their own footsteps.

The funeral was conducted almost with splendour. The body having been conveyed, in compliance with Sir Robert's last directions, to Dublin, was there laid within the ancient walls of Saint Audoen's Church—where I have read the epitaph, telling the age and titles of the departed dust. Neither painted escutcheon, nor marble slab, have served to rescue from oblivion the story of the dead, whose very name will ere long moulder from their tracery—

"Et sunt sua fata sepulchris."*

The events which I have recorded are not imaginary.

* This prophecy has since been realised; for the aisle in which Sir Robert's remains were laid, has been suffered to fall completely to decay; and the tomb which marked his grave, and other monuments more curious, form now one indistinguishable mass of rubbish.

They are Facts; and there lives one whose authority none would venture to question, who could vindicate the accuracy of every statement which I have set down, and that too, with all the circumstantiality of an eye witness.*

From the Friend of India, December, 1837.

DR. MARSHMAN.

With feelings of the deepest regret, we have to announce the decease of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, after a long missionary career of thirty-eight years. He had been gradually sinking during the year, under the weight of age and infirmities, and expired at Serampore, on the 5th December, at the advanced age of sixty-nine years, seven months, and fifteen days.

The Rev. Dr. Marshman was born of humble parentage, in the village of Westbury Leigh, in Wiltshire, on the 20th April, 1768, where the cottage in which he first drew breath may yet be seen. Of his family little is known, except that they traced their descent from an officer in the Army of Cromwell; one of that band who, at the Restoration, relinquished, for conscience-sake, all views of worldly aggrandizement, and retired into the country, to support themselves by their own industry.

His father, a man of strong mind, undaunted intrepidity, and inflexible integrity, passed the early part of his life at sea, and was engaged in the *Hind* sloop of war, commanded by Capt. Bond, at the capture of Quebec—the action in which the gallant Wolff fell; but shortly after, he returned to England, determining to settle among the humble and honest manufacturers of his native country, and taking up his residence in Westbury Leigh, he married, and turned his attention to the weaving trade. Hence he was subsequently unable to afford his son any education, beyond what his native village supplied, except in his own Christian principles; and he lived to see the principles he had instilled ripen into the most enlarged and active benevolence. Dr. Marshman, from a very early age, exhibited so extraordinary a thirst for knowledge, as to convince his family and friends that he was destined for something higher than the loom. At the age of eight, he first began a course of desultory reading, snatching every moment from labour and play to devote to his books. He has assured the writer of this memorial, that between the age of ten and eighteen, he had devoured the contents of more than five hundred volumes. Thus, at an early period, he was enabled

* This paper, from a memorandum, I find to have been written in 1803. The lady to whom allusion is made, I believe to be Miss Mary F——d. She never married, and survived both her sisters, living to a very advanced age.

to lay in a vast store of knowledge, which, improved by subsequent study, made his conversation so rich and instructive. After reading all the volumes which so humble a village could furnish, he extended his researches to a greater distance, and often travelled a dozen of miles out and home to borrow a book. Having no one to direct his pursuits, he read promiscuously whatever fell in his way, with the utmost avidity. But, it was to biography, and more particularly to history, that the bent of his mind was directed. So much so, indeed, that when his parents, on the death of an elder brother, endeavoured to direct his thoughts to the joys of Heaven, he declared, that he felt no disinclination to contemplate them, provided there was room to believe that the reading of history would not be incompatible with the pursuits of that blessed region. Among the early incidents of his life, it was long remembered in his native village, that a neighbouring clergyman, passing with a friend through Westbury, while he was playing at marbles, put his reading and memory to the test, by a long series of questions upon the more ancient history of England, and declared his astonishment at the correct replies which he received to every inquiry. At the age of twelve, the clergyman of his own parish meeting him one day with a book in his pocket, too large for it to conceal, asked him several questions, and among the rest, the names of the kings of Israel from the beginning to the Babylonish captivity, and being struck with the accuracy of his replies, desired him to call at his house in future for any book he might wish to read.

On his reaching the house, the clergyman begged he would tell him whom he thought the best preacher, the dissenting minister of the town or himself. With the certainty on the one hand that the first named excelled, and the fear on the other of losing the promised treat, he hesitated for a moment; but determining not to purchase even *this* at the expense of truth, he begged to be allowed to refer him to the answer of Melville, who, when asked by Queen Elizabeth whether she or his royal mistress of Scotland excelled in beauty, replied, that each was handsomest in her own kingdom; and desired him to accept that as his answer. At the age of fifteen, his father sent him up to London, to Mr. Cator, the bookseller, in the Strand, in the hope that some path would open for his obtaining a livelihood in a sphere more congenial with his tastes than a weaver's cottage. Here he was employed on errands; but at every interval of leisure, availed himself of the new facilities he enjoyed for reading. When sent out with parcels, he too frequently spent half his time in perusing the books with which he was charged, instead of taking them to their destination. His master declared that he could make nothing of him, and that he would never succeed as a bookseller. His

life in the shop was not of the most agreeable description; and it was embittered by the prospect of being condemned to a life of such unintellectual drudgery. On one occasion, having been sent to the Duke of Grafton with three folio volumes of Clarendon's History, and several other books, he was overcome with fatigue and despondency at the tasks to which he was subjected, and walking into Westminster Hall, laid down his load and began to weep. But the bitterness of his feelings soon passed off; the associations of the place with which his reading had made him familiar, crowded into his mind, and appeared to fill him with new energy; and he determined, as he has often told us, in however humble a situation he might be placed, to continue storing his mind with knowledge, till the fitting opportunity should come round for his emancipation. He returned to the country between the age of sixteen and seventeen, and resumed his manual occupations, still continuing to indulge his irrepressible thirst for reading. He now turned his attention to divinity and made himself familiar with the works of all the most celebrated divines, without distinction of sect; and those who have enjoyed the advantage of conversing with him on religious topics, cannot have failed to appreciate the industry which had given him so vast a store of knowledge. To these pursuits he added the study of Latin. The strength of mind displayed in these intellectual pursuits by one who was obliged to look for his daily bread to the labour of his own hands, will appear, on reflection, to form, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character. At the age of twenty-three, he married the granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, the Baptist minister at Froome; and this change in his circumstances rendered him doubly anxious for a different sphere of life.

At length, the long-expected opportunity turned up. The post of master in a school supported by the Church in Broadmead, in the city of Bristol, became vacant; his friends urged him to apply for it. He came up to Bristol, underwent an examination before the committee of management, and was unanimously accepted. The salary was small—£40 a year; but it brought him into a new circle, where his energies and talent might have play. He removed to that city at the age of twenty-five, and obtained permission to devote the time not occupied in this school to one of his own. This seminary was soon crowded with pupils; it rose rapidly in public estimation, and placed him at once in circumstances of independence. Among his scholars was the late lamented and amiable Mr. Rich, the Resident at Bagdad, whose work on Babylon has given him so just a celebrity. But the chief advantage of his position at Bristol, was the introduction it afforded him to Dr. Ryland, the president of the Baptist Academy. He entered as a student in that seminary, and devoted every moment which he could spare from his avoca-

tions to study under so able a master. He applied diligently to the Greek and Hebrew languages; and subsequently added to them Arabic and Syriac, in which his attainments, though not profound, were greatly above mediocrity. In this congenial course of improvement he passed six of the happiest years of his life. By the advice of Dr. Ryland, he prepared himself for the ministry, for which his great theological reading had well fitted him, and there was every prospect of his becoming an ornament to the denomination, in his native land, with which he was associated. But a nobler field of exertion was now opened before him; for which, in the economy of Providence, this previous training appears evidently to have been intended to prepare him.

Dr. Carey who had been employed for six years in India in the new and untried field of missionary labours, while his future colleague was completing his studies at Bristol, had requested the Baptist Missionary Society, of which Dr. Ryland was one of the founders, to send more labourers into the vineyard. Dr. Ryland proposed the subject to his pupil, and found that it was not altogether new to his mind, as the perusal of the periodical accounts of the mission had begun to kindle in his mind an anxiety for India. He was accepted by the society, then in its infancy, as a missionary, and embarked with Mr. Grant, one of his own pupils, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Brunsdon, on the *Criterion*, an American vessel. They arrived in the river in October, and intending to proceed to Mudnabatty to join Dr. Carey, were advised to take up their abode temporarily at Serampore, where they landed on the 13th October, 1799. It was about this time that the fear of an invasion of India by the French predominated in the councils of India; several French emissaries, in the guise of priests, having been detected about the country. In announcing the arrival of Dr. Marshman and his associates, the printer of one of the Calcutta papers, who had never heard of the existence of a Baptist denomination, set forth that four *Papist* missionaries had arrived in a foreign ship, and proceeded up to a foreign settlement. The paragraph could not fail to catch Lord Wellesley's eye. The captain was instantly summoned to the police, and informed that his ship would be refused a port-clearance, unless he engaged to take back the *Papist* missionaries. He explained the mistake, and in one respect removed the fears of Government; but there was so strong a disposition manifested to obstruct missionary operations, upon a plea of their dangerous tendency, that the missionaries found they could not reside with any confidence in the British territories, and that it was wise to accept of the countenance and protection which was so generally offered them by the Danish authorities. Dr. Carey felt the full force of their ar-

guments, and soon after came down to join them: and thus commenced the Serampore mission.

Three congenial minds were thus brought together by the appointment of Providence, and they lost no time in laying a broad basis for their future operations. They threw their whole souls into the noble enterprise, which demanded all their courage and zeal, since, from the British Government they had nothing but the sternest opposition to expect, the moment the extension and the success of their labours should bring them into public notice. The resources of the Society were totally inadequate to the support of all the missionary families now in the field. Indeed, Dr. Marshman and his associates had come out with the distinct understanding that they were to receive support only till they could support themselves. They immediately began to open independent sources of income. Dr. Carey obtained the post of professor in the College of Fort William, then recently established. Dr. and Mrs. Marshman opened a boarding-school, and Mr. Ward established a printing office, and laboured with his own hands in setting the types of the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament, which Dr. Carey had brought with him. Dr. Carey's motto, "Expect great things; attempt great things," became the watchword of the three. They determined, by a noble sacrifice of individual interests and comforts, to live as one family, and to throw their united income into one joint stock, to be devoted to the common cause. Merging all minor differences of opinion in a sacred anxiety for the promotion of the great enterprise which absorbed their minds, they made a combined movement for the diffusion of truth and knowledge in India. To the hostility of Government, and to every discouragement which arose from the nature of the undertaking, they opposed a spirit of Christian meekness and calm perseverance. They stood in the front of the battle of Indian missions; and during the arduous struggle, which terminated with the charter of 1813, in granting missionaries free access to India, they never for a moment deserted their post, or despaired of success. When, at a subsequent period, Lord Hastings, who honoured them with his kind support, had occasion to revert in conversation to the severe conflict they had passed through, he assured them that, in his opinion, the freedom of resort to India, which missionaries then enjoyed, was owing, under God, to the prudence, the zeal, and the wisdom, which they had manifested, when the whole weight of Government in England and India was directed to the extinction of the missionary enterprise.

It would be impossible, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, to enumerate the plans which they formed for the mission, for translations of the sacred Scriptures, and for education; or the ob-

stacles which tried the strength of their principles. Neither is it possible to individualize Dr. Marshman's efforts in every case, for, so complete was the unity of their designs, that it seemed as if three great souls had been united in one, so as to have but one object, and to be imbued with one impulse. But with this unity of design, there was necessarily a division of labour; and we may briefly state, therefore, the particular objects which engaged Dr. Marshman's time and attention. In 1806, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Chinese language, and was enabled to publish a translation of the entire Scriptures, and a grammar in that tongue. The Loll Bazar Chapel, erected at a time when the means of religious instruction in Calcutta were small, and when religious feeling was at so low an ebb, that even Martyn could not command on an evening a congregation of more than twenty, was mainly indebted for its existence to Dr. Marshman's personal efforts. When the erection of it was suspended for lack of funds, he went about from house to house, raising subscriptions for it; and for his pains, was exhibited in masquerade, at an entertainment given to Lord Minto, as a 'pious missionary, begging subscriptions.* To him the Benevolent Institution in Calcutta was indebted for its birth and subsequent vigour. The idea of it struck out when Dr. Leyden, Dr. Marshman, and Dr. Hare were dining together; and the prospectus, drawn up by Dr. Marshman, was carefully revised by Dr. Leyden. He continued to act as secretary to the institution to the last moment in which his health permitted him to act. He was also associated with Dr. Carey in the translation of the *Ramayun* into English, of which three volumes were published. To the plan of native schools, he gave up much time and labour; and the valuable "Hints," which he published in the form of a pamphlet, just at the time when the first efforts were made for education in India, twenty-one years ago, was deemed worthy of being incorporated with one of the leading publications in England.

In 1826 he revisited England, after an absence of twenty-seven years, and travelled through the United Kingdom, endeavouring, by his public addresses, and in private conversation, to urge on the cause of missions; and there are many now in India to whom this notice will recall, with a melancholy pleasure, the warmth and animation which he was the means of communicating to their minds on that subject. He visited Denmark, and was graciously received by his Majesty Frederick the Sixth, to whose steady and un-

* His friend, Dr. Leyden, was present at the masqued ball, and as it was said that the subscription list was very full, Dr. M. endeavoured to discover his representative, that he might ask for the funds; but Leyden would never disclose the name, which led Dr. Marshman to tell him, that there was more humour than honesty in the transaction.

interrupted protection the mission may be said to have been indebted for its existence when assailed by the British Government. His Majesty was pleased to grant a Charter of Incorporation to Serampore College, upon Dr. Marshman's petition. He returned to Serampore in May 1829, and joined Dr. Carey and his associates in superintending the mission under the new form of an independent association, which it had acquired. In June 1834, he was deprived of this venerable friend and colleague, with whom he had been permitted to act for thirty-five years. He bore the separation with more firmness than was expected; but the dissolution, cemented by the noblest of all undertakings, and sanctified by time, made a deep and visible impression on his mind. All the veneration and affection of his younger associates could not fill up the void created by the loss of Dr. Carey. He appeared among us as the solitary relic of a past age of great men. The activity of his mind, however, though with occasional interruptions, continued till the mind itself appeared to be worn out. The calamity which befel his daughter, Mrs. Havelock, at Landour, in October last year, produced a severe shock to his feelings, which, added to increasing infirmities, brought him gradually lower and lower. About six weeks before his death he was taken out on the river by the advice of Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Voigt, but his constitution was exhausted. Yet when the excitement of this short excursion, which was extended to Fort Gloster, had given him a small return of strength, both bodily and mental, the energy of former days seemed again to come over him, and he passed several days in arranging plans of usefulness, the accomplishment of which would have required years. At length, on Tuesday, the 5th of December, he gently sunk to rest, without pain or sorrow, in the lively enjoyment of that hope which is full of immortality.

His form was tall and athletic. His constitution appeared to be constructed of iron. He exposed himself to all the severities of an Indian climate, with perfect impunity. He enjoyed, till within the last year of his life, such uninterrupted health, as falls to the lot of few in India. During thirty-seven years, he had not taken medicine to the value of ten rupees. The strength of his body seemed to be admirably adapted, with the structure of his mind, to fit him for the long career of usefulness he was permitted to run. He was peculiarly remarkable for ceaseless industry. He usually rose at four, and despatched half the business of the day before breakfast. When extraordinary exertions appeared necessary, he seemed to have a perfect command over sleep, and has been known for days together, to take less than half his usual quantity of rest. His memory was great, beyond that of most men. He recalled facts, with all their minute associations, with the utmost facility. This faculty he enjoyed to

the last day of his existence. During the last month of his life, when unable even to turn on his couch without assistance, he dictated to his daughter, Mrs. Voigt, his recollections of the early establishment of the mission at Serampore, with a clearness and minuteness perfectly astonishing. The vast stores of knowledge which he had laid up in early life, and to which he was making constant addition, rendered his personal intercourse in society a great enjoyment. His manners and deportment, particularly towards his inferiors, were remarkable for amenity and humility. To his family he was devoted almost to a fault, so that his enemies found in this subject a fertile field for crimination—with what generosity of feeling let every parent judge. During a union of more than forty-six years, he was the most devoted of husbands, and as the father of a family of twelve children, of whom only six lived to an age to appreciate his worth, and only five survived to deplore his loss, he was the most affectionate of parents.

The leading trait of his character, more especially in the earlier part of his career, was energy and firmness: this, combined with a spirit of strong perseverance, enabled him to assist in carrying out into effect those large views which he and his colleagues delighted to indulge in. His piety was deep and genuine. His religious sentiments were without bigotry. But the most distinguishing feature in his life was his ardent zeal for the cause of missions. This zeal never for a moment suffered any abatement, but seemed to gather strength from every new difficulty. The precious cause, as he latterly denominated it, occupied his dying thoughts, as it had occupied his living exertions; and the last question which he asked of those around him was, 'Can you think of any thing I can yet do for it?' This zeal was united with a degree of pecuniary disinterestedness which has seldom been surpassed. He considered it his greatest privilege, that God had enabled him to lay on the altar of his cause so large a contribution from his own labours. With the means of amassing an ample fortune, he did not leave behind him, of all his own earnings in India for thirty-eight years, more than the amount of a single year's income of his seminary in its palmy days.

We owe some apology for the length to which this notice has been extended; but the subject scarcely admitted of our saying less. To some, even this lengthened memorial of the last survivor of the three men, who were, under God, the means of giving a spiritual and intellectual impulse to India, which will be felt during the present century, will not be displeasing; while others may possibly find some excuse for the length to which filial veneration has extended a tribute of affection, for one to whom the writer is indebted for whatever can be deemed valuable in life.

From Tail's Magazine.

IRISH REAPERS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

In a careful and luminous speech on the question of the Irish Poor-Law, a leading Cabinet Minister lately pronounced a high eulogium upon the peasant Irish who go over to England to cut the harvest. He praised their industry in getting, and their prudence in not spending, in a strange country, the products of the labour which they quitted their own to seek an opportunity of honestly exercising. And the statesman necessarily added to this, or superinduced around it, an admission of much good conduct on the part of the poor people during their sojourn in England;—and with obvious reason; for how, indeed, could the other merits he had enumerated have been accounted for, without supposing an attendant, a guardian sense of moral propriety, and a knowledge of social duties and actions? Humble we—the thrice-Irish O'Haras—were delighted to read those statements, not simply because they panegyricized Irish people like ourselves, but also because they did us the honour of going hand in hand with our own observations of the class of persons in question, during many years' residence in the noble Lord's country. In Kent, in Sussex, and in other agricultural English counties, we have indeed seen the Irish labourer, come over to reap his neighbour's crop, earn and anticipate this excellent character now given him upon such high authority. In small towns, in very small villages, and in farm-houses, we have heard him admired and respected for his conduct and his prudence, to say nothing of his almost unrivalled prowess in task-work in the fields. It would be easy for us to mention the names of Sussex farmers in particular, who spoke nearly in terms of attachment of their Irish visitants. We remember one who told us that the same man, *with his family*, had been coming to his father and him, during harvest-time, every year for twenty years previously. But how with his family? First, the poor fellow appeared, leading a sickly mother in his train, and supporting her out of the fruits of his labour; and this went on for many years—till, while absent in Ireland one severe winter the mother died. Next year, he presented himself anew with a young wife; next year, with the same accompaniment, and the adjunct of a toddling infant; the next, with the wife still, and that urchin, now able to trudge sturdily along, and a second, as if to keep up his elder brother's former place, mounted upon the father's shoulders. In due course of time, the wife stopped at home, to take care of her now flourishing establishment in her own "green isle"—(made so by her husband's consistent industry in England)—but still and still the original emigrant returned, leading by the hand, or bearing in his arms or on his back, one or other of his children;

and the very day upon which the worthy Sussex farmer spoke to us, he took us out into one of his fields, and shewed us the individual in question, employed in cutting down wheat, while a little Irish imp, not more than two years old—and Irishly clad, too—was half crawling round him, like a kind of tame frog, (if such a thing could be,) through the stubbles; father and son making very good company with each other, and eloquently discussing various subjects in their native tongue.

But how could Paddy save so much of his English earnings, and so many village "taps" near him? Whisky, to be sure, his usual beverage, he could not get; but gin was a pretty good substitute—and what paid for his consumption of that? Did he not reel or caper about, drunk, as often as ever? No—he did not tinkle at all. Not even as much as his English brother. Strange enough!—and how to be accounted for? Very easily. He was now well occupied, and well rewarded, and kindly treated; and success gave him self-respect, and the kind treatment confidence in the future; he was away, too, from the contagion of bad example supplied in his own country by the ill-rewarded, ill-treated, if not totally neglected, and, therefore, reckless peasant; and so he became, not only a sober man, but a prudent, a well-conducted, and a consistent one. Ye that run, read!

Nor is it alone for mere industry and good conduct that the Irish agricultural labourer in England and Scotland merits our approbation. He is also to be applauded for much endurance and good-temper under annoyances of a peculiar nature. While the more respectable of the two sister countries, almost invariably, are kind, just indeed, to the poor stranger, the same is scarcely to be expected of the humbler classes of English and Scotch, who naturally regard him as an intruder in their harvest-field, and sometimes treat him accordingly. Topics lie abundantly at hand through which to vent their unamiable, though, perhaps, natural feeling; and Pat has to encounter sneers and gibes upon his drawl, his brogue, his idioms, his very dress, air, and manners, as well as upon his country and his religion. But he meets and bears all this patiently. We do not mean to speak of such atrocious Irish colonies as those of St. Giles or Chelsea. In places like these, the emigrant Irish are a hundred times worse-conducted than they can be found at home, because they still congregate together—indeed, are forced to do so—cut off from good example, or mixing only with such specimens of English or Scotch as deprave them down to the blackguardism of all large cities and towns. No, in one of the London-Irish principalities, Pat, we are free to admit, is always prepared to kick up a row upon any or no provocation. But we do speak of the poor Irish labourer alone, or clanning but with a few of his countrymen, in the agricultural dis-

tricts of England; and in such positions, we repeat that his command of temper, nay, his not unchristian meekness under unmerited taunt and insult, deserve a generous sympathy and commendation.

Cowardly foes, unfortunately, are to be found, now and then, in every community; and worse than the sarcasm of the tongue is occasionally inflicted, by his jealous neighbours, on the wandering and unbefriended Irishman. Blows, entailing severe bodily harm, are thus, though seldom, his lot. And we have seen him, too, almost without his knowing it, suffering under such rough treatment, and witnessed how he met the injury; and it was with patience, philosophy, and religion, still. We have heard him, indeed, make allowances for the irritated sense of rivalry of brother John, and pray to God to forgive him. Yes! explain it to yourselves as you may, all good and gentle readers, of every sect, who differ from him, your poor-fellow subject Pat has, in his heart of hearts, a feeling of religion, which, in many varieties of to you perhaps unimaginable privation, woe, and wrong, is—must be—his sole refuge against despair and all its frightful consequences.

Upon a former occasion, we illustrated some assertions, something like this one, by reference to the public columns of a newspaper; and, in the present instance, we shall do the same thing—scarcely, as in the case alluded to, altering in any way the printed report to serve our purposes. The incident is intimately connected with all we have been gossiping on the subject of Irish reapers. Unhappily, too, it records the perpetration, upon one of them, of an act of excessive cruelty, by a few individuals of—we shall not say whether England or Scotland. It is not in the view, Heaven knows, of holding up to national obloquy the whole people of the country in question that we would recur to the unfortunate circumstance; and a little innocent mystifying may therefore be permitted on this one point. Doubtless, however, we are not the only persons upon whom, of all the newspaper-reading public, the matter made an impression, now some ten years ago; and, presuming such to be the case, we may expect that references will be made by some of our readers to the real scene of action as we go along.

It would be superfluous to observe here, that want of good demand, or, even with that, want of good reward for labour at home, is the cause of the emigration to other harvest-grounds, of the Irish peasant. And, generally speaking, he crosses over to England or to Scotland, not in consequence of any sudden failure in worldly prospects in his own country, but simply to better a lot which, in common with millions, he has been accustomed to from his cradle—ay, and to which the father who rocked him in that cradle had also been accustomed. Sometimes, however, a change for the worse in circumstances does send a new claimant across

the Channel in harvest-time; and it is with such a case we are at present concerned. And, as the change alluded to arose from occurrences which, in the present state of the world, can take place only in Ireland, we are necessitously warned, as it were, to commence our anecdotes of Davy Ryan on his own soil.

Few of the proprietors of a quarter of an acre of ground in Ireland endeavour to keep even the smallest patch before their cabin door for ornamental purposes; and yet Davy Ryan contrived to do so. Not, indeed, that he exhibited anything like a flower-garden; yet his neighbours thought that he approached very near to its pretensions in rearing, within the area of a few square yards round his threshold, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and radishes, with a few roots of parsley, tongue-grass, and thyme; nay, even "the flowers themselves"—in the shape of bachelor's-buttons, blue-bells, &c.—audaciously peered up among the borders of his more usefully-employed beds. And he had actually fenced in all this from the intrusion of pigs, dogs, cows, and horses; to say nothing of men, women, and children, who might be inclined to pay his pleasure-ground an unceremonious visit, either from his potato ridges, which commenced immediately outside its boundary, in front of his cabin, or else over the very low wall which half defined the highroad to one side of it.

In fact, country and locality considered, Davy was well to do in the world. Along with cultivating the whole important extent of his own grounds, and doing a day's work for a farmer whenever he could get it, he, with the assistance of his simple, pains-taking wife, reared domestic fowls of all kinds, which she, or her eldest child, a girl of sixteen, sold in the next market town. He had, moreover, a plantation of osiers, in the headland of his quarter of an acre of potatoes, which he industriously—and skilfully, the neighbours said—manufactured into coarse but serviceable hand-baskets, also vendible on market day. And thus everything went on prosperously and happily with him.

Some points of Davy's character it is here convenient to notice. In precision of conduct and orderly habits, and, above all, in seriousness of disposition, he differed from the majority of his equals in life around him. But, perhaps, these virtues ran into their own extremes. For the every-day enjoyment of an existence which is not doomed to be always sombre, and certainly to the apprehensions of his neighbours in general, Davy did not smile or laugh enough. And then his constant exhortations to keep everything tidy and in its place, in doors and out of doors, sometimes proved a bore to his otherwise affectionate and admiring family; his younger children in particular—two boys of six and of four years—thinking him quite too exact.

He was a religious man, from feeling and upon

principle; and a strict observer of all the duties and discipline enjoined by his church: and his family imitated and followed his good example. No cursing or swearing, or profane language of any kind was heard in his house; and drunkenness was a stranger to it. Nor, though a strict adherent to his own creed, did he shew any uncharitable feelings to those who differed from him. The blacksmith of his village was a stern Protestant, and yet he and Davy were constant visitors at each other's houses; it must be added, constant disputants too. And here comes in something of our poor hero, which may, we fear, make him seem a little absurd. Davy was a great theological arguer. Having partially acquired, in early youth, the art of reading, he became acquainted, all on one side of the question, with the history of the reformation, ("as they call it," he used to add.) A very mutilated and greasy copy of a curious book, "Warde's Cantos," also found its way into his hands, and he made great use of it. Perhaps few of our readers have seen the rare production in question. 'Tis written in Hudibrastic rhyme, and is evidently a copy of Butler's style, in all respects; its wit and sarcasm are not, however, so neat and playful. For instance—it introduces, if we recollect aright, the ghosts of Queen Elizabeth and her worthy father, Henry VIII., holding learned and not polite colloquy, on the Reformation, in no less a place than the infernal regions. Such as it was, however, and also considering how small a portion of the whole work ever came under his notice, Davy Ryan worked wonders with his quotations of verse from "Warde's Cantos." The blacksmith could stand against anything but these; but, under their cutting acerbity, he lost his temper, and with it his argument.

But, though Davy would "argue religion" against all comers, we must again request him to be considered as, in the heart—ay, and in all outward observance, too—Christian-like towards even his pitted antagonists. No personally-offensive language of his own ever disgraced the diction of his syllogisms. He entered upon the good work of disputation in a solemn feeling of right, and a serious sense of duty; and his monotonous voice would go on, as he sat weaving his baskets from morning till night, if he had any one to listen to him, repeating over and over the same dogmatical things, with a manner the most unimpassioned, and a gravity of face that betokened an inward, self-satisfied conviction, which it was out of the power of living man, or of human wit, to shake for one moment.

With these excellent general materials for a disposition towards politics, it may be inferred that Davy Ryan did not remain quite indifferent to the great public questions of his own day. In fact he was a sturdy O'Connellite, and had formed a village club, the members of which, by subscribing a halfpenny per fort-

night each, produced a sum sufficient to bring down by the coach, to their "town," every Sunday morning, Michael Staunton's *Weekly Register*. And the newspaper used to be directed to "David Ryan, Esq., Ballymarnock;" and Davy used to read it aloud to all his subscribers—they ceding to him the right of keeping and filing the journal, when its contents had been fairly exhausted, in consideration of his trouble in bawling it out for them "from bignin to indin;" and also for having formed the society by which its blessings were distributed among them all.

Now, it was the time when the celebrated and we believe we may add, to-be-ever-memorable question of "passive resistance" to tithes became the great public one in Ireland. The *Register* teemed with it each Sunday, either in the shape of speeches and resolutions in the immortal rooms of "The Association;" or of comments from the editor; or of accounts of the successful working of the tremendous system, throughout the country. Added to this, Davy had actually been eye-witness to a futile attempt to sell, under a distress warrant of the parson of his parish, a great muster of sheep and horned cattle; and he saw that, among thousands of men on foot and on horseback, all keeping their hands crossed over their breasts, they did not command a single bidder; so that the sheriff was obliged to send them home again to their owners; only requiring bail for their good behaviour, and re-appearance at some undefined future period. And the whole of this made Davy Ryan, joined with what we know of his general character, and mental habits, a determined, unflinching, and magnanimous non-tithepayer. No! not a single inch of his whole ground of a quarter of an acre, potato field, and vegetable and flower garden, and all, would he pay one "rap" to the luxurious and "big ministher." Patriotism, conscience, historical knowledge, and a sense of polemical adroitness, all combined to make Davy resolute upon this point.

So, no tithes did he pay—having owed a considerable arrear, by the way, some time before forming his resolution. And years rolled on, and still he was a defaulter, and allowed to continue so with impunity. Perhaps the debated and distracted state of the question at issue—perhaps the indifference, if not contempt, with which the non-payment of the very little he could pay might have been regarded—or, perhaps, both causes together, may have operated to keep Davy in what may be called a blissful state of self-triumph and exultation.

But this did not last. It has been said that the side-fence of Davy's garden, such as it was, bounded the highroad to his village. In it, by a door of rudely-framed rustic paling, was an entrance to that garden. On a plat, or rather (it was so small) a tuft of grass, opposite this door, he used to love to sit, manufacturing

his osiers into baskets on a summer's evening, and prosing away as we have before hinted, upon his usual topics, to all and every one who would attend to him. We select a particular summer's evening upon which he was so engaged. His auditors were—his meek and matter-of-fact wife, sitting opposite to him on a "boss," gravely knitting a stocking for him, and often looking up from her almost self-assured work, (we would, indeed, nearly endow it with the power of getting on of itself, so little attention did she seem to pay to it, or else such a negligent mastery had she over it,) in order to applaud and honour his discourse;—next, almost at his feet, reclined his eldest child, Peggy, handing to him his peeled osiers, as he worked on, and also, regarding him with a look that emphatically, though silently, said, "There is no born man like you, father;"—and his third listener, seated upon a capsized old basket, a few feet from Davy, was a little spare figure of a man, who, with ferret eyes, watched his mouth, as if to note and take advantage of the moment, when it could possibly have done speaking; and the nose and chin of the face of this little figure almost met, and that face itself, albeit recently washed, (as its owner said,) exhibited but a kind of light, bluish-black tint; and he bent forward his body, leaning his elbows on his widely opened-knees; and between his raw-boned hands he clutched a pot of beer, which he had brought up from the village for his own particular, and, indeed necessary comforting during his accustomed evening visit to Davy; and, in a word, this third personage was Davy's old friendly foe in controversy—the little polemical blacksmith; yes, a little man, although a blacksmith.

James Blunt, the name of the cunning artificer in question, had actually grown fond of his benighted Popish neighbour, by dint, it would seem, of incessant hostility to him, or else out of respect to Davy's unconquerable toughness in holding out in a bad cause. He felt towards him

"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Or he loved him as brave soldiers love a little fortress, which, beyond possible calculation, baffles, month after month, all their sapping and mining, trench-work and bombarding. The daily interest, too, which his attacks upon Davy created, became habitually a chief portion of his enjoyment of existence; he longed for the evening hour of assault, as he did for the gratification of the draughts of ale that were to accompany it; and, if the truth were known, felt an inward discomfort at the thought of the future day, when (for come it must sooner or later) Davy was to be vanquished and silent.

A very long-winded parenthesis in Davy's present harangue, was interrupted by a figure, darkening the checkered sun-light which danced in upon the party

through the rude trellice-work of the little door that opened from the public road-side. Peggy Ryan was the first to recognise the new comer; though this she did, not by speaking a word, but by blushing so as to more than rival the scarlet of his jacket. Small and isolated as was her native village, a detachment from a regiment, headquartered in a rather remote city, was to be found in it; and a corporal of this detachment, a lad of not more than nineteen or twenty, had, "somehow or other," become a not unwelcome visiter at Davy Ryan's house. Irishman he was not, Catholic he was not, and yet Davy and his wife, as well as his daughter, received him in a friendly way. His well known good conduct in his regiment, his good humour, his frankness, his scholarship, and his *seemingly* respectful attention to Davy's religious lectures, to say nothing of his good looks, won for him this joint cordiality. It was ascertainable, too, that he was the son of a respectable farmer in his own country, had enlisted in a pettish fit of disobedience to his father, was allowed by his family to follow his self-chosen course long enough to repent of it, and to grow submissive towards them; and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of lawfully escaping, by their assistance, from the duties of a soldier, and once more engaging in his usual occupations at home. And, in a word, it was this young corporal, Wat Saunders by name, who came to pay an evening visit to our friends the Ryans.

He was admitted by one of the group—we need not say which; he assumed a seat by the side of that person; and there was a moment's pause in Davy's exhortation—taking watchful advantage of which, James Blunt snatched a hasty sip of his ale, and poking out his sharp chin, said tartly to the master of the premises—"Well, an' maybe you're done *now*?"

"Maybe I am, an' maybe I amn't," answered Davy, stooping to Peggy for a peeled osier, (which, however, was handed to him by Wat Saunders)—"at any rate, we will wait to hear what *you* can thry to say for a start, on the head o' the matther, Jimmy Blunt."

"Much obleeged for the compliment, Davy, and more an' more, because it isn't very often you pay id to a body, you know. Bud now for to ax you jist a civil question or two—Can you find nothin aginst poor Cromwell, Harry the Eighth's prime ministher, (after he turned off that consaited, blind-eyed, big turkey-sock of a Pope's cardinal,) only that he was the son of an honest blacksmith?"

"Deed an' I can, Jimmy, an' a grate dale more; by reason I find no fault at all wid him, on that score—far from me be id to do so—a blacksmith's thrade is a good, honest thrade for any man's father to have; an' if Cromwell rose higher than his father was, by takin up wid another thrade, more praise be to him!—only, I'd like to hear tell that his new thrade was as honest as

his ould one;—but it wasn't—his new thrade was the thrade iv a born rogue, an' thief o' the world—robbin the fine ould abbeys an' churches o' their gould an' their silver chalices an' crucifixes, and runnin 'em into coined money, to buy new wives an' new pleasures, an' diversions iv all sorts, for his unloocky masther and himself."

"Musha, an' duv you tell us so, Davy?" sneered James Blunt, good-humouredly; "and what's that you were for sayin' about the great Cranmore?"

"What I'll say agin, Jimmy, an' what I'll uphould: I said, an' I say, that afore the time that he was sure Harry the Eighth 'ud give ministhers and bishops lave to have wives, he had shipped over seys to him from Amstherdam, a lump of a woman, that he called a wife, (the Lord forgive him!) in an impty starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind, an' lived wid her in Lunnon town, unknownst."

A loud burst of polite laughter from the door by the road-side, commented upon Davy's historical anecdote. All eyes were turned in that direction, and saw standing, on the threshold of the door—which had been unwittingly left open by Peggy, after admitting the boyish corporal—the very tall and yet very corpulent figure of the Protestant rector of their parish, side by side with the low and slight one of a considerable land proprietor of the district.

The clergyman had been dining with his neighbour; both had set out for a walk, after dinner—that is, some time after it. Passing by Davy's garden, the group inside attracted their notice—and they had stopped at his door soon after Wat Saunders' entrance, and heard, unperceived, the whole of the conversation we have reported.

And at first it would seem that Davy's bold philippics provoked only the good-humoured indulgence, if not the contemptuous forbearance, which, from gentlemen of their rank and education, they might naturally have insured. The clergyman advanced a few steps into the little garden, still smiling heartily; a generous after-dinner colour on his ample cheeks; his fine black eyes glittering cordially through his gold-mounted spectacles; his hands thrust into his small-clothes pockets; his professional jack boots creaking harmoniously to his easy stride; and the broad and half-peaked brim of his still more professional hat, attached to its proper crown with silken cords and loops, in a mysterious kind of way. He was one of those reverend victims to non-payment of tithes, who, a short time before, had submitted to the legislature very touching pictures of their privations and sufferings under the new popular system; and yet, upon this evening, at least, few outward symptoms of misery or stint appeared in his colossal figure or well-rounded features: neither were his habiliments much the worse of the wear—nay, strange to say, he had gone to dine

at his friend's house, that day, in a handsome carriage, drawn by two horses worth thirty guineas each, leaving at home two other pleasure-vehicles, with all appurtenances, for the use of his reduced family; and it may sound still more strange to add, that, even during the whole fearful persecution, so vividly described in his letter to the Secretary in London, neither he nor they had ever wanted such slight indications of comfort. How other clergymen, of less active or tenacious habits, or of more yielding, if not more amiable feelings, (and we are bound and anxious to say that many such were and are to be found in Ireland,) might have fared under the law of "passive resistance" to tithes, is a question in itself; we are only certain that the important personages with whom we have now to do, seemed to have endured or lost very little by the arrangement.

As he advanced on our humble party, all, except the young corporal, arose, in surprise and some confusion, to salute and do him honour. Peggy and her mother were the most flurried and "struck-of-a-heap" of the circle; James Blunt bowed low, and with an expression of infelt and heart-yielded awe; Davy Ryan's salute was also very lowly, yet there was a certain something in it which told spiritual independence, at least, of the dignified visitant. Wat Saunders, after one glance, took no notice whatever of the great man, but still reclining on the patch of grass, went on peeling osiers for Davy—or rather for that individual's daughter.

Without making the least return to the humble greetings of our friends, the "big ministher," as Davy had called him, addressed "the man o' the house," speaking very fast, while he partially resumed his former laugh. "What, what, my good fellow?—in a starch-barrel you say?—got the lady smuggled over in a starch-barrel? Are you quite sure it was a starch-barrel?" And he, and his little slim friend at his back, again laughed outright.

Davy answered very gravely, slowly, and cautiously.

"When I spoke to my honest neighbour James Blunt, here, plaise your Riverence, of the nature o' the vessel that ould Cranmore got the poor misfort'nate crature iv a woman put into, on board ship, I said "a starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind," (Davy pronounced the above Italic words with emphasis;) "maning thereby to make James undherstand that I wouldn't give my word entirely, but that it might be some other kind iv a barrel—or even a chest, maybe, or a thrunk, or a box itsef—or whatever it is that they pack up their cheeses in, whin they sind them over frum thim counthries: so that your Honour's Riverence can take your pick-an'-choose an' plaise yoursef among all sorts o' consalements to hide her in from the world's gibe an' schandle; only, come to him she did, in sich a manner as I made mintion of."

"But, my good man, why need he have hid his wife in anything?" resumed the clergyman, still almost good-humouredly, "why not let her go about the ship, like any other passenger?—or why should a man's honest wife be a gibe or a scandal, as you say?"

"I tould James Blunt that, too, your Riverence. She wasn't his honest wife, at that time; (no, nor at any time; for she never could be, durin' ash, oak, or ellum, for the plain rason, that ould Cranmore was in priest's ordhers at the first goin' off, and couldn't take any woman to wife, till the day of his death;) an' he coopered her up in a kind iv a way we're talkin' of, becuse Harry VIII.'s mind wasn't sart'n as to lettin' the turn-coat clargy of his Ritformation (as he called id) live wid poor desaiaved women, undher the name iv wives, an' he was afraid o' vexin' his masther on unsafe grounds; an' he couldn't wait to make sure, he was in sich a hurry at ould Nick's promptin' (the Lord presarve us!) to break his vows, an' taste some o' the rewards of his threasion to the ould, pure religion; an' as to the gibe an' the schandle, afore the world's face"——

"Come, come," interrupted the dignitary, his good sense not now continuing to support his jocoseness, and the little cause for his change of temper might perhaps have been traced to a humorsome smile at that moment appearing on young Wat Saunders' mouth—"come, come, my good fellow!—enough of your nonsense; you are a silly, romancing fellow, not knowing what you say—though, indeed, you may do some harm among fools as ignorant as yourself. Blunt, is this a fit place for you?"

The poor blacksmith nervously hastened to assure the questioner that he came to convince Davy of his absurdities, not to be convinced by them; an assertion which, in his own way, Davy fully and anxiously bore out.

"So—and this young hero, here—you, sir," magnificently confronting young Corporal Saunders, "can you find no better occupation for your time than to sit listening to the ravings of a foolish old Popish bigot?"

Wat Saunders, reddening a little, looked up quietly at the clergyman, and answered that, as he was not his officer, he need answer him no such question.

"Oho! so very independent, young corporal? Well, and perhaps your officer may repeat to you that very question. And so good evening! And good evening to you, too, Master Davy Ryan!—Is not that your name?" And the speaker was striding with much tall dignity towards the door of the little garden.

"Plaise your Riverence," cried Davy, in a loud but not impassioned voice, "we ax your pardon, but would just be beggin' of you to stop one moment longer wid us."

"And for what purpose?" demanded the rector, turning round and again confronting him, with a smile—an assumed one, however.

"I'll tell your Riverence. Your Riverence called me very hard names just now; and, moreover—and what I think worse of, into the bargain—tould me plump, afore my little family here, and afore my ould neighbour, James Blunt, and afore Watty Corporal Saunders, and afore my head landlord, at your back, that I didn't well know what I was talkin' about. Now, I'd be much behoulden to your Riverence if you'd make that sayin' good, or else wait to hear what I can say to take id out of your mouth for another time. I b'lieve id's talking about the rason why Cranmore put the for'n woman in the starch-barrel, or in the cheese-barrel, or in the thrunk, or the chest, or in the box, we were. Well, I gave you one raisin, and I can give you another. The tithes of the new church was not settled at that same time, and ould Cranmore didn't know in what way they'd be likely to be settled, and whether or no the share he'd get out of the plunther of the ould church id make him be able to keep up anything like a wife at all; for, as everybody in the wide world knows, as well as your Riverence, the pure aancient religion, afther bein sthript of its lawful dues, the half of which id gave away in mate, and dhrink, and clothin', and firin' to the poor"——

His listener once more laughed loud, interrupting Davy's earnest harangue; but his laugh, though loud, was not as kindly as, at his entrance into the garden, it had been. "So, so—you *are* a learned Theban on these points, I see? You *do* know all about tithes as well as other matters; and this comes, of course, of your paying them so punctually, and with such goodwill."

"Indeed, and it does not," answered Davy, holding himself up into a tower of strength, as it were, against a foreseen coming storm; and Wat Saunders now tittered gleeishly, and Davy's reverend opponent frowned. "Indeed, an' it does not. I pay no tithes, an' I never paid tithes, an' I never will pay a rap o' tithes. The knowledge I have o' what I'm talkin about cum to me by other mains than that, plaise your Honour's Riverence."

His legal pastor, his pastor *malgre lui*, looked sharply through his glittering spectacles at Davy Ryan, and then at his small friend, the great land proprietor, who returned the meaning of the glance; and, finally, he hurried to the high road, his features wearing, however, a good-humoured expression at parting, and his farewell words uttered in a condescendingly cheerful tone.

"Perhaps you can find law, or history, or whatever it is, for not paying your rent, as well as for not paying your tithes?" observed the gentleman who lingered behind.

"No, your Honour," replied Davy; "Rendher unto Ceyzar the things that are Ceyzar's, is what I am bid

to do, and I sthrive to do id. I owe bud the runnin' gale for my whole quarther iv an acre, barrin' the thrifle due for the little cabin last Michaelmas."

"Whom do you hold under, from me?"

Davy gave the man's name, and his head landlord drily bid him good-by, and followed his reverend friend.

About a year after this evening, let us walk along the village road to take another peep at Davy on his grass tuft in his garden—for the day is fine enough to give promise of his being at his tineless work of twisting osiers and historical facts together. But, arrived at the outside of his little trelliced door, you need not look in to bid him good morrow. He is sitting, almost opposite to that door, his back against the fence at the other side of the road, supporting, with the assistance of his daughter Peggy, his wife, who lies insensible in his arms. His two little boys are crying loudly at his side, and James Blunt, his eyes running tears, stands over his old polemical foe. The wife is almost insensible, though working in pain and convulsions, the warnings of a premature *accouchement*. Peelers and soldiers are stationed at the entrance to his once comfortable little home; and some of the former, led and assisted by bailiffs, are passing in and out of the yard and the house, conveying Davy's household furniture, such as it is, or rather was—not excepting the bed, which would now be a solace to his wife—into a cart, which is in the middle of the road. His "slip iv a pig," too, is squeaking obstreperously in the cart; and the very last things which the agents of the law hurry out with, are a file of *The Weekly Register*, and Davy's few ragged and soiled leaves of "Warde's Cantos." 'Tis all over with the poor polemic. For the last year, landlord and tithe-proctor have been at him together, and his whole earthly property will not now cover his law-costs. He is a houseless pauper on the roadside; his wife dying, his children helpless; and, though one good Samaritan, poor James Blunt, stands at his side, little comfort can he pour into the sufferer's heart.

"You must bring her home to my poor place, Davy," said the blacksmith.

"Thank'ee, James, for the lave—an' the Lord's will be done!" answered Davy.

They did so; but had soon to remove her from that humble roof, too, to another home—her last. The poor woman's dead baby was buried with her.

"An' now, Jimmy," said the widower to his still attentive friend, after the humble burial was over—(they stood in the churchyard; Davy had just knelt up from the new grave; his daughter Peggy and her little brothers were crying over it)—"and now, Jimmy, God be wid you and prosper you!—I'm for the road, an' its time for me." He was securing a sickle at his back. "An' maybe I'd see you agin, afore the fall o' the lafe,

to give you thanks for all your friendship to me an' mine—thanks, an' more than thanks, plaise God. Come, Peggy; come, a-lanna; come, childher."

"Why, where are you goin', man alive?" asked Blunt, in surprise and interest.

"I'm goin' the nearest road to the sey betuxt me an' England an' Scotland, James Blunt; an' then, wid God's help, I'll crass the sey, an' be in another counthry. It's the harvest time, very nigh hand, an' I don't forget the field-work; an', though I'm no longer a young boy, I'm sthrong an' healthy yet; an' the English an' Scotch farmers give good hire, they tell me; an' I'll work hard to plaise 'em, any how; an', when they pay me, I'll come back an' pay *you*, a-vich."

"Pay the divvle!" cried James, gruffly and crossly. "Don't be botherin' me. An' what'll you do wid the childer?"

"Take 'em wid me, Jim. Peggy is well able for the road; an', when the *weemucks* gets tired, I'll carry 'em on my back, by turns."

"Why, you havn't a *laffina*, startin'!" still remonstrated Blunt.

"I have God," replied Davy, in a low, solemn voice, taking off his hat, and looking upward.

The smith was silent, only he vainly rummaged his pockets for a help for Davy, which they did not afford.

"Come, Peggy, *a-vourneen*, I bid you agin—'tis time. Too much grief for the dead is sinful against the Lord's will. Come, my honey; or, wait a start agin."

He returned to the grave, still bareheaded, knelt, took Peggy's hand in his, passed his left arm round the necks of his younger children, and all prayed aloud, though in broken voices, "for the repose of the soul" of the poor wife and mother. James Blunt, looking on askance, sympathized with them, although, from his chilk'hood, he had been taught to regard such an observance as superstitious.

Davy arose, surrounded by his family, and took a final leave of his friend.

"I'll only ax you to do one more kind turn for me, Jim, while I'm away," he whispered, as he wrung Blunt's hand. "Keep the poor grave marked, an' clear of weeds, if you can; for I don't give up the hope of hyin' a little headstone for it another time: will you, Jim?"

"I'll do what you say," promised the blacksmith.

And Davy and his orphans turned their backs on the village.

We next get a glimpse of the wandering group, creeping along the highroad, under the shade of a fence, in a strange country. The sun is scorching; the dust of the road blinding. Davy's shoes, and those of his daughter, are broken; the little boys are bare-footed and in rags; and, indeed, their father and sister are not

much better clad. All look way-worn, dejected, hungry, and thirsty. The awe of strangeness in a land of bustle, riches, and order, is also upon them. They feel that they are very inferior, as well as very friendless, among the well-dressed, energetic people around them. Doubt, distrust, if not fear, are in their troubled eyes. They scarce ask a question of any one they meet; or, if they do, 'tis in a misgiving of not being understood or heeded, or else of being jeered at or insulted. In fact, carrying his youngest boy on his shoulders, and leading the other limping little fellow by the hand, while Peggy moves a step in advance, it seems to be poor Davy's policy to steal along the road, unnoticed altogether for the present. He is not yet far from the coast where he landed from Ireland, and the scene of his proposed industry is some days' journey distant.

A stage-coach, fully freighted, appeared on the road behind. Before it came up, half a dozen men and lads, spying the Irishman from a neighbouring field, jumped over the road-fence, and began to hoot and pelt him with hard clods. He bowed his head to his breast, to save his face—lowered the boy on his back, to shield him also—put the other child with Peggy behind him, and continued his way without a word. The stage-coach rattled up, as a clod, to which the poor fellow silently winced, struck him hard on the shoulder. A cry of discouragement against his tormentors arose from the passengers, inside and outside; and, at the same instant, Johnny Coachee wound a long, well-aimed lash round the neck and shoulders of their ringleader, and Davy was allowed to hobble on, without further present molestation. Perhaps young coachee used his whip at the pure impulse of indignant humanity; perhaps in the hope of an additional half-crown among his Irish outsides; at all events, he performed a useful action in behalf of a fellow-creature. The jealous field-labourers consulted together, as if they would follow Davy when the stage should pass out of view; but it drew up almost immediately, at a little inn, to change horses; and then many of the passengers got down, surrounded Davy and his companions, spoke kindly with him, English, Scotch, and Irish as they were, showered pence into his pocket, and convoyed him, while the horses were being put to, out of all danger from his assailants.

This was not Davy's first trial since he came from his own country, though it was, as yet, the most cruelly hostile one he had encountered. He was doomed, alas! to find it outdone in cruelty as he travelled onward. From some acquaintances of his old Irish neighbourhood, before he left home, Davy had learned the residence and name of a farmer who, in the country he now passed through, had a character for great good-heartedness and fair-dealing among his Hibernian harvest-cutters. To the abode of this individual—all

thought of occupation on the way cast aside—Davy pursued his pilgrimage. It would seem that he dreaded to demand work at any farm of which the owner was unknown to his countrymen, or, at least, to the few of them, of emigrating habits, on the list of Davy's friends. So northward he walked.

The summer's evening was falling as he and his children entered a beautiful little village, only a few miles from his point of destination, where as he said to himself and them, they could all have a good night's rest, and start fresh for the house of the kind farmer by daybreak next morning. But how to secure the good night's rest was a question. Davy had met no chance charity since the day the stage-coach passengers assisted him, and he was, upon this evening, pennyless. Still more wayworn and ragged, too, than when we glanced at them last—short time ago as that is—the poor Irish group cut a sorry figure as they emerged from the shaded, cool, delightful green lane which opened immediately into the village in question. They well knew they must not beg, at peril of the cage and many other terrors: what were they to do then for food and a place to lay their heads?

"O father, father dear!" sobbed Peggy, in a low, fearful voice, "the childher 'ill never go through the night, widout victuals, an' widout a roof! Their little feet is sore blisthered an' crippled, an' they are half dead already wid the fatague, an' the sleep, an' the hunger! O Wat Saunders!" continued Peggy, to herself, "an' is this the ind iv all your promises to me? A year come an' gone since you left Ireland, out o' the sojers, to come home here to your own country—your own rich, beautiful country—and never a word sent afther poor Peggy Ryan, to comfort her heart in her sore affliction! Father, father, what'll become of us, this night!"

"We'll sleep sound, Peggy, *a-courneen*," answered Davy—"sound an' happy, afther kneelin' down and saying our prayers, this night: that's all that will happen to us. Hould up, a-lanna! Don't cry, my pets; sure, we're nigh hand to comfort an' plinty, an' everything that's good. To-morrow mornin' we'll be at the work, praise God! An' here, Peggy—here's a few preaties eft in the wallet yet, ever since we quitted poor Ireland; an' here's the sauce-pan to boil 'em in, too; an' some good Christen 'ill give you lave to put 'em down on heir cabin-fire, for the love o' God! An', don't you see that cow-shed across the village, an' the man in it? We'll go over to him, and ask him for the night's lodgin there, an' I'll be bail he won't refuse us; an' then you can go and beg of a neebor to let you boil our supper on her fire, an' so we'll be as happy as kings on heir thrones. Come over to the shed, Peggy, *a-charra*, an' lift Paddy in your arms. Just this start, an', never fear, I'll take care o' Micky."

They approached the shed slowly and humbly. The

man they had seen in it had pity on them, and told them they might stay in it for the night; adding that he had power to give them permission, as he was employed by the farmer to whom it belonged. He then left them. Davy, making the children sit down in a corner, engaged himself in collecting into a heap, for a bed, the cleaner portions of the cow-litter it contained—the animals being, at present, absent—and sent Peggy, as had been arranged, out into the village, to try and get her sauce-pan of potatoes boiled on a neighbour's fire. She returned to him in a short time, crying bitterly, the vessel of potatoes undressed in her hand. The people of one or two cottages into which she had entered, had behaved harshly to her, refusing the use of their fires, and calling her and her father hard names, and reproaching them for wandering over from Ireland, to deprive honest people of their honest earnings in their own country. The last woman she saw said worse than this; she threatened, in fact, to go after her husband to the tap, and get him and his friends to cuff the beggarly strangers out of their village; and Peggy seemed much afraid of evil towards her father, in consequence. Still poor Davy found words of patience and submission to his lot. He said nothing hard, in return, of his churlish neighbours; on the contrary, he reminded Peggy that it was natural they should act as they had done; and that strangers strolling over to Ireland to share harvest work with its people, might, perhaps, encounter similar treatment. For the want of the few boiled potatoes for supper, he preached resignation and patience, until the morning: one night's fast, in addition to all they had suffered, was not much, he said; and the good breakfast at the good farmer's house, would be the more welcome; and then, hiding the tears in his own eyes, at the cries of his boys, he took the little fellows in his arms, one after the other, kissed them, laid them on the litter, spread his own tattered coat over them, knelt with Peggy at their side, repeated the usual night-prayers for all, with a broken voice added another prayer for their mother's soul, and then, causing Peggy to lie down at their side, stretched himself across his children's feet.

"An' we'll soon be fast asleep, my little pets," said Davy, "an' forget everything; and, though we don't lie in a bed o' down, wid grand curtains, an' afther a grand supper, our consciences are clear, 'an we owe no living creature a grudge, an' the good God o' heaven an' earth is watchin over us; an', b'lieve the words out o' my lips, many a great man in the world, ay, an' many a king, will sleep worse than we'll sleep this holy and blessed night."

Awful and mysterious are the ways of Providence!—in dispensation of earthly good and ill to the suffering poor, particularly awful and mysterious; and, were it not for blind, adoring faith, very hard to be

bowed down unto by human reason, and by the human heart of man! The blessed sleep which poor Davy had anticipated as a balm for all his present sorrows, had scarce fallen upon his mind, when he was roused out of it to be plunged into the final sleep of death. Peggy's fears proved but too well-founded. The wretches at the tap, excited into momentary fury, came indeed upon the friendless stranger, dragged him from his children's feet, and, with bludgeons as well as with their fists, beat him so cruelly that he died under their blows. In vain he remonstrated—asked them to forgive and pity him—him and his orphans—and promised not to offend by seeking for work;—amid the shrieks of those orphans, and while his last audible words were, "God forgive you!"—they killed him.

They were immediately arrested; indeed, almost on the spot and in the act. A farmer and his son, riding by to their home, some few miles off, heard the noise of the outrage, hastened to the shed, and, with assistance, secured the man-slayers for justice. Romantic things will happen in spite of us. The farmer turned out to be Wat Saunders' father, and the farmer's son Wat Saunders himself.

The trial of the guilty men came on at the next assize town. It called forth great interest and sympathy. Poor Peggy Ryan, supported by Wat Saunders' mother—under whose comfortable, and humane, and right friendly roof she had been, with her little brothers, domesticated since the murder—gave her evidence in a manner that commanded universal respect, as well as sorrow for her father and for herself. Young, pretty, an orphan—and under such circumstances—she told her weeping tale so pathetically, so mildly, and so unhatingly towards the prisoners at the bar, that all admired, praised, loved her. The simple recital of her father's adventures, since landing from Ireland to the moment of his death, his conduct, manner, and words, all through riveted the attention, and moved the very tears of a crowded court. His words while stretching himself across his little one's feet—which we have reported—produced a powerful effect on every hearer; the very culprits on their trial wept as Peggy repeated the words; and the judge dwelt on them, in his charge, with respectful earnestness. "They are a lesson to us all," he said.

The prisoners were found guilty of manslaughter, of the most grievous class.

Peggy is now Mrs. Wat Saunders.

From Tait's Magazine.

HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
Though with thee comes the strife
Of changeful weather.

Oh, young and coldly fair,
Come, with thy storm-blown hair,
Down-casting snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

Approachest thou in shower?
Mist hath enroll'd thee;
Till, changed by viewless power,
Bright we behold thee.
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly, by
Green holme and mountain high,
Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely runlets glide
Unheard thou movest;
Wide strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
'Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And, lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing.

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding;
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun;
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
On top-bough sitting;
The ouzel's wizard note,
By dingle fitting.
The loved one, too, is there—
Above his snow-plashed lair,
He sings, in sun-bright air,
Carol befitting.

Come, ev'ry tone of joy!
Add to the pleasure!—
Sweet Robin's melody
Joins in the measure;
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
Their sparkling treasure.

The hazel bloom is hung
Where beams are shining;
The honey-bine hath clung,
Garlands entwining
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world his own,
Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
And welcome, too, the strife,
Of changeful weather!
Oh, ever young and fair,
Cast from thy storm-blown hair,
Bright drops and snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

From Tail's Magazine.

TO AN IDIOT.

Poor, witless youth! come hither. Let me trace
 What lines distinctive part thee from thy race:
 Their voice thou hast—their features—upright form—
 And heart that throbs with instinct not less warm.
 But, ah!—the feelings of that heart are blind,
 And stray unguided by far-seeing Mind;
 Where proud imperial Reason's throne should be,
 Thou hast but dull and gloomy vacancy.
 What varied fancies crowd to me, whene'er
 I mark—as toward me turns thine empty stare—
 The quiet of the unreflecting eye!
 No thought to mirror, or be lighted by,
 Finds within; and meaningless it roves,
 E'er kindling, though it rest e'en where it loves!
 And that strange hollow laugh I never hear,
 Without replying by a sudden tear.
 Alas! on Earth, there is no light for thee—
 Lightless, thou trav'lest to Eternity!
 No stamp of thought is seen upon thy brow—
 'Th' unwritten page of Nature's book art thou!

Yet, can the sagest say thou art not one
 That Heaven's most favouring look is turn'd upon?
 Unknowing and uncaring, 'mid the strife
 Of those who feel the duties born of Life—
 Unharm'd and harming none—the care and crime
 Through which for ever is the march of Time,
 Disturb thee not. The hours fly o'er thee fast,
 With noiseless wings. The future, as the past,
 But a blank—the present is a joy,
 E'er mingled with that bitterest alloy,
 The misery of mind. Rememb'ring naught
 To cause thee pain, and wake desponding thought—
 'E'en safe from Him, the Demon, Foe of Man,
 Attempted wilt thou live thy little span.
 Thou dost not think upon the sunny hour
 Of childhood; nor lament that ev'ry flow'r
 Which bloom'd about thee then, is faded now!—
 Thou dost not weep the blighted hope!—the vow
 Abandon'd soon as register'd!—the dream
 Of joy, that, like the bubbles on the stream
 By which, in boyhood's merry time, you roved,
 Hath vanish'd!—the bright things that first you loved,
 All changed—departed, wither'd, or grown cold!—
 Thine heart thou feel'st not prematurely old!—
 The hallow'd home you dwelt in when a child,
 Where on your early sports your mother smil'd—
 The happy circle, broken up!—the days
 Thou hast not trodden Vice's tempting ways—
 If these thou thinkst not; nor wilt ever know
 That Recollection is a fount of woe!

Yet those we deem the glorious of our race,
 Lay not hereafter find a resting-place
 As tranquil as the home prepar'd above
 For thee, unconscious child of Heaven's love!

Oh, pausing in our passions' wild career,
 Should we not gaze on thee, and, with a tear,
 Not of compassion, but of envy, own
 That, rather than possess an Empire's throne,
 Thy fate we'd choose: To pass the time below
 ainless and sorrowless, and hence to go,
 Without one heart-rent retrospective sigh,
 To share the ever-during bliss on high!

What dost thou, Idiot, here on earth? Thou art
 Not one of us. Why dost thou not depart?
 Why wert thou sent at all?—to mope alone?
 Outcast! to find companionship in none?
 Mainly we ponder on that mystery—
 All that we learn is, not to *pity* thee!

Kilkenny, 1838.

ZICCI.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.*

It was a small cabinet;—the walls were covered
 with pictures, one of which was worth more than the
 whole lineage of the owner of the palace:—is not Art
 a wonderful thing!—a Venetian noble might be a frib-
 ble, or an assassin—a scoundrel, or a dolt; worthless,
 or worse than worthless; yet he might have sate to
 Titian, and his portrait may be inestimable!—a few
 inches of painted canvass a thousand times more valu-
 able than a man with his veins and muscles, brain,
 will, heart, and intellect.

In this cabinet sate a man of about three and forty,
 —dark-eyed, sallow, with short, prominent features,
 a massive conformation of jaw, and thick sensual, but
 resolute lips;—this man was the Prince di ——. His
 form, middle-sized, but rather inclined to corpulence,
 was clothed in a loose dressing-robe of rich brocade:
 on a table before him lay his sword and hat, a mask,
 dice and dice-box, a portfolio, and an inkstand of silver
 curiously carved.

'Well, Mascari,' said the prince, looking up to-
 wards his parasite, who stood by the embrasure of the
 deep-set barricaded window, 'well, you cannot even
 guess who this insolent meddler was. A pretty per-
 son you to act the part of a Prince's Ruffiano.'

'Am I to be blamed for dulness in not being able to
 conjecture who had the courage to thwart the projects
 of the Prince di ——. As well blame me for not ac-
 counting for miracles.'

'I will tell thee who it was, most sapient Mascari.'

'Who, your Excellency?'

'Zicci.'

'Ah! he has the daring of the devil. But why does
 your Excellency feel so assured: does he court the
 actress?'

'I know not: but there is a tone in that foreigner's
 voice that I never can mistake—so clear, and yet so
 hollow: when I hear it I almost fancy there is such a
 thing as conscience. However, we must rid ourselves
 of an impertinent. Mascari, Signor Zicci hath not
 yet honoured our poor house with his presence. He
 is a distinguished stranger—we must give a banquet
 in his honour.'

'Ah!—and the cypress wine! The cypress is a
 proper emblem of the grave.'

'But this anon. I am superstitious: there are strange
 stories of his power and foresight:—remember the
 Sicilian quackery! But meanwhile the Pisani ——.'

'Your Excellency is infatuated. The actress has
 bewitched you.'

* The intervening Chapters have not yet come to
 hand. When they arrive we shall copy them into the
 Museum.

'Mascari,' said the Prince, with a haughty smile, 'through these veins rolls the blood of the old Visconti—of those who boasted that no woman ever escaped their lust, and no man their resentment. The crown of my fathers has shrunk into a gewgaw and a toy;—their ambition and their spirit are undecayed. My honour is now enlisted in this pursuit—Isabel must be mine.'

'Another ambushade?' said Mascari, inquiringly.

'Nay, why not enter the house itself; the situation is lonely—and the door is not made of iron.'

Before Mascari could reply, the gentleman of the chamber announced the Signior Zicci.

The Prince involuntarily laid his hand on the sword placed on the table—then with a smile at his own impulse, rose; and met the foreigner at the threshold, with all the profuse and respectful courtesy of Italian simulation.

'This is an honour highly prized,' said the Prince: 'I have long desired the friendship of one so distinguished——.'

'And I have come to give you that friendship,' replied Zicci, in a sweet but chilling voice. 'To no man yet in Naples have I extended this hand—permit it, Prince, to grasp your own.'

The Neapolitan bowed over the hand he pressed; but as he touched it, a shiver came over him, and his heart stood still. Zicci bent on him his dark, smiling eyes, and then seated himself with a familiar air.

'Thus it is signed and sealed—I mean our friendship, noble Prince. And now I will tell you the object of my visit. I find, your Excellency, that, unconsciously perhaps, we are rivals. Can we not accommodate our pretensions? A girl of no moment—an actress;—bah! it is not worth a quarrel. Shall we throw for her? He who casts the lowest shall resign his claim?'

Mascari opened his small eyes to their wildest extent; the Prince, no less surprised, but far too well world-read even to shew what he felt, laughed aloud.

'And were you, then, the cavalier who spoiled my night's chase and robbed me of my white doe? By Bacchus, it was prettily done.'

'You must forgive me, my Prince; I knew not who it was, or my respect would have silenced my gallantry.'

'All stratagems fair in love, as in war. Of course you profited by my defeat, and did not content yourself with leaving the little actress at her threshold?'

'She is Diana herself for me,' answered Zicci, lightly; 'whoever wins the wreath will not find a flower faded.'

'And now you would cast for her—well: but they tell me you are ever a sure player.'

'Let Signior Mascari cast for us.'

'Be it so. Mascari, the dice.'

Surprised and perplexed, the parasite took up the three dice, deposited them gravely in the box, and rattled them noisily, while Zicci threw himself back carelessly in his chair, and said, 'I give the first chance to your Excellency.'

Mascari interchanged a glance with his patron, and threw; the numbers were sixteen.

'It is a high throw,' said Zicci, calmly; 'nevertheless, Signior Mascari, I do not despond.'

Mascari gathered up the dice, shook the box, and rolled the contents once more on the table; the number was the highest that can be thrown—eighteen.

The Prince darted a glance of fire at his minion, who stood with gaping mouth, staring at the dice, and shaking his head in puzzled wonder.

'I have won you see,' said Zicci: 'may we be friends still.'

'Signior,' said the Prince, obviously struggling with anger and confusion, the victory is already yours. But, pardon me, you have spoken lightly of this young girl—will anything tempt you to yield your claim?'

'Ah, do not think so ill of my gallantry.'

'Enough!' said the Prince, forcing a smile; 'I yield. Let me prove that I do not yield ungraciously: will you honour me with your presence at a little feast I propose to give on the Royal birth-day?'

'It is indeed a happiness to hear one command of yours I can obey.'

Zicci then turned the conversation, talked lightly and gaily; and soon afterwards departed.

'Villain,' then exclaimed the Prince, grasping Mascari by the collar, 'you betrayed me.'

'I assure your Excellency that the dice were properly arranged: he should have thrown twelve; but he is the Devil, and that's the end of it.'

'There is no time to be lost,' said the Prince, quitting his hold of his parasite, who quietly resettled his cravat.

'My blood is up—I will win this girl if I die for it. Who laughed? Mascari didst thou laugh?'

'I, your Excellency—I laugh?'

'It sounded behind me,' said the Prince, gaining round.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the day on which Zicci had told Glyndon that he should ask for his decision in respect to Isabel—the third day since their last meeting;—the Englishman could not come to a resolution. Ambition hitherto the leading passion of his soul, could not yet be silenced by love; and that love, such as it was, unreturned, beset by suspicions and doubts which vanished in the presence of Isabel, and returned when her bright face shone on his eyes no more, for—*les absens ont toujours tort!* Perhaps had he been quite alone,

his feelings of honour, of compassion, of virtue, might have triumphed; and he would have resolved either to fly from Isabel, or to offer the love that has no shame. But Merton, cold, cautious, experienced, wary, (such a nature has ever power over the imaginative and unpassioned,) was at hand to ridicule the impression produced by Zicci, and the notion of delicacy and honour towards an Italian actress. It is true that Merton, who was no profligate, advised him to quit all pursuit of Isabel; but then the advice was precisely of that character which, if it deadens love, stimulates passion. By representing Isabel as one who sought to play a part with him, he excused to Glyndon his own selfishness—he enlisted the Englishman's vanity and pride on the side of his pursuit. Why should he not beat an adventuress at her own weapons?

Glyndon not only felt indisposed on that day to meet Zicci, but he felt also a strong desire to defeat the mysterious prophecy that the meeting should take place. Into this wish Merton readily entered. The young men agreed to be absent from Naples that day. Early in the morning they mounted their horses, and took the road to Baia. Glyndon left word at his hotel, that if Signior Zicci sought him, it was in the neighbourhood of that once celebrated watering-place of the ancients that he should be found.

They passed by Isabel's house, but Glyndon resisted the temptation of pausing there; and after threading the grotto of Pausillippo, they wound by a circuitous route back into the suburbs of the city, and took the opposite road which conducts to Portici and Pompeii. It was late at noon when they arrived at the former of these places. Here they halted to dine; for Merton had heard much of the excellence of the macaroni at Portici, and Merton was a *bon vivant*.

They put up at an inn of very humble pretensions, and dined under an awning. Merton was more than usually gay; he pressed the Lacryma upon his friend, and conversed gaily.

'Well, my dear friend, we have foiled Signior Zicci in one of his predictions at least. You will have no faith in him hereafter.'

'The Ides are come, not gone.'

'Tush! if he is a soothsayer, you are not Cæsar. It is our vanity that makes you credulous: thank Heaven, I do not think myself of such importance, that the operations of nature should be changed in order to righten me.'

'But why should the operations of nature be changed: there may be a deeper philosophy than we dream of—a philosophy that discovers the secrets of nature, but does not alter, by penetrating, its courses.'

'Ah! you suppose Zicci to be a prophet—a reader of the future; perhaps an associate of Genii and Spirits!'

'I know not what to conjecture; but I see no reason

why he should seek, even if an impostor, to impose on me. An impostor must have some motive for deluding us—either ambition or avarice. I am neither rich nor powerful; Zicci spends more in a week than I do in a year. Nay, a Neapolitan banker told me, that the sums invested by Zicci in his hands, were enough to purchase half the lands of the whole Neapolitan Noblesse.'

'Grant this to be true; do you suppose that the love to dazzle and mystify is not as strong with some natures as that of gold and power, with others? Zicci has a moral ostentation, and the same character that makes him rival kings in expenditure makes him not disdain to be wondered at even by an humble Englishman.'

Here the landlord, a little fat oily fellow, came up with a fresh bottle of Lacryma. He hoped their Excellencies were pleased. He was most touched—touched to the heart that they liked the macaroni. Were their Excellencies going to Vesuvius; there was a slight eruption; they could not see it where they were, but it was pretty, and would be prettier still after sunset.

'A capital idea,' cried Merton. 'What say you, Glyndon?'

'I have not yet seen an irruption; I should like it much.'

'But is there no danger?' said the prudent Merton.

'Oh, not at all; the mountain is very civil at present. It only plays a little, just to amuse their Excellencies the English.'

'Well, order the horses, and bring the bill; we will go before it is dark. Clarence, my friend—*Nunc est bibendum*; but take care of the *pède libero*, which won't do for walking on lava!'

The bottle was finished, the bill paid, the gentlemen mounted, the landlord bowed, and they bent their way, in the cool of the delightful evening, towards *Resina*.

The wine animated Glyndon, whose unequal spirits were, at times, high and brilliant as those of a school-boy released; and the laughter of the northern tourists sounded oft and merrily along the melancholy domains of buried cities.

Hesperus had lighted his lamp amidst the rosy skies as they arrived at *Resina*. Here they quitted their horses, and took mules and a guide. As the sky grew darker and more dark, the Mountain Fire burned with an intense lustre. In various streaks and streamlets, the fountain of flame rolled down the dark summit, then undiminished by the irruption of 1822, and the Englishmen began to feel increase upon them, as they ascended, that sensation of solemnity and awe, which makes the very atmosphere that surrounds the giant of the Plains of the Antique Hades.

It was night, when, leaving the mules, they as-

cended on foot, accompanied by their guide, and a peasant who bore a rude torch. The guide was a conversable, garrulous fellow, like most of his country and his calling; and Merton, whose chief characteristics were a sociable temper and a hardy common sense, loved to amuse or to instruct himself on every incidental occasion.

'Ah! Excellency,' said the guide, 'your countrymen have a strong passion for the volcano. Long life to them; they bring us plenty of money. If our fortunes depended on the Neapolitans, we should starve.'

'True, they have no curiosity,' said Merton. 'Do you remember, Glyndon, the contempt with which that old Count said to us, 'You will go to Vesuvius, I suppose; I have never been: why should I go? you have cold, you have hunger, you have fatigue, you have danger, and all for nothing but to see fire which looks just as well in a brazier as a mountain.' Ha! ha! the old fellow was right.'

'But, Excellency,' said the guide, 'that is not all: some Cavaliers think to ascend the mountain without our help. I am sure they deserve to tumble into the crater.'

'They must be bold fellows to go alone; you don't often find such.'

'Sometimes among the French, Signior. But the other night—I never was so frightened: I had been with an English party; and a lady had left a pocket-book on the mountain, where she had been sketching. She offered me a handsome sum to return for it, and bring it to her at Naples. So I went in the evening—I found it sure enough, and was about to return, when I saw a figure that seemed to emerge from the crater itself. The air there was so pestiferous, that I could not have conceived a human creature could breathe it, and live. I was so astounded that I stood still as a stone, till the figure came over the hot ashes, and stood before me face to face. Santa Maria, what a head!'

'What, hideous!'

'No! so beautiful, but so terrible. It had nothing human in its aspect.'

'And what said the salamander?'

'Nothing! It did not even seem to perceive me, though I was near as I am to you; but its eyes seemed prying into the air. It passed by me quickly, and, walking across a stream of burning lava, soon vanished on the other side of the mountain. I was curious and foolhardy, and resolved to see if I could bear the atmosphere which this visiter had left: but, though I did not advance within thirty yards of the spot at which he had first appeared, I was driven back by a vapour that well nigh stifled me. Cospetto, I have spat blood ever since.'

'It must be Zicci,' whispered Glyndon.

'I knew you would say so,' returned Merton, laughing.

The little party had now arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain: and unspeakably grand was the spectacle on which they gazed. From the crater arose a vapour, intensely dark, that overspread the whole back-ground of the heavens; in the centre whereof rose a flame, that assumed a form singularly beautiful. It might have been compared to a crest of gigantic feathers, the diadem of the mountain, high-arched, and drooping downward, with the hues delicately shaded off, and the whole shifting and tremulous as the plumage on a warrior's helm. The glare of the flame spread, luminous and crimson, over the dark and rugged ground on which they stood, and drew an innumerable variety of shadows from crag and hollow. An oppressive and sulphureous exhalation served to increase the gloomy and sublime terror of the place: but on turning from the mountain, and towards the distant and unseen ocean, the contrast was wonderfully great; the heavens serene and blue, the stars still and calm as the eyes of Divine Love. It was as if the realms of the opposing principles of Evil and of Good were brought in one view before the gaze of man! Glyndon—the enthusiast, the poet, the artist, the dreamer—was enchained and entranced by emotions vague and undefinable, half of delight and half of pain. Leaning on the shoulder of his friend, he gazed around him, and heard, with deepening awe, the rumbling of the earth below, the wheels and voices of the Ministry of Nature in her darkest and most inscrutable recess. Suddenly, as a bomb from a shell, a huge stone was flung hundreds of yards up from the jaws of the crater, and falling with a mighty crash upon the rock below, split into ten thousand fragments, which bounded down the sides of the mountain, sparkling and grating as they went. One of these, the largest fragment struck the narrow space of soil between the Englishmen and the guide, not three feet from the spot where the former stood. Merton uttered an exclamation of terror, and Glyndon held his breath, and shuddered.

'Diavolo,' cried the guide. 'Descend, Excellencies, descend; we have not a moment to lose: follow me close.'

So saying, the guide and the peasant fled with as much swiftness as they were able to bring to bear. Merton ever more prompt and ready than his friend, imitated their example; and Glyndon, more confused than alarmed, followed close. But they had not gone many yards, before, with a rushing and sudden blast, came from the crater an enormous volume of vapour. It pursued—it overtook—it overspread them. It swept the light from the heavens. All was abrupt and utter darkness; and through the gloom was heard the shout of the guide, already distant, and lost in an instant amidst the sound of the rushing gust, and the groans of the earth beneath. Glyndon paused. He was separated from his friend,—from his guide. He was alone

—with the Darkness and the Terror. The vapour rolled sullenly away; the form of the plumed fire was again dimly visible, and its struggling and perturbed reflection again shed a glow over the horrors of the path. Glyndon recovered himself, and sped onward. Below, he heard the voice of Merton calling on him, though he no longer saw his form. The sound served as a guide. Dizzy and breathless, he bounded forward; when—hark! a sullen, slow, rolling sound in his ear! He halted—and turned back to gaze. The fire had overflowed its course; it had opened itself a channel amidst the furrows of the mountain. The stream pursued him—fast—fast; and the hot breath of the chasing and preternatural foe came closer and closer upon his cheek. He turned aside: he climbed desperately, with hands and feet, upon a crag, that, to the right, broke the scathed and blasted level of the soil. The stream rolled beside and beneath him, and then, taking a sudden wind round the spot on which he stood, interposed its liquid fire, a broad and impassable barrier, between his resting-place and escape. There he stood, cut off from descent, and with no alternative but to retrace his steps towards the crater, and thence seek—without guide or clue—some other pathway.

For a moment his courage left him: he cried in despair, and in that overstrained pitch of voice which is ever heard afar off, to the guide—to Merton—to return—to aid him.

No answer came—and the Englishman, thus abandoned solely to his own resources, felt his spirit and energy rise against the danger. He turned back, and ventured as far towards the crater as the noxious exhalation would permit; then, gazing below, carefully and deliberately he chalked out for himself a path, by which he trusted to shun the direction the fire-stream had taken,—and trod firmly and quickly over the tumbling and heated strata.

He had proceeded about fifty yards, when he halted abruptly: an unspeakable and unaccountable horror, not hitherto felt amidst all his peril, came over him. He shook in every limb; his muscles refused his will: he felt, as it were, palsied and death-stricken. The horror, I say, was unaccountable, for the path seemed clear and safe. The fire, above and behind, burnt out near and far; and beyond, the stars lent him their veering guidance. No obstacle was visible—no danger seemed at hand. As thus, spell-bound and panic-ricken, he stood chained to the soil—his breast heaving; large drops rolling down his brow; and his eyes starting wildly from their sockets—he saw before him, at some distance, gradually shaping itself more and more distinctly to his gaze, a Colossal shadow—a shadow that seemed partially borrowed from the human shape, but immeasurably above the

human stature; vague—dark—almost formless; and differing—he could not tell where, or why—not only from the proportions, but also from the limbs and outline of man.

The glare of the volcano, that seemed to shrink and collapse from this gigantic and appalling apparition, nevertheless threw its light, redly and steadily, upon another shape that stood beside, quiet, and motionless; and it was, perhaps, the contrast of these two things—the Being and the Shadow—that impressed the beholder with the difference between them—the Man and the Superhuman. It was but for a moment, nay, for the tenth part of a moment, that this sight was permitted to the wanderer. A second eddy of sulphureous vapours from the volcano, yet more rapidly, yet more densely than its predecessor, rolled over the mountain; and either the nature of the exhalation, or the excess of his own dread was such that Glyndon, after one wild gasp for breath, fell senseless on the earth.

CHAP. X.

Merton and the Italians arrived in safety at the spot where they had left the mules; and not till they had recovered their own alarm and breath did they think of Glyndon. But then, as the minutes passed, and he appeared not, Merton—whose heart was as good, at least, as human hearts are in general—grew seriously alarmed. He insisted on returning, to search for his friend; and, by dint of prodigal promises, prevailed at last on the guide to accompany him. The lower part of the mountain lay calm and white in the starlight; and the guide's practised eye could discern all objects on the surface, at a considerable distance. They had not however gone very far, before they perceived two forms, slowly approaching towards them.

As they came near, Merton recognised the form of his friend. 'Thank Heaven, he is safe,' he cried, turning to the guide.

'Holy angels befriend us,' said the Italian, trembling, 'Behold the very being that crossed me last Sabbath night. It is he!—but his face is human now!'

'Signior Inglese,' said the voice of Zicci, as Glyndon—pale, wan, and silent—returned passively the joyous greeting of Merton, 'Signior Inglese, I told your friend that we should meet to-night: you see you have not foiled my prediction.'

'But how?—but where?' stammered Merton, in great confusion and surprise.

'I found your friend stretched on the ground, overpowered by the mephitic exhalation of the crater. I bore him to a purer atmosphere; and, as I know the mountain well, I have conducted him safely to you. This is all our history. You see, sir, that were it not for that prophecy which you desired to frustrate, your

friend would, ere this time, have been a corpse: one minute more, and the vapour had done its work. Adieu; good night, and pleasant dreams.'

'But, my preserver, you will not leave us,' said Glyndon, anxiously, and speaking for the first time. 'Will you not return with us?'

Zicci paused, and drew Glyndon aside.—'Young man,' said he, gravely, 'it is necessary that we should again meet to-night. It is necessary that you should, ere the first hour of morning, decide on your own fate. Will you marry Isabel di Pisani—or lose her for ever? Consult not your friend; he is sensible and wise; but not now is his wisdom needed. There are times in life when, from the imagination, and not the reason, should wisdom come—this for you is one of them. I ask not your answer now. Collect your thoughts—recover your jaded and scattered spirits. It wants two hours of midnight—at midnight I will be with you!'

'Incomprehensible being,' replied the Englishman, 'I would leave the life you have preserved in your own hands. But since I have known you, my whole nature has changed. A fiercer desire than that of love burns in my veins—the desire not to resemble, but to surpass my kind—the desire to penetrate and to share the secret of your own existence—the desire of a preternatural knowledge and unearthly power. Instruct me—school me—make me thine; and I surrender to thee at once, and without a murmur, the woman, that till I saw thee, I would have defied a world to obtain.'

'I ask not the sacrifice, Glyndon,' replied Zicci, coldly, yet mildly:—'yet, shall I own it to thee!—I am touched by the devotion I have inspired. I sicken for *human* companionship, sympathy, and friendship; yet, I dread to share them,—for bold must be the man who can partake my existence, and enjoy my confidence. Once more I say to thee, in compassion and in warning, the choice of life is in thy hands—to-morrow it will be too late. On the one hand, Isabel, a tranquil home, a happy and serene life:—on the other hand, all is darkness—darkness, that even this eye cannot penetrate.'

'But thou hast told me, that if I wed Isabel, I must be contented to be obscure; and if I refuse, that knowledge and power may be mine.'

'Vain man! knowledge and power are not happiness.'

'But they are better than happiness. Say,—if I marry Isabel, wilt thou be my master—my guide?—Say this—and I am resolved.'

'Never! It is only the lonely at heart—the restless—the desperate—that may be my pupils.'

'Then I renounce her!—I renounce love—I renounce happiness. Welcome solitude—welcome despair—if they are the entrances to thy dark and sublime secret.'

'I will not take thy answer now;—at midnight thou shalt give it in one word—aye, or no! Farewell till then.'

The mystic waived his hand; and, descending rapidly,—was seen no more.

Glyndon rejoined his impatient and wondering friend; but Merton gazing on his face, saw that a great change had passed there. The flexile and dubious expression of youth was for ever gone. The features were locked, rigid, and stern; and so faded was the natural bloom, that an hour seemed to have done the work of years.

CHAPTER XI.

On returning from Vesuvius or Pompeii, you enter Naples, through its most animated, its most Neapolitan quarter—through that quarter in which Modern life most closely resembles the Ancient; and in which, when on a fair day, the thoroughfare swarms alike with Indolence and Trade, you are impressed at once with the recollection of that restless, lively race, from which the population of Naples derives its origin: that in one day you may see at Pompeii the habitations of a remote age; and on the Mole, at Naples, you may imagine you behold the very beings with which those habitations had been peopled. The language of words is dead, but the language of gestures remains little impaired. A fisherman, a peasant, of Naples, will explain to you the motions, the attitudes, the postures of the figures painted on the antique vases, better than the most learned antiquary of Göttingen or Leipsic.

But now, as the Englishmen rode slowly through the deserted streets, lighted but by the lamps of heaven, all the gaiety of day was hushed and breathless. Here and there, stretched under a portico or a dingy balcony, were sleeping groupings of houseless Lazzaroni; a tired man now happily merging this indolent individuality into an energetic and active population.

The Englishmen rode on in silence; for Glyndon neither appeared to heed or hear the questions and comments of Merton, and Merton himself was almost as weary as the jaded animal he bestrode.

Suddenly the silence of earth and ocean was broken by the sound of a distant clock, that proclaimed the last hour of night. Glyndon started from his reverie and looked anxiously round. As the final stroke of the noise of hoofs rung on the broad stones of the pavement; and from a narrow street to the right emerged the form of a solitary horseman. He neared the Englishmen, and Glyndon recognised the features and mien of Zicci.

'What! do we meet again, Signior?' said Merton in a vexed but drowsy tone.

'Your friend and I have business together,' replied Zicci, as he wheeled his powerful and fiery steed to the side of Glyndon: 'but it will be soon transacted. Perhaps you, sir, will ride on to your hotel.'

'Alone!'

'There is no danger,' returned Zicci, with a slight expression of disdain in his voice.

'None to me—but to Glyndon?'

'Danger from me!—Ah, perhaps you are right.'

'Go on, my dear Merton,' said Glyndon, 'I will join you before you reach the hotel.'

Merton nodded, whistled, and pushed his horse into a kind of amble.

'Now your answer—quick.'

'I have decided:—the love of Isabel has vanished from my heart. The pursuit is over.'

'You have decided?'

'I have.'

'Adieu! join your friend.'

Zicci gave the rein to his horse; it sprang forward with a bound; the sparks flew from its hoofs, and horse and rider disappeared amidst the shadows of the street whence they had emerged.

Merton was surprised to see his friend by his side, a minute after they had parted.

'What business could you have with Zicci? Why will you not confide in me?'

'Merton, do not ask me to-night; I am in a dream.'

'I do not wonder at it, for even I am in a sleep. Let us push on.'

In the retirement of his chamber, Glyndon sought to re-collect his thoughts. He sat down on the foot of his bed, and pressed his hands tightly to his throbbing temples. The events of the last few hours—the apparition of the gigantic and shadowy Companion of the Mystic amidst the fires and clouds of Vesuvius—the strange encounter with Zicci himself, on a spot in which he could never have calculated on finding Glyndon, filled his mind with emotions, in which terror and awe the least prevailed. A fire, the train of which had long been laid, was lighted at his heart—the asbestos fire that once lit, is never to be quenched. All his early aspirations—his young ambition—his longings for the laurel, were merged in one passionate yearning to overpass the bounds of the common knowledge of man, and reach that solemn spot, between two worlds, on which the mysterious stranger appeared to have fixed his home.

Far from recalling with renewed affright the remembrance of the apparition that had so appalled him, the recollection only served to kindle and concentrate his curiosity into a burning focus. He had said aright—love had vanished from his heart; there was no longer a serene space amidst its disordered elements for human affection to move and breathe. The enthusiast was rapt from this earth; and he would have rendered all that beauty ever promised, that mortal eye ever whispered, for one hour with Zicci beyond the portals of the visible world.

He rose, oppressed and fevered with the new

thoughts that raged within him, and threw open his casement for air. The ocean lay suffused in the starry light, and the stillness of the heavens never more eloquently preached the morality of repose to the madness of earthly passions. But such was Glyndon's mood, that their very hush only served to deepen the wild desires that preyed upon his soul. And the solemn stars, that are mysteries in themselves, seemed by a kindred sympathy to agitate the wings of the spirit no longer contented with its cage. As he gazed, a star shot forth from its brethren—and vanished from the depth of space!

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Nicholas starts for Yorkshire.—Of his leave-taking and his fellow-travellers, and what befel them on the road.

If tears dropped into a trunk were charms to preserve its owner from sorrow and misfortune, Nicholas Nickleby would have commenced his expedition under most happy auspices. There was so much to be done, and so little time to do it in, so many kind words to be spoken, and such bitter pain in the hearts in which they rose to impede their utterance, that the little preparations for his journey were made mournfully indeed. A hundred things which the anxious care of his mother and sister deemed indispensable for his comfort, Nicholas insisted on leaving behind, as they might prove of some after use, or might be convertible into money if occasion required. A hundred affectionate contests on such points as these, took place on the sad night which preceded his departure; and, as the termination of every angerless dispute brought them nearer and nearer to the close of their slight preparations, Kate grew busier and busier, and wept more silently.

The box was packed at last, and then there came supper, with some little delicacy provided for the occasion, and as a set-off against the expense of which, Kate and her mother had feigned to dine when Nicholas was out. The poor lad nearly choked himself by attempting to partake of it, and almost suffocated himself in affecting a jest or two, and forcing a melancholy laugh. Thus they lingered on till the hour of separating for the night was long past; and then they found that they might as well have given vent to their real feelings before, for they could not suppress them, do what they would. So they let them have their way, and even that was a relief.

Nicholas slept well till six next morning; dreamed of home, or of what was home once—no matter which, for things that are changed or gone will come back as they used to be, thank God, in sleep—and rose quite brisk and gay. He wrote a few lines in pencil to say

the good bye which he was afraid to pronounce himself, and laying them with half his scanty stock of money at his sister's door, shouldered his box and crept softly down stairs.

'Is that you, Hannah?' cried a voice from Miss La Creevy's sitting-room, whence shone the light of a feeble candle.

'It is I, Miss La Creevy,' said Nicholas, putting down the box and looking in.

'Bless us!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, starting and putting her hand to her curl-papers; 'You're up very early, Mr. Nickleby.'

'So are you,' replied Nicholas.

'It's the fine arts that brings me out of bed, Mr. Nickleby,' returned the lady. 'I'm waiting for the light to carry out an idea.'

Miss La Creevy had got up early to put a fancy nose into a miniature of an ugly little boy, destined for his grandmother in the country, who was expected to bequeath him property if he was like the family.

'To carry out an idea,' repeated Miss La Creevy; 'and that's the great convenience of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When I want a nose or an eye for any particular sitter, I have only to look out of the window and wait till I get one.'

'Does it take long to get a nose, now?' inquired Nicholas, smiling.

'Why, that depends in a great measure on the pattern,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'Snubs and Romans are plentiful enough, and there are flats of all sorts and sizes when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall; but perfectly aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms, or public characters.'

'Indeed!' said Nicholas. 'If I should meet with any in my travels, I'll endeavour to sketch them for you.'

'You don't mean to say that you are really going all the way down to Yorkshire this cold winter's weather, Mr. Nickleby?' said Miss La Creevy. 'I heard something of it last night.'

'I do, indeed,' replied Nicholas. 'Needs must, you know, when somebody drives. Necessity is my driver, and that is only another name for the same gentleman.'

'Well, I am very sorry for it, that's all I can say,' said Miss La Creevy; 'as much on your mother's and sister's account as on yours. Your sister is a very pretty young lady, Mr. Nickleby, and that is an additional reason why she should have somebody to protect her. I persuaded her to give me a sitting or two, for the street-door case. Ah! she'll make a sweet miniature.' As Miss La Creevy spoke, she held up an ivory countenance intersected with very perceptible sky-blue veins, and regarded it with so much complacency, that Nicholas quite envied her.

'If you ever have an opportunity of showing Kate

some little kindness,' said Nicholas, presenting his hand, 'I think you will.'

'Depend upon that,' said the good-natured miniature painter; 'and God bless you, Mr. Nickleby; and I wish you well.'

It was very little that Nicholas knew of the world, but he guessed enough about its ways to think, that if he gave Miss La Creevy one little kiss, perhaps she might not be the less kindly disposed towards those he was leaving behind. So he gave her three or four with a kind of jocose gallantry, and Miss La Creevy evinced no greater symptoms of displeasure than declaring, as she adjusted her yellow turban, that she had never heard of such a thing, and couldn't have believed it possible.

Having terminated the unexpected interview in this satisfactory manner, Nicholas hastily withdrew himself from the house. By the time he had found a man to carry his box it was only seven o'clock, so he walked slowly on, a little in advance of the porter, and very probably with not as half light a heart in his breast as the man had, although he had no waistcoat to cover it with, and had evidently from the appearance of his other garments, been spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump.

Regarding with no small curiosity and interest all the busy preparations for the coming day which every street and almost every house displayed; and thinking now and then that it seemed rather hard that so many people of all ranks and stations could earn a livelihood in London, and that he should be compelled to journey so far in search of one, Nicholas speedily arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. Having dismissed his attendant, and seen the box safely deposited in the coach-office, he looked into the coffee room in search of Mr. Squeers.

He found that learned gentleman sitting at breakfast, with the three little boys before noticed, and two others who had turned up by some lucky chance since the interview of the previous day, ranged in a row on the opposite seat. Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef; but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

'This is twopenn'orth of milk is it, waiter?' said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug, and slanting it gently so as to get an accurate view of the quantity of liquid contained in it.

'That's twopenn'orth, Sir,' replied the waiter.

'What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London!' said Mr. Squeers with a sigh. 'Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William, will you?'

'To the wery top, Sir?' inquired the waiter. 'Why, the milk will be drowned.'

'Never you mind that,' replied Mr. Squeers.

'Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?'

'Coming directly, Sir.'

'You needn't hurry yourself,' said Squeers; 'there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles.' As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognised Nicholas.

'Sit down, Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers. 'Here we are, a breakfasting you see.'

Nicholas did *not* see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

'Oh! that's the milk and water, is it, William?' said Squeers. 'Very good; don't forget the bread and butter presently.'

At this fresh mention of the bread and butter, the five little boys looked very eager, and followed the waiter out with their eyes; meanwhile Mr. Squeers tasted the milk and water.

'Ah!' said that gentleman, smacking his lips, 'here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. A shocking thing hunger is, isn't it, Mr. Nickleby?'

'Very shocking, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'When I say number one,' pursued Mr. Squeers, putting the mug before the children, 'the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five, which is the last boy. Are you ready?'

'Yes, Sir,' cried all the little boys with great eagerness.

'That's right,' said Squeers, calmly getting on with breakfast; 'keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby,' said the schoolmaster, turning to Nicholas, and speaking with his mouth very full of beef and toast.

Nicholas murmured something—he knew not what—in reply, and the little boys dividing their gaze between the mug, the bread and butter (which had by this time arrived), and every morsel which Mr. Squeers took into his mouth, remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

'Thank God for a good breakfast,' said Squeers when he had finished. 'Number one may take a drink.'

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three, and

the process was repeated till the milk and water terminated with number five.

'And now,' said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children, 'you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off.'

Permission being thus given to fall to, the boys began to eat voraciously, and in desperate haste, while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humour after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork and looked smilingly on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

'I thought it wouldn't be long,' said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket from under the seat; 'put what you haven't had time to eat, in here, boys! You'll want it on the road!'

Nicholas was considerably startled by these very economical arrangements, but he had no time to reflect upon them, for the little boys had to be got up to the top of the coach, and their boxes had to be brought out and put in, and Mr. Squeer's luggage was to be seen carefully deposited in the boot, and all these offices were in his department. He was in the full heat and bustle of concluding these operations, when his uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, accosted him.

'Oh! here you are, Sir!' said Ralph. 'Here are your mother and sister, Sir.'

'Where!' cried Nicholas, looking hastily round.

'Here!' replied his uncle. 'Having too much money and nothing at all to do with it, they were paying a hackney coach as I came up, Sir.'

'We were afraid of being too late to see him before he went away from us, said Mrs. Nickleby, embracing her son, heedless of the unconcerned lookers-on in the coach-yard.

'Very good, ma'am,' returned Ralph, 'you're the best judge of course. I merely said that you were paying a hackney coach. I never pay a hackney coach, ma'am, I never hire one. I hav'n't been in a hackney coach of my own hiring for thirty years, and I hope I shan't be for thirty more, if I live as long.'

'I should never have forgiven myself if I had not seen him,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'Poor dear boy—going away without his breakfast too, because he feared to distress us.'

'Mighty fine certainly,' said Ralph, with great testiness. 'When I first went to business, ma'am, I took a penny loaf and a ha'porth of milk for my breakfast as I walked to the city every morning; what do you say to that, ma'am? Breakfast! Pshaw!'

'Now, Nickleby,' said Squeers, coming up at the moment buttoning his great-coat; 'I think you'd better get up behind. I'm afraid of one of them boys falling off, and there's twenty pound a year gone.'

'Dear Nicholas,' whispered Kate, touching her brother's arm, 'who is that vulgar man?'

'Eh!' growled Ralph, whose quick ears had caught the inquiry. 'Do you wish to be introduced to Mr. Squeers, my dear?'

'That the schoolmaster! No, uncle. Oh, no!' replied Kate, shrinking back.

'I'm sure I heard you say as much, my dear,' retorted Ralph in his cold sarcastic manner. 'Mr. Squeers, here's my niece, Nicholas's sister?'

'Very glad to make your acquaintance, Miss,' said Squeers, raising his hat an inch or two. 'I wish Mrs. Squeers took gals, and we had you for a teacher. I don't know though whether she mightn't grow jealous if we had. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

If the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall could have known what was passing in his assistant's breast at that moment, he would have discovered with some surprise, that he was as near being soundly pummelled as he had ever been in his life. Kate Nickleby having a quicker perception of her brother's emotions led him gently aside, and thus prevented Mr. Squeers from being impressed with the fact in a peculiarly disagreeable manner.

'My dear Nicholas,' said the young lady, 'who is this man? What kind of place can it be that you are going to?'

'I hardly know, Kate,' replied Nicholas, pressing his sister's hand. 'I suppose the Yorkshire folks are rather rough and uncultivated, that's all.'

'But this person,' urged Kate.

'Is my employer, or master, or whatever the proper name may be,' replied Nicholas quickly, 'and I was an ass to take his coarseness ill. They are looking this way, and it is time I was in my place. Bless you love, and good bye. Mother; look forward to our meeting again some day. Uncle, farewell! Thank you heartily for all you have done and all you mean to do. Quite ready, Sir.'

With these hasty adieus, Nicholas mounted nimbly to his seat, and waved his hand as gallantly as if his heart went with it.

At this moment, when the coachman and guard were comparing notes for the last time before starting, on the subject of the way-bill; when porters were screwing out the last reluctant sixpences, itinerant newsmen making the last offer of a morning paper, and the horses giving the last impatient rattle to their harness, Nicholas felt somebody pulling softly at his leg. He looked down, and there stood Newman Noggs, who pushed up into his hand a dirty letter.

'What's this?' inquired Nicholas.

'Hush!' rejoined Noggs, pointing to Ralph Nickleby, who was saying a few earnest words to Squeers a short

distance off. 'Take it. Read it. Nobody knows. That's all.'

'Stop!' cried Nicholas.

'No,' replied Noggs.

Nicholas cried stop, again, but Newman Noggs was gone.

A minute's bustle, a banging of the coach doors, a swaying of the vehicle to one side, as the heavy coachman, and still heavier guard climbed into their seats; a cry of all right, a few notes from the horn, a hasty glance of two sorrowful faces below and the hard features of Mr. Ralph Nickleby—and the coach was gone too, and rattling over the stones of Smithfield.

The little boys' legs being too short to admit of their feet resting upon anything as they sat, and the little boys' bodies being consequently in imminent hazard of being jerked off the coach, Nicholas had enough to do to hold them on: and between the manual exertion and the mental anxiety attendant upon this task, he was not a little relieved when the coach stopped at the Peacock at Islington. He was still more relieved when a hearty-looking gentleman, with a very good-humoured face, and a very fresh colour, got up behind and proposed to take the other corner of the seat.

'If we put some of these youngsters in the middle,' said the new comer, 'they'll be safer in case of their going to sleep; eh?'

'If you'll have the goodness, Sir,' replied Squeers, 'that'll be the very thing. Mr. Nickleby, take three of them boys between you and the gentleman. Belling and the youngest Snawley can sit between me and the guard. Three children,' said Squeers, explaining to the stranger, 'books as two.'

'I have not the least objection I am sure,' said the fresh-coloured gentleman; 'I have a brother who wouldn't object to book his six children as two at any butcher's or baker's in the kingdom, I dare say. Far from it.'

'Six children, Sir,' exclaimed Squeers.

'Yes, and all boys,' replied the stranger.

'Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers, in great haste, 'catch hold of that basket. Let me give you a card, Sir, of an establishment where those six boys can be brought up in an enlightened, liberal, and moral manner, with no mistake at all about it, for twenty guineas a year each—twenty guineas, Sir; or I'd take all the boys together upon an average right through, and say a hundred pound a year for the lot.'

'Oh!' said the gentleman, glancing at the card, 'You are the Mr. Squeers mentioned here I presume?'

'Yes, I am, Sir,' replied the worthy pedagogue; 'Mr. Wackford Squeers is my name, and I'm very far from being ashamed of it. These are some of my boys, Sir, that's one of my assistants, Sir—Mr. Nickleby, a gentleman's son, and a good scholar, mathematical, classi-

cal, and commercial. We don't do things by halves at our shop. All manner of learning my boys take down, Sir; the expense is never thought of, and they get paternal treatment and washing in.'

'Upon my word,' said the gentleman, glancing at Nicholas with a half smile, and a more than half expression of surprise, 'these are advantages indeed.'

'You may say that, Sir,' rejoined Squeers, thrusting his hands into his great-coat pockets. 'The most unexceptionable references are given and required. I wouldn't take a reference with any boy that was not responsible for the payment of five pound five a quarter, no, not if you went down on your knees, and asked me with the tears running down on your face to do it.'

'Highly considerate,' said the passenger.

'It's my great aim and end to be considerate, Sir,' rejoined Squeers. 'Snawley, junior, if you don't leave off chattering your teeth, and shaking with the cold, I'll warm you with a severe thrashing in about half a minute's time.'

'Sit fast here, gentlemen,' said the guard as he clambered up.

'All right behind there, Dick?' cried the coachman.

'All right,' was the reply. 'Off she goes.' And off she did go,—if coaches be feminine—amidst a loud flourish from the guard's horn, and the calm approval of all the judges of coaches and coach-horses congregated at the Peacock, but more especially of the helpers, who stood with the cloths over their arms, watching the coach till it disappeared, and then lounged admirably stable-wards, bestowing various gruff encomiums on the beauty of the turn-out.

When the guard (who was a stout old Yorkshireman) had blown himself quite out of breath, he put the horn into a little tunnel of a basket fastened to the coach-side for the purpose, and giving himself a plentiful shower of blows on the chest and shoulders, observed it was uncommon cold, after which he demanded of every person separately whether he was going right through, and if not where he *was* going. Satisfactory replies being made to these queries, he surmised that the roads were pretty heavy after that fall last night, and took the liberty of asking whether any of them gentlemen carried a snuff box. It happening that nobody did, he remarked with a mysterious air that he had heard a medical gentleman as went down to Grantham last week say how that snuff-taking was bad for the eyes; but for his part he had never found it so, and what he said was, that every body should speak as they found. Nobody attempting to controvert this position, he took a small brown paper parcel out of his hat, and putting on a pair of horn spectacles (the writing being crabbed) read the direction half a dozen times over, having done which he consigned the parcel to its old place, put up his spectacles again, and stared at every body in turn.

After this, he took another blow at the horn by way of refreshment, and having now exhausted his usual topics of conversation folded his arms as well as he could in so many coats, and falling into a solemn silence, looked carelessly at the familiar objects which met his eye on every side as the coach rolled on; the only things he seemed to care for, being horses and droves of cattle, which he scrutinized with a critical air as they were passed upon the road.

The weather was intensely and bitterly cold; a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen. Mr. Squeers got down at almost every stage—to stretch his legs as he said, and as he always came back from such excursions with a very red nose, and composed himself to sleep directly, there is reason to suppose that he derived great benefit from the process. The little pupils having been stimulated with the remains of their breakfast, and further invigorated by sundry small sups of a curious cordial carried by Mr. Squeers, which tasted very like toast and water put into a brandy bottle by mistake, went to sleep, woke, shivered, and cried, as their feelings prompted. Nicholas and the good-tempered man found so many things to talk about, that between conversing together, and cheering up the boys, the time passed with them as rapidly as it could, under such adverse circumstances.

So the day wore on. At Eton Slocomb there was a good coach dinner, of which the box, the four front outsides, the one inside, Nicholas, the good-tempered man, and Mr. Squeers, partook; while the five little boys were put to thaw by the fire, and regaled with sandwiches. A stage or two further on, the lamps were lighted, and a great to-do occasioned by the taking up at a road-side inn of a very fastidious lady with an infinite variety of cloaks and small parcels, who loudly lamented for the behoof of the outsides the non-arrival of her own carriage which was to have taken her on, and made the guard solemnly promise to stop every green chariot he saw coming; which, as it was a dark night and he was sitting with his face the other way, that officer undertook, with many fervent asseverations, to do. Lastly, the fastidious lady, finding there was a solitary gentleman inside, had a small lamp lighted which she carried in her reticule: and being after much trouble shut in, the horses were put into a brisk canter and the coach was once more in rapid motion.

The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind; for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the earth, and was fast increasing every moment. The streets of Stamford were deserted as they passed through the town, and its old churches rose frowning and dark

from the whitened ground. Twenty miles further on, two of the front outside passengers wisely availing themselves of their arrival at one of the best inns in England, turned in for the night at the George at Grantham. The remainder wrapped themselves more closely in their coats and cloaks, and leaving the light and warmth of the town behind them, pillowed themselves against the luggage and prepared, with many half-suppressed moans, again to encounter the piercing blast which swept across the open country.

They were little more than a stage out of Grantham, or about half way between it and Newark, when Nicholas, who had been asleep for a short time, was suddenly roused by a violent jerk which nearly threw him from his seat. Grasping the rail, he found that the coach had sunk greatly on one side, though it was still dragged forward by the horses: and while—confused by their plunging and the loud screams of the lady inside—he hesitated for an instant whether to jump off or not, the vehicle turned easily over, and relieved him from all further uncertainty by flinging him into the road.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the occurrences of the accident mentioned in the last chapter, affords an opportunity to a couple of gentlemen to tell stories against each other.

'Wo ho!' cried the guard, on his legs in a minute, and running to the leaders' heads. 'Is there any genelman there, as can len' a hand here? Keep quiet, dang ye. Wo ho!'

'What's the matter?' demanded Nicholas, looking sleepily up.

'Matther mun, matther eneaf for one neight,' replied the guard; 'dang the wall-eyed bay, he's gane mad wi' glory I think, carse t'coorch is over. Here, can't ye len' a hand? Dom it, I'd ha dean it if all my boans were brokken.'

'Here!' cried Nicholas, staggering to his feet, 'I'm ready. I'm only a little abroad, that's all.'

'Hoold 'em toight,' cried the guard, 'while ar coot treaces. Hang on tiv 'em sumhoo. Weel deame, my lad. That's it. Let 'em goa noo. Dang 'em, they'll gang whoam fast eneaf.'

In truth, the animals were no sooner released than they trotted back with much deliberation to the stable they had just left, which was distant not a mile behind.

'Can you blo' a harm?' asked the guard, disengaging one of the coach-lamps.

'I dare say I can,' replied Nicholas.

'Then just blo' away into that 'un as lies on the grund, fit to wakken the deead, will'ee,' said the man, 'while I stop sum o' this here squealing inside. Cumin', cumin', dean't make that noise, wooman.'

As the man spoke he proceeded to wrench open the

uppermost door of the coach, while Nicholas seizing the horn, awoke the echoes far and wide with one of the most extraordinary performances on that instrument ever heard by mortal ears. It had its effect, however, not only in rousing such of the passengers as were recovering from the stunning effects of their fall, but in summing assistance to their relief, for lights gleamed in the distance, and the people were already astir.

In fact, a man on horseback galloped down before the passengers were well collected together, and a careful investigation being instituted it appeared that the lady inside had broken her lamp, and the gentleman his head; that the two front outsides had escaped with black eyes, the box with a bloody nose, the coachman with a contusion on the temple, Mr. Squeers with a portmanteau bruise on his back, and the remaining passengers without any injury at all—thanks to the softness of the snow-drift in which they had been overturned. These facts were no sooner thoroughly ascertained than the lady gave several indications of fainting, but being forewarned that if she did, she must be carried on some gentleman's shoulders to the nearest public-house, she prudently thought better of it, and walked back with the rest.

They found on reaching it, that it was a lonely place with no very great accommodation in the way of apartments—that portion of its resources being all comprised in one public room with a sanded floor, and a chair or two. However, a large faggot and a plentiful supply of coals being heaped upon the fire, the appearance of things was not long in mending, and by the time they had washed off all effaceable marks of the late accident, the room was warm and light, which was a most agreeable exchange for the cold and darkness out of doors.

'Well, Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers, insinuating himself into the warmest corner, 'you did very right to catch hold of them horses. I should have done it myself if I had come too in time, but I am very glad you did it. You did it very well; very well.'

'So well,' said the merry-faced gentleman, who did not seem to approve very much of the patronising tone adopted by Squeers, 'that if they had not been firmly checked when they were, you would most probably have had no brains left to teach with.'

This remark called up a discourse relative to the promptitude Nicholas had displayed, and he was overwhelmed with compliments and commendations.

'I am very glad to have escaped, of course,' observed Squeers; 'every man is glad when he escapes from danger, but if any one of my charges had been hurt—if I had been prevented from restoring any one of these little boys to his parents whole and sound as I received him—what would have been my feelings! Why the wheel a-top of my head would have been preferable to it.'

'Are they all brothers, Sir?' inquired the lady who had carried the 'Davy,' or safety-lamp.

'In one sense they are, ma'am,' replied Squeers, diving into his great-coat pocket for cards. 'They are all under the same parental and affectionate treatment. Mrs. Squeers and myself are a mother and father to every one of 'em. Mr. Nickleby, hand the lady them cards, and offer these to the gentlemen. Perhaps they might know of some parents that would be glad to avail themselves of the establishment.'

Expressing himself to this effect, Mr. Squeers, who lost no opportunity of advertising gratuitously, placed his hands upon his knees and looked at the pupils with as much benignity as he could possibly affect, while Nicholas, blushing with shame, handed round the cards as directed.

'I hope you suffer no inconvenience from the overturn, ma'am?' said the merry-faced gentleman addressing the fastidious lady, as though he were charitably desirous to change the subject.

'No bodily inconvenience,' replied the lady.

'No mental inconvenience, I hope?'

'The subject is a very painful one to my feelings, Sir,' replied the lady with strong emotion; 'and I beg of you as a gentleman, not to refer to it.'

'Dear me,' said the merry-faced gentleman, looking merrier still, 'I merely intended to inquire——'

'I hope no inquiries will be made,' said the lady, 'or I shall be compelled to throw myself on the protection of the other gentlemen. Landlord, pray direct a boy to keep watch outside the door—and if a green chariot passes in the direction of Grantham, to stop it instantly.'

The people of the house were evidently overcome by this request, and when the lady charged the boy to remember, as a means of identifying the expected green chariot, that it would have a coachman with a gold-laced hat on the box, and a footman most probably in silk stockings behind, the attentions of the good woman of the inn were redoubled. Even the box-passenger caught the infection, and growing deferential, immediately inquired whether there was not very good society in that neighbourhood, to which the lady replied yes, there was, in a manner which sufficiently implied that she moved at the very tip-top and summit of it all.

'As the guard has gone on horseback to Grantham to get another coach,' said the good-tempered gentleman when they had been all sitting round the fire for some time in silence, 'and as he must be gone a couple of hours at the very least, I propose a bowl of hot punch. What say you, Sir?'

This question was addressed to the broken-headed inside, who was a man of very genteel appearance, dressed in mourning. He was not past the middle age, but his hair was grey; it seemed to have been pre-

maturely turned by care or sorrow. He readily acceded to the proposal, and appeared to be prepossessed by the frank good-nature of the individual from whom it emanated.

This latter personage took upon himself the office of tapster when the punch was ready, and after dispensing it all round, led the conversation to the antiquities of York, with which both he and the grey-haired gentleman appeared well acquainted. When this topic flagged, he turned with a smile to the grey-headed gentleman and asked if he could sing.

'I cannot indeed,' replied the gentleman, smiling in his turn.

'That's a pity,' said the owner of the good-humoured countenance. 'Is there nobody here who can sing a song to lighten the time?'

The passengers one and all protested that they could not; that they wished they could, that they couldn't remember the words of anything without the book, and so forth.

'Perhaps the lady would not object,' said the president with great respect, and a merry twinkle in his eye. 'Some little Italian thing out of the last opera brought out in town, would be most acceptable I am sure.'

As the lady condescended to make no reply, but tossed her head contemptuously, and murmured some further expression of surprise regarding the absence of the green chariot, one or two voices urged upon the president himself the propriety of making an attempt for the general benefit.

'I would if I could,' said he of the good-tempered face: 'for I hold that in this, as in all other cases where people who are strangers to each other are thrown unexpectedly together, they should endeavour to render themselves as pleasant for the joint sake of the little community as possible.'

'I wish the maxim were more generally acted on in all cases,' said the grey-headed gentleman.

'I'm glad to hear it,' returned the other. 'Perhaps, as you can't sing, you'll tell us a story?'

'Nay. I should ask you.'

'After you, I will, with pleasure.'

'Indeed!' said the grey-haired gentleman, smiling. 'Well, let it be so. I fear the turn of my thoughts is not calculated to lighten the time you must pass here; but you have brought this upon yourselves, and shall judge.*'

* * * * *

'The fresh coach is ready, ladies and gentlemen, if you please,' said a new driver, looking in.

This intelligence caused the punch to be finished in a great hurry, and prevented any discussion relative to the last story. Mr. Squeers was observed to drag the grey-headed gentleman on one side and to ask a ques-

* We omit the Stories.—*Museum*.

tion with great apparent interest; it bore reference to the Five Sisters of York, and was in fact an enquiry whether he could inform him how much per annum the Yorkshire convent got in those days with their boarders.

The journey was then resumed. Nicholas fell asleep towards morning, and when he awoke found, with great regret, that during his nap both the Baron and Grogzwig and the grey-haired gentleman had got down and were gone. The day dragged on uncomfortably enough, and about six o'clock that night he and Mr. Squeers, and the little boys, and their united luggage, were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. and Mrs. Squeers at Home.

Mr. Squeers being safely landed, left Nicholas and the boys standing with the luggage in the road, to amuse themselves by looking at the coach as it changed horses, while he ran into the tavern and went through the leg stretching process at the bar. After some minutes he returned with his legs thoroughly stretched, if the hue of his nose and a short hiccup afforded any criterion, and at the same time there came out of the yard a rusty pony-chaise and a cart, driven by two labouring men.

'Put the boys and the boxes, into the cart,' said Squeers, rubbing his hands, 'and this young man and me will go on in the chaise. Get in, Nickleby.'

Nicholas obeyed, and Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey also, they started off, leaving the cart-load of infant misery to follow at leisure.

'Are you cold, Nickleby?' inquired Squeers, after they had travelled some distance in silence.

'Rather, Sir, I must say.'

'Well, I don't find fault with that,' said Squeers; it's a long journey this weather.'

'Is it much further to Dotheboys Hall, Sir?'

'About three miles from here,' replied Squeers. 'But you needn't call it a Hall down here.'

Nicholas coughed, as if he would like to know why.

'The fact is, it ain't a Hall,' observed Squeers drily.

'Oh, indeed!' said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

'No,' replied Squeers. 'We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no act of Parliament against that, I believe.'

'I believe not, Sir,' rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slyly at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and finding that he had grown thoughtful and appeared in no wise disposed to volunteer any observations, contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

'Jump out,' said Squeers. 'Hallo there! come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you.'

While the schoolmaster was uttering these and other impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. After the lapse of a minute or two, the noise of somebody unlocking the yard gate was heard, and presently a tall lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth.

'Is that you, Smike?' cried Squeers.

'Yes, Sir,' replied the boy.

'Then why the devil didn't you come before?'

'Please, Sir, I fell asleep over the fire,' answered Smike, with humility.

'Fire! what fire? Where's there a fire?' demanded the schoolmaster, sharply.

'Only in the kitchen, Sir,' replied the boy. 'Missus said as I was sitting up, I might go in there for a warm.'

'Your missus is a fool,' retorted Squeers. 'You'd have been a deuced deal more wakeful in the cold, I'll engage.'

By this time Mr. Squeers had dismounted; and after ordering the boy to see to the pony, and take care that he hadn't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

A host of unpleasant misgivings, which had been crowding upon Nicholas during the whole journey, thronged into his mind with redoubled force when he was left alone. His great distance from home, and the impossibility of reaching it, except on foot, should he feel ever so anxious to return, presented itself to him in the most alarming colours; and as he looked up at the dreary house and dark windows, and upon the wild country round covered with snow, he felt a depression of heart and spirit which he had never experienced before.

'Now then,' cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. 'Where are you, Nickleby?'

'Here, Sir?' replied Nicholas.

'Come in then,' said Squeers, 'the wind blows in at this door fit to knock a man off his legs.'

Nicholas sighed and hurried in. Mr. Squeers having bolted the door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlour scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables, one of which bore some preparations for supper, while on the other, a tutor's assistant, a Murray's grammar, half a dozen cards of terms, and a worn letter directed to Wackford Squeers, Esquire, were arranged in picturesque confusion.

They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room, and seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat gave him two loud

kisses, one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady, who was of a large raw-boned figure, was about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night jacket with her hair in papers; she had also a dirty night-cap on relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under the chin.

'How is my Squeery?' said this lady in a playful manner, and a very hoarse voice.

'Quite well, my love,' replied Squeers. 'How are the cows?'

'All right, every one of 'em,' answered the lady.

'And the pigs?' said Squeers.

'As well as they were when you went away.'

'Come; that's a blessing,' said Squeers, pulling off his great-coat. 'The boys are all as they were, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes, they're well enough,' replied Mrs. Squeers, snappishly. 'That young Pitcher's had a fever.'

'No!' exclaimed Squeers. 'Damn that boy, he's always at something of that sort.'

'Never was such a boy, I do believe,' said Mrs. Squeers; 'whatever he has, is always catching too. I say it's obstinacy, and nothing shall ever convince me that it isn't. I'd beat it out of him, and I told you that six months ago.'

'So you did, my love,' rejoined Squeers. 'We'll try what can be done.'

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood awkwardly enough in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage, or to remain where he was. He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

'This is the new young man, my dear,' said that gentleman.

'Oh,' replied Mrs. Squeers, nodding her head at Nicholas, and eyeing him coldly from top to toe.

'He'll take a meal with us to-night,' said Squeers, 'and go among the boys to-morrow morning. You can give him a shake down here to-night, can't you?'

'We must manage it somehow,' replied the lady. 'You don't much mind how you sleep, I suppose, Sir?'

'No, indeed,' replied Nicholas, 'I am not particular.'

'That's lucky,' said Mrs. Squeers. And as the lady's humour was considered to lie chiefly in retort, Mr. Squeers laughed heartily, and seemed to expect that Nicholas should do the same.

After some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeer's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of

letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once, for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with his singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

'What are you bothering about there, Smike?' cried Mrs. Squeers; 'let the things alone, can't you.'

'Eh!' said Squeers, looking up. 'Oh! it's you, is it?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control by force the nervous wandering of his fingers; 'Is there——'

'Well!' said Squeers.

'Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?'

'Devil a bit,' replied Squeers testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and putting his hand to his face moved towards the door.

'Not a word,' resumed Squeers, and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here all these years and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?'

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile and limped away.

'I'll tell you what, Squeers,' remarked his wife as the door closed, 'I think that young chap's turning silly.'

'I hope not,' said the schoolmaster; 'for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink any way. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let's have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed.'

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers, who speedily proceeded to do it ample justice. Nicholas drew up his chair, but his appetite was effectually taken away.

'How's the steak, Squeers?' said Mrs. S.

'Tender as a lamb,' replied Squeers. 'Have a bit.'

'I couldn't eat a morsel,' replied his wife. 'What'll the young man take, my dear?'

'Whatever he likes that's present,' rejoined Squeers, in a most unusual burst of generosity.

'What do you say, Mr. Knuckleboy?' inquired Mrs. Squeers.

'I'll take a little of the pie, if you please,' replied Nicholas. 'A very little for I'm not hungry.'

'Well, it's a pity to cut the pie if you're not hungry, isn't it?' said Mrs. Squeers. 'Will you try a piece of the beef?'

'Whatever you please,' replied Nicholas abstractedly; 'it's all the same to me.'

Mrs. Squeers looked vastly gracious on receiving this reply; and nodding to Squeers, as much as to say that she was glad to find the young man knew his station, assisted Nicholas to a slice of meat with her fair hands.

'Ale, Squeery?' inquired the lady, winking and frowning to give him to understand that the question propounded was, whether Nicholas should have ale, and not whether he (Squeers) would take any.

'Certainly,' said Squeers, re-telegraphing in the same manner. 'A glassful.'

So Nicholas had a glassful, and being occupied with his own reflections, drank it in happy innocence of all the foregone proceedings.

'Uncommon juicy steak that,' said Squeers as he laid down his knife and fork, after plying it in silence for some time.

'It's prime meat,' rejoined his lady. 'I bought a good large piece of it myself on purpose for——'

'For what!' exclaimed Squeers hastily. 'Not for the——'

'No, no; not for them,' rejoined Mrs. Squeers; 'on purpose for you against you came home. Lor! you didn't think I could have made such a mistake as that.'

'Upon my word, my dear, I didn't know what you were going to say,' said Squeers, who had turned very pale.

'You needn't make yourself uncomfortable,' remarked his wife, laughing heartily. 'To think that I should be such a noddy! Well!'

This part of the conversation was rather unintelligible; but popular rumour in the neighbourhood asserted

that Mr. Squeers, being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death, and, possibly he was apprehensive of having unintentionally devoured some choice morsel intended for the young gentlemen.

Supper being over, and removed by a small servant girl with a hungry eye, Mrs. Squeers retired to lock it up, and also to take into safe custody the clothes of the five boys who had just arrived, and who were half way up the troublesome flight of steps which leads to death's door, in consequence of exposure to the cold. They were then regaled with a light supper of porridge, and stowed away side by side in a small bedstead, to warm each other and dream of a substantial meal with something hot after it if their fancies set that way, which it is not at all improbable they did.

Mr. Squeers treated himself to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, made on the liberal half and half principle, allowing for the dissolution of the sugar; and his amiable helpmate mixed Nicholas the ghost of a small glassful of the same compound. This done, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers drew close up to the fire, and sitting with their feet on the fender talked confidentially in whispers; while Nicholas, taking up the tutor's assistant, read the interesting legends in the miscellaneous questions, and all the figures into the bargain, with as much thought of consciousness of what he was doing, as if he had been in a magnetic slumber.

At length Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was high time to go to bed; upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

'We'll put you into your regular bed-room to-morrow, Nickleby,' said Squeers. 'Let me see, who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear?'

'In Brooks's,' said Mrs. Squeers, pondering. 'There's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and what's his name.'

'So there are,' rejoined Squeers. 'Yes! Brooks is full!'

'Full!' thought Nicholas. 'I should think he was.'

'There's a place somewhere I know,' said Squeers; 'but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind.'

'I shall be ready, Sir,' replied Nicholas. 'Good night.'

'I'll come in myself and show you where the well is,' said Squeers. 'You'll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen window; that belongs to you.'

Nicholas opened his eyes, but not his mouth; and Squeers was again going away, when he once more turned back.

'I don't know, I am sure,' he said, 'whose towel to

put you on; but if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that, in the course of the day. My dear, don't forget.'

'I'll take care,' replied Mrs. Squeers; 'and mind you take care, young man, and get first wash. The teacher ought always to have it; but they get the better of him if they can.'

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas being left alone, took half a dozen turns up and down the room in a condition of much agitation and excitement, but growing gradually calmer, sat himself down in a chair and mentally resolved that, come what come might, he would endeavour for a time to bear whatever wretchedness might be in store for him, and that remembering the helplessness of his mother and sister, he would give his uncle no plea for deserting them in their need. Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effects in the mind from which they spring. He grew less desponding, and—so sanguine and buoyant is youth—even hoped that affairs at Dotheboys Hall might yet prove better than they promised.

He was preparing for bed with something like renewed cheerfulness, when a sealed letter fell from his coat pocket. In the hurry of leaving London it had escaped his attention and had not occurred to him since, but it at once brought back to him the recollection of the mysterious behaviour of Newman Noggs.

'Dear me!' said Nicholas; 'what an extraordinary hand!'

It was directed to himself, was written upon very dirty paper, and in such cramped and crippled writing as to be almost illegible. After great difficulty and much puzzling, he contrived to read as follows:—

'My dear young Man.

'I know the world. Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no hope of return. You do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey.

'If ever you want a shelter in London, (don't be angry at this, I once thought I never should,) they know where I live at the sign of the Crown, in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar door both ways. You can come at night. Once nobody was ashamed—never mind that. It's all over.

'Excuse errors. I should forget how to wear a whole coat now. I have forgotten all my old ways. My spelling may have gone with them.

'NEWMAN NOGGS.

'P. S. If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You

may say Mr. Noggs there, for I was a gentleman then. I was indeed.'

It may be a very undignified circumstance to record, but after he had folded this letter and placed it in his pocket-book, Nicholas Nickleby's eyes were dimmed with a moisture that might have been taken for tears.

From Waterton's Natural History.

FIGHT WITH A LION.

We close our extracts with a graphic and most interesting description of an encounter between a brave young English officer and a full grown lion of India, which Mr. Waterton heard from the officer himself when at Frankfort-on-the-Maine some months since. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Waterton, "the affable and unassuming manner in which he related it to me. I repeatedly urged him to allow me to put it on record, and at the same time to make use of his name; but I plainly saw that his feelings were against his complying with my request; and I think I should not have succeeded, had I not luckily brought to my assistance the plea of benefit to natural history."

"In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcoté, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used be-

fore his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

"The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Capt. Woodhouse in the meantime firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and after searching about for some time; he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

"The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket: and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

"Lieut. Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

'Impetus est fulvis, et vasta leonibus ira!'

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) 'in a most magnificent style.' Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making, wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards

or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, 'whose courage none could stain,' were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crouch the captain's arm, but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crouched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

"He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

"The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, 'to the other side! to the other side!' Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

"The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side close to his intended victim."

The proof Mr. Waterton draws from this ever-memorable homo-leonine encounter, is not of the noble or generous nature of the Lion—but simply of the utility of lying quite still when we have the misfortune to be struck to the ground by an animal of the Cat Tribe.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

AUGUST, 1838.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Antiquitates Americanæ; sive Scriptores Septentrionales rerum ante-Columbianarum in America.* (American Antiquities; or Accounts from Northern Writers respecting America before the time of Columbus.) Copenhagen. 1837.
2. *Samling af de i Nordens Oldskrifter indholdte Efterretninger om de gamle Nordboers Opdagelsesreiser til America, fra det 10de til det 14de Aarhundrede.* (Collection of the Evidence contained in Old Writings, respecting the Voyages of Discovery made to America by the Ancient Inhabitants of the North, from the 10th to the 14th Century.) Published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians. Copenhagen. 1837.

We dare say that there are many who will learn with no less chagrin than surprise, that the discovery of America was made five centuries before Columbus. The fame of a hero is held so sacred by the bulk of mankind, that but little popularity can be expected to attend the historical justice which threatens in anywise to obscure it. It manifests, however, a very imperfect comprehension of the merits of that great navigator to suppose that they are likely to be effaced in the slightest degree by the authentic proof and general acknowledgment of the prior discoveries of the Northmen. The soul and spirit which launched Columbus across the Atlantic were never in the remotest manner prefigured by the motives which actuated the roving Scandinavians. A broad distinction is thus established at once between the merits of their respective discoveries, by the different characters of the speculations and incidents which led to them. The voyages of the Northmen are replete with the ordinary interest of human events, in which the most important consequences are often seen to arise unexpectedly: yet the series of lucky accidents which led those rovers in the course of years, from land to land, through a sea in which groups of islands at convenient distances en-

courage the mariner and tempt him onward in his first essays, till they at length reached the coast of America; cannot emulate, but rather serves by comparison to exalt the achievement of Columbus, who with long premeditation, designing no less than to overleap the boundaries of the known world, succeeded in realizing so far the dreams of an enthusiastic imagination; and apparently verified his predictions by a discovery which must ever be reckoned the most extraordinary on record. The discoveries of the Northmen, made without aim or object, awakened no zeal and easily fell into oblivion: that of Columbus on the other hand, originating in the most extravagant hopes, was much exaggerated in its immediate importance; and kindled an ardour which continued to operate on society for ages.

We have thought it prudent to say so much in order to avert the jealousy which might resist the just claims of the early northern discoverers. We know how dangerous it is to appear the rival of one firmly established in the admiration of mankind; and how naturally the reluctance to allow his glory to be vied with, would convert everything vague or problematical in the narratives of the Northmen into arguments against their authenticity. Those narratives are, in the meantime, the most ingenious, unpretending documents ever penned. They are, it is true, sometimes obscure; and as many points which interest us at the present day appeared to their authors to have little importance, they often fail to furnish the details necessary for the complete elucidation of the matters they treat of. Still the unbiassed, impartial reader cannot refuse his entire confidence to their general tenor, nor deny that they seem characterized by the highest degree of accuracy and fidelity which can be conceived to belong to primitive history, derived wholly from tradition and composed from memory.

The early discovery of America by the Northmen is not now made known for the first time; but the evidence on which it rests has never hitherto been pub-

lished in an ample and satisfactory manner. As early as 1570, Ortelius claimed for them the merit of being the first discoverers of the New World. But in so doing, he singularly illustrated the caprice and irregularity which so often marks the progress of opinion. Blind to the real merits of those discoverers, he advanced their claims on wrong grounds; and misled by the account of the voyages of the Zeni, which we now know to be for the most part a fabrication, he supposed that America had been discovered by the Northmen whom those Venetians accompanied in the fourteenth century; and confidently asserted that no further praise was due to Columbus than that of originating a stable and useful intercourse with the transatlantic continent.

A correct account of the early discoveries of the Scandinavians in the west, was given by Torfæus, in his "*Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ*," published in 1705, and in his "*Grönlandia Antiqua*," which appeared in the following year. But these works soon became too scarce to forward the ends of their publication, and have been long reckoned, even in the North, among the choicest bibliographical rarities. The writings of Suhm and Schöning, Lindeborg and Schröder, in which similar information is to be obtained, being in the northern languages, and in many instances only to be found in periodical publications, never enjoyed an extensive European circulation. John Reinhold Foster, in his *History of Voyages and Discoveries in the North*, and some other writers chiefly following in his steps and familiar to the English reader, have asserted the discovery of America by the Northmen, but without entering into any statement of circumstances or of evidence; and their unexplained opinions consequently appear to be the offspring of predilection. The only mode of convincing the literary world of a fact, is to publish the documents which prove it. This task was undertaken in the present instance by M. Rafn alone, and he had advanced half way towards the completion of his work, when the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of which he is the secretary, resolved to take the publication of it off his hands; and the result is the handsome volume the title of which stands at the head of this article.* Its typographical execution is every way worthy of the care and industry bestowed on it by M. Rafn and his coadjutors, and, combined with them, leaves nothing to be desired. We have here the original Icelandic text, with the various readings or even the different versions of the MSS., accompanied by translations in Danish and Latin; in this part of his task the editor has had the invaluable assistance of the learned Icelanders Finn Magnussen and Sveinbiorn Egilsson. He has himself added copious notes, with geographical and historical disquisitions.

Before we enter on the history of the early discove-

* London, published by Messrs. Black and Armstrong, agents to the Society.

ries of the Northmen in the west, it seems desirable that we should say a few words respecting its sources, and their number, age, and authenticity. Of the documents composing the volume of *American Antiquities*, two are of surpassing importance; and there is every reason to believe that they were both written in the twelfth century, or probably about four generations after the events which they relate. The first of these, entitled a Fragment concerning Erik the Red, is found inserted as an episodal chapter in the Saga or history of King Olave Tryggveson. Leif, the son of Erik, was sent to Greenland by King Olave on a mission, the chief object of which was the conversion of the colonists to Christianity. The mention of this incident leads to the history of Erik the Red and of his migration to Greenland; and the writer, having concluded his account of King Olave, returns to narrate at length the adventures of the Greenland colonists and their voyages to Vinland. This venerable fragment contains a reference to a prior and more ample history of Erik the Red. It is impossible to conjecture its author; but an error which occurs in it in regard to the genealogy of an ancient Icelandic family, a topic on which the old Scandinavian writers are usually very exact as well as copious, seems to indicate that it was written in Greenland, and probably not introduced into Iceland until after the lapse of a couple of centuries.

The next piece in the volume which is quite equal in importance to the preceding, is the History of Thorfinn Karlsefne, or the Manly. The author of this Saga, in relating the adventures of Karlsefne and his voyage to Vinland, could not help giving some account of the previous voyages which had led to it; and as Gudrida, the wife of Karlsefne, had been previously married to a son of Erik the Red, the latter with the whole train of events connected with his migration to Greenland, enters on the scene. Gudrida, during her residence in Vinland, was delivered of a son named Snorre, three of whose descendants held bishoprics in Iceland, in the course of the twelfth century; and it is supposed that one of these was the author of the Karlsefnes-Saga, which contains the early history of the family. The manuscript used by M. Rafn for the basis of his text, is on vellum, and appears to have been written about the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. The history of Erik the Red has also been printed from a vellum manuscript, written near the close of the fourteenth century. And here it deserves to be remarked that one of the objections urged by scepticism against the transatlantic discoveries of the Scandinavians, has been, that no account of them exists having any apparent claim to antiquity or even written on vellum; whereas there are, in fact, no fewer than eighteen different manuscripts on vellum in which there occurs some mention, more

or less, of the Good Vinland—as the part of the North American continent visited by the Northmen was called—to say nothing of various copies of the same manuscript.

In the rear of the documentary array of which the two historical pieces above-mentioned form the van and main division, M. Rafn has disposed a number of extracts from the *Landnámabók*, the *Heimskringla*, and other ancient Sagas of high authority. He has also found a foreign auxiliary of great weight in Adam of Bremen, a German ecclesiastic, who, being attracted to the Danish court in the latter half of the eleventh century by the reputation of King Swein for liberality and knowledge, learned there the discovery of Vinland by the Northmen, to which he subsequently alluded in his writings. But to these fragments, as well as the poems and geographical treatises of those times in which some mention is made of Vinland, we shall return hereafter; and shall now terminate our preliminary disquisition with the acknowledgment that the learning and critical sagacity of Rafn, Finn Magnusen, and the other eminent scholars who have lent their aid in preparing this volume of *American Antiquities* for the press, appear to us to have effectually prevented any objections that might be raised against the genuineness of the pieces entering into the collection; and to confine the question respecting the early discovery of America simply to the discussion of the meaning and intrinsic merits of the evidence. We shall now proceed to narrate the history of the discovery of America by the Northmen, not omitting those circumstances which, though not immediately connected with our object, yet throw a forcible and characteristic light on the men and times which fall under our consideration.

Erik the Red, with whom our narrative begins, appears to have been conspicuous even among Northmen for turbulence of spirit and love of adventure. He was twice obliged to change his residence in Iceland owing to feuds with his neighbours, in which he committed homicide. In his new abode on the western shores of the island he was equally unfortunate, and became involved in disputes with a powerful individual named Thorgest; in consequence of which, being arraigned before the Thing, or Assembly, convened at Thorsness, and knowing probably that his enemy's adherents outnumbered his own, he felt that he had no chance of escape but in quitting the island. He lay some time in concealment, while his foes sought him on all the rocks along the shore, and, his preparations being completed, he embarked (in 983) with a few resolute followers, and stood out to sea from the *Snæfellsyökel*, a towering promontory pointing directly to the west. His friends Thorbiorn, Eyolf, and Styr, accompanied him beyond the rocks. In taking leave of them he announced his intention of looking for Gunbiorn's

rocks, as some islets were called which had been discovered in the western seas a short time before, and the situation of which geographers have never been able to conjecture: it is not improbable that they were the islands near the southern extremity of Greenland. The conspicuous feature of the first land made by him, was a glacier (*Snæfellsyökel*) to which he gave the name of *Blaserk*, or Blackrock: he then sailed southwards, until he at length arrived at a habitable shore where he spent the winter. During two summers he explored the newly discovered country, to which he gave the flattering name of Greenland, in order that its designation might encourage men to settle in it; and in the course of the third summer he returned to Iceland according to promise, to acquaint his friends with his success. He remained there but one winter, during which time, after a renewal of his quarrel with Thorgest, a reconciliation was effected between them: and in the following summer he returned to settle in Greenland. Of five and thirty vessels which set sail with him from Iceland only fourteen reached their destination; of the remainder some were lost, and others driven back by the winds.

One of the companions of Erik was Heriulf, whose son, Biarne, at the time of the migration to Greenland, was absent on a trading voyage to Norway. Surprised, on his return to Iceland, to find his family all gone, he determined at once to follow them, and, as he expressed it, to spend his winter, as he had been always used to do, at his father's fire-side. In this he uttered the characteristic sentiments of the north, where the length and severity of winter give double value to the comforts of home and social intimacy, and where domestic attachments seem to gain strength from the rigour of the season. He set sail accordingly, though unacquainted with the Greenland sea, and for many days was driven by tempestuous north winds, accompanied by thick fogs, he knew not whither. At length, when the weather cleared up, he saw a land moderately elevated and overgrown with wood. As this did not correspond with the description he had received of Greenland, he left it to larboard; and standing out to sea, in two days more again descried land lower than the former, but like it covered with wood. He then continued his course with a south-west wind, and after three days descried an island, the lofty shores of which were beset by icebergs, or, as it should perhaps be understood, covered with glaciers. Bearing away from this island, and sailing for four days with fresh gales, he arrived at Heriulfnes in Greenland, where his father was settled. There is no reason to doubt that the well-wooded land first descried by Biarne was some, we shall not at present venture to decide what, part of the American continent, which thus appears to have been discovered by the Northmen as early as 986.

The discovery of the continent was in fact, by a natural accident, made contemporaneously with the colonization of Greenland.

A few years later, when Erik, Earl of Norway, heard Biarne relate the incidents of his voyage, he expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction at the absence of any endeavour to examine the newly discovered country. The earl's comments, when carried to Greenland, did not fail to operate at once on the adventurous spirit of the colonists. Leif, the son of Erik the Red, bought Biarne's vessel, and in the year 1000 proceeded on a voyage of discovery towards the south-west. He first came to the island of snow-clad mountains, formerly seen by Biarne, and went on shore with some of his companions to examine. There was no herbage of any kind upon it, but a bare and rugged plain of slate (*hella*) extended from the feet of the glaciers down to the sea-side. Hence they gave to this country the name of *Helluland*. Continuing their voyage, they next arrived at a low coast thickly covered with wood, and having hillocks or banks of white sand near the shore. This country they called *Markland*, or Woodland.

They then stood out to sea and sailed for two days before they again made land, when, passing between an island and the main, which here stretched out eastwards so as to form a long peninsula, they held their course westward along the shores of the latter, where they observed that a great extent of ground was left dry at ebb-tide. They explored in their small boat a river which issued from a lake, and being pleased with the appearance of the country, they brought their vessel up into the lake when the tide rose, and moored her in it. They proceeded forthwith to erect themselves some temporary log-huts, which, as soon as they had made up their minds to winter in the place, they enlarged into comfortable houses, and called them *Leifs-booths*; a name which recurs frequently in the Scandinavian history of the discovery of America. Of the nature of the country in the vicinity of this station, the old historian gives us the following description.

'In that place there was no want of salmon either in the river or the lake, and of a greater size than they had ever seen before. So good was the land, that it might be easily seen that the cattle could never want for food, there being no severe cold in the winter, and the grass never losing its freshness. The days were more equal there than in Iceland or Greenland; and at the time of the shortest day, the sun was nine hours above the horizon.'—p. 32.

It happened one day that they missed one of their companions, a Suderman, that is, a Southern or German, named Tyrker, an old servant and favourite of Leif's. A party was immediately despatched into the woods in quest of him. After some time spent in the search, he was seen staggering towards his friends with an air of extravagant joy, and having first accosted them in German, much to their surprise, he at length went on

to acquaint them in stammering accents with the fact that he had been feasting on grapes. It must be confessed that the northern historian, in describing a German inebriated by eating wild grapes, drew too much on his imagination; yet the amount of fiction in this instance does not exceed what may be allowed for as the inevitable colouring of facts preserved by tradition; and indeed the anecdote regarding Tyrker, if closely examined, will be found to furnish strong evidence of the genuineness of the narrative. The circumstance so carefully related, that the finder of the grapes was a Southern, in whose native country the vine abounded, and who was consequently well acquainted with that fruit, cannot fail to suggest to the reader how unlikely it is that such exotic productions should have presented themselves to the imagination of Icelanders in the twelfth century, or that grapes and vines should adorn regions in the fancy of that people who voluntarily settled on the frozen shores of Greenland. To the country in which the vines were discovered Leif gave the name of *Vinland*, and freighting his vessel with grapes and timber he returned homeward in the following spring. When near the coast of Greenland he saw a party of shipwrecked people on a rock: they were fifteen in all, including Thorer, the chief, and his wife, Gudrida. Leif took them on board and conveyed them to Greenland, and from this circumstance he obtained the appellation of the Lucky or Fortunate.

The account which Leif gave of his winter's sojourn in Vinland was calculated to incite others to visit that country; and his brother Thorwald borrowed his vessel for this purpose, under the engagement that he would first convey to Greenland the property which Thorer, when shipwrecked, had left upon the rock. This being effected, he sailed for Vinland, and arrived without accident at Leifsbooths. He spent the first winter in fishing. The following spring (1003) he sent a party southwards to examine the coasts; they were absent for some months, and reported on their return, that the country explored by them was everywhere extremely beautiful, the woods extending down to within a short distance of the fine sandy beach which formed the shore. They saw no signs of human beings, except a wooden shed (literally, in the language of the Icelandic historians, a corn-shed or granary) on one of the numerous islands near the coast. In the following year (1004) Thorwald sailed eastward from Leifsbooths, and then went northward past a remarkable headland which enclosed a bay; and was opposite to another headland. Here, driven by a tempest into shoal water, the vessel struck and injured her keel; the damage was soon repaired, and Thorwald ordered the broken keel to be erected on the headland, which he named from the circumstance *Kjalarnes*, or Keel-Point. They came soon after to a promontory covered with wood, where, for the first time, they saw some of the

natives. There were three canoes drawn up on the shore, near each of which were three Skrællings, as the northern writers call the Esquimaux. Of the nine natives they murdered eight, but found themselves in a short time surrounded by a great multitude, hastening from all sides to avenge the death of their fellows. The Northmen beat them off, but Thorwald received a mortal wound in the combat. His admiration of the woody promontory where he had expressed a wish to abide, then seemed to him prophetic; and as he expired he told his companions to bury him on the shore of the headland, and, planting a cross over his grave, to call the place Krossanes, or Cross-Point. They returned to Greenland in 1005.

In the spring of the following year, Thorstein, third son of Erik, accompanied by his wife Gudrida, set sail with the intention of bringing home his brother Thorwald's body; but after being tossed about the whole summer by adverse winds, he regained Greenland at the beginning of winter, without having even seen Vinland, and died soon after. The circumstances of Thorstein's death are related by the Icelandic historians at ample length, and with much simplicity and pathos. As they have no immediate connection however with the discoveries in Vinland, we shall not allow them at present to interrupt our narrative; but if space permit, we may return to this episode hereafter, and endeavour to show that it has a significance not adverted to by M. Rafn, although strongly tending to confirm his conjecture respecting the authorship of the historical fragments in which it is introduced.

The year 1006 was rendered memorable in Greenland by the arrival of two vessels from Iceland, one of which was commanded by Thorfinn, better known by the auspicious designation of Karlsefne; that is to say, having the materials of a man, or, promising great things. The chief person in the other vessel was Biarne, the son of Grimolf. Karlsefne was a rich and powerful man, of a distinguished family, and traced his descent from some who were in those days called kings, but who must not be ranged in the same line with the crowned heads of modern times. As genealogies and whatever relates to descent and kindred had great importance in the eyes of the Icelandic writers, and are indeed always valuable to the critical inquirer from offering so many points of contact by which the accuracy or authenticity of history may be tried, we shall here present to our readers a short specimen of this kind in order to show how diligent a chronicler is family pride, and how well disposed it is notwithstanding all its prolixity, to give a firm and well-jointed form to history.

'There was a man named Thord, who dwelt in Höfdestrand (in the district of Skagafjord, on the northern coast of Iceland): he was married to Fridgerda, daughter of Thorer Hima (the Lazy) and of Fridgerda, the daughter of Kiarval one of the kings of Ireland.

Thord was the son of Biorne Byrdusmiör (the Butter-cask), son of Thorwald Ryg (Backbone), son of Asleik, son of Biorne Yarnsid (Ironside), son of Ragnar Lodbrok (Hairy-breeches). They (Thord and Fridgerda) had a son named Snorre, who married Thorhilda Riupe (the Partridge), daughter of Thord Geller (the Loud-voiced), and the son of these was Thord Hesthöfde (Horse-head). Thorfinn Karlsefne was the son of Thord; his mother was named Thorunna. Thorfinn travelled about as a merchant and he was accounted a clever seaman and tradesman.'—p. 130.

The arrival of a man of such eminent abilities and high family, who could trace back his ancestry through eight generations, was an event well calculated to call forth all the hospitality of the Greenland colonists, and the festivities of Yule or Christmas were observed by the family of Erik the Red, who entertained Karlsefne and his companions, with a splendour, we are told, which had never been witnessed before 'in that poor country.' This splendour however was in a great measure due to the liberality of Karlsefne, who, reading in the downcast looks of his host the confession of poverty, said to him, 'We have in our ship plenty both of malt and corn, take of it what you will, and make as great a feast as your heart desires.' During this season of pleasure Karlsefne became enamoured of Gudrida, the widow of Thorstein, who is represented as a lady possessing matchless endowments both of body and mind, and married her. The lineage of Gudrida is not communicated to us in as ample a manner as her husband's, but it is introduced by a genealogical preamble of so curious a kind, and depicting so vividly the roving habits of the Northmen in the tenth century, that we cannot refuse to give it a place here as a counterpart to the genealogy which we have already extracted. These family traditions carry with them such an air of reality, and shed so much light on individuals, as cannot fail to inspire us with confidence in the history of which they form the connecting links. They are haloes spread round the heads of patriarchs, which irradiate more or less all the events in which their subjects have a share. But to proceed with our extract.

'There was a war-king (or pirate) named Olave the White; he was the son of King Ingiold, son of Helge, son of Olave, son of Gudred, son of Halvden Whitefoot, King of the Highlands (in Norway). Olave carried on piracy (literally harried) in the west, and conquered Dublin in Ireland, with the country round about, whereof he remained king. He married Auda the Generous, daughter of Ketil the Flat-nosed, son of Biorne the Splayfooted, a rich Norwegian. They had a son named Thorstein the Red. When Olave fell in battle in Ireland, Auda and Thorstein fled to the Hebrides. There Thorstein married Thorida, daughter of Eyvind and sister of Helge the Lean. They had many children. Thorstein became a war-king and made an alliance with Earl Sigurd the powerful, son of Eystein the Loud. They seized upon Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Moray, and more than half of Scotland, which Thorstein ruled as king, until being surprised by the Scots in an

ambuscade, he died on the field of battle. Auda was in Caithness at the time when she heard of his death. She immediately had a vessel built secretly and escaped to the Orkneys. There she placed Groa, the daughter of Thorstein the Red and mother of Grelada, whom the chief Thorfinn the Skull-cleaver had in marriage. She afterwards went herself to Iceland, having in her vessel a crew of twenty free men. In Iceland she spent the first winter with her brother Biorne. She subsequently took possession of some of the valleys and dwelt at Hwam. She used to say her prayers at Krosholum, where she had a cross erected, for she was baptized and very devout. With her, there came to Iceland many men of rank, who had been taken captive during the wars in the west, and were therefore called serfs. One of these was named Vifil, a man of high birth, who had been made prisoner in the west and was called a serf until Auda gave him his liberty. When she was bestowing dwelling-places on her followers, and was asked by him why he alone was passed by unheeded, she replied that the omission was of no consequence, for all knew him to be noble. She then gave him Vifilsdale, where he afterwards lived.'—p. 84—89.

The historian then goes on to state that Gunbiorne, son of Vifil, was the father of Gudrida, for whose sake alone, it is obvious, the account of the war-kings was introduced. The noble extraction of Vifil, Gudrida's grandfather, was the point which the historian had really at heart; and as his sole authority for the fact was the complimentary assertion of Auda that all the world knew it, he deemed it expedient to raise the credit of her warranty by enlarging on the achievements of her kinsman in the west. From these specimens our readers will at once perceive how little romance, and how much plain, homely, matter-of-fact enters into the composition of Icelandic history, to which we shall now return, to resume the narrative of discoveries in Vinland.

The feast of Yule could interrupt but for a short time the tedious gloom of a Greenland winter, which disposes the mind to look forward with passionate eagerness to the active employments of a cheerful season. When Karlsefne and his friends beguiled their long evenings by recounting their adventures, the conversation often turned on the newly-discovered country in the Southwest; and as this grew more interesting the more it was talked of, they at length resolved to examine it thoroughly and to attempt founding a colony there. Accordingly, there were three vessels fitted out in spring; one commanded by Karlsefne himself, another by Bjarne Grimolfson, and in the third was Thorward, who had married Freydisa, a natural daughter of Erik the Red. Thorhall, a retainer of the same chieftain and an expert hunter, with many other colonists and some Icelanders of distinction, joined the expedition, which, we are informed, was expected to afford very lucrative results. It included in all one hundred and sixty persons, with cattle and lesser live stock in abundance.

They set sail in the spring of the year 1007, and

touching at the Westbygd, or western district of Old Greenland, and at Biarney, or, as it is now called, Disco Island. They held a southerly course for a day and night, till they reached Helluland, where they landed and found nothing but great flat stones, some of which were twelve ells in width, and a multitude of foxes. They then steered more to the south-east for another day and night, till they reached the woody shores of Markland. They killed a bear on an island near the shore, which was named from the circumstance Biarney, or Bear Island. Resuming their southerly course, they sailed for a long time keeping the land on their right hand, till they came to a point on which they found the keel of a ship, and which thus obtained the name of Kialarnea, or Keel-Point. Here we shall stop to observe, that we have set down the distances and courses sailed just as we find them in the original historians, not attempting to disguise the difficulties of the narrative, to the discussion of which we shall return hereafter.

Beyond Kialarnea extended sandy shores of such a length as to obtain the name of Furthustrand; after which the coast became much indented with bays and inlets. Here Karlsefne landed a man and woman, natives of Scotland, whom he had with him, and who were remarkably swift of foot. These people, we are told, went nearly naked, their only clothing being a garment which they called *kiaval*, (obviously the Anglo-Saxon *ceaval*, a cowl or caul,) open at the sides, without sleeves; fastened between the legs by a button, and having a hood attached to it. The fact that these Scots gave an Anglo-Saxon or foreign name to their clothing, seems to confirm the imputation of comparative barbarousness thrown on them by the Northmen, who indeed go so far as to say that they were more like apes than men. However, Hake and Hakia, as the Scottish pair were named, were desired to run across the country and explore it southwards for three days, at the end of which time they were taken on board, bringing with them grapes and ears of corn, probably maize. The ships soon after entered a bay, in which was an island so crowded with eider-ducks, that it was impossible to walk over it without treading on the eggs. The bay, from the strength of the currents in it, was called Straumfiord, and the island Straumey. Here they unloaded the ships and spent the first winter. It was probably during this autumn that Gudrida gave birth to a son, named Snorre, the first of European race who was born in America.

In the following spring there were no fish taken, and our adventurers began to experience a scarcity of food. Thorhall the hunter then wandered into the woods, and did not make his appearance again for three days, when he appeared in an abstracted mood and muttering verses. During his absence a whale of

a species not known to the Northmen had been thrown on shore, and they, pressed by hunger, had cut it in pieces and eaten of it. As soon as Thorhall discovered this piece of good fortune, as he deemed it, he exclaimed that it was all due to Red-Beard, that is, to Thor, in honour of whom he had been composing a song. The rest of the company, who appear to have been chiefly Christians, were shocked at the suggestion, and threw what remained of the whale into the sea. It is piously added that what they had eaten sickened them, and that as soon as they threw Thor's gift away, the weather cleared up and fish were taken in abundance. Christianity was introduced into Greenland in the year 1000, by Leif son of Eric; and it is curious to observe, in the anecdote above related and some others scattered through M. Rafn's volume, with what a strange and very rare union of tolerance and scrupulosity the followers of the new, regarded the adherents of the old religion.

Thorhall soon afterwards sailed northwards with eight others in quest of Vinland; but being carried westward by violent gales, he was thrown on the coast of Ireland, where, as the merchants reported, he was kept in servitude. The historian who cites the oral testimony of traders for this fact, reveals to us another of his sources when he recites some of the verses of Thorhall, whose attachment to pagan usages is very naturally associated with his love of poetry. These verses were doubtless preserved by popular tradition, and may therefore be regarded as contemporaneous records of the events to which they make allusion. Skaldic rhapsodies are in general too wild and fragmentary to bear translation; but as a peculiar interest attaches to these earliest transatlantic verses, especially when they contain any reference to the scenes or circumstances which gave birth to them, we shall here endeavour to present our readers with a short specimen, being Thorhall's effusion when, tired of his adventures, he was about to leave Karlsefne's party and to sail northward.

"Home let us wend to our father's shore;
And, as the sea-gull courts the gale
With outstretched pinion, let us o'er
The billows bound with crowded sail.
For the warlike souls, whose fiery rage
Like lightning's deadly blast assails,
Here let such worthies dwell an age,
In Furthustrand,—and dine on whales."

While Thorhall sailed away in one direction, Karlsefne and his people went exploring in the opposite. They at length came to a river which flowed through a lake on its way to the sea, and its mouth, which was so beset by sand-banks as to be accessible only in high tides, they called the Hop or Hope, that is, the estuary or sea-reach. On the hills near this place they found vines in abundance, and some kind of corn grew wild on the low grounds. Here they fixed themselves for

the winter at a little distance from the lake: no snow fell, and the cattle found pasture in abundance at the most rigorous season. The Northmen had not been settled long in their winter-quarters before the natives made their appearance. These came from the south in canoes, brandishing their poles and making a clatter as if to frighten away the strangers, whom they surveyed for some time in mute astonishment, and then, retreating to the shore, rowed off. That they were of the Esquimaux race is manifest from the description of them:—"They were very dark and grim-visaged, had a filthy head of hair, great eyes and broad cheeks."

The winter passed over without any incident worthy of notice, but early in the spring the natives were seen to approach in great numbers. They readily entered into barter, coveting above all things swords and spears, which Karlsefne, on the other hand, prudently declined to sell them. They were obliged to content themselves, therefore, with red cloth, and for a piece large enough to tie round the head, gave a whole skin of fine grey fur. As the cloth grew scarce it was dealt out by the Northmen in smaller portions, but without any abatement of mercantile eagerness on the part of the natives. This lucrative commerce however was broken off in a ludicrous and unexpected manner; for the bull belonging to the Northmen issuing unexpectedly from the wood, began to low, whereat the natives fled in the greatest trepidation, and did not show themselves again for three weeks. At the end of that time they returned in formidable multitudes and obviously bent on hostility. The Northmen were not slow to offer them battle; but being seized with a panic, and fancying themselves surrounded, they took suddenly to flight. In this conjuncture Freydisa rushed forth, and picking up the sword of Snorre Thorbrandson, who had been killed with a stone, she beat her breasts with it, and by her frantic gestures terrified, or at least amazed, the enemy. The Northmen, rallied by her example, returned to the charge, and completely routed the savages; of whom they killed a great number, losing but two of their own party.

After this, Karlsefne and his companions felt convinced that whatever might be the natural advantages of the country round the Hope, they had no chance of retaining tranquil and undisputed possession of it. They returned northwards, therefore, to Straumford, where they spent the third winter. Here the harmony of the expedition seemed to be at an end, "disputes arising," as the old historian ingeniously relates, "on account of the women; those who had no wives wishing to take them from those who had." In the ensuing spring they sailed homeward, and, touching at Markland, surprised a party of five Skrællings,—a man with his two wives and two children. The

adults escaped, but the Northmen carried off the children, from whom they expected to learn some particulars of the country. Karlsefne and those with him reached Greenland in safety in 1011. Bjarne Grimolfson was carried westward, into a sea infested by worms (or terebratulæ), which soon reduced his vessel to a sinking state. He had a small boat smeared with seal-blubber, which the worm does not attack, but it was barely large enough to hold half his people. He made them therefore cast lots to determine who should be saved, "for in such cases all men are equal." He was himself among the fortunate, and had taken his place in the boat, when one of those left behind in the vessel cried after him, "Bjarne! will you abandon me? was it thus you promised my father when I followed you from Iceland?" On hearing this Bjarne gave the man his place in the boat and returned to the ship, which was never heard of afterwards. Those in the boat made their way to Dublin, where they related what had happened.

In the same year there arrived in Greenland a ship from Norway, commanded by two brothers, Helge and Finnboge, whom Freydisa persuaded to undertake a voyage to Vinland, an enterprise at that time deemed both honourable and lucrative. She bargained to have half the profits of the expedition. Her brother, Leif, being asked by her for Leifsbooths, replied that he would lend but not give them: an answer which, by insisting on the right of property, intimates the contemplation of a permanent connection with the newly discovered country. On their first arrival in Vinland, the Norwegian brothers were engaged in devising games and recreations for the people in their winter quarters, when Freydisa persuaded her husband, Thorward, to murder them and their retainers. She returned to Greenland in 1013, and the rumour of her crimes having reached the ear of her brother Leif, he put three of her followers to the torture, and so obtained a full confession of her guilt. He did not, however, inflict any punishment on herself, but left her to the consequences of the detestation with which she was universally regarded. At the time of Freydisa's return, Karlsefne was preparing to set sail for Norway; and he soon after departed with the richest cargo, it is stated, which ever left the shores of Greenland. That cargo consisted, in part at least, we know, of timber and furs, the productions of Vinland. Karlsefne sold his merchandise in Norway, and, in 1015, went to Iceland, where he purchased a great estate, and was the founder of a powerful and wealthy family, who are always alluded to in flattering terms in the ancient sages; many of the sages, indeed, and probably one of those from which our narrative of the discovery of Vinland is derived, were written by the descendants of the American-born Snorre. Among the Ice-

landers who at the present day claim descent from the same stock is the learned Finn Magnussen, to whom the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen owes some of its best memoirs on the languages and literature of the North, and whose zealous co-operation with M. Rafn enhances the value of the volume now before us.

We have now related the history of the discovery of Vinland by the Northmen, and we do not think that there are many who will feel inclined to dispute its truth. It has throughout the substance and the colour of reality. Nothing can be more plain, natural, or vivid; and it is even, in some respects, remarkably circumstantial. It must be confessed, indeed, that in nautical and geographical details the narrative is deficient; and the question, where is Vinland, or to what region in the Western hemisphere was that name originally applied?—is not without its difficulties. But these difficulties cannot raise any serious doubts in the minds of those who consider with what latitude the historical writings of the eleventh or twelfth centuries must be construed. We hope therefore to be able to give a reasonable if not a convincing explanation of the situation of Vinland; avoiding, at the same time, the lengthened dissertations so apt to arise from a problem on which a great deal of erudition has been expended; and availing ourselves of the guidance of M. Rafn, with whose general views we coincide, though we strongly dissent from some of the arguments with which he endeavours to support them.

It will be recollected that when Bjarne Heriulfsson first saw the country afterwards called Vinland, he stood off to sea and sailed for two days before he again saw land. He then continued his course for three days with a south-west wind till he saw a third land covered with ice: the wind freshening, he was obliged to take in sail, and ran for four days before he reached Heriulfnes, near the southern extremity of Greenland. The third land seen by him, therefore, being four days' sail with a fresh wind south of Greenland, (for that the newly-discovered countries lay to the south of Greenland is a point on which the Icelandic writers are unanimous,) can be no other than Newfoundland. As he sailed past, he perceived that it was an island: from which circumstance, probably, M. Rafn was disposed to think that it might have been Belleisle. But what could have brought Bjarne so much out of his course as to see Belleisle? It is manifest that he had sight of the south-eastern peninsula of Newfoundland, which is nearly separated from the main by Trinity Bay on the one side and Placentia Bay on the other, and that he very naturally mistook it for an island. The distance from Cape Broil, on the coast of this peninsula, to Heriulfnes, is about 720 nautical miles, which with a fresh wind on the stern quarter and sail

enough to fetch seven knots and a half per hour, would be exactly completed in four days. So far then we have easy sailing.

But we must now go back and see what countries lie on the south side of Newfoundland, separated from this and from each other respectively by distances of three and two days' sail. And here again there is no room for hesitation, but we find ourselves instantly and irresistibly forced to a conclusion. The land first seen by Biarne was the coast of New England, probably near Cape Cod; and the second land described by him was Nova Scotia. These coasts both project considerably from the Continent, and lie nearly in a line with Newfoundland towards the south-west by west. Now Biarne was driven by gales he knew not whither; and when he found himself near a shore which, from its fertile appearance, he knew was not that of Greenland, he stood off-shore as we are distinctly informed. We may be assured therefore that he steered some points east of north. In this course he found in two days a second land, which must manifestly have projected from the continent, since he arrived at it though steering to avoid the land. If we suppose therefore that the coast of Massachusetts was the first land seen by him, Nova Scotia must have been the second. But as the coast of this country runs for nearly three hundred miles in a uniform direction towards the north-east, it would necessarily put him on a course which, if he persisted in steadily for three days, would carry him to the south-eastern extremity of Newfoundland. Perhaps we may be asked, Why having reached this last-named point, did he alter his course and steer due north? To this we reply, first; that the eastern coast of Newfoundland is not low and sandy like that of Massachusetts, nor does it trend to the north-east like that of Nova Scotia; so that it neither warns nor compels the mariner to stand off towards the east; and if we suppose Biarne capable of making any guess as to his position, we ought not to feel surprised that he took the right course. Secondly, it must be remembered that in the latter part of his voyage the wind blew stiffly from the south-west, and he was obliged to shorten sail; if he continued therefore holding a north-easterly course, (for in fact we are not told how he steered.) he must necessarily have fallen more to leeward than in the former part of his voyage, and the actual course run by him must have been towards the north; for we may rest assured that the ships and seamen of the tenth century were far less able to face a wind than is usual now-a-days. Thus if we resign on the part of Biarne all pretensions to the directing power of nautical skill and experience, and admit that he was driven throughout by necessity and the winds, we have still argument enough to bring him safe into port at Heriulfenes.

Leif's voyage offers us no nautical details. He

went in search of the countries described by Biarne; and, retracing the course of the latter, he, as well as all those who followed him, found three lands, which he named Helluland, Markland and Vinland. The fact that those three lands, of slate, of wood, and of the vine, always occurred in succession to the explorers from Greenland, who commenced their voyage in a southward course, leave us, we repeat, no room to doubt that the regions so designated were respectively the projecting lands of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New England about Massachusetts. The nature and aspect of these countries are in perfect accordance with the descriptions of those discovered by the Northmen. In Newfoundland we find the bare rocks and ice of Helluland; and in the depressed, well-wooded shores of Nova Scotia we have no difficulty in recognising the Markland of the Northmen. As to Vinland we are not called upon to acknowledge its identity with the coast of Massachusetts merely on the evidence of such general resemblance. The narrative of Thorwald's voyage furnishes us with some particulars respecting it of a very unequivocal and cogent kind. His explorations of the coast from Leifsbooths appear to have been directed towards the east and west. He himself sailed eastwards, we are told, along the coast, and then turned northwards (at point Malabar) round the land which proved to be a peninsula (Nauset), enclosing a bay (Cape Cod Bay). Within this bay he anchored at the mouth of a river flowing from east to west (Pamot River). The point (Cape Cod) terminating the peninsula, and named by him Kialarnes, was opposite to another headland on the main (Gurnet Point), which was covered with trees and appeared to him eminently beautiful; a description that suits well with the peninsula at Plymouth, as may be collected from the names of the places on its coast, High-Pines Ledge and Green-Harbour. The details of Thorwald's voyage along the coast, eastwards and then northwards till he rounded a headland enclosing a bay and found a river running westwards, all square exactly with the coast of Cape Cod Peninsula, and with no other spot in the New World on which conjecture can plausibly fasten. In the same region also we find the Furthustrand, that is, the Marvellous or Portentous Strand. How appositely this designation might be applied to the sandy plains near Cape Cod, will be evident from the following descriptions of them by a modern writer, Hitcheock, on the Geology of Massachusetts.

"The dunes or sand-hills," he observes, "which are often nearly or quite barren of vegetation, and of snowy whiteness, forcibly attract the attention on account of their peculiarity. As we approach the extremity of the cape the sand and barrenness increase; and in not a few places it would need only a party of Bedouin Arabs to cross the traveller's path, to make him feel that he was in the depths of an Arabian or Lybian desert."

The frequency of the mirage on the sandy plains of

Cape Cod still further justifies their title to be called Marvellous. Near this coast we have the island (Nantucket) between which and the main the Northmen held their course. Beyond or westward of the Marvellous Strand we find, in conformity with their descriptions, the coast deeply indented and beset with sandbanks. Buzzard's inlet is probably their Straumfiord; and Mount-Hope Bay, above Rhode Island, corresponds with their description of the Hop or opening (called sometimes a lake) near which Karlsefne spent a winter. It would be easy to lengthen the list of coincidences which serve to prove that the Vinland of the Northmen was situated on the southern coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; but we conceive that what we have already advanced is fully sufficient to establish that point, and shall content ourselves therefore with merely observing that when the English settlers first arrived on those coasts, they found the vine growing wild on the hills, Indian-corn on the plains, the inlets and rivers abounding in fish, and the islands covered with innumerable wild fowl, just as it is stated in the narratives of the Northmen.

We must not however dissemble an apparent difficulty which arises from the discrepancies of our authorities, and which M. Rafn passes over in silence. In the fragment entitled the History of Karlsefne we read that his expedition sailing southwards from Biarnéy, or Disco Island, which is far to the north, reached Helluland in two days. He then steered south-eastwards to Markland, and again, to make Vinland, he changed his course to south. Now the distance from Disco Island to Newfoundland is not less than 1400 nautical miles, which it would be absurd to imagine could be run over in two days; and as to the course subsequently steered to Vinland, it will be sufficient to remark that it is not only irreconcilable with our hypothesis respecting the situation of that country, but even with any possibility of discovery whatever. Yet no one possessing common sense and candour, who reads that historical fragment, can harbour a suspicion of its genuineness and general truth. How then are we to explain the incongruity of the above-mentioned statements? Simply by supposing that the author of the Karlsefne's Saga gave little attention to, and consequently remained ignorant of, the nautical and hydrographical details of the voyage to Vinland. And indeed this fact is manifest; for though copious on other matters, his accounts of the shores visited are meagre enough and seem to be in a great measure borrowed from the histories of the previous voyages to that quarter. The author of the piece in question was in fact an ecclesiastic, who wrote, not for the purpose of promoting geography, but merely to record the memorable deeds of his ancestors. He discloses his profession by his remarks on the ancient rites of burial in Greenland and some similar passages. It

will be easily understood that in early times, when the historian gathered his materials not from books but from tradition, his writings would be more strongly impressed with the defects and peculiarities of his mental habits than is likely to be the case in a literary age. The student of books has sources of information independent of himself, and full and ample perhaps of the very topics to which he is naturally inattentive. But the materials of the writer who depends on tradition, as well as the use he makes of them, are modified by his intellectual bias and habits of attention. It is not very surprising therefore that a bishop of Iceland, in writing the history of the voyages to Vinland, should be neglectful of the details of distances and bearings.

Whoever opens the Northern Collection of American Antiquities, and learns, from the epitome of its contents in the English language prefixed to it by M. Rafn, that Thorfinn Karlsefne sailed two days from Greenland before he arrived at Helluland, and that his course to Vinland was S. and S.W. will be not a little surprised to find, on looking at the Danish and Latin versions of the original Icelandic, that Karlsefne's voyage between the above-named places, occupied but one natural day (in the Latin) or a day and night (as in the Danish). It appears that the Icelandic word *daegr*, like the English *day*, is somewhat ambiguous and may signify either the natural day of twenty-four or the artificial day of twelve hours. In translating the Icelandic text the preference was given to the latter acceptance of the term; but in writing the geographical commentaries, the editor perceived the advantages of the former. Hence there is a continual variance between the texts wherever reference is made to time, which is likely to prove a stumbling-block to the careless reader. With respect to the courses steered, M. Rafn has adopted the dangerous expedient of tacitly correcting his author; but his error here lies merely in not duly advertising his readers of the motives which made him deviate from his original.

It is a much more serious error than the preceding to overstate a good case. The common sense which finds no difficulty in the plain narrative of the Scandinavian discoverers, and can at once identify their Vinland with the coasts of New England, revolts at the production of untenable arguments and the pretence of demonstration in such a matter. We have already quoted from the account of Leif's voyage to Vinland a sentence on the climate of that country, which purports that the sun there, on the shortest day, was nine hours above the horizon. In quoting that sentence we purposely refrained from commenting on its disputable character, or allowing the discussion of its meaning to interrupt our narrative. But we now feel called upon to declare it to be a most dark and inextricable passage. It is obscurer even than the brumal

solstice to which it refers. We confess that we have studied with little profit the dissertations which pretend to give an exact interpretation of it, and can only console ourselves with the reflection that the Icelandic doctors are in the same predicament. Some of them, we believe, explain the passage in question to signify that the sun on the shortest day in Vinland was only six hours above the horizon. The great majority of the learned in the north, led by Torfæus and Wormskiold, allow the wintry sun eight hours to sport in upper air. M. Rafn with a select few, confiding in the authority of Paul Vidalin and Finn Johnsen, extends the shortest day in Vinland to nine hours; and from this astronomical observation, as he is pleased to call it, he calculates the latitude of the place to be $41^{\circ} 24' 10''$, which is in fact a mean between the latitudes of the points at the entrance of Mount Hope Bay, the supposed site of Karlsefne's winter quarters. Thus, to enjoy the phantom of a demonstration, he is willing to place his otherwise reasonable hypothesis in the clouds. He candidly admits, indeed, that the Northmen cannot be supposed to have had in the year 1000, instruments with which they could make observations so remarkably exact. Why then does he lay so much stress on a passage which is so easily turned to account by the enemy? Malte-Brun and others have decided on the authority of that passage, following Torfæus in the interpretation of it, that the Vinland of the Northmen was in Newfoundland. They overlooked the general statements respecting the climate and productions of that country, and affecting an obedience to science, preferred the obscure and dubious to the clear and explicit indications. We regret that the learned Martinus Scriblerus never thought of criticising or elucidating the astronomical observation above alluded to, but we believe that we shall not stray far from the spirit of the original if we translate it as follows:—"there (in Vinland), on the shortest day, the sun is up from breakfast till supper." This appears to us to be too rude an approximation to the expression of an astronomical fact to merit all the pains bestowed on it; and whatever sense the learned may at last agree to give it, we do not think that they are likely to add materially to its value.

We have as little faith in the Runic inscriptions supposed to be found in the neighbourhood of Rhode Island, as in the astronomical observations said to have been made there by the Northmen. It appears that in the Taunton River, a few miles above Mount Hope Bay, there is a rock commonly known by the name of the Dighton-writing Rock, which is covered with what are popularly termed hieroglyphics. Under the dominion of the old theories it was thought that the characters discernible on it were Phœnician. Some were pleased, with a license as well-founded, to style them Ethiopic; others again discovered in them a close

resemblance to inscriptions found by Strahlenberg in Siberia. Now however it is discovered that they are Icelandic Runes, the work of Thorfinn and his followers, who reckoned it no doubt among their amusements during their sojourn in Vinland,

"To cut their names on bark of trees,
With true-love-knots and flourishes."

When the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries applied to the Historical Society of Rhode Island for fresh copies and some account of those supposed inscriptions, they were replied to with a zealous outpouring of information, intended to foster theory, but quite fatal, in our opinion, to the conclusion at which they aimed. They were told that sculptured rocks, similar in appearance to that in Taunton River, are to be seen in Kentucky, in the vicinity of Lake Erie, and in other parts of the United States; that barrows or *tumuli*, and the remains of various constructions, evidently not the work of the Indians, occur within the same limits. But are we to ascribe all these to the Northmen? And if not, why should the Dighton rock be separated from the fortunes of its fellows and owe the fret-work on its surface to Scandinavian chisels; while the other rocks must submit to bear the ignoble names of Phœnicians or even Siberians? Nevertheless the Danish antiquarians, little daunted by the rivalry of Kentuckian rocks, or by the circumstance that the rock which was the subject of their inquiries, is below the level of high-tide and undergoes the fretting action of the water, were not slow to discover Runes upon its surface. Finn Magnussen read with ease—and why not? faith which can remove mountains, may also read Runic inscriptions—he read we say, as follows: "CXXXI N(orth) M(en) NM OR (*nam or*, our possessions);" or in plain terms, "151 Northmen took possession of this country." Our reader must recollect that Thorfinn's expedition consisted of 160 persons, which number was reduced to 151 by the departure of Thorhall and eight others; and it must likewise be observed that the Icelandic hundred was or might be composed of twelve decads; that is, it might equal 120. All which being understood and admitted, the felicitous exactness of the inscription is apparent. We confess however that Finn Magnussen's interpretation appears to us to have been improved upon by M. Rafn; who, finding the letters FINS lurking at the heels of OR, and then shrewdly conjecturing that TH was wanting at the beginning of the word, *styli aut temporis lapsu*, has succeeded in restoring the name of Thorfinn. But enough of these antiquarian absurdities. We are bound however to state that engraved copies of the various drawings made of the Dighton hieroglyphics, accompany M. Rafn's volume, and fairly exhibit to the cool-headed reader the progress from the representation of a rudely

carved and time-worn rock to that of an elaborate theory.

We must not be supposed to undervalue the Collection of Northern Antiquities because we find in it some manifestations of an excessive antiquarian zeal. It contains enough to *prove* that the American continent was known to the Northmen at the beginning of the eleventh century; and we frankly avow that it appears to us to contain much also, which, whatever be its pretension, proves nothing at all. It is doing an injustice to authentic history to mix it up in the same category with fiction or incoherent tradition. We therefore regret to find that M. Rafn has yielded so ready and unconditional a credence to the ancient traditions respecting the Great Ireland or Whiteman's Land, which was said to be six days sail westward from Ireland. It was a Christian country and known earlier than Vinland. The Northmen appear to have received their information respecting it chiefly from the traders to Limerick. Without venturing to deny the possibility of the Atlantic having been crossed by Europeans and Christians before the days of Biarne, Leif, and Karlsefne, we contend that the discovery of Whiteman's Land differs materially in evidence, and authenticity from that of Vinland, and ought not to be allowed to interfere with or obscure it. Karlsefne on his return home from Vinland, caught on the shores of Markland as we have already mentioned, two young Skrællings or Esquimaux. From these he learned, that opposite to their country was another in which were men who wore white clothes, and who had long poles with flags (as it was understood) appended to them. "This country," says the old historian, "is supposed to be Whiteman's Land." M. Rafn adopts this conclusion, and endeavours to prop up the opinion that there was at that time a European colony further south, by the traditions of the Shawanee Indians; which traditions however, manifestly refer, not to the tenth century, but to the arrival of the Spaniards in Florida. It appears to us that the country "opposite their own" alluded to by the young Esquimaux, was no other than Greenland; and that by the poles and cloths attached to them, they intended merely to describe the masts and sails of the Whitemen's ships.

We are careful to prevent the true source of the history of early discovery in the west, from being contaminated by the streams of fabrication and corrupted tradition which flow so copiously in early ages. The more narrowly we examine the histories of Erik the Red and of Thorfinn Karlsefne, the more confidence do we feel in the narrative of discoveries there presented to us. A few of the collateral considerations which tend to strengthen our belief in them we shall now endeavour to lay before our reader. But it occurs to us that we ought first to say a few words to obviate objections which might arise in the minds of many

from the fact of Esquimaux being found on the shores of Vinland. That race is at the present day confined to a high latitude, but we see little difficulty in supposing that they extended much further south in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and this opinion, grounded on the characters of human skeletons found within the United States; on the traditions of the Red Indians and other circumstances, is, we believe, the one now generally adopted by transatlantic antiquarians.

It deserves in the first place to be remarked, that the Northmen scoured the western seas and made discoveries doubtless long anterior to the period reached by their historical traditions. We learn from Dicuil, an Irish monk who wrote in the ninth century a geographical work chiefly compiled from the Roman authors, that the Irish had visited Iceland already towards the close of the eighth century, and that half a century earlier they had been driven from the Feroe islands where they had settled, by the ravages of the Northmen. We must here venture to express an opinion that the seafaring Irish were the posterity of Northmen, and not Celts, who never seem to have had a turn for a maritime life. Indeed the true Irish boat, the coracle covered with skin, was unfit to go to sea; and as to the construction of larger vessels, the birch and alder of the Irish woods (for the oak and ash were useless in the infancy of art) could hardly supply very eligible materials. The pine-forests of the Northmen gave them such incalculable advantages for the construction of good sea-boats, that wherever we hear of bold navigation in those days, we suspect them to have been present. In short we believe that the *Tuath na Dania*, who settled in Ireland as early as the Christian era at least, and who, according to O'Halloran, spoke a Teutonic language (*Germanice* is his expression) were other than the Danes; and that the intercourse between Scandinavia and the west of Ireland, which gave exercise to so much maritime skill and courage, commenced at a very remote period.

The discovery of Vinland, however, was not made in an obscure age. It may have been preceded by many remarkable voyages in the west, and we do not venture to deny positively that the stories of the Limerick merchants respecting the Northmen carried to Great Ireland and the Whiteman's Land, may have had their foundation in some very early transatlantic discoveries. But confining our attention to what is strictly matter of history, we may remark that the discovery of Vinland was made contemporaneously with the first colonization of Greenland, and the establishment of Christianity in that country and Iceland; and consequently belonged to one of the most interesting periods in the annals of the North. Some of those engaged in it, as Thorfinn Karlsefne for example, were the ancestors of some of the chief families in Iceland, including a great number of learned men. It is not surprising.

therefore, that it should participate in the full light thrown on the events with which it is connected, and be described with fidelity and minuteness. The histories in which it is recorded, enlarge on the lineage and connections by blood or marriage of the heroes engaged in it; they thus offer themselves to a test of an exact and delicate kind by comparison with numerous other histories, from all which they receive confirmation.

Still further it must be observed that the discovery of Vinland was not a transient event, no sooner past than forgotten. As it was thought likely to prove advantageous, the family of Erik the Red, with whom it commenced, persevered in promoting it for some years. They had a share in all the voyages made to Vinland from the year 1000 to 1013, which must therefore be considered as one series. Such an order and connection of events is evidently not the character of fiction. Icelandic writers of the fourteenth century tell us that the voyages to Vinland were not found to be profitable; but this information appears to be in a great measure conjectural. Sanguine hopes and the high prices which novelties will fetch, may be easily imagined to have influenced the calculations of the first adventurers. We cannot believe that Leif realized much profit from his freight of grapes, but why should we therefore doubt that he brought home such a cargo? Were not freights of yellow mica, mistaken for gold-dust, imported into London in the sixteenth century? and have not shiploads of kaleidoscopes been exported in our own days to colonial markets which would be overstocked with a score of such toys? Karlsefne, when about to sail to Vinland, made all his companions partners in the enterprise. Freydisa also, we have seen, bargained for half the profits in her expedition. The former realized by his adventure a great fortune with which he purchased an estate in Iceland. As soon as he arrived in Vinland, we are informed, he had timber hewn for his freight and laid along the shore to season. He also obtained from the natives a great quantity of fine furs at the cheapest possible rate. With respect to the value of the timber which he brought home, there is an anecdote related of too curious a kind to be passed over here in silence. When he was on the point of leaving Norway and embarking for Iceland, a merchant of Bremen came to him to buy a small piece of wood, or if we translate the original literally, a broom-stick: Karlsefne gave him to understand that he had done trading, but the merchant offering him half a mark or pound of gold, which appeared a very liberal price, he did not hesitate to sell the stick. This precious wood was probably the beautiful variegated or bird's-eye maple which grows in abundance in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The price paid for the stick was equivalent to sixteen pounds sterling of modern money.

It has been frequently urged as a suspicious circum-

stance in the history of Vinland, that no communication was maintained with it by the Greenland colonists, and that it was almost immediately lost sight of. But this is a mistake arising from the ignorance in which the greater part of Europe remains in respect to Northern literature. It is well known that all intercourse ceased with the Greenland colonies in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and that they were so completely forgotten that a full century rolled over before the world awakened to the recollection that they had once existed. Pestilence, famine, and piratical ravages were then called in to explain their apparently sudden extinction. But it is now well understood that the gradual disappearance and final dissolution of the old colonies in Greenland were in reality caused by the royal monopoly of the trade, which reduced the colony to dependence on insufficient and precarious supplies, and narrowed its means of intercourse with Europe. Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising that little was heard of Vinland. But the Icelandic annals prove to us that voyages continued to be made to the American continent as long as commercial enterprise remained in Greenland, and nearly to the last period of the expiring communication between that colony and the mother country. The following brief extracts from those annals are all that we can find room for:—

- “1121. Erik Bishop of Greenland paid a visit to Vinland. (It deserves to be remarked that there is nothing in this statement which should lead us to believe that there was a colony of Northmen in Vinland.)
- 1225. Adelbrand and Thorwald, sons of Helge, discovered new land west of Iceland (probably some part of the coast of Labrador).
- 1288. King Erik despatched Rolf to examine the new land.
- 1290. Rolf sailed from Iceland whither he had gone in search of persons qualified to accompany him to the new land. (The death of Landa-Rolf, or Rolf the Discoverer, took place in 1295.)
- 1347. Thirteen large ships arrived at Iceland. The ship called the Endridian was driven by the gale on Langanes Point in the eastern Borgarfjord, but the crew and part of the cargo were saved. The Bessalang went to pieces on the shore at Sida; nineteen of her crew, including Haldor and Guthorm, were drowned. A large sum of money was lost at the same time. There were six other vessels in port there which had been detained by the winds. There came also from Greenland a bark of less size than the common Iceland vessels. She ran into Straumfiord, having lost her anchors. There were on board seventeen men who had sailed to Markland and had afterwards been tossed about the ocean.”

It appears to us not unlikely that in an age when there were no maps to perpetuate local names in the western hemisphere, the appellation Vinland would

soon become obsolete; and that the Greenland adventurers would naturally give the name Markland (woodland) to all the south-western countries to which they resorted for the purpose of cutting timber.

The general verisimilitude of the Icelandic histories which relate to Vinland is extremely remarkable. We find intimated in them, among other things, the great mortality which in those early days attended voyages even of moderate length, arising evidently from discomfort or bad provisions. The very important art of preserving health on board ship is of comparatively recent origin, and, we may add with pride, is an invention wholly British. Of the half dozen voyages recorded directly or incidentally in the Histories of Erik the Red and Karlsefne, three were productive of fatal diseases, and in each of those three cases the probable cause of disease is obvious. Thorbiorn when emigrating from Iceland to Greenland had an overcrowded ship: Thorer and his people were shipwrecked and had probably endured much cold and hunger before they were taken off the rock by Leif. Thorstein, tossed about at sea the whole summer, likewise experienced, it may be presumed, much physical suffering. It is also curious to observe that even the chiefs of the Greenland colonists were not secure from the evil of insufficiency of food. The wealth of those northern adventurers seems to have consisted much less in the extent of their possessions than in the number of those attached to their persons and who followed their fortunes.

Another proof of the fidelity to nature of those early writers is the simple gravity with which they relate their superstitions. The history of Gudrida the wife of Karlsefne gives occasion to a very curious and even somewhat poetical display of the popular belief in præternatural agency. In the history of Erik the Red, it is related that her former husband Thorstein, after his death, sat up, and having called her by name, predicted her marriage with Karlsefne and the future greatness of her family. In the Karlsefne's Saga the important prediction is put into the mouth of a *gifted* woman invited to a feast to foretell the success of the crops, or rather of the fisheries. These two passages are well deserving of a close study; and the latter of them probably paints the scene of a Scandinavian divination with more force and exactness than any other passage in the whole compass of northern literature. The author takes care to introduce an apology for the share which his heroine bore in a pagan ceremony; her father refused to be present at it. Gudrida again saw a witch in Vinland, at the time when Karlsefne's followers were nearly defeated by the natives; and the Northmen, on that occasion, having recovered from their panic, perceived that the great multitudes who seemed to have surrounded them, were but *fetches* or phantoms.

The discovery of Vinland, we have seen, was immediately made known in Norway; and in the latter half of the eleventh century Adam of Bremen heard of it from Swein king of Denmark. 'This discovery,' he emphatically observes, 'is not a fable, but we know of it from the certain information of the Danes.' In a heroic poem composed in the Feroe islands, and which M. Rafn has inserted in his collection, frequent allusion is made to Vinland. The hero Finn sails to Vinland, at the command of the Irish princess Ingeborga, and kills the kings of that country with sundry dragons. We doubt however whether a poet's testimony can be admitted as proof of any thing beyond the popular persuasion, or whether it even proves so much.

The fragments of ancient Icelandic geographers inserted in the collection are of much greater value. They agree in informing us that Markland and Vinland were to the south of Greenland; and, what is very remarkable, that Vinland, the most remote country known to them in that quarter, was supposed to join Africa. To perceive the full force and significance of this strange hypothesis it will be necessary to call to mind some instances of like systematic opinions arising from a similar mixture of ignorance and knowledge. Ptolemy, following Hecateus, supposed that Africa extended round from the south-west till it joined Asia; and this doctrine subsisted, among the Arabs at least, till the fourteenth century. Again, Lapland was thought to stretch westwards through the northern sea till it became united with Greenland: and this mode of delineating the northern regions was persisted in by mapmakers till near the end of the sixteenth century. It needs no great power of analysis to perceive that the idea which shoots out into this kind of extravagant hypothesis, is that of the indefinite extent of a land. When two shores, the limits of whose extent are unknown, lie opposite to each other, the problem, how far they reach, is speciously resolved by uniting them together. When the Icelandic geographers therefore, tell us that Vinland was supposed to join Africa, they in reality make us acquainted with two facts; first, that it was situated a long way south of Greenland; and secondly, that nothing was known of the extent of its shores, which was supposed to be very great.

Columbus visited Iceland in 1567; and from his general appetite of knowledge it cannot be doubted that he heard of the early voyages of the Northmen and their discovery of Vinland. It has been urged however that the voyage to Vinland, made in a few days from Greenland, a country at that time supposed to be joined to Europe, had little in common with the speculations of Columbus, or calculated to encourage his bold thought of launching across the Atlantic in a tropical latitude. But what could be more to his purpose or better adapted to his views, than the fact that the Northmen, the boldest of navigators, had knowledge

of a land in the west which they supposed to extend far southwards till it met Africa? Or could not the intelligent Genoese find some suggestion in the following more accurate statement of an Icelandic geographer? '*On the west of the great sea of Spain, which some call Ginnungagap, and leaning somewhat towards the north, the first land which occurs is the good Vinland.*' It would add little to the merit of Columbus, to maintain that he was incapable of benefiting by so good a hint.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

LORD BROUGHAM.

"—— Teneam vultus mutantem Protea.—"

Remarkable epochs throw up each some individual who may be regarded as its type. The whimsical incongruities of personage and conduct which characterized the social order of France during the minority of Louis XIV., may be seen in Cardinal de Retz. The intriguing and plotting—the degenerate ambition and demoralized party spirit—which marked the restoration and reign of Charles II., are personified in Shaftesbury. The explosion of high faculties and generous passions,—with that blended leaven of the selfish and corrupt, which works in every commotion of the mass of a people—the distinctive features, in short, of the French revolution in its first great stage, were embodied in Mirabeau.

The name of Brougham will go down the stream of time and history as the type of the present epoch,—in the developement of the latent forces, mental and moral, of human society and the English character,—in the culture of the popular mind,—in the advance of the useful and peaceful arts, including, prominently, the art of government,—in the keen strife of public men for personal or party objects, under the guise of the public cause,—in the vibration of party chiefs between the stronghold of aristocracy in England and that growing public reason which must ultimately obtain the ascendant. A portrait of such a person, if fairly, however feebly, executed, may not be without interest.

Contemporary portraiture of public men is difficult and dangerous—even in the absence of partiality and malice,—the two great disturbing causes. It is received, for the most part, as a mere vehicle for *beau ideal* flattery or for slanderous caricature. In the case of Lord Brougham, it is peculiarly difficult,—from his giant grasp of capacity and ambition—the vastness and variety of his career—the veering and wayward genius of the man. An orator, a politician, a man of letters, a lawyer, aspiring to the honours, not merely of literature and scholarship, but of the exact and speculative sciences; a great social reformer;—under which,

or how many of those phases will the name of Brougham descend to posterity?

He has before him, in the course of nature—and in the wishes of men,—a career which may be called long, to a person so full of endowment, energy, and ambition. Who can predict how much of the past he will eclipse or efface? Who can venture to fix by anticipation, even as a mere probability, in the case of one who shifts his mask with startling versatility, what part he will play in the next, or even before the close of the present session of parliament?

The best method may be to glance at the various aspects under which he has been most prominently conspicuous—at the points of resemblance or contrast between him and his three prototypes before named;—in fine, to try to seize the traits of his character as he presents himself towards the close of this present month of April, 1838.

It may perhaps be objected that there are no points of real resemblance between Lord Brougham, and those who have been ranged with him as types of their respective ages. Such an objection would arise only from confounding epochs with persons. The true question is, what would Lord Brougham have been—or have done—had fate cast him with De Retz, in the turbulence and troubles of the *Fronde*,—with Shaftesbury, in the cabals and conspiracies of the reign of Charles II.;—with Mirabeau, in the ferment of the French revolution?

Lord Brougham's least or lowest distinction is that of a lawyer. It is probable that he disdained, like Cicero, the mere *leguleius*. His judgments, as chancellor, do not rank him with the Camdens and Hardwicks in the opinion of the professional brotherhood;—but mediocre and laborious intellect avenges itself in this way upon superiorities to which it dares not even pretend.

The advantages of plodding research and routine experience were asserted pitilessly over the judicial predecessor of Lord Brougham. The talent which has since roused and ruled, by its inherent, unaided force, the jealous and selfish dignity of the House of Lords, quailed under the *legulii* of Lincoln's Inn.

It was attempted to repeat or continue the experiment upon Lord Brougham; whose pretensions, also, were those only of a common lawyer. But the attempt failed,—and not only was the experiment abandoned, but followed by crouching deference. The eagle station, vision, and vigour of his mind would not alone have sufficed for his triumph over pedant mediocrity, armed at all points out of the arsenal of Vesey junior, *e tutti quanti*, were he not also feared for his eagle talons.

The elevation of these two chancellors,—neither of them profoundly versed in common law, and both wholly unversed in the principles and practice of equity,—suggests this conclusive dilemma,—either

they were qualified and competent judges in Chancery, or they were not: if they were, the profound learning, so called, of equity and, indeed, other lawyers, is mere charlatanry—if they were not they should not have been appointed.

Lord Brougham ranked high as a forensic orator or advocate. Compared with other eminent pleaders at the English bar, whether of his own or of precedent times, he undoubtedly is entitled to a place in the first rank; but he must yield the palm of success, and therefore of adroitness, if not of power, to Scarlett. Compared with *himself* under other phases,—the *nisi prius* or circuit pleader, with the political and ethical orator,—the distance is immeasurable.

Erskine and Scarlett were superior to him as *artists*, for the very reason that they were below him in the stature of their minds, and had no pretension to the versatility of his faculties—the variety of his accomplishments. They were nearer the level of the understandings with which they had to deal in the jury-box,—and therefore more suited to conciliate and convince them. They were men of a single pursuit—essentially, if not exclusively advocates—looking for fame and fortune to their success in the cultivation of the art. To Brougham, the bar was secondary or subsidiary. His ambition,—the consciousness of intellectual power,—carried him above and beyond it. His other and higher pursuits distracted him from it. The ordinary interests and objects of a cause in court were too vulgar to engage his attention and his intellect. He therefore never disciplined himself as an advocate: and in the very act of pleading a cause, the beholder thought not of the cause or of the party,—or of law or justice,—but only of Brougham—for this very reason among others, that Brougham thought only of himself. A happy thought, an original turn of expression, a political allusion, a sally of wit or sarcasm, had temptations for him which his discretion as an advocate could not resist. One force alone might have chained him down into a disciplined pleader—the love of money; but he is reputed the least money-loving of men.

It is true that some of his speeches as counsel for Queen Caroline were masterpieces of reasoning and dialectics. This only proves or coincides with what has been said of him as a forensic pleader. The rank and sex of his client, the rank and power of the party adverse to him, the majesty of justice, the odiousness of oppression, every thing to wake not merely the faculties, but the moral sense, the moral indignation of the advocate—the sympathy of the popular fibre—all combined in the Queen's case to inspire oratory of the first order.

It was, perhaps, in what may be called interlocutory speeches or arguments,—particularly in one instance,—that he gave the most remarkable proofs of his prowess. The House of Peers, in that memorable

case, compromised more than once its reputation for the sense and principles of justice, by narrowing the ground and retrenching the means of defence, on the technical pretext dictated by Lord Eldon, that the proceedings on a bill of pains and penalties should be governed by different rules from those observed in an impeachment of treason. The advocate of Queen Caroline, suddenly restricted in a particular instance, with scarcely ground left to stand upon, was only roused to the display of new vigour and surprising arts; as if the emergency in which another would have lost himself only developed new faculties and resources in him, and that concentration or compression which would have disabled another only increased his inherent force. This, however, was one of those signal displays of oratorical gladiatorship, which, to be duly appreciated, must have been witnessed. In the imperfect record of it, the orator has disappeared—the inspiration has evaporated.

Next to his defence or defences of the Queen, his best piece of forensic advocacy was that in which he defended the editor of a Durham newspaper prosecuted for a libel on the local clergy. But the theme was still the same—turning upon the refusal of the clergy to have the bells tolled on the death of the ill-fated Queen Caroline;—and rendered still more affecting and inspiring by the mournful associations of the tomb.

The British parliament is assuredly the greatest school and greatest theatre of popular eloquence that has ever existed. Rival ambition, rival talent—the highest interests—the most inspiring motives—the most stirring passions,—have produced on the floor of the House of Commons a reality of oratorical strife unknown to the elaborately prepared orations of the *forum* or the *agora*. The immediate collision of two adversaries in the shock and heat of debate brings forth flashes of thought and temper, prompt vigour of dialectics, impassioned movements and felicities of expression, which no art or study could get up in the cabinet and in cold blood.

The arena doubtless is occupied most disproportionately by official dulness, shallow pretension, and aspiring mediocrity; but yet the House of Commons is not only the best school and noblest theatre of oratory, but the highest ordeal of supremacy in the art.

The name of Brougham figured for the first time in the parliamentary debates of 1810. Burke, Fox, Pitt, even Sheridan—who was no longer himself—had passed away. Canning was their successor, and soon held rank with them,—in spite of the envious disposition to depreciate living and shining talent. After some time he found his sole and recognised rival in Brougham; and they continued for the most part adversaries, always rivals, in the strife of oratory, till Canning's lamented death.

The force and vigour of Canning's mind were disguised by its graces of endowment and accomplishment. The mind of Brougham may have appeared in comparison more athletic, because less polished—his oratory more robust, because more rude. No two orators, not Fox and Pitt, Demosthenes and Cicero, differed more in all that constitutes style or manner. Each will be preferred according to the taste and predilections of him who would rashly, if not presumptuously, venture to decide between them. Persons of a judgment sufficiently comprehensive and sound, would perhaps hesitate and shrink from giving the palm. The reader and the hearer of their respective speeches might assign to Canning a wider and more happy range of endowment and acquirement. Canning, perhaps, excelled all orators, in moulding to his purpose the resources of his wit, his fancy, his various scholarship—a metaphor, a simile, a classic allusion—with plastic and polished art. Brougham, inferior in what may be called the elegancies and ornaments of literature, but with a still greater compass of reading, or stock of knowledge, and of a kind more profound,—accomplishments equally various and more robust,—rarely draws upon his memory, still more rarely upon the dazzling play of imagination or fancy, with which he is but scantily if at all provided. His speeches, therefore, will appear on the surface—compared with those of Canning—monotonously unrelieved;—but only on the surface. He relies upon the inherent energies of his mind; but energies so versatile and elastic, that though the colouring be less diversified and engaging, there is a variety and a vigour of intellectual attitude and action, which does not merely engage or interest attention, but subjugates reason.

In one particular he may be pronounced without an equal,—the felicity with which he clothes a great moral dictum or moral truth in a phrase so expressive, familiar, and portable, that it is taken up and circulated with electric rapidity among the people. This is one of the arts or means which place him above all rivalry in his age for popular or public effect.

His phrase of "the school-master abroad" was wafted, wherever the English language is spoken, to every corner of the earth. Every body felt and feels the point and *apropos* of that phrase. Those only who meditate and reason have appreciated its operation and value. The memorable passage in question is so short, that it may be cited even in this sketch. It had reference to the appointment of the Wellington Ministry on the death of Canning in 1828. "Field marshal the Duke of Wellington," said the orator, "may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the great seal—he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force sword in hand against the constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh

at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that 'the soldier was abroad.' It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eyes of some perhaps insignificant. The *schoolmaster is abroad*; and I trust to him, armed with his Primer, against the soldier in full military array. I disapprove the appointment of the Duke of Wellington in a constitutional point of view; but as to any apprehension of violence to the liberties of my country, I have none. I look upon such fears as groundless and futile."

What was the public effect of these few words? It was to teach the civil community confidence in moral opposed to physical force,—and in itself—to make his baton of marshal drop from the hand of the military premier, or continue in it to be regarded as a mere bauble by the people. The great moral dictum thus put forth was essentially popular, or democratic. The shortsighted and vulgar partisans of aristocracy viewed it as calculated to foment popular insubordination. Its effect, on the contrary, like all maxims and sentiments founded in natural right and accordant with universal reason, was to promote quiet government and social peace. It smoothed the public temper to the administration of the Duke of Wellington,—to be indiscreetly if not wantonly ruffled by himself.

Lord Brougham's genius as an orator is essentially constituted and armed for attack. An adversary discharges at him an argument or phrase from which great execution has been expected by the speaker, and which tells with effect. He on his side takes it up, turns and views it for an instant like a weapon in his hand, slightly modifies or distorts it, and flings it back upon the antagonist, or upon the adverse ranks, with terrible execution.

He cannot act merely upon the defensive. When he retorts he becomes an assailant. Even in speeches which should be of mere exposition, he cannot resist a passing personality or party thrust. His speech in 1817* on the state of the nation in its various relations, domestic and foreign, is perhaps his best specimen of luminous statement, various knowledge, and methodical order. The description of the virgin resources offered to English wealth and enterprise by the new states of South America is a noble strain of studied eloquence. It has an air of repose which he seldom seeks, and is uncongenial to him. The reader is no less instructed and delighted than the hearer was.

His speech on law reform in 1828, confined to the administration of justice in the courts of common law, was a *tour de force* which may be called unparalleled for grasp of mind, variety of topics, and the achieve-

* It was published in a pamphlet form, doubtless with his own revision at the time.

ment of a six hours' harangue without lassitude on the part of the orator, or, more extraordinary still, on the part of an assembly far from patient of tedium or fatigue. But this famous speech, with the distinctions just stated, conveyed truths and theories only by unsteady glimpses, and threw out ideas absolutely crude. As an oration it may be safely pronounced inferior to that of 1817.

Neither the occasions, however, nor the designs which he proposed to himself were calculated to call forth his peculiar genius as an orator. He must have a party, a person, a prejudice, or an abuse on which to concentrate his fire, and the variety of his resources. His mission is to break adverse ranks, or carry a stronghold by storm. It is then that he brings to bear his logic, (technically speaking, in no great force, for his favourite, if not exclusive forms are, the disjunctive syllogism and dilemma;) the utmost compass of dialectics, sometimes undisguised, at other times latent, always vigorous and adroit, whether he has to lay bare a fallacy, or crush a weak pretence, or dislodge an antagonist and occupy his post, or retort upon him his own weapons; galling irony, personal mockery and malice, sarcasm, which might be called flaying, if the epithet were not chargeable with tautology, in reference to the origin of the word; in fine, an under current of rhetoric or reasoning for his purpose, whatever the tone or course his declamation may assume.

He gave, on a particular occasion, an affected, not to say a conceited preference to the Athenian over the Roman orator. Addressing the students of the University of Glasgow, as Lord Rector, he permitted himself to call Cicero "the Latin rhetorician" who "pours forth passages sweet indeed, but unprofitable, fitted to tickle the ear without reaching the heart;" and he follows up this rash censure with other disingenuous flippancies, worthy only of a *nisi prius* leader, drawing without limit upon the simplicity of his hearers.* There are two ways of accounting for this marvellous indiscretion. First, he was anxious to impress upon the students the necessity of studying Greek—next, his own early education, in Greek, had

* "Cicero's finest oration (says he), for matter and diction together, is in defence of an individual charged with murder; and there is nothing in the case to give it a public interest, except that the parties were of opposite factions in the state, and the deceased a personal as well as political adversary of the speaker. His most exquisite performance, in point of diction, was addressed to one man in palliation of another's having borne arms against him, in a war with a personal rival; even the Catilinarians are principally denunciations of a single conspirator—the Philippics are abuse of a profligate leader—the Verine orations are charges against an individual governor.

But that 'deceased,' and 'adversary of the speaker,' was Clodius—the 'single conspirator' was Catiline—the 'profligate leader' was Antony—the 'one man' was Cæsar—the 'individual governor' was the spoiler of a Roman province!

been, like theirs, imperfect; for Grecian scholarship had not, and perhaps has not, crossed the Tweed. He, about this time, in mature age took up the Greek classics, with a natural preference of the orators, and he ranged himself, under the banner of Demosthenes, with the fresh feelings and partial enthusiasm of a student and a partisan.

His own oratory may be called intermediate. He has not the force and rapidity of touch and movement which characterize Demosthenes; he does not give such an image as that of the horse's mane (*ἡ ἵππου ῥέχνη*) like the Athenian, in a single word; or the simile of the cloud (*ὥς νεφέλη*), in two words by a calculated stroke at the close of a period. Still less does he venture upon a movement so dramatic and bold as the oath by the spirits of those who fought at Salamis, and Marathon, and Plataea. He comes nearer to the Ciceronian copiousness and details; and if he be deficient in the grace and nobleness of style—the prodigious affluence of a mind supremely endowed and accomplished—his redundant declamation does not lose its vigour in Ciceronian diffuseness. He has again much of that rushing resistless energy of language and delivery, by which a rival orator characterized Demosthenes when he called him *το Σάπην*.*

This instinctive energy or impetus of mind and temperament leads to his besetting sin. It frequently becomes ungovernable. His attacks are then made with reckless temerity. He transgresses the bounds of prudence, discretion, and even good taste. He mistakes intemperate violence for severe truth; and he is checked in his career with some peril to his dignity. He picks up from the streets some vulgar personality, and throws it out as a sarcasm in debate in such a manner as to compromise his dignity and taste. He presumes rashly upon a forbearing, ungenerously upon a weak adversary. He gives way to passion; pique, the vain glitter of a passing triumph. He trusts to his rhetorical powers with desperate confidence, obtains a momentary success by the vigour and effect with which he launches fragments of declamation and barbed sarcasms, almost indiscriminately upon antagonists and allies, provokes a fearful recoil, and is so damaged that he finds it prudent temporarily to quit the field. These are general terms, but particulars will readily suggest themselves to those who regard the career of Lord Brougham with curiosity and interest;—and who does not?

The genius of Lord Brougham, as an orator, scarcely sustains itself—his defects or weaknesses as such.

* *Æschines*, whilst an exile at Rhodes, opened a school of eloquence. He took occasion to read to his pupils first his own oration against Ctesphan, upon which they bestowed great praise; next, that of Demosthenes in reply; and then the hearers set no bounds to their admiration "Ah!" said he, "if you had but heard *το Σάπην αὐτῶν*,"—which we will not venture to translate.

are aggravated in him—as a politician. His ministerial elevation is one of the misfortunes of his public life. It afforded him no opportunity to exercise or prove the extent of his capacity as an administrator, and it has disenchanted the public of much of its confidence in his force of character.

He was recognised for some time, expressly or tacitly, as leader of the Whig Opposition in the House of Commons. But by far the greater number of his parliamentary campaigns have been made by him as a sort of partisan chief in the war of freedom and the people's cause. His services, by being independent, were only the more prominent and signal; and that great section of the community, called reformers, looked up to him with admiration for his talents and trust in his zeal.

Those however who sat round him or near him in the House of Commons, even after they admitted or acted with him as their leader, saw something to distrust or fear, partly in his temper, partly in the constitution of his mind—in his want of discretion—of self-control—in his overweening pretensions, as they appeared to them,—but which, in fact, were only on a level with the transcendent superiority of his powers. Minds of the common size have a sort of jealous fear of those which greatly overtop them.

There was however something to alarm prudent politicians in his indiscreet sallies of temper and character—in the spirit of reckless hazard with which he would venture into a position the most equivocal,—doubtless from ambition, for he is above all meaner motives. His well-known journey with Lord Hutchinson to St. Omer is the great enigma of his public life; and it is truly astonishing to find it passed over not only unsolved but with entire silence, in his recent historic declamation on the troubles and trials of Queen Caroline.* How any man could suppose—whatever his consciousness of the force of his mind, the authority of his character, the adroitness of his diplomacy—that he could manage interests so conflicting and antipathies so inveterate as those of George IV. and his unhappy queen, and this without compromising himself with the public, is likely to continue a mystery,—since the solution so often asked of Lord Brougham continues to be refused by him. This passage in his public life deprived him of the confidence of the Queen; though she continued to avail herself of his ability as her counsel,—and it would have impaired his popularity to this hour, if the people of England had not a placable temper and short memory.

When the Ministry became Whig in 1830, an offer of the attorney-generalship from the Whig Premier is said to have been literally spurned by Lord Brougham. With his characteristic impatience and precipitancy he repudiated, in his place, all share in the arrangements

pending. The Whigs offered and he accepted the chancellorship, in an evil hour for both. Those to whom he had been, through his whole life, opposed, loaded him with suspicious eulogies. A marvellous change was soon visibly wrought upon him by the air of the court, now breathed by him for the first time. He rebuked the march of reason and reform; he stigmatised the revolutionary measures and crude legislation of the House of Commons; he praised the constitutional spirit and legislative wisdom of the House of Lords, as the great corrective of the Commons which saved the nation,—all in a tone so unlike his former self, that his identity might be doubted in an age less familiar with political tergiversation.

He boasted the favour and practised the arts of a courtier with the zeal, but also with the awkwardness, of a neophyte. An indiscreet familiarity, which escaped him in one of the highland towns of Scotland, was wafted over the border and reached the court, where it shocked the pride of caste and gave unpardonable offence.

The ministry was dismissed in the person of the Premier, and Lord Brougham proclaimed in the Court of Chancery, that his own retirement was wholly his own choice and act. The chancellorship, doubtless, was offered him,—for he said it,—but it must have been through some hollow and perfidious court intrigue and party artifice. The indiscreet and unfortunately familiar sally in the highlands, had given invincible disgust,—and a fresh indiscretion, from his ungovernable impatience and restlessness of character, had broken off the negotiation for the continuance of the Whig government.

\ There are obliquities to which a mind of the first order can never bend itself; and happily for his fame, happily for the interests of reason, freedom, humanity, and his country, he retired first from office, soon after from public life, to reappear, after a year's repose, with the strength, the faculties, and principles of his best days, as if his genius had been steeped in the fountain of youth and liberty.

Whether to avenge secret but suspected wrongs on the ministry and the court, or atone to the people for his momentary desertion, he has espoused every popular cause and popular principle, with a frankness and decision, from which it might be inferred and hoped that the politician has been abandoned by him for the nobler personage and more suitable mission of the great social reformer. He made a grievously false step when, knowing himself the child, he ceased to be the champion of the democracy of England; above all, when he changed the House of Commons for the House of Lords as the stage upon which he should act. In the House of Commons no ministry could withstand his opposition, as the leader of reform, within and without the house. Wielding in the House of Commons the

* Edinburgh Review, April, 1838.

force and spirit of reform, his harangues would be resistless. In the House of Lords, where he can wake no sympathy, his recent and finest declamations have been powerless. In the House of Commons his sarcasms would smite and rive as the lightnings of *Jupiter Tonans*. In the House of Lords they descend as mere *bruta fulmina*, or they receive the barren homage of party malice, and a laugh as the *lazzi* of *Jupiter Scaramouche*. When raised above his native element, like the giant in the fable, his elevation deprives him of his giant strength.

The career of Lord Brougham presents curious points of resemblance and contrast, of disadvantage and superiority, to the three remarkable personages named in association with him at the commencement of this sketch. Like De Retz,—his personal ambition is tinged with vain-glory—he loves cabal for itself—his views are vast, but not sufficiently meditated, connected, and sagacious—sometimes even bordering on chimera—he is unfit for the court, and he is not content with the people—he looks too much to the triumph of the hour;—he appears to mistake ostentation for grandeur. But these resemblances are only in degree, and always with the superiority of intellectual and moral genius over the famous and eccentric cardinal. Another trait of more curious resemblance may be added. The cardinal, according to a recent character of him by a peer of France, converted the priest into a tribune, the pulpit into a rostrum, and thus harangued women and the people against the court and ministry. Lord Brougham converts the platform at Exeter 'Change, and negro apprenticeship, into means of raising the indignation of Quakers and the sex against recreant Whiggism.

He has the personal ambition, without the selfishness of Shaftesbury. He has the restless inconstancy of that celebrated person, without being so steadily and fearlessly sagacious. His tergiversations are less numerous and flagrant than Shaftesbury's,—but he changes with less *apropos*. Like Shaftesbury, the resources of exercised and penetrating faculties, enabled him to dispense, as Chancellor, with experience and knowledge; like Shaftesbury, he seems to have had a sort of disdain of the Whigs of his day as a puny and stunted race of public men.

Mirabeau is the nearest to a counterpart of him, in date, in position, and in character. The points of coincidence and opposition between them are more palpable and salient—as politicians, as men of letters, as great social reformers. His genius, like Mirabeau's, is grasping, eager, sanguine, and laborious. As a politician the Frenchman was in some points superior. His ambition was more steady, single purposed, and far-sighted.* Mirabeau would master events, whilst

Brougham rather follows the current. Mirabeau seems to have commanded a more extensive political horizon; and his foresight of the future course of individuals and incidents has been described by those who lived and acted with him as bordering on prophetic inspiration. Upon both may be charged the fault of embracing too much and meditating too little; but both had the art, or more than the art, the rare endowment of acting with electric power upon the social mass by a phrase—or by a word—launched upon the ocean of mind. They stand out unrivalled in their day for public effect.

The Englishman has his particular and more enviable superiorities—in his unsullied private life, the purity of his public character from all stain, not only of corruption but of cupidity, of the vulgar ambition to amass or display superior wealth. Mirabeau, without being sordid or rapacious, was notoriously corrupt. Brougham's pre-eminence is no less incontestable and conspicuous as a man of letters and as a social reformer. Mirabeau was unversed in the sciences; and all his writings, eight or nine in number, upon matters of social economy and legislation, are sunk into oblivion. He is remembered only for his speeches.

Brougham gave early proof of scientific capacity; but Edinburgh, the place of his education, was not the school of mathematics; and his essays, printed—and forgotten—in the philosophical transactions, only prove his aptitude. He has since achieved a popular reputation for scientific acquirements. It is one which men of science, emphatically so called, would not and do not recognise,—but it suffices for his noble mission of leading the march of education and knowledge, and proves the extraordinary compass, clearness, and rapidity of his apprehension. He converses and reads, seizes and fixes general principles, general laws, leading conclusions, and wields them with a dexterity and boldness which fill the multitude with admiration, but are far from imposing on men really scientific. These soon detect him in some loose phrase or palpable error, which proves that his science is information—not knowledge. His celebrated discourse, on the Objects and Pleasures of Science, would furnish more than one example. But that discourse could have been written by no other man living; and perhaps will never be rivalled as a porch by which to lead the popular mind into the temple of scientific truth and useful knowledge.

His discourse on Natural Theology may be called the *tenth* Bridgewater Treatise. It however aims only at rivalry, not collision with its predecessors written by command. This tract has been charged with strenuous and artful advocacy, instead of the search of truth—with pressing into its service what was long familiar to philosophic divines, and could be new only to the uninitiated: but, like most of its productions, it proves his wonderful vigour and versatility.

* It was the great purpose of his life to become minister of a limited French monarchy, and the antagonist of Pitt, "J'aurais donné bien de la tablature à M. Pitt," was one of his dying expressions.

He has written on various other subjects—some of temporary, others of permanent interest—but all having reference to the education, the liberty, the happiness of the people,—down to his last essay in the *Edinburgh Review*; which proves that, to be one of the most graphic, penetrating, and attractive of historians, it is only necessary that he should control an excitable temper, and private pique whether against individuals or the press.

Lord Brougham cannot, like Mirabeau, renounce his nobility at his discretion,* by merely calling himself a trader, and his ermine robe will continue to embarrass him more than the clerical gown did Swift. But if he renounce not alone aristocracy and the court, but the vulgar ambition of ministerial place and power, if he commit himself frankly with his mission as a great social reformer, he has before him a career the most truly noble by which ambition was ever tempted or genius inspired.

Others may utter with a solemnity more mock-oracular ministerial common-places,—may tread with a pace more discreet the routine of office,—may amble more gracefully in the *manège* of a court; but to teach man the knowledge of his faculties, the lesson of his rights—to burst the chains of ignorance and prejudice asunder—to break the spell by which the pride of caste or craft of an order would hold mankind in temporal or spiritual bondage,—to unmanacle reason and vindicate humanity—*hæ tibi erunt artes*—be these the accomplishments and achievements for which posterity shall hold in grateful honour the name of BROUGHAM!

From the British and Foreign Review.

TOURISTS IN THE PYRENEES.

Sketches in the Pyrenees; with some remarks on Languedoc, Provence, and the Cornice. By the author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," and "The Gossip's Week." 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1837.

A Summer in the Pyrenees. By the Hon. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837.

LOUIS the Fourteenth's famous apophthegm, "Il n'y plus de Pyrénées," unprophectic as it was in its figurative sense, might seem to have been taken in downright earnest, *au pied de la lettre*, by the mass of English; who, long since his time, swarmed over the Continent, century after century, trampling the snows of Alps and Apennines, yet leaving in neglect, if they could not stamp with obscurity, that splendid chain of mountains, which, stretching from the Mediter-

anean to the ocean, contains almost unrivalled stores of the beautiful and the sublime. The victorious career of Wellington and the British army, and the succession of battles fought from one side of those mountains to the other, satisfied the nation at large that the Pyrenees were not really annihilated by the dictum of the sumptuous despot whom we have just quoted. But when the result of those victories had opened the very heart of Europe to the spirit of British curiosity and research, the magnificent boundary line between France and Spain was practically unknown by the hordes who rushed abroad "in search of the picturesque." A few veteran campaigners, with riddled bodies or shattered limbs, tottered at times to the baths of Barèges, to find relief for their gun-shot wounds; and occasional straggling victims of *ennui* or bile dropped for a week or two into the summer gaieties, or the *eaux thermales*, of Bagnères, St. Sauveur and Caunteretz. But the mob of self-expatriated English, were ignorant, even by description,* of the untrodden region in question, until the appearance of a work of fiction, the "Highways and Byways," popularized and eventually went far towards peopling the scene of those stories with the author's countrymen.

Many French and Spanish works were in existence, doing ample justice, both historical and poetical, to the beauties of the Pyrenees long before the publication of Mr. Grattan's tales. Ramond, the most profound and industrious of those who penetrated into the mysteries of those mountains, made his first excursions among them exactly fifty years ago; and the account of his scientific observations and hardy enterprises forms an admirable text-book for all who would trace his steps. The physiologists who proceeded him have given rather dry details of their proceedings: the measurement of the mountains, the analysis of the mineral waters in which they abound, and geological inquiries, were the chief purposes of most, from De Candale to Flamichon, at an interval of two centuries. Vidal, Reboul, Cassini, Darcet, De Marca, Bayen and De Diedrich are among the names best known in connection with these subjects, besides De Plantade, who in 1748, at seventy years of age, died suddenly near the summit of the Pic du Midi, in the very act of measuring its proportions. More recent writers, such as Palasson, Charpentier and others who have guarded the anonymous, form altogether a fund on which an English author might also advantageously draw. But Ramond's volumes are those to which both reader and tourist may best have recourse for amusement and information, which is nevertheless occasionally conveyed in a pompous and long-winded style, out of keeping with the vigour of the writer's

* He opened a shop with "Mirabeau, Marchand de Draps," written over it, to make him eligible to the Third Estate.

* "I recollect the time when I rather thought that Barèges was the whole Pyrenees," says the authoress of the "Sketches" now before us, vol. i. p. 391.

opinions: and English readers must pardon this recondite Frenchman, when he pronounces, that our whole island can produce but one kind of cheese properly manufactured, a *pendant* to the celebrated libel as to our "twenty religions and but one sauce."

The "Highways and Byways" were quickly followed by the octavo volume of Mr. Hardy, with numerous minute and curiously-covered engravings illustrative of many of the scenes of those stories. A work on a larger and more correct scale subsequently appeared in numbers, from the pen and pencil of Miss Young, dedicated, if we recollect rightly, to the Duchess of Kent. Inglis and other stray travellers in France and Spain have touched incidentally on their giant boundary; but the two works now before us are the next which come under our observation as wholly dedicated to the subject of this article.

From the time of the Romans, when the metallic and mineral wealth* of the Pyrenees attracted the notice of the conquerors of the world, they have offered a succession of most interesting historical epochs, including the passage of the Saracens in the seventh century for the invasion of France, the birth and early education of Henry the Fourth, the hero of the French monarchy, the memorable actions of the British armies before alluded to, and the convulsive struggles of civil war during the last twenty years, and down to the moment at which we write.

The celebrity of the waters of the various mountain sources, the *eaux bonnes* and *eaux chaudes*, is notorious in modern annals, from the time when Monsieur du Thou, in 1582, drank five-and-twenty glasses at a time, "*plutôt par plaisir que par nécessité*," as is testified by the chronicle. But he was far outdone by one of his German servitors, who swallowed daily fifty glasses in an hour, for no recorded purpose but to leave posterity in wonderment at the amazing capacity of stomach enjoyed by masters and men in the good old times. But apart from all medicinal properties,† the waters of the Pyrenees combine every attraction for the admirers of liquid nature, from the cascade of Gavarnie, the highest in Europe, to the mountain rivers and the flower-fringed rivulets which gurgle beside or cross the paths of this region of enchantment.

It is scarcely fair, even if it were not so extremely difficult, to qualify scenery by comparison. The boundless varieties of nature present themselves in myriads of exquisite aspects, from the stupendous ele-

vations of Switzerland to the cultivated swamps of Holland. Each judged by each would give an imperfect notion of the enjoyment which all are calculated to convey. The anatomy of sensation does not present a more morbid mistake than that unhappy instinct which checks the current of enthusiasm with the *but* and *ifs* of the nervous system, and cuts short the wholesale admiration of beauty, either in nature or art, by some depreciating reminiscence of the distant or the past. Science may compare and contrast, but true sentiment is not so cold-blooded or fastidious. The sense of enjoyment, which is one of the greatest blessings of our nature, revels in the charms of all creation, and, like the Deity of whom it is a direct and divine emanation, it finds in succession that "all is good." We must not therefore, in drawing or describing the Pyrenees, enter into any attempt at comparison between them and the Alps, any more than we should stop on the romantic heights of Scotland to draw contrasting recollections between them and those of Wales; or invert our feelings of delight while floating on the waters of Windermere, to measure them with those excited by the beauties of Loch Katrine or Killarney.

The Pyrenees may be most profoundly studied in relation to their analogies or discrepancies with the other great European chains, as regards the extent of their snows and glaciers, their influence on animal and vegetable life, the differences created by their geographical position on the moral condition of their inhabitants, and the parts which they occupy in the great design of the physical world. But as few travellers, and no mere *tourists*, are likely to resort to them without views of this nature, we strongly recommend all future visitors to deliver themselves over without reserve to the delight which is sure to arise from the contemplation of those glorious mountains, forgetting for the while that the Maladetta is one-third less lofty than Mont Blanc; as, in gazing on the latter, we never worry ourselves with the reflection that the Chimborazo of the Andes is one fourth higher than it. There exists in the Pyrenean chain, which covers an extent of upwards of two hundred miles in length, and between fifty and sixty in breadth, every possible variety of mountain scenery, on the grandest and the most lovely scale; pics of ten or eleven thousand feet high, glaciers, eternal snows, cascades, lakes, forests, caverns, interspersed with plains of abounding fertility.

The valetudinarian, the botanist, the sportsman, the old and infirm who seek health in a languid change of scene, the young and hardy who find it in adventurous exercise, may all be amply indemnified for the trouble and the cost of an excursion so far out of the beaten track of common-place voyagers. The publicity of late years given to the attractions of this wide space of country is, season by season, adding to the number of visitors. The establishment of steam-boats between

* Strabo is perhaps the most ancient authority for the existence of gold mines in the mountains of Navarre. Those of lead and silver are abundant, though comparatively to their quantity unproductive. The iron mines of Rancié furnish annually 300,000 quintals of ore.

† From a statement of M. Foulin, in his work on the mineral waters of the Pyrenees, it appears that out of more than one hundred sources one only is acidulated, and almost all the others are sulphureous.

Bordeaux and Dublin brings a great accession of Irish residents to the south of France, whom the heats of Gascony and Languedoc, as well as the love of change, induce in their own defence to pass the summers in the highlands. The towns of the Pyrenees are thus acquiring settled British residents by rapid degrees. Pau, for instance, one of the most delightful situations in the world, in point of climate, landscape, and the material economy of life, which could not twenty years back count a single British family, has become the head quarters of that scattered colony which carries English manners, language, virtues and vices far into the recesses of the Pyrenean chain.

The two Bagnères, de Bigorre and de Luchon, and Cauteretz are the most *fashionable* of the watering places, and are much frequented by French and Spanish families of the neighbouring districts who can afford to pay for their pleasures, as well as by those birds of passage of all nations who flutter from place to place in search of the dissipation by the suction of which they live, and by invalids and fancied invalids, who would renew the fountains of life by drawing freely on the springs of *le salut* or *la santé*, or exude the ill-humours of the gaming or the dining table by plunging into the sudatory baths.

Barèges, in its wild and savage valley, is the resort of the real sufferers "from sabre or from shot," or from her of those physical miseries which flesh is either heir to, or accumulates by its own industrious excesses, and which the mineral waters have the power to assuage. Sentiment and romance might prefer to nestle in the secluded picturesqueness of St. Sauveur or the village of Eaux Bonnes; and as for geologists, botanists, and those intrepid idlers whose pursuits is bear, wolf or chamois hunting, the remote gorges and rugged crags of the far-off hills are their natural resort. In short, all tastes may find a multitude of fitting resources in the numerous towns and villages, the fifty valleys of unequalled rural wealth, and the almost interminable ranges of gigantic mounds, among whose peaks and glaciers the imagination of Ariosto found a worthy abode.

The political interest so strongly excited of late by the civil war in Spain, and the share taken by our own countrymen in its mountain exploits, have given a favourable opportunity for simultaneous descriptions of a vast district, remote portions of which have been from time to time the scene of conflict. We have no doubt that the great majority of readers will have had recourse to those works, with the view of getting information of the stirring events of the Carlist and Christino struggle; and that Zumalacarregui, Espartero or Evans, with their adventurous followers, are the main figures inserted by fancy in the region of ravine and torrent, of which they expect a series of graphic details. It is possible not to associate the principal living actors

with a looked-for account of the scene of their doings; and it is by such an admixture of human illustration that a skilful author would bespeak sympathy for scenes of inanimate nature. Mere description, however enthusiastic and eloquent, of the most magnificent or lovely scenery, or general details of manners, or abstract reasoning on character, have no power to rivet the reader's attention beyond a short and vigorous sketch. Even the best landscape painters are aware of this: they let an isolated tree, or rock, or waterfall stand alone on its intrinsic merits. But if they would give a notion of *extent*, they know that something human is required; and when they are conscious of their own inability to execute this well, they employ some brother artist to throw in the figures of animal life which form the great link in the chain between observation and admiration. In books it is perhaps of small importance whether the characters be actual men and women or the creations of fancy, so that they be painted with sufficient skill to excite the reader's interest in them and their adventures; an interest which is then certain to be shared with the scenes in which they are believed to have figured. It is thus that the descriptive portions of works of fiction cling so closely to the memory, and cause such insatiable longings to see with our own eyes the spot we have in fancy identified with imaginary beings, and which their unreal existence has in fact immortalized.

The great defect of the works now before us in the want of some strong excitement of this nature. The writers have not connected themselves, by the importance of personal adventure, with the scenes they describe; nor have they had the opportunity of illustrating them with real characters, or tact enough to people them with imaginary ones. We have, in consequence, four octavo volumes, by no means wanting in merit, filled with accurate accounts, as far as they go, of a delightful country, yet totally deficient in that magnetic power which attracts alike the grave, the gay, the reflective, the adventurous, and stamps a locality with the seal of genius.

There is no comparison between the two works in point of general talent and the powers of description: the lady writer has the decided advantage. Some of the "Sketches" are finished pictures of much beauty, and (a rare thing in the present day) of some originality of style. The book has however several faults, and this one in common with the rival work,—it is by far too long. There is, moreover, a frequent vein of grandmotherly gossiping, amiable but tiresome; and artificial attempts at *naïveté* in expression, not in keeping with the generally sustained and reflective tone. Had the matter been compressed into less than half the size, an attractive guide-book of portable information would have been the result. But the ambition of

producing a work has led to tedious repetitions, that mar the author's object and weary the reader. Mountain scenery, however varied to behold, is still monotonous in description; it is impossible to give fresh turns of expression to accumulated perceptions of the same images, without an overstrained or distorted form of words. Great advantage would accrue to both parties in this case, on the score of reputation on the one hand and pleasure on the other, if writers would be content to give one detailed picture of a crag, a torrent or a valley, and, in the good old fashion, "leave to the imagination of the reader" the others which it may be requisite to introduce by name, or passingly to allude to. One main vice of modern authorship, originating we believe in the sordid calculations of the booksellers, is the necessity of conforming to an established *quantity* in the different forms of literary production. Thus a novel must consist of three volumes, as three feet are required to make a yard; and it appears that two volumes are essential to the formation of a tour, for such is invariably the amount of matter we have professionally to work through. Those who are happily exempt from either line of authorship, and run no risk of being stretched on the Procrustean beds of Albemarle, Marlborough or Conduit streets, may smile at the melancholy truth, and make a joke of "the long and the short of it." But seriously speaking, literature is in a sad plight when its value depends on measurement.

Now the Pyrenees, merely as objects of superficial description, do not furnish matter for seven or eight hundred pages. Neither of the works before us have any pretension to scientific research, or, as we have already intimated, to narrative detail; and both are consequently vamped up, to make the required complement of letterpress, with historical descriptions of places totally unconnected with, and remote from, the districts that give them their common title. What on earth have Paris, Versailles, Rambouillet, Vendôme, Tours, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulon or Genoa to do with "Sketches" of those lofty regions which stand as it were between earth and heaven? Yet one-third of the first volume, and more than half of the second, are filled up with *rifacimenti* of all that has been a hundred times published about those places. Mr. Murray lets his readers off more easily, confining his preliminary irrelevances to Toulouse, the floral games, the canal of Languedoc, Carcassone, Limoux and Perpignan.

The legitimate base of the Pyrenean chain, approached in a southerly direction, is the district called the Landes of Gascony. There we may fairly allow the tourist to begin his labours of description; and nothing can afford better material for contrast with the mountain main-work he has taken in hand than those vast and sandy plains. After nearly one hundred and

fifty preparatory pages, the authoress of the "Sketches" thus commences, and the extract will give a fair specimen of her general style and tone of thought.

"And now we are in the Landes, which (here at least) have much less character and more colouring than I expected. As we descended towards the sandy tracts, a fine forest-stretch broke upon us. To me the wide extent of forest has an inexpressible charm; I rejoice in its depth, its darkness, its solemnity, and the frequent and high-toned poetry of its lone recesses. There are so many secrets in its bosom; such volumes of thought and fancy in its silence and in its sounds—in the odours that breathe from the leaves, the bark, the grass, and from the wild-flowers that seem to bloom for us alone, and whose perfume, like a strain of sweet and well-remembered music, unlocks the past, quickens its monumental effigies into life. O the past! the past! how often do we think it dead and gone, when it lies hidden in a fold of the heart, from which the fragrance of a flower can draw it out again!

"These sandy tracts are divided at intervals by woods of oak or pine, and sometimes by delicious meadows that look as if they had run away with their neighbor's verdure, to spread it out on their own sweet bosoms. In the midst of the sands we find now and then, and much oftener than we expected, a cottage that realizes—not the reality probably, but our fancy-pictures of the back-settlement dwellings in the forests of America: a dream which, with the red men, and the wild beasts, and the night alarms tacked to it, is not without its bits, but whose life of active lonesomeness, or feverish love-bound labour, has a fine aroma of thought, of love, and freedom in it.

"But I have strayed away from my cottages in the Landes, each standing on its own fresh lawn, entirely detached from any other habitation, within a grove of spreading oaks that might become merry Sherwood or old Windsor. Close to each cottage is a circular well with buckets suspended on its beam,—a garden fountain that cools the pulse a little, though not so effectually as a fountain or a babbling stream. It is probably the frequent mention of the well in holy writ that makes the sight of one unfailingly recall to my mind the same volume, with its deserts, images and infinite grandeur, the thunders of its poetry and the serious sweetness and inimitable simplicity of its domestic narrative—poetry too, and of the most beautiful kind. There are no fragrant balsams here, nor palm, nor cedar; nor are the women's eyes in the least like the 'fish-pools of the bron;' but there is a soft colouring of shared, not desolate, solitude about this land, that has something of the sentiment of scriptural poetry in it.

"Altogether, the Landes are far less dreary than we expected. Wherever there are woods, and sometimes where there are none, the ground is thickly carpeted with fern,—that lover of barrenness, whose last feathery leaf yields to every breath of air, and refreshes the senses by its bright verdure and fanning movement. Long lines of pine trees sometimes streaks the verge of the horizon, letting in the sky through their holes like the gleaming of the summer sea. Even in many of the most barren tracts an exquisite red heath brightens the parched surface; and whenever the soil seems reclaimable by care, there are dwellers on it.

"But we are not in real heart of the Landes, only in the selvage of the desert,—the embroidered corner. It is towards the sea that the earth assumes the Arabian

aspect which travellers have described, and the scene becomes wide and drear, and desolate as the waste 'towards Diblath;' or a piece of a great and terrible wilderness taken up by the spirit of the air, and laid down upon an eider-down nature that has yielded to its effacing pressure. Here is too much habitation and vegetation for a true desert scene,—indeed, there is no approach to it; and though, as we drive along, the carriage sometimes rocks in the sand like a ship in a storm, and the road is floored with trunks of trees laid parallel with each other, still we feel ourselves as if cheated out of the full complement of dreariness on which we had counted, and miss the perfect originality of character which (forgetting that our route was the post—and not the desert one) we expected to find giving additional raciness to the charming old superstitions, ceremonies and legends which are said to be still in customary observance and simple belief among the people of the Landes.

"It is market-day somewhere; road thronged with cattle, horned and otherwise; pigs numerous and squeaking; and geese, I was going to say,

"Thick as autumnal leaves,"

ke.; but it will not do to quote from that divine book among the geese, and at Mount de Marsan. Never was anything like the human part of that immortal poem. I have been reading in it to-day, and with the deep delight which I always feel when its amaranthine words are open to me. Never was the holy dignity of wedded love, the mutual and entire confidence and sweet communion of two natures, both ignorant of evil, and kindred still in purity with the angels with whom they are permitted to hold converse, so set in speech. Nothing can one think of but innocence and majesty, love and loveliness, after having wandered in 'the always green' of that true paradise, and scented the flowing odours, 'cassia, nard, and balm,' of its wilderness of sweets.

"But highway or hyway rambles cannot long dwell upon a train of thought, however congenial it may be to their hearts and fancies; their actual position is unfavourably to continuous musing, and favourable to the quick impressions of a present every moment changing; one image jostles out another with undue though resistible lightness; there is no graduating from paradise to Mont de Marsan."—Vol. i. pp. 145-155.

The authoress soon gets fairly into the legitimate scene of her descriptions.

"Everything in the Pyrenees has a character of its own. We seem to leave France behind us as we enter Spain, and the eye is immediately struck by the sudden and singular change. The dress of the women, their capulets and capuchons; the physiognomy of the young men with their Henri Quatre air, *fin et gaillard*; the shepherd look, pastoral and patriarchal, of the old ones; the southern nonchalance, Spanish-sounding language, and warm vegetation, all combine to produce an unexpected effect, which is increased by the tribes of Spaniards of all classes, whom political casualty or the desire of gain have thrown in upon the country. The labourers who come over from Arragon, being harder workers than the native peasants, and content with lower wages, are sure to find employment; their wives and children beg, and contribute not a little to give a foreign and especial character to the country.

"The shepherds of Béarn have the dark eyes and the

aquiline nose, as in the time of Montagne; but I am not sure of the *odeur de forte conscience*. The old Béarnais with his small flat berrêt, blouse of blue or white, his hair cut close on the crown, but flowing over the shoulders like the kings of the Merovingian race, has something frank yet staid in his aspect, which becomes the simple and pastoral character of the country. I speak especially of the old men, the young ones being free galliards, who have not yet come to their dignity. Old age in peasant men is usually dignified, but rarely so in peasant women, who are oftenest bleared and full of care; while the men contrive to set off their silver hairs with a healthy and pleasant, though magisterial, serenity of countenance. I have seen a few respectable Roman-nosed matrons here, stern as northern prophetesses, but erect and active in their long black robes and scarlet capulets; but these lofty specimens are scarce, while the hearty old grandads seem all of the same upright, ruddy, patriarchal race. The young men are often handsome, with a marked expression of shrewdness and simplicity; two qualities apparently opposite, but frequently united; the young women in general comely, superb in the valley d'Ossau, pretty and coquette at Pau, expert (the damsels of Pau, Teneau) in the tie of a madras as the grisettes of Bourdeaux; and, if the scandalous chronicle says true, not at all disposed to follow the example of that fair girl of Monasque, who seeing that her beauty had made an impression on the susceptible heart of Francis the First, scalded or scorched her face till she destroyed everything that could have excited his dangerous admiration.

"In summer, the light vest of the blouse (the long-sleeved tunic of the ancient monument,) is the habitual dress of the Béarnais peasant. In cold weather, the cape with its friar's hood keeps out the biting air. It is probably the same 'Cape Bergerique' which 'Saint Martin acheta pour son usage' hundreds of years ago. In remote places the people are like well-preserved coins, that hand down to us the fashion of past ages.

"The Béarnais peasant is cordial, shrewd, civil and hospitable; *fin et courtois*, say those who do not love him; but those who do, tell charming stories of his kindly welcomings and disdain of remuneration, his courteous, joyous, careless spirit. Mildness and urbanity seem especially to belong to his character; but the rougher Bigorrais, who piques himself on his frankness, calls him more silken than sincere. The Béarnais peasant is story-loving, fond of long gossipings at the cabin fire by the resinous blaze of the pine branch, fond of the *bröille*,* of the *garbure*,† with or without the salted leg of a fat goose, or the slice of bacon in it; fond too of the bon vin de Jurangon, *non baptisé*, but sober withal, and generally (it is said) a spare liver. His days seem to pass without care, as without the power of luxurious indulgence, and much as the shepherds did in Virgil's time, or at least in his Eclogues."—Vol. i. pp. 215-218.

The following is correct in what it tells of customs and superstitions; but there are many others more curious, which we cannot here enter on, in full force in those districts of the Pyrenees to which our authoress did not, and indeed could not, penetrate.

"Amongst the old customs still in due observance

* A paste of maize.

† A cabbage soup, thickened with potatoes, and seasoned with hog's lard.

in the Pyrenees is one which usually takes place on Shrove Tuesday; when, if there happens to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife, and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbours, placed upon an ass with his face turned towards the tail, and so paraded about; and, I believe, with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back or breast. The huge Christmas log, steeped in wine, and set round with smaller ones in the form of a cross; the burning brand drawn out of the bonfire on St. John's eve, and carefully preserved to feed the next year's blaze; the cross of flowers, nailed against the door on the same holy vigil to keep the witches out, are not forgotten in the Pyrenees: the blessed candle is still lighted in the storm; the corn standing in the fields still blest on Rogation Sunday with prayer, incense, and holy water; St. Roch (or rather his representative) continues to bestow his benediction on the cattle; branches that have been switched in holy water still decorate the cottages at Easter; and many other homely and harmless superstitions, which one loves for their pleasant, old-fashioned associations—delightful ones I think—are carefully kept up in this beautiful believing land. Another thing that I greatly love here is, the way which the people have of dating by their saint's day; and instead of saying it was the 5th of December or the 2nd of February, counting from their calendar of holy records, as the vigil of St. Nicholas, Le Chandeleur (our Candlemas), the day after St. Martin, or the day of All Souls. The toll of the angelus often brings a thanksgiving to the lips of the shepherd who feeds his flock on the hills, and reminds the labourer in the fields of a pious duty. I have seen an old woman stop in the midst of her household cares, and breathe a short but I have no doubt heartfelt prayer, when she has heard its distant sound. The invention of this beautiful custom of tolling the angelus at morning, noon and evening, so that those who are employed in their daily occupations, and are far away from churches, may join in thought with those who kneel within them, is due, strange to say, to Louis the Eleventh.

"After the maize harvest is over, and the fields cleared, the peasants go about to their neighbours' houses offering their gratis help to *égrenier** it, and sit up all night in the barn, working, singing, drinking white wine, (*vin du pays*), eating chestnuts, and telling stories. This cheerful custom does not belong to the superstitions of the people, but to their sociable and friendly habits, of which they have many, and all of a rustic character and colouring. There is a superstition, and not a pleasing one, which I thought belonged alone to Italy. Yesterday I was warned by a peasant-boy against taking flowers from some children who offered them to me. It was the custom, he told me, for any one who had a friend ill or dying to tie up a small nosegay and put it into the hand or the breast of the sick person, and then offer it to the next comer, or throw it into the first carriage they chance to meet with. The flowers are supposed to carry off the malady from the person afflicted, and to give it to the one who receives them. If another does not take the infection, the sick person cannot be cured. I had been in many places in Italy, where this belief existed, but did not expect to find it here.—Vol. i. pp. 232-235.

There is depth and fulness of fancy as well of lan-

* To detach the grain from the stalk by friction.

guage in the following passage, to be understood *really* by those only who have entered into the "secrets" which the authoress only knows of in imagination; for they are not to be learned in the beaten paths of the Pyrenees.

"I have always felt a strange and mysterious emotion on entering into the secrets of a mountain region, which has seemed but a little before like something shadowy and unapproachable, a sort of going home of the soul. A grave and melodious voice speaks within it, welcoming strange scenes as if they were native ones, owning them as familiar, though we know not where they have been so, and hailing them with something of the sweet but serious joy with which the dead, who lived on earth, may meet in heaven. I feel it now as the valleys of the Pyrenees open to receive us, and in its softest potency; for these are not mountains whose aspect threatens or appals, like those which I have sometimes seen in alpine countries, and never without an intense feeling of awe; they are such as the hawk, who still poises himself above us like a messenger of vague but beautiful promise, is to the majestic eagle of these sterner regions. But all is enchanted ground, the revel-ground of thought and fancy. I have long given away my heart to mountains; and though I may coquet it with the decorated bowers of art, yet the deep joy, the joy of ever-working thought, enamoured of the spirit which haunts the one, refuses to come at the butterfly bidding of the other."—Vol. i. p. 248.

The observations of the authoress were confined to the lower regions of the district, the neighbourhood of the two Bagnères, Caunteretz and Gavarnie forming the bounds of her excursions. This is but a small portion of the Pyrenean range; but as far as a lady's limbs and the aid of a *chaise à porteurs* might carry her she assiduously penetrated, leaving to younger and stronger adventurers to explore remoter wonders. The following passage contains a graceful lament on this subject, as well as some charming touches of description.

"Caunteretz has beauty about it, and romance and wildness; it has grandeur too, but not perhaps of that high-toned and powerful character which might qualify it for especial eminence in a country so profoundly featured as the Pyrenees. But I speak of the scenery immediately surrounding the village, which may be called cheerfully majestic, and commands from its heights, and even middle points, some charming views. Of these the most remarkable is from the summit of the Monné, which is usually ascended at night to catch the first burst of the sun, when the *coup d'aurore* is said to be magnificent. The next show point is the Grange de la Reine, a much lower station, and at the opposite side of the valley. The ascent through woods of low beech, and up the steep sides of meadows, whose velvet green disqualifies both pen and pencil, is sometimes uncomfortably abrupt, but always beautiful. The last pinch is what passers-by might perhaps call perpendicular, and moreover is carpeted with slippery turf, without any path or mark of previous footsteps; yet my chairmen preferred it to a track lower down, which seemed to me railroad work in comparison: so up they went *cabrant* on the sides of their feet, (there being no hold for the sole,) with an agility and steady-

ness not to be believed on hear-say, and festooning with the providential security of a drunken man, who reels to the very edge of a precipice, but rarely over it.

"The Grange de la Reine takes its name from a visit to it by the ex-queen of Holland (Hortense,) who paused long upon its beauty; so did we, long and delightedly. Before us rose the lofty Monné and its tall compeers, with the dark gorge of Caunteretz lengthening to the right, and the open valley of Angeles appearing in a light as soft as daybreak beyond it; while to the left the bold Pic de Peygara showed off proudly in an advantageous twilight. Looking against it as darkness falls, its fine pyramidal form seems to detach itself more firmly, its base to spread, its woods to blacken and grow more massive; while the green inclosures below, fed by streams and dotted with peaceful habitations, the quiet grange, the mellow thatch, seen dimly through the low trees, still keep some colouring of light on their brighter surface.

"I know of nothing so beautiful as the shut of evening in the mountain gorges, when the deepening twilight falls like the shadow of an angel's wing upon the landscape, and the light of day still lies, as if upon another world, on the distant opening, as hope does on the threshold of the heart, though darkness may be in its inner chambers. But when is the hour in which the lights of heaven are not beautiful? Even the dreary or the angry ones have beauty in them to the eye that seeks it,—a sullen beauty, perhaps a fearful one; but how lifted above all common-place impressions are those which the soul receives from its contemplation!

"I think I should dearly love to be transported now and then on a warm cloud to the top of some high mountain at the setting of the sun, or under the pale circle of the moon, to see the golden eye close, and hear the chimes of heaven, or at the early daybreak, when the young light seems to lift up the darkness that hangs heavily upon it; but as it is I am bound to the valleys, and there are many sweet bits and corners here that reconcile one to an humbler level, such as the bank on which we now repose, listening to the rough waters, woods running upwards from the eye, ledges projecting towards it, and the mountain rents making wild vistas that, as the day lightens or the evening falls upon them, assume various and mystical aspects, shadowing out a land that one might imagine traversed by other hunters than the brown *berréts* that clamber up after the bears; though the last perhaps becomes it best, and are more native to the rude mountains than the plumed spectres of the gallant knights, Counts of Bigorre and chieftains of Béarn, who still fight and hunt in song and story over the dark Pyrenees. Yet only in song and story, for their material presence has vanished with the châteaux and the chatelains, to make way for the *metairie* and the red capulet."—Vol. i. pp. 296-298.

There is much truth in the contrasted simplicity of the muleteers and shepherds, the principal living features of those wild scenes.

"The Spanish muleteers are said to be a fine race. I saw a sample at Pau, with a fringed instep and a slashed knee, and so hung about with aiguillets and other gauderies, that at a distance I thought he jingled, and could almost have fancied that he had as many bells upon him as his mule. But theirs is a joyous, careless, varying life, and as they are always smugglers as well as muleteers, has something in it of ex-

citement and adventure that keeps the spirit alive, and works healthfully on the body through the medium of the mind. The accidents of such a life, and its enjoyments, entirely unclouded by any qualm of conscience,—for it is the customhouse officer, not the smuggler, who is here considered as the robber,—endear it to those who adventure in its course. If they are pinched to-day, their sacks and wine-skins may be replenished to-morrow; if the morning rain wets them through, they can generally reckon on good drying ground at night: often journeying in bands, always in movement, their versatile life forms a striking contrast to the melancholy monotony of a pastoral existence. After a hazardous or toilsome course, the luxury of rest, of welcome, perhaps of home, awaits them: or if their hearth be distant, the warm greetings of a familiar host, the snug shelter of an habitual corner where there coming is looked for, their return expected; a bench by the bright fire of the humble inn, a seat by the smoking olio, kept for the well-known visiter, whose periodical visits seldom fail, almost supply its place.

"But the poor shepherd—the real one—has no such comfortable compensations: wrapped in his cloak of sheep's-skin, he watches his flock on the high mountains; and, cut off for many months from all communication with home or friends, paces away his hours on his solitary heath, employed perhaps in knitting the coarse stockings meant to constitute his winter provision. His days are passed in the solitude of the wild, his nights in the solitude of his hut; he eats his cake of maize, and swallows his draught of milk in silence, and lies down to rest without a living soul near him to whom he can say 'God bless you!' Even the sabbath-bell, that tolls in all within its sound to the general act of pious acknowledgment, has no voice in the desert; and the prayer which we are taught to hope will be accepted when two or three are gathered together in the name of God, must be pronounced alone."—Vol. i. pp. 303-304.

The following observations on the inhabitants in general are as just as they are well expressed.

"The seemingly (and, I believe, really) happy condition of the peasants here, who are usually small proprietors, and, as their dress denotes, sufficiently at ease to lay by for a certain degree of luxury, makes the seriousness of their habitual deportment, as contrasted with the lively image previously formed of French volatility, appear remarkable to strangers; who, drawing their idea of national character from imperfect sources, believe a Frenchman to be a portion of organized quicksilver, and that those who are not gay must be dull. But the fact is that Frenchmen, now everywhere thinkers, are influenced, like all other people, by the moral and physical atmosphere which surrounds them; and the shepherd or small farmer here, as in other mountain-valleys, condemned by his lonely calling, remote abode, and the long inclement winter to which his bleak position subjects him, to frequent solitude or home seclusion, becomes grave from habit, not from intellectual deficiency. From the same cause his attachment to the objects that interest him becomes stronger; those are few, and often confined to his flock, his hut, and his mountains. If they should be shared with dearer objects, they are still few. Affection is not scattered over a large space, or weakened by many divisions; it is concentrated, and therefore deep. Those who live in the world love so many things, and love them in such various ways, that it loses its body, and

becomes expanded into thinness; but in a remote spot, the calls upon the heart are few and stationary, and the prodigious influence which habit has over our sympathies would of itself account for the attachment which the inhabitants of unfrequented countries feel for their mountains and their valleys, even if the natural instinct and memory of love, which attaches us to the place of our birth and the scenes of our childhood never existed." —Vol. ii. pp. 33, 34.

The following brief passage gives a just and eloquent comparison between the scenery of the Pyrenees and the Alps, and the effect they severally produce on the mind.

"Pastoral poets and landscape painters would perhaps prefer the Pyrenees to Switzerland; its scenery is softer, warmer, more Arcadian; it has more richness and glow, a finer fusion of tints and more harmony of tone than usually belongs to the strong contrasts and decided outlines of Swiss landscape; but it has not the same generally daring character, the same universal strength and mightiness. None will refuse to admit that there is great force and sublimity in the high regions of the Pyrenees, when the lovely majesty of Nature enthrones itself in the desert; all will allow the infinite, the ineffable beauty of the softer part of Switzerland; but it is of the general character of each country that I speak, not of individual scenes.

"The sentiment inspired by the contemplation of nature in Switzerland is often profoundly melancholy; there is awe in it, and great grandeur. The soul no longer looks through a glass darkly, but stands face to face with those high intelligences of which before it had only gleams. But there is too much coming and going, too much jostling and crowding, too much talking of scenes and projects, for the full indulgence of the intense and solitary feeling which seeks in a world of its own the sympathies that quadrate with its newly-winged desires; but this, it is true, is the fault, not of place, but circumstance. In the Pyrenees the general aspect of nature is softer, and, if I may say so, more touching; it acts more upon the affections of the heart, and links itself more with our ordinary and human feelings; while we dwell upon it the mind, full of belief, of happiness, of confirmation, bears upwards; yet with a love of the beautiful earth, a sentiment of its delights, a willingness to linger on it, as if it were another word for heaven: while in the loftier and more solemn regions of the Swiss mountains, it flutters to disengage itself from the interests of life, and tries to lose its present identity in the wide openings which heaven seems to make for it." —Vol. ii. p. 220.

After so many specimens of beauty and good taste we may be allowed, in confirmation of some of our opening observations, to object to expressions like the following, which are rather profusely scattered throughout, and are painful instances of that idiomatic familiarity (to use a gentle word) which, though tolerated to a certain extent in conversation, are highly offensive in print: *ex. gr.* "scrubby people," "dressy days," "a delight of a climate," "paying too much for your whistle," "a buzzing, tiresome, bluebottle of a man," "the forty-horse power of a noble mind." And such bits of overstrained description, as "Three or four ave-

nues of plain trees ray out from Mont de Marsan, pre-facing a thickety country" (vol. i. p. 158.); "The purpling vapours, the crown-all of the landscape, the secret of its mind and mystery" (p. 178.); "And beneath is our old gossip the river, gabbling to the trees that wash their roots in its waters" (p. 195).

But we will not, though we might, multiply those blemishes which detract in little or nothing from the merit of the book. Our authoress has, no doubt, played the game of *ecarté* in France! We strongly recommend her then, treating her present work on the principle of that very philosophical game, to throw out all the extraneous matter, preserving the passages which may be fairly called *trumps*; then adding a few notes of distances, expenses of living, and other useful accessories to the most romantic tour, republish in the form of a pocket volume, and we predict for it an extensive sale, and for the authoress a steady reputation.

Mr. Murray began his travels at the wrong end, and finished them before he arrived at the right one. He started from Perpignan and stopped at Pau, thus choosing the very ground denuded of all immediate interest, to the exclusion of that which was rife with events that keep all Europe on the *qui vive*. Had he made Navarre the scene of his first or his latest excursions, or let his voice come to us

On Fontarabian echos borne, we could have pardoned a good deal of prolixity in consideration of the subjects which he *must* have introduced; and he would thus have bespoken attention for the more obscure localities of his course, and to which the hunting excursions he speaks of, but does not describe, might have afforded matter of stirring illustration.

Mr. Murray entered on his rambles with apparently a most ignorant indifference to all that was previously written on the subject, and holds himself forth as a sort of second-rate Columbus, the discoverer of a world of wonders unheard of before his time. He asserts that there are no works treating of the objects he undertook to examine, "with the exception of those of the French geological writers," under which term we suppose he includes all the scientific authors, some of whom we have enumerated. He seems to have picked up a volume of Ramond on his way, (a translation of which, instead of his original lucubrations, would have been a valuable offering to the English public,) and in an appendix he gives some information as to the heights of the mountains, the names of the valleys, &c., without acknowledging his authorities; and even this might have been an after-thought of his publisher. But there were many other French writers, beside those he alludes to, who have treated of "Pyrenean scenery and Pyrenean peasantry," quite independent of scientific research; among them Monsieur Thiers, whose political

celebrity alone might have attracted notice to his book; and Monsieur Battier, whose account of his ascent of Mout Perdu and of other places now described by Mr. Murray, has been long before the public.

This gentleman began his pedestrian operations by a visit to the Carrigou, the greatest point of elevation on the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees. His account is very meagre, as he professes himself quite incapable to portray "the grandeur and sublimity of the bird's-eye view" from the summit; and he abruptly dismisses the subject, "whose like," he says, "he ne'er may look upon again;" an apt quotation certainly, and one that we have met with before.

The question then naturally arises in the reader's mind, why was this book undertaken by a gentleman conscious of his inability to even attempt a description of one of the most inspiring and remarkable objects in the country he claims the exclusive merit of displaying to the public admiration? Disappointed thus early in our anticipations of picturesque description, we turned to the headings of the chapters, in hopes of some adventurous recitals; and our eye alighting on the exciting announcement, "Battle between the Carlists and Christinos," we referred to the indicated place, in chapter v. vol. 1. We there found that, in addition to the guide Mr. Murray had engaged at Prades, he provided himself with a well-armed escort of four men, active, and hardy bear-hunters, of the valley of Cerdagne, and having arrived with his followers at the village of the Tour de Carol, he met a gendarme who took him "to the best auberge in the place." "From him I learnt," continues our adventurer, "that *had I arrived in the village the preceding day (!)* I might have mounted to the top of the low ridge in front of the auberge, and looking into the valley below been witness to a battle between the Carlists and Christinos." —Vol. i. p. 94.

This was a damper to our excitement. We take it for granted, there being no return of killed or wounded, or further allusion to the affair, that the author did not see the remnants of the combatants, on the well-known principle in optics which has held good in the military as well as the naval service of Spain ever since the days of Philip II.

The Spanish fleet I do not see—because
They're not in sight.

But still running over the contents, we saw, "Intelligence of the Carlists.—Discovery of the marandera.—Preparations for a fight." The result of this intelligence, discovery and preparation we give in the author's own words.

"At the very crest of the ridge, and where a step to the side or the other would have been either into France or Andorre, we found the remains of a fire still smouldering, which must evidently have been lit by the party we had heard of; they must have carried their wood a

considerable distance to burn it in this spot in security, for there are neither trees nor shrubs near it. They certainly had not been gone half an hour, or the fire would have been extinguished; so we kept together, as we crossed the frontiers into Andorre, and looked about for the party in advance of us.

"This valley of Andorre is encircled by rocky mountains, and is one of the high pastures belonging to it, and frequented only for a short period of the year, by the flocks. Excepting alongside of the stream, there is little pasture; it debouches into the Spanish valley of Paillas, which runs across it, and presents its mountains covered with dark forests. There is not even a shrub in the Andorre valley large enough to conceal a dog; so that, excepting some masses of rock scattered about, there was nothing to prevent our taking in at a glance every object it contained; we were therefore surprised upon not seeing the party, who could be but a short distance from us.

"We had descended into the valley, and skirting its stream for about one half its length, had begun to ascend the opposite mountains, when Etienne discovered the party which we were on the look-out for. They were at a considerable distance from us, and no one but a chasseur of izaras could have discerned them passing in the shade of the summits of the ridge we had quitted. The shepherds had either in their fear miscounted their numbers, or they had been joined by others, for there were now thirteen of them together. We halted to observe them; at first they took no notice of us, (although we must have been in their sight ever since we had descended into the valley,) seemingly satisfied that the shade of the dark mass above them prevented their being seen; at last, however, when they saw that they had been discovered, they stopped to consider what they should do. We did the same; Etienne was of opinion that we should instantly proceed, and put the hill side between us and them, which, from the start which we should have had, would, even in competition with Spanish Spartilleas, have been by no means a difficult task. His son was, however, of a different opinion; he thought that we should remain where we were, and take our chance of their coming down to us. As they had baggage, attacking us was not worth their while, unless they supposed us to be something better than peasants; and besides, our apparent indifference as to whether they came on or not, would most probably have the effect of deterring them from doing so. I was of the same opinion, and it was determined that we should remain.

"Presently ten of the party above us, leaving their bundles with the remainder, began to descend the mountain. Etienne again proposed that we should start; but he was overruled. The only precautions which we took, were to separate a little from each other, and sit down; so that, should we be fired at, they would at least have to pick out their shots, and have less chance of hitting us, while we could have the advantage of a more deliberate aim. Down the fellows came. The affair wore a business-like aspect, and my companions new primed their muskets. I had no less than two brace of pistols with me; for one of the gendarmes at Carol, finding I had only a pair of pocket articles, insisted upon my taking a pair of his, which could be returned to him with the guides; so I was sufficiently well provided; and the staff I carried looked, I have no doubt, very like a musket at a distance.

"When they came near us, we could see that only

six of them had muskets; the others had, probably, no weapons but their knives, which a Spaniard never by any chance is without, and which he knows well how to use. We were not to fire until they had either done so, or given such unequivocal signs of their hostility that there could be no doubt of their intentions. They never stopped until they reached the little plain which lay between us and the mountain side, down which they had come, and were about two hundred yards distant, when they halted to observe us more particularly. They consulted for a few minutes: those who had no muskets evidently disliked to come on, and endeavoured to persuade the others not to do so; which advice they at last allowed themselves to be guided by, more particularly when they found, upon a nearer inspection, that the booty they were likely to find upon a few peasants would hardly repay the risk they would expose themselves to in acquiring it; so they wheeled about, and leisurely retraced their steps up the mountain. As we were not pressed for time, we remained where we were until they joined their comrades and proceeded on their journey. Our honour being perfectly satisfied when we saw them recommence their march, it was the signal for us to do the same; and, among the turnings and windings of the ascent, we soon lost sight of the Carlists."—Vol. i. pp. 108-112.

Fate, however, as if in revenge for this disappointment to the pugnacious party, threw a compensation in their way. "Descending into this valley," continues the author, "we sprung a covey of partridges, and my walking-staff came instinctively to my shoulder; the birds, little accustomed to the sight of human beings, did not take a long flight, and were marked down a few hundred yards off. I could not resist having a shot at them, especially as I found that there were some of the party who had small shot with them. Carlists were therefore, for the time, forgotten; and I drew the balls from two of the muskets, and charging them with shot followed the covey. I was able to spring the two old birds, both of which I shot, but the covey would not rise," thus seeking security in a diametrically opposite plan to that of the Carlist marauders.

Nothing daunted by this large quantity of smoke proceeding from so little fire, we followed our plan, and marked out for reference the following index notifications in various parts of the volumes:—

"Gallant conduct of an English frigate,"—"Anecdote of Guerilla warfare,"—"Arrival of the British legion in Spain,"—"Murder of a Spanish muleteer,"—"Loss of a guide,"—"Izard and bear hunting,"—"Assassination of Ernault,"—"Murder of four Christiano officers,"—"Destruction of the village of St. Lary."

In every one of these instances our researches led to nothing but the repetition of anecdotes from history, or received at secondhand by our author. None of those events had reference to his own adventures, and consequently not one of them is described in the spirited manner of an eye-witness. Page after page we

turned over and over, in hopes of some enlivening recital keeping promise with this tempting bill of fare; but all ended in a result analogous to one which befel the author himself in the valley of Ossau, and which he designates "Unsatisfactory pursuit of a bear and cubs." It is astonishing how a man possessed of the physical vigour and the mental fidgetiness of which his book gives evidence, could so ingeniously avoid all matter of personal interest in the course of excursions over full a hundred miles of such a country as he traversed. Had the elderly gentlewoman whose pages we have so largely quoted from been carried in her sedan chair to many of the sites Mr. Murray visited, we have no doubt she would have discovered, or imagined (which would have done equally well) something connected with human action and passion correspondent with those romantic scenes.

There are anecdotes inserted here and there to enliven the volumes, on the authority of others, but of the smallest possible worth. Thus in the first chapter of the first volume we have an account of the battle of Toulouse by a certain "facetious old gentleman, who had served under Napoleon in his Italian campaign" (*Qu. which?*); and who, no doubt by way of cracking a joke at our traveller's expense, took upon himself to criticise the Duke of Wellington's manœuvring. And a considerable portion of chapter xviii. vol. ii. is devoted to the retailing of some pointless old stories about King George III., Queen Charlotte, and a deserter from the German legion; one being something about "boots," and all quite *à propos de bottes*, recounted to our author by another, garrulous but "esteemed individual, a Hanoverian baron," whose family resided at Pau. Once, however, Mr. Murray had the good luck to stumble upon a person who, unlike those old worthies of *knife-grinding* analogy, *had* really a "story to tell;" though *story* is not exactly the word to express the valuable matter-of-fact information (on a singular political phenomenon) which we allude to, and which we consider well worthy of transposition into our pages.

Mr. Murray was overtaken by a storm in the hamlet of Saldeon and valley of Andorre. He and his guides took refuge in a hovel, and they amused themselves "by boiling several eggs and sour bread together, and making a kind of soup, which a hungry traveller could relish sufficiently well." But in honour of Pyrenean good living we must note that on another occasion, at La Barthe, he had "a couple of gorgeous ducks and a prime little round of veal" served up for breakfast (See vol. ii. p. 338.)

"While eating our meal, another stormstaid traveller entered the cabin. He was an Andorrian, and proprietor of some quantity of land in one of the communes. I offered him a share of the soup which I had cooked, which he very thankfully accepted; and throwing off his capote or cloak, took a seat near me. He had re-

ceived a better education than most of his countrymen, and could speak French perfectly. The circumstance of meeting with such an Andorrian I considered as very fortunate, and was at once reconciled and indifferent to the storm, and thought not of the comfortable quarters which, but for it, I should have had at the Hospitalet.

I had now an opportunity which had not hitherto presented itself, of acquiring a perfect knowledge of the constitution and character of the people among whom I was, and I lost no time in profiting by it. Question after question I put to my neighbour, and he was most civil and kind in giving me the information I wished to procure. I shall here give an account of the little republic of Andorre, compiled from the information which this native gave me, and from other authentic sources.

"The republic of Andorre, situated upon the southern side of the Pyrenees, and beyond the natural frontier of France, ought, from its physical position, to belong to Spain. It is, however, considered as a neutral and independent province, although it is to a certain extent connected with both countries; to Spain by its religious, to France by its civil government. The history of this little country presents a phenomenon well worthy the attention and study of the naturalist and the politician. It affords the almost solitary instance of a people, few in number, and, in comparison with their powerful neighbours, almost incapable of defence, having preserved during twelve centuries their independence and their institutions, uninjured by the many revolutions which have so frequently convulsed the two great kingdoms which surround it. The contented and unambitious minds of its inhabitants, with their seclusion from the world, and indifference to or ignorance of the political intrigues and commotions which have overthrown and subverted its many states, as for such a length of time secured to them, as the judatory republic of France, more real and substantial liberty than was ever enjoyed under the purest of the Italian republics.

"Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys, of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its mouth, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains with their immense peaks which inclose it amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six-and-thirty miles, from east to west thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriege, on the south by the district of Urgel, on the west by the valley of Paillas, and on the east by that of Carol. It contains six communes; Andorre, the chief town, Cadillo, Enchamp, La Masane, Urdino, Saint Julien, and above thirty villages and hamlets.

"The government is composed of a council of twenty-four, each commune electing four members, who are chosen for life. The council elect a syndic, who convokes the assemblies and takes the charge of public affairs. He enjoys great authority, and when the assemblies are not sitting, he has the complete government of the community.

"It is to Charlemagne that Andorre owes its independence. In 790 that prince having marched against the Moors of Spain, and defeated them in the neighbouring valley of Carol, the Andorrians (following the tradition of the country, the only, but in a state like this the best authority to rely upon), rendered themselves so useful to the French army, supplying

them with provisions and taking care of their wounded, that the Emperor, to recompense them for their kindness, made them independent of the neighbouring princes, delivered them from the Moors, and permitted them to be governed by their own laws. After him Louis le Debonnaire, whom the Andorrians style the pious, having driven the Moors across the Ebro, ceded to Lisebus, the Bishop of Urgel, a part of the rights over Andorre which Charlemagne had reserved to himself and his successors. It was in virtue of this grant that the Bishop of Urgel acquired a right to a part of the tithes of the six parishes, and still exercises a spiritual jurisdiction over the country. This is the only manner in which it has any dependence upon Spain.

"Afterwards, the Counts of Foix exercised in Andorre the rights of the crown of France, in the name of their sovereign, but more frequently upon their own account. Since Henry the Fourth the kings of France have maintained their rights according to the usages established by the Counts of Foix. In 1793 these rights, being considered as feudal, were abandoned, and Andorre was for a time completely separated from France; but notwithstanding this temporary independence, the Andorrians continued to preserve their attachment to that country. The inhabitants courageously resisted the violation of their territory by the Spaniards, and furnished to the French during the late war both guides and assistance of every kind. At the same time they anxiously solicited the establishment of the ancient order of things, and Napoleon yielded to their wish by a decree of the 20th of March, 1806. By this decree Andorre continued to be a republic connected with France; its Viguiier, or criminal judge, being a Frenchman chosen from the department of Arriege, and paying an annual sum of nine hundred and sixty francs, for which he was to enjoy the privilege of receiving various articles of commerce free of duty from France. Thus, excepting as regards the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel, which after all cannot be said to interfere with its independence any more than the Pope's ecclesiastical authority over Catholic countries can with theirs, Andorre is altogether independent of Spain; and as regards France, the annual payment it makes to that country is only in lieu of certain privileges which it enjoys from it; while there being so little crime in Andorre, the appointment of the French judge has been more with a view to deter criminals of that country from taking refuge in the neutral province, than for the punishment of its natives. Andorre may therefore be considered as the oldest free republic in existence. The population is from seven to eight thousand, quite great enough for the resources of the country. The Andorrians are all of the church of Rome, and very religious. The members of their clergy are generally natives, and they and the more wealthy of the inhabitants receive their education at Toulouse or Barcelona. Each curé, in addition to his pastoral duties, has the charge of a school, where the poor are instructed gratuitously; but this does not give him much extra trouble, few of the peasants thinking it at all necessary to send their children to school to acquire what, in their land of shepherds and labourers, they imagine can be of little consequence to them in their future lives; this erroneous impression is the cause why few of the natives have more learning than is sufficient to enable them to read and write, and the great majority are in total ignorance of even these first principles.

"The Andorrians are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys,—still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them; and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts and the civilization of other countries inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron forges, only very few of them being the proprietors of any extent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs or eldest sons choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, reprobating mis-alliances, and looking little to fortune, which besides is always very small on both sides. The eldest sons have, even during the life of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors. They never leave the paternal roof until they marry; and if they marry an heiress, they join her name to their own; and unless married they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs.

"When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, and succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciliated in her family; and by this arrangement the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes, *ni plus riche, ni plus pauvre*. They are married by their priests, after having had their banns, as in Scotland, proclaimed in their parish-church for three successive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants are, in Andorre, not so badly off as in other countries; their wants are few and easily supplied, the opulent families taking care of those who are not, and they in gratitude honour and respect their benefactors.

"The Andorrians are in general strong and well proportioned; the greater part of the diseases proceeding from the moral affections are unknown, as well as those from vice and corruption. The costume of the men is simply composed of the coarse brown cloth made from the wool of their own sheep; it resembles that worn by the peasants of Bigorre, with this difference, that the Andorrians wear the flowing red cap of the Catalans. The women dress exactly as the Catalan women do: they are not admitted to any of the assemblies where public affairs are considered; nay, so little has the wisdom of the sage Andorrians coincided with that of the British parliament expressed upon a late occasion, that the ladies are not even allowed to assist at the masses which are performed at the reception of the bishop or the judge. Crime of every kind is very rare, and the punishments awarded to culprits are, although mild, sufficiently effectual. There are no law-suits relative to paternal succession; and should disputes of any kind arise, they are at once referred to the Syndic, whose decision is never controverted. All the males are liable to serve as militia, should they be required, and every head of a family is obliged to have in his possession a musket and a certain quantity of powder and balls.

"Commerce of every kind is free in Andorre; but as its industry is only employed in the manufacture of the most indispensable articles, and these are of the most indifferent nature, it has little to exchange for the produce of other countries, excepting its iron, the whole of

which is sold to Spain, the high duties prohibiting its entrance into France. The republic is not without its arms, which are those of Bearn quartered with those of Foix."—Vol. i. pp. 160-170.

Immediately following these interesting notices we have the account of what the author calls "an adventure;" and it is another specimen of the *parturient montes*, &c. so often exemplified in the relations of his Pyrenean exploits. As soon as Mr. Murray and his valiant companions had retired to the hayloft, of which they were permitted the occupation, they held "a sort of whispering consultation upon the necessity of being prepared in the event of the Spaniards making any attempt" upon them. Some of the party fell asleep; our hero, as we must now call him, kept watch. "The lamp was still burning in a niche in the wall, when the door of the loft opened," and in walked—a Spaniard! We must let the author continue the harrowing narrative.

"He seemed surprised when he observed the light; but the snoring of my friends was evidence of their being asleep, and he stepped towards us. He was only one; there was no use in disturbing the sleeping party, so I merely laid my hand on one of my pistols, and watched his proceedings. I was in the shade of the lamp, so that he could not see me distinctly, or discern whether I was asleep or not; but he seemed anxious not to disturb us, for he trode as gently as possible, and stopped several times before he reached our corner. * * * He stood within a few feet of us for a few seconds, and then turning round stole away as gently as he had approached us. I thought it was now time to rouse Etienne, which I did, and told him what had taken place, and he instantly roused the others; we did not however make any noise nor alter our position, but determined to remain awake for some time, and by snoring in turn" (an odd way of keeping watch, we must remark, and somewhat in contradiction to the noiseless tactics just before resolved on,) "lead the Spaniards, should they return, to believe that we were still asleep. A couple of hours passed over and they came not, so I told Etienne that I did not think that we should see them again, more particularly as the fellow who came to reconnoitre did not carry off the lamp with him."

It turned out that they had all quietly left the cabin and gone about their business, as soon as the storm subsided! So that all this fearful note of preparation was for just nothing at all.

"I could now understand," exclaims the author, "what the rascal was in search of. * * * It was fortunate for us that he had not endeavoured to lay his hands upon anything belonging to us, as I should have shot him."—Vol. i. p. 175.

Yes, reader, "shot him"! such would have been the fate of this industrious and naturally well-bred poor smuggler, had he by accident touched even the hem of the garment of any one of those half dozen armed men, into whose resting-place he had obviously wandered in search of a quiet corner in which to repose his wearied limbs; but, finding every place occupied, politely retired again, evidently "anxious not to disturb" the snorers or pseudo-snorers, and acting

throughout on the true Chesterfieldian principles of politeness.

From some experience of the shrewdness of the inhabitants of those districts, and their just estimate of the value of time, we should be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the following trait, had not Mr. Murray vouched for its *frequent* occurrence from his own knowledge.

"Every spring of good water among the mountains is known to the shepherds and chasseurs, and they invariably resort to their favourite wells when they make their repasts; and hungry although they sometimes are, I have often seen them carry a piece of bread or meat untouched for several miles rather than eat it before they reached their usual fountain; and then sitting down and pulling out their clasped-knife, eat their dinner: and this they do when they frequently make no more use of the water than to rinse the glass (if they have one,) from which they drink their wine."—Vol. i. p. 105.

But we differ altogether from the conclusion come to by Mr. Murray—and which is mere matter of opinion—"that the traveller has nothing more to do than to sink his bottle or wine-skin in the waters of those fountains for a few minutes, and he can drink its contents as well *iced* and cooled as ever the most experienced butler gave him his champagne or hock in England;" unless indeed the English butler was an Irishman, and the champagne or hock was whiskey:—*that*, to be sure, might alter the case and explain the miracle.

There is also something too startling for blind belief in the statement that "the Andorrians for centuries have been forgers of iron, and yet they have so little benefitted by the staple production of their country as not even to possess *a few nails*."—Vol. i. p. 124.

We however fully agree, without cavil or comment, with Mr. Murray's opinion, that "a pedestrian's toilet does not in general occupy much time, especially when all the minutiae for performing it are fifty miles distant."—Vol. i. p. 120.

This last passage, of the veritable Sir Boyle Roche stamp, and the *ice* anecdote above extracted, would, we think, have borne us out in believing the Honourable James Murray to have been no less celebrated a personage than the identical "first gem of the sea," so often alluded to in the orations of Mr. O'Connell, and not sundry admissions throughout the work announced it as the production of a "Son of the Tweed." But even in that character we cannot allow the author to take so great a liberty with the Queen's English as to introduce such barbarous gallicisms, such vile grammar and bad spelling as "*riant basin*," "*loose débris*," "*disagremens*," "*escarpé rocks*" and the like,—phrases which would not have been tolerated even in Edinburgh, and in the gallicized times of Mary Queen of Scots.

But we cannot pursue our strictures much further, and shall only stop to notice one instance of grievous insufficiency for the task to which our discoverer has so arrogantly claimed the exclusive honour. We allude to the passage which speaks (passingly indeed) of the *Cagots* as "a miserable and proscribed race which exists in the Pyrenees, whose origin has been the subject of much controversy. They are idiots, and have in general hideous goitres."—Vol. ii. p. 81. And this is absolutely all that Mr. Murray has to tell the British public regarding one of the most extraordinary moral mysteries of existing civilization. It is evident he had never studied—perhaps never heard of—the elaborate researches of Ducange, De Gebelin, De Marca, Palassour and other writers, in their vain attempts to elucidate the enigma of which the *Cagots* are the *mot*. No one could visit the Pyrenees rightly prepared, and particularly with the intention of book-making, without entering into the question of their most remarkable moral feature, and giving some account of the unfortunate beings in question. History and philosophy are alike interested in the inquiry into that extraordinary race, whose origin is lost in the labyrinth of time, and whose existence defies the traces of tradition. It would be perhaps too much to expect any profound research on this or any other question from a writer of Mr. Murray's calibre: but even the authoress of the "Sketches" enters largely, though not deeply, but as usual with good feeling, into this most interesting subject; while the random allusion to it by Mr. Murray is decisive of his having flown at game too high for him, in attempting an account of the Pyrenees and their people.

The best thing in the book is the account of the author's passage through the Brèche de Roland and his ascent of Mont Perdu. Out of compliment, we suppose, to the memory of a mighty monarch, he repeatedly marched up the hills and then came down again. To those who have not witnessed the magnificent savagery of those scenes, or read the descriptions of them by Ramond, who was the first to make the ascent of Mont Perdu in 1802, or of other eloquent writers on the Pyrenees, Mr. Murray's hurried sketch may afford some pleasure. It would be indeed impossible to have gone over such ground with a volume of Ramond in his pocket, without feeling and expressing something of the sensations common, in a greater or less degree, to all who have been so situated; and the book has therefore, as we intimated at starting, a certain degree of merit arising from the subject it treats of. There is a very amusing sketch of French fox-hunting introduced; but it appears, by a note, to be a reprint from one of the magazines; and had the whole book been cut into fragments, and offered to the public in that way, or reduced to the dimensions we

have recommended for the contemporary work, it would have a better chance for popularity than in its present cumbrous form.

At any rate travellers have here two additional tributes to the attractions of a territory which offers an inexhaustible fund of interest, and opens a yet wide field for enjoyment. Neither work is perhaps quite worthy of the subject; but each, as far as it goes, and in the parts strictly confined to within the mountain districts, is so far valuable, as it gives an example which may prove a stimulus to other writers, and help the wandering tribes of our countrymen towards the attainment of that much sought and important object,—the new pleasure.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato*. Translated from the German by William Dobson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College. pp. 432. Cambridge and London. 1836.
2. *Œuvres de Platon*. Traduites par Victor Cousin. Tomes i—xi. Paris. 1822–37.
3. *Initia Philosophiæ Platoniciæ*. Auctore Phil. Guil. Van Heusde. Vols. 2. Parts 4. Trajecti ad Rhenum. 1827–31.
4. *The History of Ancient Philosophy*. By Dr. Heinrich Ritter. Translated from the German by Alexander J. W. Morrison, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. Oxford. 1838.
5. *Deontology, or the Science of Morality; in which the Harmony and Coincidence of Duty and Self-Interest, Virtue and Felicity, Prudence and Benevolence, are explained, exemplified, and applied to the Business of Life*. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring. 2 vols. London. 1834.

It is remarkable that while we of this country have been sinking yearly more and more into natural and mechanical philosophy,—have been numbering and classing (for that is nearly the extent of the science acquired) shells, and plants, and insects, or circulating descriptions of machines, very useful, doubtless, themselves for the weaving of stockings and gown-pieces, but the knowledge of which is not on that account so necessarily useful to the tradesman who sells these things or to the public who wear them,—our continental neighbours the Germans and the French, by no means neglecting to investigate the works of nature, and certainly gaining ground upon us in the processes of manufacture, have thought it also worth their while to study the philosophy of history, the philosophy of the fine arts, and, converting the terms, the history of philosophy itself, of which three great branches of knowledge we scarcely possess even the

idea. The two rival leaders of Louis Philippe's late cabinet, and supporters or opponents, as the case may be, of his present one, Messieurs Guizot and Thiers, are the authors of the two best philosophical histories which France has produced. M. Thiers, indeed, in unfolding the causes and principles on which her first revolution turned, has certainly ascribed too much force to the chain of events, too little power of control to the actors, and has thus palliated unduly the guilt of those who enacted its fearful atrocities; but M. Guizot, in his beautiful history of French civilization, while he has equally opened out the hidden germs in which the great progressive changes of society lie, has allowed to human liberty its full play in turning those tendencies to a worse or a better purpose. Nor is his work a mere tissue of abstract theories; on the contrary, he has brought to life, by the use he has made of contemporary documents, the dark ages of Gothic conquest, and those subsequent ages which we are pleased to call dark, while the cathedrals they gave birth to look down upon our puny efforts of meagre imitation.

It may give the English reader some confidence in the justness of M. Guizot's philosophy, that though now as good a conservative as France can produce, he foretold, long before Louis Philippe became King of the French, that change of dynasty which would complete the parallel between our own revolution and theirs. Again, histories of a nation's general art or literature are considered by the Germans as requisite for the formation of a fair and well-grounded opinion on the merits of an individual poem or statue produced among that people. They say they cannot judge of Sophocles, or Ben Jonson, or Pope, or Raphael, or Titian, without regarding in the same view Æschylus, Shakspeare or Dryden, Pietro Perugino, or Bellini. They rightly consider the whole of the mental creations of a people from its origin to its decay, as a series of organic phenomena, of which each successive member produces and modifies those which follow it in the lapse of generations, just as the character of an individual is evolved by the succession of thoughts and experience in the progress of life. In this philosophy of learned criticism we are even more behind our neighbours than in that of political history, and to those who are ever so slightly acquainted with what has been done on the continent for this science, it does appear singular that, though indeed Winkelman's *History of Ancient Sculpture*, and Schlegel's *Essay on Dramatic Art*, have been translated into our language, we in England are unacquainted with the ordinary and convenient term by which the French and Germans designate the impression received by the mind from an object as a work of art—we mean the word *æsthetic*; and that, although the distinctive marks of the classical and romantic schools of literature have now been

discussed since the days of Schiller for full forty years by some of the ablest writers of Europe, who have engaged large parties of their countrymen in the debate on the relative merits of those two schools, we are not familiar, to say no more, even with this distinction, which yet is as plain as the difference between the characters of the Parthenon and of Westminster Abbey. We do not possess a serviceable account of our own literature; and, what is perhaps more strange,—for a nation, like an individual author, may not be most disposed or even best qualified to pass in review the products of its own mind,—we do not possess one introduction to the Greek classics, for Mr. H. N. Coleridge's elegant essay is but a beginning. Yet in our universities Greek is more exclusively the staple of education than in any similar institution of Europe—in Oxford especially; and we say it to her honour, because in thus exercising that youth, which the country year by year entrusts to her, on the noble pages of antiquity, she acts upon the principle that she is not employed in the menial service of transfusing into them a given amount, or the utmost amount possible, of various notions—as you would pack merchandise in a chest, or cram articles into an encyclopædia—but holds the nobler office, by showing them what men of old time have well and wisely thought, or felt, or taught, to insure, as far as in her lies, in the foremost of the land, what the elder Coleridge calls the formation of a manly character. Still, though our public instructors have stood fast by the good old lore, it cannot be denied that classical learning, if it hold its own in England, does not keep step with the advances of other branches of education. We do not believe that it does hold its own, and we attribute its relatively backward movement to the want of that more ample and broadsighted study of Grecian life, and laws, and feelings, which by no means hinders our neighbours from a minute sifting of the Greek texts, (as may be seen by the fact that the main of the editions which issue from the Clarendon press bear such crabbed titles as 'Curâ Schweighauseri, or 'Operâ Stallbaumi,) but rather, we should say, animates them to the microscopic examination of the dead letter by the hope of recomposing from these fractured remains some antique shape of living Hellenic lineaments. Nothing, we believe, but an enlarged, practical, vivid, and therefore popular treatment of classical, that is, Grecian literature—(for the Roman sheds only a reflected light, and derives its value from the sun by which it is brightened)—can enable that literature to retain a place among the host of young sciences and modern interests which court the newly-awakened mind of the middle classes of England.

If, now, we ask what has been done in this country for the third branch of knowledge to which we alluded above, the history, namely, of philosophy, the answer,

like the return to some inexperienced orders for parliamentary accounts, must be comprised in a word of three letters, 'NIL,'—absolutely nothing at all. Our few writers on mental philosophy bravely *ignore* all that has been written before them; and thus it happens to them, as to all who seek originality in independence of the pioneers who have preceded them, that they scratch out their eyes in the bushes, get knee deep into quagmires, and end by advancing exploded fallacies as bold discoveries. We have, indeed, but one obsolete name *metaphysics*, with which to designate inquiries into the nature of mind, and that name is almost a term of reproach.

A late English writer conceived that he had discovered the great secret of moral science, when he laid down the principle that you must judge the value of an action by its effect upon happiness: he tricked out this notable novelty in quaint compounds of words, became the head of a party which possessed an accredited organ; and we have heard one, who is still a cabinet minister, appeal from the Treasury Bench, most solemnly and pathetically, to the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers, or, as it is called for brevity's sake, the Greatest Happiness Principle. There is, however, nothing new in this test. It is the practical canon of most English writers on ethics. It is the touchstone of Dr. Paley, whose *Moral Philosophy* is, very undeservedly, the text-book of Cambridge. At the very time, however, when this flourish of trumpets was raised, and clever men were enlisted by it, there had been already published by the lamented Schleiermacher an examination of all known systems of morals, and of this, of course, for it is anything but new, in the number; the result being, that no system hitherto devised,—we do not speak of practical doctrines, guides for the duties of life,—but that no system claiming to derive a moral code from any one supreme principle could withstand his searching anatomy. What course, then, did that eminent man adopt? If his judgment led him to mistrust scientific dogmatism on the one hand, his reason forbade him on the other to regard desponding scepticism as the true philosophy. He betook himself to the study of Plato; and it is he to whom is owing that renewed ardour for the Homer of philosophers, as Panætius happily called him, to the fruitfulness of which the French, High-Dutch, and even Low-Dutch titles prefixed to this article bear their testimony. These, indeed, are no more than a handful of grapes from the foreign vintage; but English, alas! only appears among them in a translation.

Schleiermacher was the first scholar who, being also more than a scholar, and viewing the works of Plato as a whole, endeavoured to arrange them in their natural connexion; and he conceived that by internal evidence he had found in them the order in which the

author's thoughts were developed, being also that in which the several works were written. The assistance thus afforded to their comprehension would of course be most valuable, and he was so far successful, that though details of his scheme have been loosened by later inquiry, the main points are regarded by good judges as finally fixed. He now published the whole of Plato in a German translation, prefixing to each dialogue a dissertation on its particular scope and on its connexion with the remainder. These were ingenious and profound—perhaps, like almost everything German, too much of both: they gave, however, that valuable impulse to Platonic research which has been since followed up by Ast, Stallbaum, and others; but having thus accomplished their end, though they should be read with a view to understand the course which the investigation has taken, we doubt whether much positive result is to be obtained from them alone. After thirty years they have indeed appeared in an English dress, or rather in English words; but translate them as you will, the thoughts, and even the language, must remain so thoroughly German, that we are pretty sure they will not tell much to one who is not conversant already with other philosophical works of the country; they are difficult even then; but such a one would of course prefer to consult them in the original.

M. Cousin, the well-known professor and now deputy, follower once, if not still, of M. Guizot, has nearly accomplished in French the same task: he has arrived, after some years, at the eleventh volume of his translation, prefacing in like manner each dialogue with a dissertation. His general view of Plato he has reserved as a *bonne bouche* for the end. It has been long promised, and we look for it with some interest. The translation is flowing and, on the whole, accurate; the introductions, of course, clear enough, since as the Germans are the worst hands at making a book, though the best at collecting materials of which books should be made, so are the French, when the timber and marble are found for them, first-rate hands at putting them for you neatly together. Still we may be unreasonable, but as we admitted that Schleiermacher is somewhat hard to be understood, so, on the other hand, we are not quite sure that M. Cousin ought to be so entirely easy. It is very pleasant to be led smoothly along; but we cannot forget the high praise awarded by an Oxford examiner to an under-graduate, who, when set on, as it is called, at a passage of some Greek chorus, stoutly maintained that it could not be construed at all. This was perfectly true, he was told, but a worse scholar would have attempted it. We have a sincere respect for M. Cousin's intentions and general views, but we have reason to know, that though Mrs. Austin thought it worth her while to translate his account of the German schools and universities, he saw those in-

stitutions, as it were, from his inn windows, and wrote his book from public statistical papers.

The work of Professor Van Heusde, modestly entitled by him 'First Elements of Platonic Philosophy,' is written in good Latin, easy therefore, and pleasant like Tulley's, not involved nor stilted like Dr. Parr's. Though we protest against the further employment of this dead language in classic dissertations, and even in notes on classic authors, now that the necessity for it is done away by the sufficient market each country affords for good books of the kind, by the growing acquaintance of scholars with the chief modern languages, and the increased facility of translation, besides the certainty of a reprint, since the paper on which they print at Leipsic is too dingy for us, and our hot-pressed pages are too costly for them; and we object to it, because the use of a dead language must in many ways hamper a writer's utterance of his own living thoughts; still we rejoice that M. Van Heusde has kept to the old practice, since, not being ourselves familiar with Low-Dutch, we should otherwise have missed the acquaintance of a very agreeable book, with whose author we heartily sympathise in his honest and fervent Platonism. The book is in fact a review of the spirit and composition of Plato's works, rather than a dry analysis of his philosophy. It shows Plato's own character and his views of what human life ought to be. It contains extracts made with taste and judgment from the more picturesque dialogues, and particularly from those beautiful *myths*, or traditional religious fables, to both of which the Professor attaches a higher importance for beneficial influence now to be exercised on the mind of the general reader, than to the other more abstruse and dialectical compositions; in which estimate, we must say, he entirely expresses our own opinion. The work is not unlike Bishop Lowth's 'Prælections on Hebrew Poetry.' We are unwilling to find a fault, but we cannot deny that our Professor's amiable enthusiasm has led him perhaps into rather too constant a flow of praise; and we have a mortal dislike to all panegyrics done as matters of business, from the time of Isocrates we had almost said, but certainly of Pliny the Younger, down to the *éloges* of the French Academy, and the after-dinner speeches of our own travelling British Association.

Such is not the fault of the next book we have to notice, Dr. Ritter's 'History of Ancient Philosophy.' We have seen only three volumes of this important work, but it is brought down in four to the close of the Socratic philosophy, that is, to the final establishment of Christianity. A second edition has been commenced, of which Mr. Morrison has translated the two volumes which have appeared, and which contains, he states, many additions and improvements. It is curious, by the bye, that the second edition of a

German work is generally much altered from the first, and admits not only variations of statement, but often direct contradictions of its former self. We have heard that Jacobi, no inconsiderable man, published a book turning much on a distinction, unknown in this country, between the *reason* and the *understanding*; but the second edition has appended to it this important erratum for the benefit of those readers who might still wish to make use of their original copies, 'Wherever you find *understanding* read *reason*, and wherever you find *reason* read *understanding*.' In general our translations of German works are most unsatisfactory, in fact unintelligible; mere literal versions word for word, without one trace of English idiom in the style, or of freedom of thought on the part of the translator. The chief cause we take to be this, that the Germans are the deepest thinkers of living people, and that as we are not arrived at the same stage of thought with them, much is of course assumed in their books as familiar which to us is unknown. While, however, we admire their real depth, we cannot deny, as Dr. Ritter himself in his preface admits, that they have also an affectation of depth, which seeks credit for wisdom by clouding itself in a mysterious maze of words. Even when they understand a subject, our good neighbours certainly do like to paint it in chiaroscuro, like Rembrandt, who, however,—we throw out the analogy for their consideration,—is said to have contracted his dusky tone from having been brought up in the inside of a mill, to which the light of common day found scanty entrance. The resemblance, we believe, too, of the words, and, in some degree, of the thoughts, leads the interpreter to the supposition that they are identical. Mr. Morrison is exempt from most of these faults, from the worst of them—mystical affectation—entirely. He is not freely vernacular, yet not unpleasantly alien, except, indeed, where he startles us by some of those uncouth composites for which we have no sort of need, and which no example or authority ever can succeed in naturalizing amongst us. It is true, however, that the difficulties of a translator from the German are great, for those who write it have reached even a classification of the powers of the mind, and consequently of its phenomena, in some degree different from our own, so that all their thoughts are cast differently, as it were, from the very font. Thoughts, therefore, as well as words, are to be translated; but they must be translated, if the book is to be understood. The translator must first master these obstacles himself, and then, if he cannot unravel them in his new text, he must at least clear them up in his notes, for the benefit, as a noble senator once observed in his speech, of country gentlemen. We at least give this public notice, that henceforward, if we do not understand a German book done into English, we shall assume judicially, that it is because the translator has

not understood it himself, and on his head be the consequences. This is fair warning. We have enough and to spare of what is called fine writing at home; pray do not let us import it.

This book may be said, however, to have superseded the previous histories of philosophy—even Tenneman's—not perhaps to have rendered them useless, but to have become the standard work on the subject. Tenneman, indeed, vitiated his work by referring, as Mr. Morrison rightly observes, all previous philosophies to the scale of Kant's system, so that as soon as his master's rule passed away, his book became at once very much superannuated. This congenital cause of decay Dr. Ritter has guarded against, by stating the doctrines of the ancients, as much as possible, in their own words and forms of expression. His first volume treats slightly of the Indian, and more fully of the old Greek systems prior to Socrates. Thus far we have to grope a good deal in the dark. The second treats of Socrates himself, and of his immediate scholars, among whom Plato occupies, of course, the principal post. The remainder completes the story of the Socratic philosophy, under which title Dr. Ritter designates all Greek systems later than the time of Socrates.

And here one is tempted to ask, as if it were something new, who was this burgess of Athens that set his name as a seal for so many centuries on the principal thoughts of Greece and Rome—that is, so far as we are concerned, of civilized man—and this without having written himself a book or a line? He was born, as we know, from low parents, of a Silenus-like countenance, and never attained a competent fortune. His manhood was cast on that period of Athens when, the heads of her citizens having been first turned by those very victories of Marathon and Salamis which they owed to their older and simpler character, and their hearts corrupted by tyranny over those very allies with whom and by whom they had won their glory, and when their highest flower of art having been attained under Pericles, by paying to Phidias, for the adornment of Athens, for the Parthenon, and the Propylæe, those common funds which had been placed under their charge for the defence of the Ægean, their art itself lost its manly nobleness, and became effeminate dalliance in the hands of Scopas and Praxiteles. It was a time of faction, and luxury, and display. The old religious and warlike hymns no longer formed the first lessons of youth; and a new set of teachers, calling themselves the Wise Men, or Sophists, came into Athens, chiefly from Italian Greece, who boldly unveiling the new moral scepticism, undertook to make wise and good men for a handsome fee, that is, wise and good statesmen; but the goodness taught by this old 'voluntary system' turned indeed upon the knowledge of moral laws, as an important element of those beings whom a public man must influence before

he can lead; the convenient wisdom consisted in this, that as all laws were made by the strongest—the mischief was that the Greeks very much identified moral rules with public laws—but that all laws being, as they said, made by the strongest, if you could but make yourself the strongest, you might, if you pleased, dispense with all law, that is, with all moral obligations in your own conduct, taking good care, of course, not to be caught until you had placed yourself above the reach of the law. Socrates endeavoured to stem this flood; and he dealt with these reverend guides by asking of them, in assumed simplicity, information on the doctrines which they professed, until by this seemingly inquisitive cross-examination, he involved them in some self-contradictions, and drew on them the laughter of the bystanders. This was the well-known Socratic irony. But further, if among those bystanders he saw some promising youth, he would draw out, by a somewhat similar series of questions addressed to him, answers involving the inborn principles of a right and a wrong, of what is mean or honourable, base or worthy. This he called his obstetric art, alluding to his mother's profession, and so he struck many a hidden spark which kindled thoughts and feelings that rose into some noble flame. Thus he passed an active though speculative life in the places of Athenian resort. Even the sumptuous and high-born Alcibiades courted his company, not indeed for his moral influence, but for the rhetorical improvement to be derived from his argumentative powers. The jealousy of the powerful, acting by the prejudices of the many, brought him in his old age under accusations of irreligion, to a violent end. We cannot do justice to the affection and veneration which his memory claims from us. But read of him in Plato; read of him in the *Phædrus*, sitting at high noon under the plane-tree, which Cicero says he has immortalised, by the banks of the Ilissus, and led to recite, as if by inspiration, that beautiful mythos, in which he represents the soul of a lover, seated in a car drawn by two horses, the black one, earthly desire, striving earthward; the white one, heavenly affection, struggling aloft; and then, if the better feeling prevail, the blessedness of pure and undivided attachment; read of him in the *Gorgias*, courteously, yet with sarcastic power, confuting the Sophists, who maintain that the height of ambition is the superiority over public justice, and telling them that he at least will keep his soul white and pure for the scrutiny of Rhadamanthus; read of him again at the genial table of the Banquet, gay and witty, yet rising to the earnest strain in which he depicts the progress of the mind, from the love of individual beauty, to the love of all beautiful objects, then to the love of honourable and worthy exertions, next to that of right and virtuous contemplations, lastly, of Him who is all that is good, and just, and true;

read of him in his Defence before his judges, avowing the object of his life, rather than palliating his conduct, and parting from them, as he is led away, with the beautiful words, 'You go to life and I to death: which of us for the better part, the Gods only know;' see him with Crito, who has bribed the jailer to connive at his escape, refusing to accept a life which could only be preserved by renouncing his moral commission, and showing how the personified laws of his country would rebuke him, if, having during his previous course supported their authority and enjoyed their protection, he should now refuse to submit to their award; listen to him, lastly, in the cell which is his last day's lodging, bidding his weeping followers look forward to a brighter existence, telling them when Cebes asks where he would be buried—telling them with a smile that Cebes is incredulous, but that before Cebes can bury him, Cebes must catch him; answering, when they inquire his dying commands, that if they govern their minds according to his precepts, they will certainly act in accordance with his wishes—if otherwise, that their utmost promises will be unavailing; and after he has received the fatal cup with an unchanged eye, behold him lying down for the last time with words of religious thankfulness; read this in Plato, and then you will know, and value, and love the brave and great, and affectionate philosopher of Athens, to whom Erasmus, as he heard the names of Christian saints recited from a Litany, added the invocation, 'Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!'

We have referred our readers to Plato for the character of Socrates, although Dr. Ritter regards Xenophon's *Memoirs* of their common master as the more authentic record of his doctrines; and for this reason, that inasmuch as Xenophon had no philosophical system of his own, he did not invent, but report, those sayings which he attributes to Socrates. This is true, that he sometimes appears not even to have understood them. But though the limits of Xenophon's mind may have rendered him an unbiassed witness as to single dicta of Socrates, the more congenial soul of Plato could alone receive or reflect the spirit of Socrates. This has been done by Plato in those *Dialogues*, which we have heard one of the most learned statesmen of our day, and at the same time one of its sincerest Christians, call with reverence the most beautiful book in the world, after the Bible. The whole works of Plato, in fact, with few exceptions, were cast into the form of conversations between Socrates and his followers, his friends, or his opponents; and the veneration thus shown by Plato for his departed master, when he became himself for forty years the leading teacher of Greece, proves at once the impressive power of Socrates, and the modest gratitude of his illustrious scholar.

The characteristics of those *Dialogues*,—but while

we write, we are reminded that there may be some, in England at least, who have been persuaded that, for an enlightened citizen of the nineteenth century, the study of Plato is much on a par with the belief in ghosts, or the wearing of amulets. We recommend to their consideration, however, this passage from Dr. Ritter's preface:—

'Then,' [that is when acquaintance with original sources of knowledge is wanting] 'we hear what is old spoken of as if it were antiquated. "How much longer," it is asked, "are we still to drag about with us for ballast this medley of science? These ancients must have been strange people to have employed themselves on something so entirely different from all that we regard as of any importance." Yet it might be suggested that no ordinary powers of voice are required to pierce through years, when these come to be reckoned by thousands, or even by centuries. The greater number die off young. It requires vital power to grow old. I at least acknowledge that I have found more food for my own mind in those whom time has already winnowed and sifted, than in those whom the wave of our own day just throws up to the surface, and lets down to the bottom again.'

Assuming, then, that the voice which has pierced through two thousand years is worth listening to, we should say that the most striking characteristic of Plato's Dialogues is their dramatic nature. The persons do not seem to be brought forward in order to advance certain opinions or arguments on given subjects, but they themselves, with their characters, views, and tempers, enter into situations in which we see them unfold their peculiarities, and watch their conduct on the occasion, taking part ourselves in the action of the piece, and being as much or more interested in their personal defeat or triumph, as in that of the cause which they espouse. In other dialogues, as in Cicero's for instance, the old Roman senators are merely there as vehicles of the matter produced, or at best, as hearers of departed orators. In Lucian's there is personal contact, but the realm of Plato, in which the actors meet, is hardly meant to give even the semblance of reality. Plato's Dialogues, indeed, are more than dramatic: like many of the nobler fictions, they represent not imaginary but actual persons engaged in a true course of events: they are in truth the story of the deepest interest, inasmuch as they show the first origin of that philosophy, or system of thought, which has since influenced the European mind up to this day. But if these Dialogues, as to the actors and the action, are above all others, real, and historical, and picturesque; as to the subjects of conversation on the other hand, though these arise, not of set purpose, but incidentally, they are as remarkable for strict and systematic philosophic debate. To recur to the same examples: Lucian's object is mere small-talk, or periphrase, or satire, or ribaldry; the conversations which Cicero puts in the mouths of his speakers are learned discourses; Plato's Dialogues are a strict and earnest

inquiry, pursued by the strictest logic with which his times were acquainted, and which he himself indeed greatly improved, into the great problems of human nature. So that in these works of genius you have at the same time an insight into the free and playful, yet graceful society of Athens, an acquaintance with some of her best citizens, and a first view, by a master-hand, of the spiritual, intellectual, and physical world of human existence. When we look nearer, their leading argument is plainly the settlement of the first principles of morality, by an appeal to our natural reverence for what is fair, good, and holy; our instinctive abhorrence for what is unjust, wrong and profligate. Some critics, indeed, doubt whether this appeal to the moral principle had the moral principle for its primary object. They think, that in a sceptical age, when it was necessary with those who doubted everything to make good some groundplot in their minds on which certainty could be built, it was with this view Socrates laid hold of that moral feeling, which, however the understanding be perplexed, will, if properly addressed, almost always unconsciously answer the summons. The Socrates, however, of Plato has too deep a sense of moral beauty and goodness, for us to doubt what was the object to which the Master devoted himself, or by which the Scholar's search after wisdom was, not fettered, but guided. It is this holy regard for all that is good, and great, and true, which now constitutes the chief value of Plato. His system of philosophy giving birth to other successive trains of thought has itself passed away. Still it was a beautiful system which represented that the forms of all that is good and fair in the visible world, having an independent previous existence in the Supreme Mind, had indeed become obscured and tarnished in their union with the matter of the visible world; but that the souls of men having, before their entrance into the body, once in a higher sphere gazed upon the original patterns or *ideas* of beauty, and justice, and holiness, are now, from a faint reminiscence, kindled by such imperfect shadows of those lovely realities as the dark and gross things of the earth still exhibit, and that if they cherished by the exercise of pure mutual affections, and improved by serene contemplation their love of these heavenly images and their acquaintance with them, they should after death wing back their flight again to those realms of beatific vision which had been once before their happy home.

In this beautiful system, one assumption strikes us at once as fanciful, the pre-existence of the human soul. It was indeed not very positively asserted: but shall we at any rate make it a ground of charge against Plato, or matter of ridicule? Would it not be more fair, and therefore more philosophical, to inquire how so great a man fell into such a delusion? The errors of the wise must at least have some groundwork in

human nature. Now, this assumption was based upon the circumstance that many notions are found in the mind of man, moral notions particularly, which do not appear to have found their way thither through the senses from the material world. It may be a childlike one, as it grew up in the youth of philosophy. But few, we think, can doubt that any form of belief in the independence of the conscience from the accidental impressions derived from the world of sensation, will be likely to lead a man into fewer practical errors, ay, and into fewer philosophical also, than that other system which, though countenanced by our Locke, yet when improved upon by that French school that prepared the old French Revolution, did, by referring our knowledge of right and wrong to the same source with our perception of blue or of scarlet, of sweet or of bitter, represent the mind of man, not as judging what actions are in themselves right and what wrong, but as passively receiving from those actions an impression which might be called moral indeed, but which would give no truer knowledge of the action itself, than our impressions of a flower's colour and smell afford us as to that flower's own essence and substance. It is, we repeat, the holy yet not austere authority which Plato ascribes to the conscience, that is the chief merit of his philosophy for our day. For his own time he had doubtless, as the elder Coleridge says, the great desert also of originating that methodical inquiry into the objects of knowledge, which, expanded by Aristotle, has led to the various arrangements of modern investigation. So little, indeed, of this necessary division of labour and subjects existed before him, that you only find obscurely indicated in his books the primary distinction, which originated with himself, between physical, moral, and logical science. We have reaped the benefit, however, on this head, and, according to some, we may now discard his memory. But it is in our moral philosophy that his spirit is still wanted. He has not, indeed, entered into the details of duties, but he set up a noble standard of motives and views; and it has been justly, we think, remarked of his well known work, 'the Picture of a Perfect Commonwealth,' by Mr. Oakley, of Balliol College, in his recent 'Remarks on the Aristotelian and Platonic Ethics,' that 'notwithstanding inconsistencies and extravagancies, there are in Plato's Republic many features which render it not unworthy of being regarded in the light of an ardent anticipation of the Christian polity.' We must add, that in his inseparable union of goodness and beauty of what is right with what is graceful and honourable, we have always been persuaded Plato had in his mind, however imperfectly, the character of a Christian gentleman.

The great object of Plato, indeed, is the ennoblement of the human race. This is his distinctive

character, and it is a most important one. For Schleiermacher, in that review of all systems of moral philosophy, which we cited before, tells us that these may all be divided under two principal heads—Systems of Perfection, and Systems of Happiness;—that is, systems, which have for the object of their law-making the production of perfect moral excellence in the mind of the agent, namely, of him who is to guide himself by such rules, and to make this perfection the end and aim of his self-government and of his conduct—systems, on the other hand, which lay down as the sole object of each and every moral action the production of happiness, that is, of agreeable sensations of some kind in the consciousness of other beings. We say of *others*, because the notion of a moral action so plainly includes the condition of a motive not altogether a selfish one, that we throw at once out of view the barefaced selfish system of Epicurus—whom Dr. Ritter, we observe, has sent back, with great justice, to wallow in his own sty, overturning the modern doctrine which whitewashed and made a gentleman of him; by casting the blame on his followers, who were supposed to have corrupted his fine dilettanteism into coarse sensuality; whereas, he would appear to have been no whit better than they, but a mere voluptuary, and, if a philosopher at all, one whose knowledge went from hand to mouth, at the best. Under the same head, we put at once out of court the recent, we hope we may say the late, French system of *l'intérêt bien entendu*, which we take to be this: that its followers think it to be quite right to be generous and honest, and so forth; but that it would be most absurd to be either honest or generous, except as a long-sighted view of advantage to be derived from such faithfulness or magnanimity to their own particular selves. We set aside the professors of this very enlightened doctrine as, on their own showing, not including in their moral system an essential condition of a moral action, without which it is no moral action at all; and we trust that the French nation, which, notwithstanding some appearances in its literature, we believe to be in a state of improvement, will soon have purged off whatever remains of its leaven. But with regard to Schleiermacher's second class of systems, so limited, we really can find no better translation for the name which he gives them, though his book was written before poor Bentham's discovery had been made known, 'than greatest happiness systems.' Now these systems, not only inasmuch as they enjoin that the happiness of others shall be the governing motive of a conduct, comply in theory with the notion of a moral principle, but they certainly do bid fair at first sight to have answered the great inquiry. We will not attempt to follow Schleiermacher in his philosophical analysis of this class. A shorter test, their practical tendency, as shown in the ex-

perience of their working, may be fairly applied to a moral, and, therefore, a highly practical matter.

The test of experience shows the greatest happiness principle, when employed as the only ground of morality, to be not false indeed, but incomplete, not wrong, but inefficient. Its defect in working may be shortly stated as thus. Being told to make the happiness of others our object, we look out, according to the theory, to produce in them pleasurable sensations, how, matters not, provided those sensations be produced and in sufficient abundance. There may be admitted, indeed, a distinction between refined and gross, mental and sensual pleasures, between those of debauchery, for instance, and of parental affection; but it is a difference only in the quality or degree of the sensation produced, not of the principle on which that sensation is founded. It is easy to see what a fruitful source of moral relaxation lies even here. But, further, such a system will not of course forbid the individual to make his own pleasure an object of his endeavours. In order to bring this aim under its own general rule, the System, if it seek to be consistent (we follow Schleiermacher,) will say to its pupil, 'You may seek your own pleasure, but it must be for the sake of creating happiness in those around you by the sight of your happiness.' The disciple, however, who endeavours to put this doctrine in practice, will soon begin to say (as Schleiermacher again observes,) 'This is a very round-about sort of reasoning' (he makes it, indeed, still more complicated;) 'I do not see why I should not lay in a moderate stock of pleasure, which is the only object of the whole business, on my own private account.' And so he will assuredly do, and so, as the moral critic says, all systems which aim at the mere production of happiness in others must, and will end, however little we might expect it, in the search of individual enjoyment.

This tendency of moral systems, which make happiness their sole object, to lapse into selfishness, has been realized in that doctrine of utilitarianism which lately made some stir among us, and was even received by many as a great discovery of the late Mr. Bentham's. The leading motive which it acknowledged was, indeed, at the outset, by no means a disinterested desire of public happiness, for it admitted largely, as far as we can make out, into the agent's deliberation on his conduct, the pleasure accruing therefrom to himself. Still, it would be curious, if it were not painful, to observe in that gentleman's posthumous papers, as edited and amplified by his literary executor, Dr. Bowring, how completely, and how soon, the criterion of public advantage was swallowed up by the view of private gratification. It is, indeed, most painful to see a man of fair literary and private character, Bentham or Bowring, each and both, with no ill design, but the contrary, thus trifling with all

that is earnest, degrading all that is noble, and exposing, at the same time, we must say, his own utter unacquaintance, in theory at least, with the common principles of our moral constitution. The book has got a strange new name, 'Deontology,' coined by Dr. Bowring for the occasion, the name of Morals, or Ethics, or Duty of Man, not being good enough; and it is an odd thing, by-the-by, that a book, which sets out by telling us that 'Plato and Socrates talked nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom and morality, contains in the two interpretations of Greek words which it ventures on, two most egregious blunders, its own long name being one. This, we are told, is derived from $\tau\omicron\ \delta\epsilon\omicron\gamma$ = that which is *proper* (rather what is right or due,) and $\lambda\omicron\gamma\iota\alpha$ = *knowledge*. Now, we do find from our Passow that there is such a word as *logia*, but used by the fathers only, and signifying with them the collection of alms for the distressed; so that the most correct translation of Dr. Bowring's new name for moral philosophy, according to *his* account of the matter, would be 'levying a poor-rate when it is payable.' We further learn from Dr. Bowring, that Socrates and his followers were called $\sigma\omicron\phi\iota\sigma\tau\alpha\iota$ = the *wisest*. This is only a mistake of the noun-substantive sophist, for a superlative adjective which never existed, much as if a Frenchman translated our *wiseacre*, as *le plus sage*.

In the first place, however, Dr. Bowring—for as he has dressed up Bentham's papers, we must speak of the disciple, just as we did of Plato, even when Socrates was the speaker—Dr. Bowring, however, 'dismisses,' he tells us, 'from his system of duty,' the words 'ought' and 'ought not,' as too *dictatorial*. On the other hand, the words *useful* and *useless* are not quite strong enough for him. 'The mind will not be satisfied,' he says, 'with such phrases as, "it is useless to commit murder; or it would be useful to prevent it." ' We are glad to hear this, but what are the Doctor's substitutes?

'In the word *propriety*, with its conjugates proper and improper, the desideratum appears to be found. It will have the convenience of *covering the whole domain of action*.

* Will it so? Let us try it then. 'It was very *proper* in Pythias to set his life in pledge for his friend Damon.' This sounds rather tame, though. We will try again. 'It was *improper* in Nero to put his mother to death.' Worse and worse. 'It was very *improper* in Inkle to sell Yarico, who had saved his life, and was devotedly attached to him, into slavery, —raising her price too, when he learned from her that she was about to make him a father.' Somewhat treacherous and heartless, as well, we should say. 'It is very *improper* in the captains of slave-ships, when they are pursued by vessels of war, to throw casks full of living negroes into the sea.' Is it not a burn-

ing disgrace to humanity rather? We, for our parts, shall stick to the old words—*right* and *wrong*.

So much for definitions, however. As for principles, we are informed, that

‘Illuminated by the Deontological principle, the field of action will assume a new appearance.’

Our Doctor, with his Deontological principle, certainly does *illumine* the field of action to some purpose; and it assumes, in consequence, as he promises, and as our readers will presently see, a very new appearance. They will, we think, make up their minds when they have read the following maxims, which we present to them in order precisely as they stand in the book. These flow, we should decidedly say, from the master, not from the scholar.

‘Every pleasure is *primâ facie* good, and ought to be pursued.’

This *ought* is very ‘dictatorial.’ How did it creep in?

‘Every act whereby pleasure is reaped, is, all consequences apart, good.’

‘Every person is not only the best, but the only proper judge of what, with reference to himself, is pleasure, and what pain.’

‘To say that, if I do this I shall get no balance of pleasure, therefore if you do it you will get no balance of pleasure, is mere presumption and folly.’

What right, then, has Mr. Bentham’s disciple to write treatises on Deontology, since Duty, according to his master, is the pursuit of pleasure, and it is also presumption to tell any man what will be pleasure for him. The moral teacher would seem to have sewn up his own mouth. After this we can understand public laws that enforce obedience, but not moral rules that enjoin compliance. But let us read on.

‘To say that, if I do this I shall get no preponderant pleasure, but that if you do this you may get a preponderant pleasure, yet it is not proper you should do it, is absurdity; and if I apply evil in any shape, it is injustice and injury: and if I call in the powers of government to prevent the act, it is tyranny.’

We will suppose a great ruffian, Bill Sykes, beating, for his own amusement, a little delicate boy, Oliver Twist, in the streets, with a crabstick. A woman passing by hears the boy’s wailing, stops, and says to the bully,—‘How can you take delight in using the poor child so? I am sure, if I had hurt a hair of his head, it would give me the heartache all night. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought.’ This good woman would talk nonsense, since, according to our golden rule—‘To say that if I do this, I should get no preponderant pleasure, but that if you do this, you may get a preponderant pleasure, yet it is not proper you should do it, is absurdity.’ As the child’s cries grow louder, let a man now admonish the fellow on his own shoulders with a slight cane. This would be very unfair, for Bentham has written—‘If I apply evil in any shape to prevent the act, it is injustice and injury.’ Let the lad’s strength now appear to fail under repeated

blows. A gentleman hands Bill Sykes over to a policeman. Surely the writer on codification cannot disapprove of an appeal to legal authority in a blue coat and glazed hat. ‘If I call in the powers of government to prevent the act, it is tyranny.’ Why not flat burglary too? We will only quote the next maxim.

‘Keeping out of view future contingent consequences, the fact of the long continuance of the free and habitual exercise of any act by an individual is evidence that it is productive to him of pure and preponderant good, and therefore fit and proper to be pursued.’

So that if a man, for six years, has of his own free will, not otherwise, haunted the gin-shops, though his nose be rubbed with carbuncles, there is sufficient evidence that the habit is productive to him of pure and preponderant good, and without any regard to the future soundness of his liver, it is fit and proper that he should continue a dram-drinker for the rest of his days. What do the tea-totallers say to this!

Descending from these high principles to their application, that is, to particular virtues, we find, as we might expect, friendship (or as it is here called, *amity*) treated of, we must admit, in the most business-like manner. In amity, we are told—

‘Prudence makes a sort of commercial bargain—the sort of bargain on which all commerce is founded. The expenditure is expected to bring back something more than its cost . . . Here is prudence acting in two directions, prescribing expenditure in as far as it promises a beneficial return, inhibiting expenditure where the beneficial return cannot be reasonably anticipated.’

Thus we have not only trading politicians but trading friends. In fact, the whole treatise on *amity* turns on making up an account of profit and loss, and is besides, we must say, very like an apology for the art of toadyism. Furthermore we are told that vanity, when it leads, as it often does, to ‘beneficial expenditure,’ is a virtue; but that ‘envy and jealousy are neither virtues nor vices—they are pains.’ We had always thought that the former of these had been not only a vice, but a vice ‘*par excellence*,’ the meanest of all vices. If the Deontologist, however, be thus tolerant in most quarters, we find him in one instance unaccountably severe:—

‘A mother steals a loaf to satisfy the hunger of a starving child. How easy it would be to excite the sympathies in favour of her maternal tenderness, so as to bury all consideration of her dishonesty in the depth of those sympathies! and in truth nothing but an enlarged and expansive estimate, such as would take the case out of the region of sentimentality,’ &c.

Talk of sentimentality, indeed, and expansive estimates! why, if the child *were* starving the mother would be perfectly right. The law of England allows a man to take a loaf where he can find it, if he be starving himself. All we know is, that if we were on the mother’s jury we would not convict her.

Such are some samples of the last new moral system

which the nineteenth century has brought forth in this country; and we must say, that with all our veneration for the useful notions of that century, and all the befitting mistrust which we are bound to entertain for the wisdom of every century which preceded it, still, though we are no believers in the pre-existence of souls, nor pretend to know much about the independent existence of ideas, if this be Benthamism, of the two we are for Platonism.

But systems founded exclusively on benevolence, limited that is to the obligation of producing happiness in others, have not only the defect of a constant downward tendency to end in the desire of creating pleasure for self; they further labour under this fault, that they resemble a law which is unable to execute itself, which contains no enactments insuring its own due observance. The supposition on which they are founded is, that all moral actions have a bearing more or less strong upon the good of society—that their quality of good or bad is to be determined by that bearing—and that by this result of theirs also, what is another material circumstance, the moral agent is to be decided in his adoption of what is right and his avoidance of what is wrong. It is not difficult indeed to dress up a code in this way upon paper. If you do so, however, you will find, when you reduce it to practice, when you persuade, if you can, men and women to act upon it, that though it may work pretty well when the duties relate immediately to some individual with whom the agent is in near contact, to a relative or a dependant, it will work very little, or not at all, where the public at large alone appear to be concerned. A man will refrain from anger perhaps towards a friend or a servant on these grounds—as he supposes. So far well; but if he be tempted to any personal indulgence, drunkenness we will say, how will you act on him now? You may tell him that if all mankind got drunk no business could be carried on, and that therefore out of philanthropy he should not set so ill an example; or you may try him by saying that if he be seen in a drunken state he will lose his beneficial influence upon society, or that if he become a confirmed drunkard he will no longer have faculties for carrying any good public purpose into effect: there are more ways in which the thing may be put to him, but we doubt much whether these general reflections will keep many men from their bottles. You will most likely be as much disappointed if you try to rest other duties, truth, firmness, justice, on the mere abstract motive of public good: something you may do; but the ill effect of a departure from your rules, or the benefit of their observance, will be seen in so hazy a background that you will find that observance a very loose and slippery one at the best.

This defect may be said however to prove only that it is difficult to enforce rigid morality upon man,—to compact a strong building with such yielding materials.

It may show, you will say, not that your system is false, but that man is frail. But if you should find that human creatures, frail as they may be, do possess virtues that have no direct public motive, and yet exert a very binding force over them—modesty for instance on woman, the sense of honour on man—then you will no longer be able to deny that there is some principle besides your generalising benevolence at work within them, and that your system is incomplete.

Thus we are brought back to Schleiermacher's other great class of moral systems—those in which moral excellence is itself the ruling aim and object of moral conduct. Now it is clear that since in every moral action there is the person acting and the person acted upon, the reason by which the action is rendered right or wrong may lie in its effect either upon the former or on the latter. Thus it may be right that a person should give his money to another, because the other is in urgent want of his assistance; but it may be also right, because if he spend his whole income upon himself, thinking of his own comforts, gloating on his own pleasures, turning his mental eye inward upon his own internal world of sensation, absorbed therein, he will not merely omit what is right by withholding a benefit from his neighbour, which his neighbour may perhaps not much miss, but because he will convert himself, by the habit of such parsimony, into a sordid, contemptible being; whereas by an opposite course he might become a free-hearted and generous one. In this point of view, if John refuse Thomas a few pence, the evil consequence of the denial lies not in the risk of hunger or cold to Thomas, but in the danger to John, that if he do not take care he will grow to be a niggardly fellow. This is, however, what our modern moralists have singularly lost sight of. They can see, we doubt not that, apart from all consequences to others or to the party himself, it is simply in itself better to be a Tyrolese than a Neapolitan, to be Othello than Iago, to be Sir Philip Sidney than Titus Oates; yet they confine all their estimates of moral actions to the external effects of those actions, and will not look upon the character of the man as in itself worthy to be regarded as an ultimate object, were it only as being capable of moral beauty far exceeding the beauty of the Apollo or the Laocoon, or as liable unhappily to moral turpitude more disgusting than the dunghill which they would remove from the lawn under their window. This they have so much lost sight of in their scientific theories, that it is become a difficult matter to represent this end distinctly as a principle of moral speculation. Yet our own immediate consciousness tells us that, as it is better, all consequences apart better, to be a man than a pig, however happy the pig may be in his straw, and however subject to anxieties the man in his study: so it is better, all feelings of pleasure or honour put aside, unconditionally better, to

possess a pure than an obscene mind, a mild than a cruel temper, a frank than a treacherous disposition. If this were not mankind's opinion, if they thought that the character of moral actions depends only upon their results to the public, we should hear very different language upon moral subjects. Of the liar it would be said, 'Poor fellow, he is not aware that the general interests of society require us to be correct in our statements;' of the slanderer, 'How I pity Sir Benjamin Backbite! if he took a more enlarged view of the world, he would not fawn upon his friend at one moment and at the next pull his reputation to pieces.' Such never was human language nor human feeling. On the contrary, in every nation there is a standard, high or low, of moral qualities, up to which each individual feels himself bound to keep his own moral character; when he falls below which at all he acknowledges himself to be wrong; which if he signally depart from he cannot obtain his own forgiveness.

This view of duty, which looks to the moral state of the agent's mind, is incomparably stronger than that which handles the general consequences of his actions. The men of old did not die at Thermopylæ because they had calculated that it was more expedient for Sparta to lose the flower of her forces than that her citizens should in any case retreat before a superior force, but because they could not make up their minds to show their backs to the Persian, and they left behind them that beautiful epitaph—'O, wayfarer, bear word to the Lacedæmonians that we lie here, having obeyed their orders.' Lucretia stabbed herself—very probably this is an historical fable, but it is not the worse evidence of national feeling—because she could not endure the sense of pollution, not from any generalities as to average consequences of female conduct. It may be said, that life was surrendered in these and other like cases from the fear of public reproach in a continued existence. But the seat of the question is only thus transferred from the breast of the individual to the minds of the spectators. The principle is the same. On what but on a standard of moral character can the public condemnation, which is so deeply dreaded, be founded? If you wish, however, to narrow the experiment further, take the untutored Huron in his death of tortures. He has no future public opinion to fear if he give way to unmanly cries. His life and his sufferings will be closed shortly together. It is his sense of moral dignity, his reference to an ideal standard of moral beauty, which raises him above his last and unavoidable agony. This was the view of Plato, the pith of whose philosophy is summed up by Dr. Ritter in the question—'To what end do we live?' and in the answer—'That we may generate the utmost possible knowledge of what is good, and thereby the purest possible good in our own souls.'

This was the doctrine of Aristotle, his scholar. According to him, 'a good and honourable course of action is one of those things which are to be chosen for their own sakes.' So the Stoics taught that moral action, or rather the power of moral action, is the one thing needful; while at the same time Chrysippus, of whom it was said, that 'without him there would have been no Stoa,' admitted that 'the man must be mad who set no value on riches or health, or such other advantages.' The later Stoics indeed talked nonsense in asserting that pain is no evil; but Stoic and Utilitarian taken together, folly for folly, whether is it worse to say with Cato that a toothache is no evil, or with Dr. Bowring that envy is only a pain! So, if we pass from the elder to the younger philosophy, so taught the venerable Kant, who, finding German morality at the close of the last century almost wholly decomposed and putrescent, arrested the plague by simply laying down in his moral system that there is a voice within us which can speak with an unconditional THOU SHALT. So strongly too did this father of the critical school regard the moral improvement of the soul as the ultimate end and object of ethics, that he even laid his evidence of immortality in the necessity which we feel of a constant progression towards absolute moral perfection, coupled with the impossibility of reaching that goal within the space not only of the present but of any finite duration of life.

After all, we incline to think that the view which values moral actions rather as they indicate the character from which they proceed than as they affect the interests of those towards whom they are exercised, is gaining ground with that party which seeks to guide the future developement of the English mind, not, however, we must say, in a shape which pleases us altogether. We are not sorry to hear of moral elevation of mind, rather than of the balance of profit and loss arising from the commerce of amity; but we hear also too much of the noble destinies of the human race, of uplifting consciousness and ardent aspirations, and what strengthens our suspicions, when we take up the popular novels of the hour, we are almost sure to find all this mystical invocation of the ideal Good, and Noble, and Beautiful in the mouths of seducers, and dandies, and charlatans. The more these Grandison Don Juans—as Mirabeau, who liked such compound designations, might have called them—admire all the virtues together, the less do they seem disposed simply to practise one of them. Those who form for themselves, however, noble characters are not they who speak of virtue idly, tacitly taking praise to themselves for possessing the taste to see her poetical charms; but they who, having in their minds a high standard of duty, regard it as a serious law of conduct, and, amid all the sacrifices they may make to that law,

are so convinced of its rightful authority over them, that they are rather ashamed of any departure than flattered by any compliance with its behests.

With regard, however, to the two classes into which we have seen moral systems divided—those which direct man so to act as to make others happy, and those which tell him to embody in his own mind, as far as he is able, all that is praiseworthy, and subdue in it all that is base;—the first will be mild but weak, and soon sensual, consequently at last selfish—the second, strong at first, but stern, and very probably harsh, next cold, and at its end formal merely. On either of them a moral system may be framed, that is, from each the ordinary duties may be deduced—from each imperfectly. They might, indeed, be blended for practical purposes in a first principle, which should bind a man's actions by the double law of promoting, as far as he was able, at once the moral perfection and the enjoyable existence of his fellows. His own moral purity must of course be included in his endeavours, and indeed his own happiness too might be introduced under that formula which Fichte proposed, and which seems to clear this minor difficulty, namely, that each man ought to regard himself *subjectively*, that is, as we should interpret the rule, ought to deal with himself in matters of happiness as with one entitled, on considerations of justice, to the degree of care and concern on such points which he would think it right to bestow on another, of whose person he had the disposal and guardianship. Would such a fusion of systems, however, solve the great problem? We believe not at all. A world in which each should, from a sense of duty, and from a sense of duty alone, endeavour to promote the progress in virtue of his associates, and to afford them pleasure or relieve them from pain, might be a faultless world, but it would be a cold and unengaging one, and, we will add, it would be morally incomplete.

'Where then,' it may be asked, 'shall we look for an answer, if all fields of inquiry have been tried in vain?' 'Are you sure, however,' we would venture to reply with this question to the moral student—'are you quite sure that *all* the fields of inquiry have really been tried?' Grecian ethics, it is well known, were political. With the Greeks the State was all in all; the individual was valued only as one of its constituent parts, who must be contented with the care bestowed on him in that capacity, whose rights, whose feelings, nay, whose morals were bound to give way to the interests of the State, or rather who was bound to mould those feelings and those morals into such form as the State might impose on him. His existence was regarded in the State only. Our own recent systems, on the other hand, view man, we think, too much as a mere individual. They cannot, of course, see sight altogether of his social relations; but they

treat him as if he were capable of maintaining his own powers of mind by his own efforts in a state of independent self-government. Accordingly, when they enter into the details of conduct which they would impose on him, they class those particulars under the heads of virtues, as truth, justice, courage, temperance—that is, qualities of his mind—but have no room for the various relations in which he stands towards others—his duties, namely, as a son, a husband, a father, a brother, a friend, or a subject.

Man, however, is not this insulated being, and to treat him as such in your moral philosophy, is much as if in natural science you were to speculate how a single bee might build his separate cell, and maintain himself there through the winter's frost; or, as if in your code of naval discipline, you were to treat each private sailor as the independent disposer of a line-of-battle ship. To make our meaning clear, we would take up this last comparison, and say, that as you would not consider the integral parts of a gallant fleet to be the individual men who are embarked upon it, but the ships, each with their bold companies, which are the smallest units capable of taking a several share in the combined function: so in your moral philosophy, when you examine that civil life, for the laws of whose actions you seek to account, you must take as your unit not the individual man or the individual woman, but you must have in your view the family, as the organic part of which the social frame is knit and compacted together. For the first years of man's life, independent being is out of the question. Material wants bind up the child in the aggregate of the family. A short desire of independence arises indeed in the youth, but unless artificial hindrances stand in the way, it soon passes into the natural wish of becoming himself the head of a similar commonwealth. As such he passes his noon of life, and the decline of its warmth only renders him more dependent on the home to which he has given birth. It is here, then, and neither in the abstractions of public expediency, nor in the imaginary solitude of his single breast—it is here that, if you wish to know man and the conditions of his being, you must follow, and, we should say, not coldly analyse, but respectfully study him.

This would be indeed a true Baconian course of moral inquiry. We should have good hope of the science, if an acute eye, serving an expanded head, and directed by a right heart, could be applied to the sanctities of such an English fireside as Washington Irving would paint. We should not be told that the mother who, unseen of all, wears out the nightly hours by the pillow of the sick baby, or the daughter who passes her devoted days in cheering the sinking spirits of an enfeebled father, devouring her own heart, as Homer said, while she can wear a smile for him, and simulate hope,—we should not be told that this

affectionate mother or daughter, perhaps the same person, had maturely balanced the pleasure which she should find at a neighbouring ball against that which would accrue to her from her nightly or daily watchings, and had astutely chosen the more agreeable occupation; nor yet that she had discharged the task because she conceived herself bound to assuage the sorrows of others, nor even because she would purify her own mind by the discharge of such obligations. What new principle have we then here? Nothing strange, nothing refined, nothing sought from afar; simply and wholly, the free course and voluntary compulsion of unbought, untaught, and often unrequited affection. It is nothing—tell it not in Westminster—nothing but love, strong as death. Whisper it not to utilitarians—it will not maximise happiness: for if that frail cry be silenced for ever, it will not be appeased even by other voices that joyfully call out ‘mother.’ It is only the same unprofitable principle which made the great Duke of Ormond exclaim, ‘I would not give my dead son for the best living son in Christendom.’ When those hoary paternal locks have passed from sight, it will cling to the mouldering ashes, or hold converse with the parted spirit, until it have wasted the mourner’s frame with baneful pangs of useless recollections; it is unworthy of a rational calculating man; it is no wiser than the dog that howls over his master’s grave, refuses food, and even pines away there.

It is here, however, we believe, that the moral philosopher may find if not the first principle of his science, yet one of the most important and comprehensive. We do not, of course, speak of such love as burns in the ode of Sappho, nor yet of such sentimental love as realizes that theory, the stupidity of which, when applied generally, outrages common sense, and does indeed tamper with the kindly affections, looking to the gratification derivable from their exercise, rather than to the object by which they are called forth: the love we mean is that bond which, traversing a happy, well-ordered family upwards, downwards, or along level ranks, binds together husband and wife, draws the parent to the child and the child to the parent, ranges brother by brother, and with its golden chain compacts the individual members into a well-ordered commonwealth, as a part of which the future man arrives at the first consciousness of his existence, and under whose laws the first years of that existence are passed. The philosopher will have to inquire into the character of this bond. Its character we take to be, more or less of course—according to its strength in particular cases—but, whether more or less, still a certain community of will, of joy, of grief, of thought, of interest, of hope, of fear, of existence, absorbing into itself, as far as it extends, the individual will, joy, grief, thought, interest, hope, fear, existence of each

particular member. This is indeed a great principle; especially if, while it is the constituent law, the central gravitating force of the family, the family itself should be the type or model, as well as the germ, of all that is good and noble in larger human societies.

Modern theories of government, indeed, go upon the bare supposition that each subject or citizen, finding it his interest to comply with the laws of the State, obeys those laws, and performs such public services as they impose on him, with a view to that interest only. We have heard this principle called very justly that of a Mutual Insurance Company. In this, however, as in many matters, we believe our modern views are excelled by our still surviving ancient practice—that the remains of old attachments are better than the workings of our new thoughts,—that the ties of which we are unconscious are deeper than the interests with which we are busied. Let us see whether the pattern we have assumed for our State affords no nobler link, and whether that link may not yet be traced in national feeling.

In a family, then, we may safely say, that the brothers and the sisters are not bound together merely by the motive that their separate comfort requires them to be on decent terms with each other, but that each is concerned for what betides the other, more or less, as if it had befallen himself: that his individuality is merged in the assemblage of selves, and that where one part of that collective whole suffers, he is grieved also as a part of the whole; where one member of it joys, he rejoices. One brother does not act for the sister’s advantage because he ought so to do, but because, regarding this sister as a part of that whole to which he belongs, he seeks her advantage as spontaneously, we do not say as strongly, but as naturally as he would his own. We might perhaps call at once upon English consciousness in proof that there exists this element of mutual regard in our own country. But exactly as chemistry teaches us that a large portion of the heat contained in each body is dormant and imperceptible, latent heat as it is termed, until some change in the atmosphere draws it forth, when at the same time the yielding mass from which it issues assumes consistency and presents solid resistance—just in the same way our warmest affections often seem to sleep, until occasion has drawn them forth. States too, are now so large, that we scarce come in contact but with countrymen. Exultation in national victory may be but disguised selfishness. That subscriptions should be called forth rather by the distress of cotton-weavers at Manchester, than of silk-weavers at Lyons, rather as lately by famine in the Highlands, than in the Papal States, may arise, not from fellow-feeling, but from the mere local neighbourhood of the sufferers. Still we may find, doubtless, if we look for it, some familiar instance that may test the matter, and the

more familiar this *instantia crucis* the better. Why, then, it occurs to us, did a gallant veteran three years since in the House of Commons—(there is no reason he should not be named, for Sir John Elley never said or did any thing of which he need be ashamed)—why did he, who was most strongly opposed on political grounds to the cause in which General Evans and his legion were preparing themselves to embark, during a debate on the impending expedition, almost in spite of himself, in a lengthened speech, give to that officer the very best advice as to the proper mode of dealing with Spanish allies, which his own great experience of that nation suggested, thereby doing his best to insure the success of a cause which he yet heartily disapproved? Clearly and only because the wishes and judgment of the politician were overcome for the time by the unconscious sympathy of the brother-soldier and fellow-countryman. This incident may have elicited a smile, but there was a right good lesson to be learnt from it too.

While we write, we have met with another testimony, so much in point, and from so good a quarter, that we will place the deponent at once in the witness-box. The Duke of Wellington thus writes to his mother (Lord Cowley) from the neighbourhood of Vittoria:—

‘Salvatierra, 22nd June, 1813.

‘My dear Henry,—I have the pleasure to inform you that we beat the French army commanded by the King, in a general action near Vittoria yesterday, having taken from them more than 120 pieces of cannon, all their ammunition, baggage, provisions, money, &c. Our loss has not been severe. . . . I am much concerned to add to this account, that of the severe wound and reported death of Cadogan. . . . He had distinguished himself early in the action; . . . and received a wound in the spine as I am informed, and he died last night. . . . His private character and his worth as an individual were not greater than his merits as an officer, and I shall ever regret him. *It is a curious instance of his attachment to his profession, and of the interest he felt in what was going on, that after he was wounded and was probably aware that he was dying, he desired to be carried and left in a situation from which he might be able to see all that passed.* The concern which I feel on his loss has diminished exceedingly the satisfaction I should derive from our success, as it will yours.’ *Barrow*, vol. x. p. 454.

Of the dying gladiator, absorbed by domestic affection, according to Byron, ‘thought of his young barbarians all at play—thought of their Dacian mother,’ surely it was a no less substantial attachment which at the same final hour would so strongly fix the eyes of our expiring soldier on the fluctuations of his country’s battle.

After all, science has, perhaps, not waxed so cold among us that any proof of such a principle as national attachment should be required; but meet an Englishman in Pall-Mall, and he is perhaps disagreeable to

you; encounter him at Constantinople, and you may both be well pleased; find him in Persia, and you are on the way to be friends. We must all agree with the sentiment of Major Dalgetty, that however little he might be touched if a rascally Fleming, or Walloon, or Dane, called for quarter—at least, if an English tongue begged for mercy—he did not know how to strike.

But the family which we have taken as the pattern of our State does not consist only of a mere level brotherhood, however intimately united. Rather, this brotherhood is itself bound together by a similar but stronger upward participation in him who is the source of their being; who regards them still as portions of his own self; and is furthermore regarded by them not only as the object of their love, but of their reverence also, inasmuch and in as far as he is likewise the source of the laws which regulate their fellowship. Their joint relation to him is as of the rays to the centre. It would be easy to point out here the analogy between our type and the greatest of States, the Christian church; His principality, of whom St. Paul says, ‘the whole *family* in heaven and earth is called,’ or, according to our Anglican liturgy, his ‘*household* the Church.’ But we forbear. In the words of Professor Sewell, ‘We are approaching to a point where moral inquiry enters upon facts which are more peculiarly the province of theology.’ In the body politic however, as well filial attachment is plainly shadowed out by the spirit of loyalty towards the Head of the State. *Pater patriæ* is, indeed, with German sovereigns, no rhetorical flourish, but a part of their royal style and dignity. In the preamble of their statutes they say, —‘Having taken such or such a subject into our *land-fatherly* consideration.’ This spirit of loyalty, again, is one of the latent attachments. In ordinary times the subjects speak little of their sovereign; think little of him; you may suppose, care little for him. But let that sovereign make a progress into some unvisited province of his dominions—to Edinburgh or to Glasgow—and you will hear its accents in the shouts of his people; or let an aged monarch lie on his death-bed, and you will not have far to look for the signs of their grief. Now, it is not for us to square this loyal spirit by the new political multiplication-table. The principle is there; and if you would understand human nature, or its best motive, you must not overlook it. It is evidently connected with what is right; for where it is absent—as in the English Republic beyond the Atlantic—you certainly miss essential qualities of the English blood. It is noble, as was the shout of the Hungarian nobles, when their empress, beset by overwhelming foes, deserted by her other subjects, presented to them herself and her infant heir: ‘*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresâ*;’—‘Let us die,’ they said, ‘for our Prince, Maria Theresa.’ It is strong, or the Tyrolese peasant would not have made good even

his Alps against Napoleon; firing balls of stone from fir-tree cannons, or discharging his rifle from the ram-parts of wagons, which the wives drew up for help in the face of the enemy. Here, we admit, it may be fairly asked by the philosopher, 'Why did the Tyrolese make such sacrifices rather than quietly submit to transfer their allegiance from Austria to Bavaria, from one German government to another, which might rule them as well, and did, in fact, we fear, rule them better?' The true answer, we believe, is this: that all real attachment is not only of an enduring character, but contains, if we may so express ourselves, its own principle of self-maintaining vitality. We mean, that it is not only a force which is not easily worn out or exhausted by time, and therefore a lasting one; but that if there were any danger of its decay, man considers it a sufficient ground for the maintenance of affection, and for the observance of the duties implied in affection to an individual object, that it has once been shared with that object. Once given, in short, it has been given for better for worse, for poorer as well as for richer, till death do part; and this principle of constancy, whether in the family or in the State, has always been admired as a most noble quality. As regards the family, we may cite as old a case as Penelope, and we hold the Odyssey to be a good text-book on these subjects: for the State, we need go no further than to Scott and Flora M'Ivor.

'This indissoluble character of the bond, indeed, is not confined to the living. Even after death hath parted, the golden chain holds on, though one end of it be lost in darkness and clouds.

*'Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepultos.'*

The son cherishes the image of his departed parent with the affection that was borne to the living one; stronger, perhaps, since it is the only feeling that can now remain. Again, in his boyhood he will have heard that father dwell with pious regard on the former generation of his own parents, and will thus have been united by an intermediate living link with those whom his eye has not seen. Thus the fellowship to which the child belongs, and the man afterwards, is composed of the unseen as well as the living; and in proportion as there has been merit in those who have passed away, or strength of affection in their successors, will he have looked up from his cradle to a line of dim but friendly images, their brows encircled with the halo of the tomb, in whose venerable assembly, united by mutual regard, he is one. If we seek a strong instance of the force of this tie, we have a large portion of the millions of China, who, knowing nothing better, place their whole religion in yearly sacrifices on their ancestors' sepulchres.

Here, again, in the State we have many points of resemblance with our pattern, the family. First, we

have rewards of the dead bestowed on the living. Hereditary legislation is a direct practical testimony, on the part of the State, to the principle, that death does not dissolve the community of the family, and that doubly; for she rewards the services of the departed father by conferring her best honours on his living representative; and, again, by imparting power over herself, on that sole ground, to his latest descendant; the State shows her expectation at least, that he will not disgrace the illustrious fellowship whose line he prolongs. Then we have history awarded to the generations of grey forefathers. History, we humbly conceive, is not only no old almanac; but English history, we further think, is not merely, as it has been better called, history teaching by example, at least not for Englishmen. It is rather, we should say, the title-deed of our national glory; the pedigree of our national character; the bond of our national fellowship; the means of communion with those English ancestors who founded for us, and whom we do not dismiss from that kindred fellowship. We do not take our side only at Trafalgar and Waterloo, but at Blenheim and Ramillies—ay, and at Cressy and Agincourt. Lord Falkland is one of us; so is Sir Philip Sidney; and Richard, in his prison on the cliff of the Danes; and even Alfred, in the neatherd's kitchen. Again we have monuments in Poets' Corner, as well as family-pictures at our country-houses. And on this instance of public monuments it may not be amiss, we think, to look at the various views—some wrong, some incomplete—that may be taken of such a matter. If a country should lose a great man to whom it owes as much as this country owes to that great Maria whom we have still among us—long may it be allowed us to keep him—and it were proposed that a statue should be raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey, some member for Middlesex or Kilkenny might, perhaps, be found to object altogether, on grounds of economy: this would be sheer dull heartlessness; another, however, might consent, 'because it is useful for a country, by such marks of honour, to quicken others in the same path of danger for her own defence.' This we should call political selfishness or Utilitarianism; another might also agree, 'because it is desirable, in all ways, to encourage a public taste,' as it is called 'for the fine arts.' This ground is akin to sentimentality, which makes the motive for affection to be the pleasure derived from affection. Another might support the proposal because, we should raise our country minds by contemplating the likeness of a great and good man.' This would hold equally good with the bust of Gustavus Adolphus. Another, as 'a due offering of public gratitude.' This is right, but not as for as much might be said, and more truly, of a grant of money during his life. Another, 'because it would gratify him, were he living, to see this sign of our

gard for his memory; and it is doing what he would wish us to do. Better still; but the same grounds might be laid for the grant of an annuity to his heir. If one should now say, 'Because he did us great services, and loved the country, and was beloved by us, while he was one of us, we fondly desire to retain his very image, setting it not for show in a gallery, but in our sanctuary among those we most honour, that so far as in us lies he may be one of us still, and may be known and revered by our children.' This last reasoner, we believe, would have nearest hit the truth of human nature.

The Baconian Inquirer would find, too, that we have a regard for our institutions and our laws, for the trial by jury, and the Habeas Corpus Act; not merely because they are free, useful, or sensible, but also, because they are institutions and laws of elder Englishmen. Upon this letter let us hear Mr. Sewell:—

'That man, indeed, is guilty of a deep sin against his moral nature, who can stand on the soil of this country, and call up the image of its constitution, and gather round him a guardian host, beneath whose lessons and inspirations he is living—its sages, and heroes, and kings, all the line of a noble ancestry, and the wonders of their deeds—and can remember that this ancestry is his, and this inheritance achieved for him, and can then turn away without a thought, that he owes a duty even to the memory of the past,—that generations may have died and their monuments have mouldered in the dust, but that a spirit has been left in the land, before which, as reasoning creatures, with hearts of flesh and blood, we are bound to bow down and serve, not servilely, not blindly, but with deep reverence, with affectionate gratitude, with filial faith, with most earnest zeal.'

On this inheritance of national spirit we may have a word to say presently; but to conclude our parallel between the Family and the State, as it holds good for the present and the past—so with the future. The country gentleman plants, and builds, and purchases for himself and for his heirs—*serit arbores alteri quæ prosint sæculo*. Nor can any Englishman bear, while he contemplates the present power of his country, to look forward to the day, however distant, when her flag may have become a stranger in any commercial port. Lastly, the picture of the family is not complete without the home, if possible the old ancestral home, its hall and its gallery, its courtyard and old waving elms, under which generations have gambolled in childhood and have rested in age. The human mind has certainly the singular property of uniting itself in affection, not only with persons and communities, but with inanimate objects, stocks and stones, which, like the lovely landscapes of Raphael, assist to combine the historical groups in the foreground. And so to the end with* one who drew much of his inspiration from this very source—

*There is no one to whom more justly than Sir Walter Scott can be applied that saying of Plato's: *Terra dæ*
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'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is mine own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
When home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering in a foreign land?'

We have been the more anxious to make out this resemblance between the smallest and the largest of human societies, between the family and the state or kingdom—(the only European state, by the bye, Switzerland, which is no kingdom, and can have no loyalty therefore for the land's father, appears to have only the more attachment for the land itself, that is, for the public home;) but we think the analogy of the more importance, not merely because we believe the state or kingdom to be something more noble than the Atlas Insurance Company, and hold its cabinet to be responsible for the destruction of higher things than are the directors of the Sun Office;—and so speaks as yet our national sentiment—though who knows how soon bad doctrine unrepressed may become wrong practice?—but we also incline to believe that moral science might be advanced by substituting the family with its common affections, for the individual character on the one hand, and for mere average bearings on the interests of social masses on the other, as the subject of its researches. Let us take, for instance, any single moral quality—truth. There can be no doubt that the tendency of trickiness and deceit prevailing in any nation would be to check its prosperity by impeding its commercial intercourse. There are, in fact, at this day nations, the progress of whose commerce is impeded by a want of reliance on the character of their merchants. Hitherto, we hope even yet, though we have heard the contrary, our Manchester goods have sold, not only for their cheapness, but for their good materials and lasting fabric. Here, then, we have the great public convenience of truth; but few will say with the Utilitarian that we have got at either its binding nature or its sufficient motive. Again, an untruth shows, undoubtedly, the low moral tone of the mind which gives birth to it. It argues cowardice, want of self-respect, or selfishness. But let us suppose that the untruth is told by brother to brother, or by husband to wife. Is it not more than a mere want of veracity? Is it not a breach of that bond on which their fellowship rests, and therefore faithlessness? Is

απο Μουσων κατοικαχη τε και μαρια λαβουσα απαλην και αβατον
ψυχην, εμερουσα και ακραχουουσα κατα τε φας και την αλλην
ποησιν, μυρια των παλαιων εργα κοσμουσα, τους επηγερομενους
παιδων. Whoever acquaints himself with Scott's early
life passed among those hills which he loved so dearly,
and in the study of that lore which also told him of the
warrior race that had passed away, will see how 'the
third kind of possession and inspiration which is from
the Muses taking hold of a tender and untrodden soul,
rousing and hurrying it forth among songs and other
poetry, *adorning ten thousands deeds of those who are
gone, forms them who come after.*'—*The Phædrus*, § 49.

it not also abuse of the confidence yielded that truth shall be told, and consequently treachery? Does it not prove the absence of that regard, which is the implied foundation of the connection, and is yet withheld by the deceiving party; is it not therefore the result of ungenerous coldness? Passing from the mere family, we have no doubt that it is upon such an implied confidence of manly fellowship that the superior sacredness rests of a gentleman's honour. The same reasoning would apply to envy—which as between sisters of one household could scarcely be regarded as only a pain—to calumny, to wanton ridicule, to all the active moral qualities. Thus, we think, the moral inquirer would find that all the virtues and vices of a man, in as far as they bear upon others, have a social character as well as a public or a private tendency,—that social character, by its implied pre-contract, giving them their fuller impress and more binding sanction as duties or breaches of duty towards those who, as fellows of the same great family, should have no wrong to fear from one of its brotherhood. It would follow too, of course, that the more vividly that fellowship could be realized in a social body, the more strongly would this moral sanction govern its individual members.

Moral philosophy does, indeed, require to be pursued on an altered plan. Our books proceed from some one principle downwards, and from that one principle, whatever it be, derive all moral laws. Hence their one-sided tendency. Hence, as Schleiermacher has proved, we believe, not one system that will hold water. Why not reverse the process, collect your data carefully first, and then proceed to deduce from them your general laws? You cannot, indeed, nor ought you to make experiments upon man, as on a living subject. But you have also no need of them. One who could do for our moral, what Montesquieu did for our political laws, would have before him a noble field, ripe for his philosophical sickle. He would do well, we think, first to study the household. He will find there such evidence as Plato says 'appears suspicious to the cunning but trustworthy to the wise.*' Let him digest what he knows of an English nobleman's family, or a country clergyman's, such as our readers could point out many; the courtesy, gracefulness, purity, kindness unity of its daily intercourse, flowing freely and sweetly, not from calculations of average consequences of conduct, but from self-respect, mutual confidence, esteem, affection, joint reverence, common

* *Ἡ δὲ δὴ ἀποδείξις ΔΕΙΝΟΙΣ ΜΕΝ ΑΠΙΣΤΟΣ ΣΟΦΟΙΣ ΔΕ ΠΙΣΤΗ.* The object of Plato's demonstration is exactly to the purpose of our protest against Dr. Bowring's notions of *amity*, namely, *ὡς οὐκ ἐπ' ἀφελῆ οὐ φέρει τὰ φρονίη καὶ τὸ φρόνημα καὶ θείαν ἐπιτιμῶνται*;—'That love is not sent down by the gods to the lover and to the person beloved for the sake of utility.

piety. If he would know a particular virtue, let him study it in that member of the household to whom it belongs more especially—calm self-devotion, for instance, in the English wife. If he can read in her true heart, he need not seek that virtue in the romance of history. Let him look at such a simple account, as we read lately, of a poor lady, who awaking in the night, called her nurse, told her that she was dying, gave her last directions, but desired that Mr. S. might not be called before his usual hour of rising, because, when he was disturbed in the night, it always harassed his nerves; and with these words the poor soul departed. This is worth all your heroics. Since, too, the philosopher must know the black side of the human heart, wilful cruelty, treachery aforethought—though these are, we believe, of infinitely rarer occurrence—let him analyse such words as these, reported to have been spoken by a Frenchman, when he heard that a woman, whose affections he had won, had died because he had forsaken her—'Il importait à mon amour-propre,' said the villain miscreant, 'qu'elle mourut de ma desertion.' In the father's treatment of his children, he might find the normal example of distributive justice. In both parents he might see how cheerfulness, the most difficult virtue of advancing years, is rendered easier by reflected participation in the joys of their children, and would learn that in order to laugh from the heart you must love from it too. The trusting obedience of the child would afford him a lay illustration of Christian faith. From the family, the inquirer might pass to the professions, the mildness of the pastor, the gallantry of the officer. Thence he might proceed to national character. He must observe the distinguishing feature of each nation and study it in that nation's history; the Greek's love of beauty, the Roman's sense of dignity, the Englishman's fair play, the Irishman's warm affection, the Frenchman's bonhomie, the German's simplicity and his candour of judgment, not forgetting their leading defects on the other hand. He must mark, too, how their chief qualities are affected by their chief characteristic. But again he will find the moral rules of practice in different nations apparently contradicting each other. Hence shallow observers have often drawn the sceptical inference, that there exists no common standard of morality whatsoever. To take the hacknied instance, an European, they say, cherishes his decrepit father, a real Indian slays him. But the Indian, he will observe, dependant for support on his scanty chase, and constantly shifting his quarters in its pursuit, when he can no longer convey his parent through the forest—we do not justify his conduct but state his motives—ends his sufferings rather than leave him to a death of starvation. Here, then, is a fearful contradiction of practice, but no opposition of principle. Political history is, however, not the only living picture of national character. We

had almost rather study a people's views and feelings in their traditional literature, in their early or popular poems particularly, than in their public histories. Homer, Horace, Dante, the ballad-writers, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, Goethe, Scott, are witnesses whom we would call, not to national character only, but on human nature. All the fine arts of a people must be consulted. Their proverbs must be by no means neglected. The philosopher's researches must not be concluded here. Unless he acquaint himself with the history of past philosophies, we will answer for it, that after ten years of speculation, he will find that he has followed some hypothesis along a bye-road, which former inquirers had pursued without reaching the goal. If he does not discover this, at least others will. Finally, and above all, as a Christian philosopher, he will take the spirit of the Church Catholic for the guide of his investigation—not forgetting the canon—'Christianity is the foundation of ethics, ethics the illustration of Christianity.'

The more human nature is thus studied, the more, we believe, will it appear, that as matter, by its own law of attraction, draws towards matter, as two drops of water on the smooth surface of a leaf unite into one, so spirit draws towards spirit; and as bodies thus uniting in space may acquire a common motion compounded of their individual vagrant courses, and proceed to revolve round a central sun, so do spirits tend to combine themselves on common laws, and to gravitate freely towards a common centre of reverence, affection, or duty. You may see this tendency more or less completely manifested in many familiar cases. The influence of music probably depends not more on the sweetness or the harmony of the sounds, than on its power of uniting for the time the minds of the listeners in a sympathy of the tender or the noble affections. The same principle may be found in social amusements, whether athletic games or field-sports.

'This tendency, however, does not stop at a mere participation in some impression, but proceeds to interchange of thought, and this, if it lead to regard, leads also to mutual modification of character. This is matter of familiar remark in permanent unions of two minds, whether friendship or wedlock. Here, however, unless there be some great disproportion in the strength of the two characters thus brought together, each produces a change in the other, as two nearly equal bodies, meeting in space, would take a new direction—the mean of their several paths. But it is different when communities endued with corporate attachments, characters, principles, feelings, draw an individual into the sphere of their influence, just as some meteoric body may strike our earth, and its inconsiderable force is absorbed at once into our own massive movement: hence the important power of assimilation

exercised by all communities upon their members. We all remember the reckless valour displayed by the French armies in the last general war. There was scarce a soldier in their ranks who would hesitate to risk his life on the most desperate chance. Yet, in those ranks were many demoralized, and therefore selfish men—incapable, one might suppose, of any sacrifice, still more of the last sacrifice, to a sense of their duty. But in their corporate capacity, so far as the principle of self-devotion to the honour of the *grande armée* led them, their several lives were to them as nothing. On that point private interest was forgotten, and their will, through their affections, was absorbed in the will of the martial community of which each was an unit. Here we trace clearly the existence of the professional spirit, or *esprit de corps*—the more clearly, not because the courage of that army was higher than the courage of other armies with which it engaged, but because the moral tone of the soldiers who filled its ranks was decidedly lower than that of their opponents. Here, too, in the well-known adoration of their conquering leader, *le petit Caporal*, as they fondly called him, we find the strong tendency of the incorporated mind to form itself an object, in this case an idol, of united loyalty. It appears, indeed, that whatever point of agreement brings the minds of men once into contact—(such is the power of assimilation exerted by any fellowship, even in a small matter)—brings on also a more general communion among them. Common pleasures, as in what is called conviviality—common pursuits, as in science—common opinions and principles, as in political party—unite men constantly in personal regard also. So, on the other hand, mutual regard tends strongly to assimilation of taste, opinion, principle. The mere presence of a large concourse of men, as of a popular meeting, or of a theatrical audience, modifies for a time the feelings of the individual.

An attempt, we know, may be made to account differently for the change which is worked in a man by his entrance into an united body. It may be said that the man of moderate private courage is rendered an intrepid warrior by fear of the shame which would attend his leaving the ranks in time of danger. This has something to do with it doubtless, but we are too much accustomed to the shallow reasonings of our day to believe easily that this is all. We would ask, Has this soldier no regard, in his own heart, for his regiment's colours, with the fields blazoned on them which that regiment has helped to win? or if he be a sailor, has he no love for the individual ship made of oak and iron, the Thunderer or the Thetis, in which he has sailed—is there not a tear on his rough cheek when by some mischance she goes to pieces, or settles down beneath the surface?—Then we say, if the symbol or the home of his community has his affections, the spirit of that

community is in his actions. He will play his part well and boldly, not lest his comrades should disown him, but lest he should disgrace them, and that, so far as in him lies, he may uphold the well-won honour of his ship or his regiment. Why danger, if we may believe Shakspeare, is itself one of those sustaining bonds by means of which a man loses the consciousness of private interest in the prevailing sense of common credit or associated disgrace;—else why should Harry the Fifth say at Agincourt, on the eve of Crispin Crispianus,

‘We would not die in that man’s company
That fears his fellowship to die with us?’

An intimate bond, too—or the king would not say again, a few lines later,

‘We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.’

These last lines remind us of another property of worthy associations and their ennobling tendency. Not only the cause, but the companionship, raises the man; we do not mean fills his mind with windy conceits, but ‘gentles his condition,’ elevates his will and affections by the consciousness of union with superior minds under a calm sense of their common duties, and of mutual regard founded thereon. Thus, to take at once the highest example: every member of the Christian Church sees himself associated not only with great and good men on earth, but in as far as he extends his view to regard that Church as ‘the blessed company of all faithful people,’ he sees himself one with a host of departed Saints, and Apostles, and Martyrs; and hence the sublime impression produced in the mind of the worshipper by that thanksgiving of our Church, (we could not venture to quote it for an æsthetical purpose,) which in its opening words unites the congregation yet further with ‘angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven.’

We will tread no further on sacred ground. Indeed we trust we have said enough—not to ground an ethical system, but—to show in some degree what an ethical system ought to be. Of thus much we are sure, that it is with such things as these, with decent self-respect, with firm self-government, with mutual affection, with common reverence, with willing obedience, with unshaken constancy, with placid resignation, and with these cemented together within some rightful fellowship, Household, State, or Church, which is not limited by present time or space, but retains within its sacred bosom, under its religious laws, all that it has once admitted, in all time and space, cherishing, strengthening, purifying, absorbing, comforting mightily by its Catholic, pervading and prevailing spirit, the failing hearts, fickle wills, and feeble selves of its individual members; that it is with such a spirit and

body as this, not with paltry, pettifogging profit and loss on the pleasure of friendship, or the pain of envy, or the possible virtue of vanity, that human nature and moral philosophy have to do. This last, we are certain, was not St. Paul’s view of man or of philosophy, for he was appealing to human motives, though under heavenly sanction, when he called upon his converts at Ephesus to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; and added, as the ground of that appeal, ‘There is one body and one spirit, (even as ye are called in one hope of your calling,) one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.’

Utilitarianism, as concerns *morals*, we suspect has had its day. Bentham himself did perceive at last, as he tells us, that it is not enough to call a murder useless, or its prevention useful. Is this word ‘useful,’ however, we would still ask, a more exhaustive designation of *science*? With all courtesy to Lord Brougham and an array of eminent persons, we are satisfied that a grosser fallacy was never vended by sophists or astrologists, than that title ‘Useful Knowledge,’ which they have stamped on their penny performances. The things treated of are useful, undoubtedly; the smoke-jack is useful for roasting mutton; the melting-vat and the moulds are useful for the formation of soap and candles; and thence it is assumed that an acquaintance with the mechanism of these implements is useful to the gentleman who is to make use of their products. Now the dinner, we readily admit, is useful, very useful, to the hungry student, the candles to a diligent, the soap to a cleanly one; but unless you can prove that the reader of your pamphlets is better supplied with these articles than he would have been if he had left the theory as well as practice of their manipulation to his cook or his chandler, you have no right, either because the machines are useful or their products are useful, to transfer that epithet from the things to the knowledge of them; you might full as well call it fuliginous knowledge, or greasy science, or unsavoury literature, or style the authors of such books saponaceous professors.

Still it may be replied that this sort of knowledge is useful, not because the objects it treats of are serviceable, but because an acquaintance with manufacturing processes benefits the mind by exercising and expanding its faculties. A most legitimate argument, doubtless; but which requires two things to be proved: first, that familiar knowledge of mechanical and material arts does exert an eminently good influence on the human mind; secondly, that certain other sciences, to which you refuse the appellation, whatever they be, are not, in this respect, at least equally useful.

We will put the case so: ‘the Baconian philosophy, having for its object the increase of human pleasures and the decrease of human pains, has on this principle

made all its brilliant discoveries in the physical world, and having thereby effected [our vast progress in the mechanical arts, has proved itself to be the one and all-sufficient philosophy.' Now, in the first place, we doubt whether modern science has had the object here ascribed to it so exclusively in its view. Let us take some of its branches whose progress has been most decided of late. Astronomy may occur to our readers. It is well known that an accurate knowledge of the motions of certain satellites is useful to the masters of vessels, inasmuch as it enables exploring parties, by ascertaining exact positions, to lay down in their charts headlands and rocks with more consummate nicety. But was this the object which animated Laplace in his profound mathematical studies, or was it this which pointed our Herschel's telescope at the Georgium Sidus or the binary stars? Does this, or any other practical object, give the interest to his gigantic hypothesis which represents the Milky-way as a shoal of suns, among which our own is as one pebble of the sea-beach, and which points to hundreds of visible nebulae as to similar shoals? Is not rather the cognisance of these astounding regions grand enough to be desirable for its own sake? If we turn from infinite space to immeasurable time, from astronomy to geology, a science which has been born under our eyes, will any one undertake to say that Cuvier, when he built up anew the monsters of the primeval waters, had in view any practical employment of the Saurian tribes, or that all the laborious surveys of strata have been registered by his fellow-workmen with an aim to the only practical use which may be incidentally derived from such knowledge—to wit, a surer mode of searching for coals, and perhaps for some other minerals? Take all the other branches of natural history, and the publications they have occasioned. Does any one suppose that among the myriads of insects, and fishes, and plants, of mosses, and fungi, and shells, that have been classed and delineated, there is above one or two that will thereby be brought into actual service? The popularity of White's Selbourne might give a juster view of the interest which the mind takes in acquaintance with living nature. The Zoological Society proposed to itself two objects—the exhibition of remarkable animals, and the introduction of new sorts of poultry. Its gardens attract thousands of curious observers: its breeding-farm is forgotten. The populace of London, in fine, have a more disinterested and deeper view of science than the utiliser of knowledge. We might add to these useless sciences the philosophy of language, as advanced in our days by the Grimms, &c., and the light it throws on the origin of races, or may shed on the construction of the human mind. Are these things worthy to be known for their own sakes?

But further—we doubt whether the direction of phi-

losophic labour to a definite end is, after all, so likely to lead even to practical discovery, as that more liberal mode of inquiry which examines freely the constitution of matter—if we are allowed to speak only of matter—and leaves to the practitioners of useful arts the application of such results as they can select and adopt for their several purposes. The alchemists were certainly the most *practical* of all analysts; they went straightforward to the creation of wealth and the preservation of health; but though they picked up some things by the way, they were certainly not the most *fruitful* investigators. We are confirmed in this view by observing that for our new mechanical powers and their adaptations, our steam-engines and power-looms, this country is indebted not to pure mathematicians or to mixed mathematicians, but precisely to the class above indicated, to men not of science but business,—Watts, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Fulton; nay, it is well known that the improvements of these machines are brought about as much at least by the workmen themselves as by their masters. Agriculture owes almost nothing of its advance, even indirectly, to our philosophers. We hope that the society which is about to be instituted may remove this reproach from modern science.

Again, we are doubtful whether the new philosophy, if it be the parent of our mechanical improvements, have done quite so much for the physical good of the country, except in the important departments of medicine and surgery—for which we make a ready and grateful exception—as it lays claim to. Natural industry, stimulated by our climate, has done something. But if we look to the mass of the population—to which we ought to look in this matter—there is not much to boast of in the condition of our agricultural labourer. We doubt whether he might not, profitably to himself, change places with the peasant of Andalusia, a country where the mechanical arts are almost unknown. We are quite sure that the Spanish artisan who, when a job is offered him, opens his strong-box, and if he finds a crown there, civilly declines the proposal, and rather goes out to *take the sun*, as his phrase is, with his wife and family—and a bright sun it is—would be a fool, if he consented to immure himself and his children, from twelve or fourteen years upwards, in the sweltering din of a Manchester factory for the waking hours of their existence. And now that we are on this point, we beg leave to tell the professors of manufacturing philosophy, that they have indeed been Utilitarians here with a vengeance. They have broken through, in their practice, the plainest rule of that better philosophy, which they revile, but which, more human than they, declares that each individual man, woman, and child shall be regarded as an object, not as an implement; and they have made the two or three millions of human beings, whom their machinery has called into existence, blood, bone, and marrow, as much parts and

portions of that machinery as any of the wheels, cranks, or levers, which go to its construction. What would Plato say, whose ideal Republic is justly termed by Dr. Ritter one great University—what would that benignant old philosopher say, if he could rise from his Athenian grave, and should be told, not of the infants whose health, and spirits, and life were worn away in these prisons—we would not mention this to him—but, if he were told that these hundreds of thousands had been brought forth in the creation of new arts, by which the State proclaimed that it had profited wonderfully in war and peace; yet, that neither for their religious improvement, nor their moral culture, nor their intellectual advancement, nor even their manly recreations, had the mechanical Philosophy, which boasted them for her children, asked the State to make one single provision, but had left them and their little ones steeped in gin, and filth, and recklessness, as if the grass still grew where their towns had sprung up? He would say, if we are not much mistaken, or would bring forward his revered master using his favourite illustration, and saying, that this must be a philosophy for the work, and not for the workman—for the *shoe*, and not for the *shoemaker*. ‘As for your printed stuffs,’ Socrates might add, ‘they may be very good and stout, though to my taste, the patterns are not very beautiful. I dare say, however, you have made them as beautiful as you are able; but with regard to your men, sound as the material of their minds appears to be, I do not see that, barbarians as you are, you have done anything to make them either good or beautiful: *ποτὸς μὲν καλὸς μὲν ἀγαθὸς ποιεῖσθαι*. You ought to reverse the order of your proceedings. You should first endeavour to strengthen the staple, and refine the texture of your workmen’s souls, to imbue them with true wisdom, to tinge them with liberal learning: afterwards I have no objection that you should make your gown-pieces as cheap, your stockings as fine, and your fancy-goods as fanciful as you will.’

For these reasons, we do not agree that the animating principle of modern science, has been the sole search for manufacturing truth; that the mind of Davy, for instance, though he invented the safety-lamp, was a sheer utensil of Apothecaries’ Hall, or the dye-house; nor, secondly, that our mechanical improvements are at all exclusively owing to that philosophy—rather we should say to practical energy stimulated by wants which are unknown to milder climates; lastly, we are well assured, that a system which, whether in morals or science, aims exclusively at the mere removal of pain and production of pleasure, call it even Baconism, has no right whatever to proclaim itself the one and all-sufficient philosophy. Else, if you could only clothe your people warmly, and feed them well, it would be indifferent whether that people were Biscayans or Neapolitans, Belgians or Prussians.

Nor do we regard the old Socratic philosophy as perfect either. That doctrine did, so far as in it lay, purify for centuries the mind of Greece and of Rome. After it had suffered eclipse, it shone forth anew in the vale of Arno, and Lorenzo with his fellows, while they celebrated in that chamber of his Sub-Appennine villa, which you may still tread, the birth-day of Plato, drank also of his ennobling spirit. The voice of Socrates has been awakened once more in our own days by Schleiermacher, and has again put to shame the other spirit which denies that in the human heart there is anything holy. Still, though that doctrine is great, it is not all. As an ethical system, it looks more to moral beauty than to right action: as a general philosophy, it is engaged too much in the construction of the intellectual world, takes too little concern for the exigencies of the material one. The Baconian philosophy, on the other hand, giving it all it lays claim to—steam-engines, rail-roads, air-balloons, too, if it will have them, or thinks it can so make up the deficit of human happiness even—not only neglects the nobility and therefore beauty of man’s mind, to which it prefers the mastery over matter, but, as a necessary consequence, it is unable to produce even true material beauty. Neither Grecian porticoes, nor Gothic aisles, belong to it. In architecture it is a mere copyist. Neither Phidias nor Raphael own it. Ever since it has prevailed, painting and sculpture have been, with few exceptions, feeble, tawdry, theatrical. If the school of Dusseldorf be to give us good pictures, their lessons are drawn from a very different source, the age when Art was the handmaid of Faith and of Love—we mean, course, of the celestial Eros. But it would require a separate article to trace downwards the decline of Art to its present debased condition of a mere slave to pleasure; and it would need another to show how our notion of Education has dwindled from the right formation of the whole man, to the introduction of mere passive notions of outward things—*useful knowledge*, as it is called—into his brain. In each of these departments, too, we see the dawn above our horizon, not proceeding from any of the new lights, but from the same centre of moral day which has before warmed and vivified our race.

We will, therefore, here close our vindication of a great man, or rather of two—Master and Scholar,—they were ‘lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths let them not be divided;’—to whom we believe that race is deeply indebted, and whose reputation we know has been most unjustly assailed. But if there be one among us distinguished for commanding eloquence, not less distinguished for a philosophic spirit from which that eloquence receives its substance, who has been misled to think that he could not enough raise Bacon, unless he in the same degree lowered Plato—with sincere respect for his high

ents, but with not less surprise at the partial use he of all men has made of them—we would venture respectfully to ask him whether the conduct of Socrates before his judges compared with that of Bacon on the very seat of justice, do not lead him to suspect his own comparative estimate of the two philosophies which the men founded? The contrast would press so hardly on our illustrious though fallen countryman that we should seek to pursue it. Next, seeing that he is dazzled by the triumphant progress of our age and country in the construction of all sorts of engines, we would lay before him, for his consideration, this saying of his own Lord Verulam:—‘In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time: in the *declining* age of a state, *mechanical arts* and *merchandise*.’ To the same purport we would further cite the earliest and noblest of orations, ascribed by Thucydides to one who, according to Aristophanes, like Mr. Macaulay himself, could ‘lighten, and thunder, and stir up all Greece,’ and would ask his attention to these words, supposed to be addressed by Pericles to his fellow-citizens during the public obsequies of those who had been slain in the last campaign:—‘Look at our temples’—(they are thus paraphrased by Dr. Arnold),—and the statues which embellish them; go down to Piræus, observe the long walls; visit the arsenals, and the docks of our three hundred ships; frequent our theatres, and appreciate the surpassing excellence of our poets, and the taste and splendour of our scenic representations; walk through the markets, observe them filled with the productions of every part of the world:—So learn’—concludes Dr. Arnold—‘to know and to value the fruits of civilization, the child of commerce and liberty.’ So, indeed, concludes Dr. Arnold, is the very spirit of modern shallowness; and if these had been the words of Pericles, we should have quoted him to little purpose: but so did not Pericles speak, Thucydides write. Here are the original words:—and when the daily practical power of your city, with which you are enamoured, appears to you vast, remember’—not the fruits of liberty and commerce,—but remember well, that men courageous, and having *knowledge of their duties*, and endued with a *sense of shame in their actions, brought about these things*.’ Lastly, if, fortified by this kindred authority, we may come, towards the late Member for Leeds, at least a statesman—(we care little for the Benthamites)—at even the mechanical achievements he so highly prizes are not to be made by a country without a sense of duty and manly shame seated in the breasts of her sons—we would invite him, as a philosopher, to come with us one step further, and to consider whether that sense of duty and shame have not a rightful claim to be nurtured, not only for its fruit, but simply for its own sake. We might, indeed, have taken lower ground, and

have asked him, on his particular statement, whether his aged invalid might not be more soothed by filial tenderness than by his own proposed solaces of an easy chair, and chicken panada, and even the tales of the Queen of Navarre? but we are unwilling to treat him with even the semblance of disrespect. Again we would beg him to consider whether man can attain these or the other moral qualities, if they are to be his object and aim, by his single act of volition, and not rather by entering into some community possessing an inherited moral spirit, which must raise and strengthen and sustain his own individual feebleness. Afterwards we would earnestly inquire of him whether, if there be that Highest Good on earth, that union of virtue and happiness which philosophy, as he knows, so long sought, and as he thinks sought so vainly, it must not be looked for in the communion with wise and good members of some worthy fellowship, animated by such an inherited spirit and bound by the laws of common duty, affection, and reverence? Lastly, we would solemnly put to him, whether, if this corporate spirit, being thus at once the indispensable condition of moral goodness and also of the highest conceivable happiness, has been left, as Professor Sewell says, in a land, in its laws and its institutions, it be not the most commanding duty of that land’s children, statesmen—teachers—or private men, to deliver on this light of the soul,—as the Athenian youth passed the sacred torch unextinguished from hand to hand in their nightly festivals,—so on our part to carry onward the pure and steady glow of this national spirit, heightened if possible and brightened, but at least unimpaired and unsullied, from generation to generation, and, so long as England lasts, from age to age?

From the Metropolitan.

SOLITUDE.

In early youth I shunned mankind,
From books alone to store my mind:
In woods, and ruins moss-o’ergrown,
I sat, and read, and thought alone.

An impulse did I feel, a flame,—
I never questioned whence it came:
A feeling powerful as unknown,
That urged me still to be alone.

I clomb the mountain, through the cloud,
Midst lightnings, and the thunders loud;
Thence looked around as from a throne,
And triumphed I was there alone.

At midnight, deep in torrent caves,
I listened to the dash of waves,
Down horrid chasms darkly thrown,
And felt an awful joy alone.

The earliest flush the morning gave,
Soft trembling o’er the ocean-wave,
Thence, crimson’d, through the darkness blown
Midst flying mists, I met alone.

Ever in darkness and in light,
At cheerful noon, at pitchy night,
Around me, like an Iris thrown
Was joy, that still I walked alone.

In sleep was heard the sound of streams,
The sun-set mingled with my dreams;
The weltering ocean had the tone,
Which lives in slumbering ears alone.

With passing years a change there came,
Though Nature's charms were still the same:
No more than impulse strong might speed
My steps to mountain or to mead.

The wood, the stream, the rock, the tree,
The bud, the blossom, bird and bee,
Still were—but were no more desired—
My mind into itself retired.

My soul was full of Nature's light;
In vain the morn was dewy, bright;
In vain to win my gaze did eve
Its long and lingering shadows weave.

For, with an overflowing mind,
I turned from Nature to my kind.
From all things was the freshness flown—
I could not bear to be alone.

RICHARD HOWITT.

From the Metropolitan.

SONNET

To Mrs. Jameson, on the Publication of her "Characteristics of Women."

As one who looks on some old classic land—
Seen with a new delight when seen anew,
Paphos, with whitest swans on waters blue,
Have I now felt swayed by your magic hand:
Purer in your pure mind before me stand,
All the divinest creatures Shakspeare drew,
To him, to Nature admirably true,—
Lady! the wand you wield is Prospero's wand.
Days, days have come and gone, I am yet
Lost to all out-door pleasures I might find:
All glories of the season I forget,
To what you bring me happily resigned—
Charmed to behold the gem of Shakspeare set
In the rich casket of another's mind.

RICHARD HOWITT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TO AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE.

What unto thee are cities vast,
Small village, here among these elms?
The care that eats, the show that cheats,
The noise that overwhelms?

Few sounds are thine, and clearly heard:
The whimple of one only brook—
The woodman's axe that distant sounds—
Dog's bay, or cawing rook.

How filled with quiet are these fields!
Far off is heard the peasant's tread!
How clothed with peace is human life!
How tranquil seem the dead!

Here Time and Nature are at strife—
The only strife that here is seen:
Whate'er decay has tinged with gray,
Has nature touched with green.

The market-cross, o'ergrown with moss,
All quaintly carved, still lingers on,
And dreams, even in this hoary place,
Of ages longer gone.

The Maypole, hung with garlands sere,
Thou fondly dost retain as yet,
All good old pastimes of this land
Unwilling to forget.

The Gothic church, the manor hall,
And cottages low-roofed with stone,
With waving grass and lichens all
Are grayly overgrown.

Haunt for the meditative mind!
Some hermit long has near thee dwelt,
And breathed his soul forth on the air
In quiet that is felt.

I round me look some monk to see,
Some stately old monastic fane:
Nor should I start, were I to meet
The Norman or the Dane.

Here, as to all the world unknown,
A sage seclusion dost thou keep;
And here Antiquity enjoys
A deep and mossy sleep.

Across the moors far have I sped,
Intent upon a glowing theme;
And here the first time round me look,
Awake, as in a dream.

Thy name I know not, nor would know:
No common name would I be told:
Yet often shall I seek thee now.
Thou village quaint and old.

FROZEN POTATOES.

In consequence of some careful experiments made by himself, M. Payen recommends that frozen potatoes should be exposed to a violent heat, in order to be perfectly dried. In this case their alimentary properties are preserved, and they may be rasped or bruised in a mortar, as food for cattle.

BATS.

M. de Blainville comes to the following conclusions concerning bats, in a memoir recently laid before the French Academy of Sciences:—1st, that they existed before the formation of the tertiary strata of northern countries, as they are found in the gypsum of the neighbourhood of Paris; 2nd, that these Cheiroptera were, very probably, contemporary with the Anoplotherium, and Palæotherium; 3d, that they have continued to exist from that time to the present without interruption, as they are found in the diluvium of caverns, and in osseous breccia; 4th, that the ancient Cheiroptera differed but little from the species now inhabiting the same countries.



The Battle of the Nile.



Internal Economy of Dethlefsen Hall.



Monte and the Jew.



Smiling under false colours.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Wherein the happiness of Oliver and his friends experiences a sudden check.

Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came; and if the village had been beautiful at first, it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health, and, stretching forth their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched out beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green, and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and vigour of the year, and all things were glad and flourishing.

Still the same quiet life went on at the little cottage, and the same cheerful serenity prevailed among its inmates. Oliver had long since grown stout and healthy; but health or sickness made no difference in his warm feelings to those about him, (though they do in the feelings of a great many people,) and he was still the same gentle, attached, affectionate creature, that he had been when pain and suffering had wasted his strength, and he was dependent for every slight attention and comfort on those who tended him.

One beautiful night they had taken a longer walk than was customary with them, for the day had been unusually warm, and there was a brilliant moon, and a light wind had sprung up, which was unusually refreshing. Rose had been in high spirits too, and they had walked on in merry conversation until they had far exceeded their ordinary bounds. Mrs. Maylie was fatigued, and they returned more slowly home. The young lady, merely throwing off her simple bonnet, sat down to the piano as usual; after running abstractedly over the keys for a few minutes, she fell into a low and very solemn air, and as she played it they heard her sob as if she were weeping.

'Rose, my dear?' said the elder lady.

Rose made no reply, but played a little quicker, as though the sound had roused her from some painful thoughts.

'Rose, my love!' cried Mrs. Maylie, rising hastily, and bending over her. 'What is this? Your face is bathed in tears. My dear child, what distresses you?'

'Nothing, aunt,—nothing,' replied the young lady. 'I don't know what it is; I can't describe it; but I feel so low to-night, and——'

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'Not ill, my love!' interposed Mrs. Maylie.

'No, no! Oh, not ill!' replied Rose, shuddering as though some deadly chillness were passing over her while she spoke; 'at least, I shall be better presently. Close the window, pray.'

Oliver hastened to comply with the request; and the young lady, making an effort to recover her cheerfulness, strove to play some livelier tune. But her fingers dropped powerless on the keys, and, covering her face with her hands, she sank upon a sofa, and gave vent to the tears which she was now unable to repress.

'My child!' said the elder lady, folding her arms about her, 'I never saw you thus before.'

'I would not alarm you if I could avoid it,' rejoined Rose; 'but indeed I have tried very hard, and cannot help this. I fear I *am* ill, aunt.'

She was, indeed; for, when candles were brought, they saw that in the very short time which had elapsed since their return home, the hue of her countenance had changed to a marble whiteness. Its expression had lost nothing of its beauty, but yet it was changed, and there was an anxious haggard look about that gentle face which it had never worn before. Another minute, and it was suffused with a crimson flush, and a heavy wildness came over the soft blue eye; again this disappeared like the shadow thrown by a passing cloud, and she was once more deadly pale.

Oliver, who watched the old lady anxiously, observed that she was alarmed by these appearances, and so, in truth, was he; but, seeing that she affected to make light of them, he endeavoured to do the same, and they so far succeeded that when Rose was persuaded by her aunt to retire for the night, she was in better spirits, and appeared even in better health, and assured them that she felt certain she would wake in the morning quite well.

'I hope, ma'am,' said Oliver when Mrs. Maylie returned, 'that nothing serious is the matter. Miss Maylie doesn't look well to-night, but——'

The old lady motioned him not to speak, and, sitting herself down in a dark corner of the room, remained silent for some time. At length she said, in a trembling voice,—

'I hope not, Oliver. I have been very happy with her for some years—too happy, perhaps, and it may be time that I should meet with some misfortune; but I hope it is not this.'

'What misfortune, ma'am?' inquired Oliver.

'The heavy blow,' said the old lady almost inarticulately, 'of losing the dear girl who has so long been my comfort and happiness.'

'Oh! God forbid!' exclaimed Oliver hastily.

'Amen to that, my child!' said the old lady, wringing her hands.

'Surely there is no danger of anything so dreadful!' said Oliver. 'Two hours ago she was quite well.'

'She is very ill now,' rejoined Mrs. Maylie, 'and will be worse, I am sure. My dear, dear Rose! Oh, what should I do without her!'

The lady sank beneath her desponding thoughts, and gave way to such great grief that Oliver, suppressing his own emotion, ventured to remonstrate with her, and to beg earnestly that for the sake of the dear young lady herself she would be more calm.

'And consider, ma'am,' said Oliver, as the tears forced themselves into his eyes despite his efforts to the contrary; 'oh! consider how young and good she is, and what pleasure and comfort she gives to all about her. I am sure—certain—quite certain—that for your sake, who are so good yourself, and for her own, and for the sake of all she makes so happy, she will not die. God will never let her die yet.'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand on Oliver's head. 'You think like a child, poor boy; and although what you say may be natural, it is wrong. But you teach me my duty, notwithstanding. I had forgotten it for a moment, Oliver, and I hope I may be pardoned, for I am old, and have seen enough of illness and death to know the pain they leave to those behind. I have seen enough, too, to know that it is not always the youngest and best who are spared to those that love them; but this should give us comfort rather than sorrow, for Heaven is just, and such things teach us impressively that there is a far brighter world than this, and that the passage to it is speedy. God's will be done! but I love her, and He alone knows how well!'

Oliver was surprised to see that as Mrs. Maylie said these words she checked her lamentations as though by one struggle, and, drawing herself up as she spoke, became quite composed and firm. He was still more astonished to find that this firmness lasted, and that under all the care and watching which ensued, Mrs. Maylie was ever ready and collected, performing all the duties which devolved upon her steadily, and, to all external appearance, even cheerfully. But he was young, and did not know what strong minds are capable of under trying circumstances. How should he, indeed, when their possessors so seldom know themselves?

An anxious night ensued, and when morning came Mrs. Maylie's predictions were but too well verified. Rose was in the first state of a high and dangerous fever.

'We must be active, Oliver, and not give way to useless grief,' said Mrs. Maylie, laying her finger on her lip as she looked steadily into his face; 'this letter must be sent with all possible expedition to Mr. Losberne. It must be carried to the market-town, which is not more than four miles off by the foot-path across the fields, and thence despatched by an express on horseback straight to Chertsey. The people at the inn

will undertake to do this, and I can trust you to see it done, I know.'

Oliver could make no reply, but looked his anxiety to be gone at once.

'Here is another letter,' said Mrs. Maylie, pausing to reflect; 'but whether to send it now, or wait until I see how Rose goes on, I scarcely know. I would not forward it unless I feared the worst.'

'Is it for Chertsey, too, ma'am?' inquired Oliver, impatient to execute his commission, and holding out his trembling hand for the letter.

'No,' replied the old lady, giving it him mechanically. Oliver glanced at it, and saw that it was directed to Harry Maylie, Esquire, at some lord's house in the country; where, he could not make out.

'Shall it go, ma'am?' asked Oliver, looking up impatiently.

'I think not,' replied Mrs. Maylie, taking it back. 'I will wait till to-morrow.'

With these words she gave Oliver her purse, and he started off without more delay at the greatest speed he could muster.

Swiftly he ran across the fields, and down the little lanes which sometimes divided them, now almost hidden by the high corn on either side, and now emerging into an open field where the mowers and haymakers were busy at their work; nor did he stop once, save now and then for a few seconds to recover breath, until he emerged in a great heat, and covered with dust, on the little market-place of the market-town.

Here he paused, and looked about for the inn. There was a white bank, and a red brewery, and a yellow town-hall; and in one corner a large house with all the wood about it painted green, before which was the sign of 'The George,' to which he hastened directly it caught his eye.

Oliver spoke to a postboy who was dozing under the gateway, and who, after hearing what he wanted, referred him to the hostler; who, after hearing all he had to say again, referred him to the landlord, who was a tall gentleman in a blue neckcloth, a white hat, and breeches, and boots with tops to match, and was leaning against a pump by the stable-door, picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick.

This gentleman walked with much deliberation to the bar to make out the bill, which took a long time making out, and after it was ready, and paid, a horse had to be saddled, and a man to be dressed, which took up ten good minutes more; meanwhile Oliver was in such a desperate state of impatience and anxiety that he felt as if he could have jumped upon the horse himself, and galloped away full tear to the next stage. At length all was ready, and the little parcel having been handed up, with many injunctions and entreaties for its speedy delivery, the man set spurs to

his horse, and, rattling over the uneven paving of the market-place, was out of the town, and galloping along the turnpike-road in a couple of minutes.

It was something to feel certain that assistance was sent for, and that no time had been lost. Oliver hurried up the inn-yard with a somewhat lighter heart, and was turning out of the gateway when he accidentally stumbled against a tall man wrapped in a cloak, who was that moment coming out at the inn-door.

'Hah!' cried the man, fixing his eyes on Oliver, and suddenly recoiling. 'What the devil's this?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Oliver; 'I was in a great hurry to get home, and didn't see you were coming.'

'Death!' muttered the man to himself, glaring at the boy with his large dark eyes. 'Who'd have thought it! Grind him to ashes! he'd start up from a marble coffin to come in my way!'

'I am sorry, sir,' stammered Oliver, confused by the strange man's wild look. 'I hope I have not hurt you?'

'Rot his bones!' murmured the man in a horrible passion between his clenched teeth, 'if I had only had the courage to say the word, I might have been free of him in a night. Curses light upon your head, and black death upon your heart, you imp! What are you doing here?'

The man shook his fist, and gnashed his teeth, as he uttered these words incoherently, and advancing towards Oliver as if with the intention of aiming a blow at him, fell violently on the ground, writhing and foaming, in a fit.

Oliver gazed for a moment at the fearful struggles of the madman, (for such he supposed him to be,) and then darted into the house for help. Having seen him safely carried into the hotel, he turned his face homewards, running as fast as he could to make up for lost time, and recalling, with a great deal of astonishment and some fear, the extraordinary behaviour of the person from whom he had just parted.

The circumstance did not dwell in his recollection long, however; for when he reached the cottage there was enough to occupy his mind, and to drive all considerations of self completely from his memory.

Rose Maylie had rapidly grown worse, and before midnight was delirious. A medical practitioner, who resided on the spot, was in constant attendance upon her, and, after first seeing the patient, he had taken Mrs. Maylie aside, and pronounced her disorder to be one of a most alarming nature. 'In fact,' he said, 'it would be little short of a miracle if she recovered.'

How often did Oliver start from his bed that night, and, stealing out with noiseless footstep to the staircase, listen for the slightest sound from the sick chamber! How often did a tremble shake his frame, and

cold drops of terror start upon his brow, when a sudden trampling of feet caused him to fear that something too dreadful to think of had even then occurred. And what had been the fervency of all the prayers he had ever uttered, compared with those he poured forth now, in the agony and passion of his supplication, for the life and health of the gentle creature who was tottering on the deep grave's verge!

The suspense, the fearful acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love is trembling in the balance—the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it—the desperate anxiety *to be doing something* to relieve the pain, or lessen the danger which we have no power to alleviate; and the sinking of soul and spirit which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces,—what tortures can equal these, and what reflections or efforts can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them!

Morning came; and the little cottage was lonely and still. People spoke in whispers; anxious faces appeared at the gate from time to time, and women and children went away in tears. All the livelong day, and for hours after it had grown dark, Oliver paced softly up and down the garden, raising his eyes every instant to the sick chamber, and shuddering to see the darkened window looking as if death lay stretched inside. Late at night Mr. Losberne arrived. 'It is hard,' said the good doctor, turning away as he spoke, 'so young—so much beloved—but there is very little hope.'

Another morning the sun shone brightly,—as brightly as if it looked upon no misery or care; and, with every leaf and flower in full bloom about her,—with life, and health, and sounds and sights of joy surrounding her on every side, the fair young creature lay wasting fast. Oliver crept away to the old churchyard, and, sitting down on one of the green mounds, wept for her in silence.

There was such peace and beauty in the scene, so much of brightness and mirth in the sunny landscape, such blithesome music in the songs of the summer birds, such freedom in the rapid flight of the rook careering overhead, so much of life and joyousness in all, that when the boy raised his aching eyes, and looked about, the thought instinctively occurred to him that this was not a time for death; that Rose could surely never die when humbler things were all so glad and gay; that graves were for cold and cheerless winter, not for sunlight and fragrance. He almost thought that shrouds were for the old and shrunken, and never wrapped the young and graceful form within their ghastly folds.

A knell from the church-bell broke harshly on these

youthful thoughts. Another—again! It was tolling for the funeral service. A group of humble mourners entered the gate, and they wore white favours, for the corpse was young. They stood, uncovered, by a grave; and there was a mother—a mother once—among the weeping train. But the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang on.

Oliver turned homewards, thinking on the many kindnesses he had received from the young lady, and wishing that the time could come over again, that he might never cease showing her how grateful and attached he was. He had no cause for self-reproach on the score of neglect or want of thought, for he had been devoted to her service; and yet a hundred little occasions rose up before him on which he fancied he might have been more zealous and more earnest, and wished he had been. We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done; of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures let us remember this in time.

When he reached home Mrs. Maylie was sitting in the little parlour. Oliver's heart sank at sight of her, for she had never left the bedside of her niece, and he trembled to think what change could have driven her away. He learnt that she had fallen into a deep sleep, from which she would waken again either to recovery and life, or to bid them farewell, and die.

They sat, listening, and afraid to speak, for hours. The untasted meal was removed; and, with looks which showed that their thoughts were elsewhere, they watched the sun as he sank lower and lower, and at length cast over sky and earth those brilliant hues which herald his departure. Their quick ears caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and they both involuntarily darted towards the door as Mr. Losberne entered.

'What of Rose?' cried the old lady. 'Tell me at once. I can bear it; anything but suspense. Oh, tell me! in the name of Heaven!'

'You must compose yourself,' said the doctor, supporting her. 'Be calm, my dear ma'am, pray.'

'Let me go, in God's name!' gasped Mrs. Maylie. 'My dear child! She is dead! She is dying!'

'No!' cried the doctor passionately. 'As He is good and merciful, she will live to bless us all for years to come.'

The lady fell upon her knees, and tried to fold her hands together; but the energy which had supported her so long fled to Heaven with her first thanksgiving, and she sunk back into the friendly arms which were extended to receive her.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

Contains some introductory particulars relative to a young gentleman who now arrives upon the scene, and a new adventure which happened to Oliver.

It was almost too much happiness to bear. Oliver felt stunned and stupified by the unexpected intelligence; he could not weep, or speak, or rest. He had scarcely the power of understanding anything that had passed, until after a long ramble in the quiet evening air a burst of tears came to his relief, and he seemed to awaken all at once to a full sense of the joyful change that had occurred, and the almost insupportable load of anguish which had been taken from his breast.

The night was fast closing in when he returned homewards, laden with flowers which he had culled with peculiar care for the adornment of the sick chamber. As he walked briskly along the road, he heard behind him the noise of some vehicle approaching at a furious pace. Looking round, he saw that it was a post-chaise driven at great speed; and as the horses were galloping, and the road was narrow, he stood leaning against a gate until it should have passed him by.

As it dashed on, Oliver caught a glimpse of a man in a white nightcap, whose face seemed familiar to him, although his view was so brief that he could not identify the person. In another second or two the nightcap was thrust out of the chaise window, and a stentorian voice bellowed to the driver to stop, which he did as soon as he could pull up his horses, when the nightcap once again appeared, and the same voice called Oliver by his name.

'Here!' cried the voice. 'Master Oliver, what's the news? Miss Rose—Master O-li-ver.'

'Is it you, Giles?' cried Oliver, running up to the chaise door.

Giles popped out his nightcap again, preparatory to making some reply, when he was suddenly pulled back by a young gentleman who occupied the other corner of the chaise, and who eagerly demanded what was the news.

'In a word,' cried the gentleman, 'better or worse?'

'Better—much better,' replied Oliver hastily.

'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'You are sure?'

'Quite, sir,' replied Oliver; 'the change took place only a few hours ago, and Mr. Losberne says that all danger is at an end.'

The gentleman said not another word, but opening the chaise-door leaped out, and, taking Oliver hurriedly by the arm, led him aside.

'This is quite certain?—there is no possibility of any mistake on your part, my boy, is there?' demanded the gentleman in a tremulous voice. 'Pray do not

deceive me by awakening any hopes that are not to be fulfilled.'

'I would not for the world, sir,' replied Oliver. 'Indeed you may believe me. Mr. Losberne's words were, that she would live to bless us all for many years to come. I heard him say so.'

The tears stood in Oliver's eyes as he recalled the scene which was the beginning of so much happiness, and the gentleman turned his face away, and remained silent for some minutes. Oliver thought he heard him sob more than once, but he feared to interrupt him by any farther remark,—for he could well guess what his feelings were,—and so stood apart, feigning to be occupied with his nosegay.

All this time Mr. Giles, with the white nightcap on, had been sitting upon the steps of the chaise, supporting an elbow on each knee, and wiping his eyes with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief dotted with white spots. That the honest fellow had not been feigning emotion was abundantly demonstrated by the very red eyes with which he regarded the young gentleman, when he turned round and addressed him.

'I think you had better go on to my mother's in the chaise, Giles,' said he. 'I would rather walk slowly on, so as to gain a little time before I see her. You can say I am coming.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Harry,' said Giles, giving a final polish to his ruffled countenance with the handkerchief, 'but if you would leave the postboy to say that, I should be very much obliged to you. It wouldn't be proper for the maids to see me in this state, sir; I should never have any more authority with them if they did.'

'Well,' rejoined Harry Maylie, smiling, 'you can do as you like. Let him go on with the portmanteaus, if you wish it; and do you follow with us. Only first exchange that nightcap for some more appropriate covering, or we shall be taken for madmen.'

Mr. Giles, reminded of his unbecoming costume, snatched off and pocketed his nightcap, and substituted that of grave and sober shape which he took out of the chaise. This done, the postboy drove off, and Giles, Mr. Maylie, and Oliver followed at their leisure.

As they walked along, Oliver glanced from time to time with much interest and curiosity at the new-comer. He seemed about five-and-twenty years of age, and was of the middle height; his countenance was frank and handsome, and his demeanour singularly easy and prepossessing. Notwithstanding the differences between youth and age, he bore so strong a likeness to the old lady, that Oliver would have had no great difficulty in imagining their relationship, even if he had not already spoken of her as his mother.

Mrs. Maylie was anxiously waiting to receive her

son when he reached the cottage, and the meeting did not take place without great emotion on both sides.

'Oh, mother,' whispered the young man, 'why did you not write before?'

'I did write,' replied Mrs. Maylie; 'but on reflection, I determined to keep back the letter until I had heard Mr. Losberne's opinion.'

'But why,' said the young man, 'why run the chance of that occurring which so nearly happened? If Rose had—I cannot utter that word now—if this illness had terminated differently, how could you ever have forgiven yourself, or I been happy again?'

'If that *had* been the case, Harry,' said Mrs. Maylie, 'I fear your happiness would have been effectually blighted, and that your arrival here a day sooner or a day later would have been of very, very little import.'

'And who can wonder if it be so, mother?' rejoined the young man; 'or why should I say *if*?—It is—it is—you know it, mother—you must know it.'

'I know that she well deserves the best and purest love that the heart of man can offer,' said Mrs. Maylie; 'I know that the devotion and affection of her nature require no ordinary return, but one that shall be deep and lasting. If I did not feel this, and know, besides, that a changed behaviour in one she loved would break her heart, I should not feel my task so difficult of performance, or have to encounter so many struggles in my own bosom, when I take what seems to me to be the strict line of duty.'

'This is unkind, mother,' said Harry. 'Do you still suppose that I am so much a boy as not to know my own mind, or to mistake the impulses of my own soul?'

'I think, my dear fellow,' returned Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand upon his shoulder, 'that youth has many generous impulses which do not last, and that among them are some which, being gratified, become only the more fleeting. Above all, I think,' said the lady, fixing her eyes on her son's face, 'that if an enthusiastic, ardent, ambitious young man has a wife on whose name is a stain, which, though it originate in no fault of hers, may be visited by cold and sordid people upon her, and upon his children also, and, in exact proportion to his success in the world, be cast in his teeth, and made the subject of sneers against him, he may—no matter how generous and good his nature—one day repent of the connection he formed in early life, and she may have the pain and torture of knowing that he does so.'

'Mother,' said the young man impatiently, 'he would be a mere selfish brute, unworthy alike of the name of man and of the woman you describe, who acted thus.'

'You think so now, Harry,' replied his mother.

'And ever will,' said the young man. 'The mental agony I have suffered during the last two days wrings from me the undisguised avowal to you of a passion which, as you well know, is not one of yesterday, nor one I have lightly formed. On Rose, sweet gentle girl, my heart is set as firmly as ever heart of man was set on woman. I have no thought, or view, or hope in life beyond her; and if you oppose me in this great stake, you take my peace and happiness in your hands and cast them to the wind. Mother, think better of this, and of me, and do not disregard the warm feelings of which you seem to think so little.'

'Harry,' said Mrs. Maylie, 'it is because I think so much of warm and sensitive hearts that I would spare them from being wounded. But we have said enough, and more than enough, on this matter just now.'

'Let it rest with Rose, then,' interposed Harry. 'You will not press these overstrained opinions of yours so far as to throw any obstacle in my way?'

'I will not,' rejoined Mrs. Maylie; 'but I would have you consider——'

'I have considered,' was the impatient reply, 'I have considered for years,—considered almost since I have been capable of serious reflection. My feelings remain unchanged, as they ever will; and why should I suffer the pain of a delay in giving them vent, which can be productive of no earthly good? No. Before I leave this place Rose shall hear me.'

'She shall,' said Mrs. Maylie.

'There is something in your manner which would almost imply that she will hear me coldly, mother,' said the young man anxiously.

'Not coldly, rejoined the old lady, 'far from it.'

'How then?' urged the young man. 'She has formed no other attachment?'

'No, indeed,' replied his mother. 'You have, or I mistake, too strong a hold on her affections already.'

'What I would say,' resumed the old lady, stopping her son as he was about to speak, 'is this. Before you stake your all on this chance,—before you suffer yourself to be carried to the highest point of hope, reflect for a few moments, my dear child, on Rose's history, and consider what effect the knowledge of her doubtful birth may have on her decision,—devoted as she is to us with all the intensity of her noble mind, and that perfect sacrifice of self which in all matters, great or trifling, has always been her characteristic.'

'What do you mean?'

'That I leave to you to discover,' replied Mrs. Maylie. 'I must go back to Rose. God bless you!'

'I shall see you again to-night,' said the young man eagerly.

'By and by,' replied the lady, 'when I leave Rose.'

'You will tell her I am here?' said Harry.

'Of course,' replied Mrs. Maylie.

'And say how anxious I have been, and how much I have suffered, and how I long to see her—you will not refuse to do this, mother?'

'No,' said the old lady, 'I will tell her that,' and, pressing her son's hand affectionately, she hastened from the room.

Mr. Losberne and Oliver had remained at another end of the apartment while this hurried conversation was proceeding. The former now held out his hand to Harry Maylie, and hearty salutations were exchanged between them. The doctor then communicated, in reply to multifarious questions from his young friend, a precise account of his patient's situation, which was quite as consolatory and full of promise as Oliver's statement had encouraged him to hope; and to the whole of which Mr. Giles, who affected to be busy about the luggage, listened with greedy ears.

'Have you shot anything particular lately, Giles?' inquired the doctor, when he had concluded.

'Nothing particular, sir,' replied Mr. Giles, coloring up to the eyes.

'Nor catching any thieves, nor identifying my house-breakers?' said the doctor maliciously.

'None at all, sir,' replied Mr. Giles with sad gravity.

'Well,' said the doctor, 'I am sorry to hear it, because you do that sort of thing so well. Pray, how Brittles?'

'The boy is very well, sir,' said Mr. Giles, recovering his usual tone of patronage, 'and sends his respectful duty, sir.'

'That's well,' said the doctor. 'Seeing you have reminds me, Mr. Giles, that on the day before that at which I was called away so hurriedly, I executed, at the request of your good mistress, a small commission in your favour. Just step into this corner a moment will you?'

Mr. Giles walked into the corner with much importance and some wonder, and was honoured with a short whispering conference with the doctor, on the termination of which he made a great many bows, and retired with steps of unusual stateliness. The subject matter of this conference was not disclosed in the parlour, but the kitchen was speedily enlightened concerning it; for Mr. Giles walked straight thither, and having called for a mug of ale, announced, with an air of majestic mystery which was highly effective, that it had pleased his mistress, in consideration of his gallant behaviour on the occasion of that attempted robbery, to deposit in the local savings bank the sum of twenty-five pounds for his sole use and benefit. At this the two women servants lifted up their hands and eyes, and supposed that Mr. Giles would begin to be quite proud now; whereunto Mr. Giles, pulling out his shirt-frill, replied, 'No, no'—and that if they ob-

served at any time that he was at all haughty to his inferiors, he would thank them to tell him so. And then he made a great many other remarks, no less illustrative of his humility, which were received with equal favour and applause, and were withal as original and as much to the purpose as the remarks of great men commonly are.

Above stairs, the remainder of the evening passed cheerfully away, for the doctor was in high spirits, and however fatigued or thoughtful Harry Maylie might have been at first, he was not proof against the worthy gentleman's good humour, which displayed itself in a great variety of sallies and professional recollections, and an abundance of small jokes, which struck Oliver as being the drollest things he had ever heard, and caused him to laugh proportionately, to the evident satisfaction of the doctor, who laughed immoderately at himself, and made Harry laugh almost as heartily by the very force of sympathy. So they were as pleasant a party as, under the circumstances, they could well have been, and it was late before they retired, with light and thankful hearts, to take that rest of which, after the doubt and suspense they had recently undergone, they stood so much in need.

Oliver rose next morning in better heart, and went about his usual early occupations with more hope and pleasure than he had known for many days. The birds were once more hung out to sing in their old places, and the sweetest wild flowers that could be found were once more gathered to gladden Rose with their beauty and fragrance. The melancholy which had seemed to the sad eyes of the anxious boy to hang over days past over every object, beautiful as they all were, was dispelled as though by magic. The dew seemed to sparkle more brightly on the green leaves, the air to rustle among them with a sweeter music, and the sky itself to look more blue and bright. Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts exercises even over the appearance of external objects. Men who look on nature and their fellow men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clearer vision. It is worthy of remark, and Oliver did not fail to note at the time, that his morning expeditions were no longer made alone. Harry Maylie, after the very first morning when he met Oliver coming laden home, was seized with such a passion for flowers, and displayed such a taste in their arrangement, as left his young companion far behind. Oliver were behindhand in these respects, however, he knew where the best were to be found, and morning after morning they scoured the country together, and brought home the fairest that blossomed. The window of the young lady's chamber was opened now, for she loved to feel the rich summer air stream in and

revive her with its freshness; but there always stood in water, just inside the lattice, one particular little bunch which was made up with great care every morning. Oliver could not help noticing that the withered flowers were never thrown away, although the little vase was regularly replenished; nor could he help observing that whenever the doctor came into the garden he invariably cast his eyes up to that particular corner, and nodded his head most expressively as he set forth on his morning's walk. Pending these observations, the days were flying by, and Rose was rapidly and surely recovering.

Nor did Oliver's time hang heavy upon his hands, although the young lady had not yet left her chamber, and there were no evening walks, save now and then for a short distance with Mrs. Maylie. He applied himself with redoubled assiduity to the instructions of the white-headed old gentleman, and laboured so hard that his quick progress surprised even himself. It was while he was engaged in this pursuit that he was greatly startled and distressed by a most unexpected occurrence.

The little room in which he was accustomed to sit when busy at his books was on the ground-floor, at the back of the house. It was quite a cottage-room, with a lattice-window, around which were clusters of jasmine and honey-suckle, that crept over the casement, and filled the place with their delicious perfume. It looked into a garden, whence a wicket-gate opened into a small paddock; all beyond was fine meadowland and wood. There was no other dwelling near, in that direction, and the prospect it commanded was very extensive.

One beautiful evening, when the first shades of twilight were beginning to settle upon the earth, Oliver sat at this window intent upon his books. He had been poring over them for some time; and as the day had been uncommonly sultry and he had exerted himself a great deal, it is no disparagement to the authors, whoever they may have been, to say that gradually and by slow degrees he fell asleep.

There is a kind of sleep that steals upon us sometimes which, while it holds the body prisoner, does not free the mind from a sense of things about it, and enable it to ramble as it pleases. So far as an overpowering heaviness, a prostration of strength, and an utter inability to control our thoughts or power of motion can be called sleep, this is it; and yet we have a consciousness of all that is going on about us, and even if we dream, words which are really spoken, or sounds which really exist at the moment, accommodate themselves with surprising readiness to our visions, until reality and imagination become so strangely blended that it is afterwards almost a matter of impossibility to separate the two. Nor is this the most striking phenomenon incidental to such a state.

It is an ascertained fact, that although our senses of touch and sight be for the time dead, yet our sleeping thoughts, and the visionary scenes that pass before us, will be influenced, and materially influenced, by the *mere silent presence* of some external object which may not have been near us when we closed our eyes, and of whose vicinity we have had no waking consciousness.

Oliver knew perfectly well that he was in his own little room, that his books were lying on the table before him, and that the sweet air was stirring among the creeping plants outside,—and yet he was asleep. Suddenly the scene changed, the air became close and confined, and he thought with a glow of terror that he was in the Jew's house again. There sat the hideous old man in his accustomed corner pointing at him, and whispering to another man with his face averted, who sat beside him.

'Hush, my dear!' he thought he heard the Jew say; 'it is him, sure enough. Come away.'

'He!' the other man seemed to answer; 'could I mistake him, think you? If a crowd of devils were to put themselves into his exact shape, and he stood amongst them, there is something that would tell me how to point him out. If you buried him fifty feet deep, and took me across his grave, I should know, if there wasn't a mark above it, that he lay buried there. Wither his flesh, I should!'

The man seemed to say this with such dreadful hatred, that Oliver awoke with the fear and started up.

Good God! what was that which sent the blood tingling to his heart, and deprived him of voice or power to move! There—there—at the window—close before him—so close, that he could have almost touched him before he started back—with his eyes peering into the room, and meeting his—there stood the Jew!—and beside him, white with rage, or fear, or both, were the scowling features of the very man who had accosted him at the inn yard!

It was but an instant, a glance, a flash before his eyes, and they were gone. But they had recognised him, and he them, and their look was as firmly impressed upon his memory as if it had been deeply carved in stone, and set before him from his birth. He stood transfixed for a moment, and then, leaping from the window into the garden, called loudly for help.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

ZICCI.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XII.

The sleep of Glyndon, that night, was unusually profound; and the sun streamed full upon his eyes as

he opened them to the day. He rose refreshed, and with a strange sentiment of calmness, that seemed more the result of resolution than exhaustion. The incidents and emotions of the past night had settled into distinct and clear impressions. He thought of them but slightly,—he thought rather of the future. He was as one of the Initiated in the old Egyptian Mysteries, who have crossed the Gate only to long more ardently for the Penetralia.

He dressed himself, and was relieved to find that Merton had joined a party of his countrymen on an excursion to Ischia. He spent the heat of noon in thoughtful solitude, and gradually the image of Isabel returned to his heart. It was a holy—for it was a *human*—image he had resigned her, and he repented. The light of day served, if not to dissipate, at least to sober, the turbulence and fervour of the preceding night. Was it indeed too late to retract his resolve? Too late! terrible words! Of what do we repent, when the Ghost of the Deed returns to us to say—'Thou hast no recall!'

He started impatiently from his seat, seized his hat and sword, and strode with rapid steps to the humble abode of the actress.

The distance was considerable, and the air oppressive. Glyndon arrived at the door breathless and heated. He knocked, no answer came: he lifted the latch and entered. No sound, no sight of life, met his ear and eye. In the front chamber, on a table, lay the guitar of the actress and some manuscript parts in play. He paused, and, summoning courage, tapped at the door which seemed to lead into the inner apartment. The door was ajar, and, hearing no sound within, he pushed it open. It was the sleeping chamber of the young actress—that holiest ground to a lover, and where did the place become the presiding deity; none of the tawdry finery of the Profession was visible on the one hand, none of the slovenly disorder common to the humbler classes of the South on the other. All was pure and simple; even the ornaments were those of an innocent refinement:—a few books, placed carefully on shelves, a few half-faded flowers in an earthen vase which was modelled and painted in the Etruscan fashion. The sunlight streamed over the snowy draperies of the bed, and a few articles of clothing, neatly folded, on the chair beside it. Isabel was not there, and Glyndon, as he gazed round, observed that the casement which opened to the ground was wrenched and broken, and several fragments of the shattered glass lay below. The light flashed at once upon Glyndon's mind—the ravisher had borne away his prize. The ominous words of Zicci were fulfilled: it was too late! Wretch that he was! perhaps he might have saved her. But, the nurse,—was she gone also? He made the house resound with the name of Gionetta, but there was not even an echo to reply. He resolved to repair

it once to the abode of Zicci. On arriving at the palace of the Corsican, he was informed that the Signior was gone to the banquet of the Prince di —, and would not return till late. He turned in dismay from the door, and perceived the heavy carriage of the Count Cetoxa rolling along the narrow street. Cetoxa recognised him, and stopped the carriage.

‘Ah! my dear Signior Glyndon,’ said he, leaning out of the window, ‘and how goes your health? You heard the news!’

‘What news?’ asked Glyndon, mechanically.

‘Why the beautiful actress—the wonder of Naples!—always thought she would have good luck.’

‘Well, well, what of her?’

‘The Prince di — has taken a prodigious fancy to her, and has carried her to his own palace. The court is a little scandalised.’

‘The villain! By force?’

‘Force! Ha! ha! my dear Signior, what need of force to persuade an actress to accept the splendid protection of one of the wealthiest noblemen in Italy? Oh! you may be sure that she went willingly enough. I only just heard the news: the Prince himself proclaimed his triumph this morning, and the accommodating Mascari has been permitted to circulate it. I hope the connection will not last long, or we shall lose our best singer, Addio.’

Glyndon stood mute and motionless. He knew not what to think—to believe—or how to act. Even Norton was not at hand to advise him. His conscience reproached him bitterly; and half in despair, half in the unreasoning wrath of jealousy, he resolved to repair to the palace of the Prince himself, and demand his captive in the face of his assembled guests.

CHAPTER XIII.

We must go back to the preceding night. The actress and her nurse had returned from the theatre; Isabel, fatigued and exhausted, had thrown herself on a sofa, while Gionetta busied herself with the long tresses which, released from the fillet that bound them, had concealed the form of the actress, like a veil of golden tresses of gold; and while she smoothed the luxuriant tresses, the old nurse ran gossiping on about the little incidents of the night,—the scandal and politics of the court, and the fire-room.

The clock sounded the hour of midnight—and still Isabel detained the nurse; for a vague and foreboding presentiment, she could not account for, made her seek to prolong the time of solitude and rest.

At length Gionetta’s voice was swallowed up in successive yawns. She took her lamp, and departed to her own room, which was placed in the upper story of the house. Isabel was alone. The half hour after midnight sounded dull and distant:—all was still—and Isabel was about to enter her sleeping-room, when she

heard the hoofs of a horse at full speed:—the sound ceased;—there was a knock at the door. Her heart beat violently; but fear gave way to another sentiment when she heard a voice, too well known, calling on her name. She went to the door.

‘Open, Isabel—it is Zicci,’ said the voice again.

And why did the actress feel fear no more? and why did that virgin hand unbar the door to admit, without a scruple or a doubt, at that late hour, the visit of the fairest cavalier of Naples? I know not;—but Zicci had become her destiny, and she obeyed the voice of her preserver as if it were the command of Fate.

Zicci entered with a light and hasty step. His horseman’s cloak fitted tightly to his noble form; and the raven plumes of his broad hat threw a gloomy shade over his commanding features.

The girl followed him into the room, trembling and blushing deeply,—and stood before him with the lamp she held shining upward on her cheek, and the long hair that fell like a shower of light over the bare shoulders and heaving bust.

‘Isabel,’ said Zicci, in a voice that spoke deep emotion, ‘I am by thy side once more to save thee. Not a moment is to be lost. Thou must fly with me, or remain the victim of the Prince di —. I would have made the charge I now undertake another’s—thou knowest I would—thou knowest it:—but he is not worthy of thee—the cold Englishman! I throw myself at thy feet: have trust in me—and fly.’

He grasped her hand passionately as he dropped on his knee, and looked up into her face with his bright, beseeching eyes.

‘Fly with thee!’ said Isabel, tenderly.

‘Thou knowest the penalty:—name—fame—honour—all will be sacrificed if thou dost not.’

‘Then—then,’ said the wild girl, falteringly, and turning aside her face, ‘then I am not indifferent to thee? Thou wouldest not give me to another:—thou lovest me?’

Zicci was silent,—but his breast heaved—his cheeks flushed—his eyes darted dark and impassioned fire.

‘Speak—’ exclaimed Isabel, in jealous suspicion of his silence,—speak, if thou lovest me.’

‘I dare not tell thee so:—no, I will not yet say I love thee.’

‘Then what matters my fate?’ said Isabel, turning pale, and shrinking from his side:—‘leave me;—I fear no danger. My life, and therefore my honour, is in mine own hands.’

‘Be not so mad,’ said Zicci. ‘Hark! do you hear the neigh of my steed? it is an alarm that warns us of the approaching peril:—haste, or you are lost.’

‘Why do you care for me?’ said the girl bitterly. ‘Thou hast read my heart: thou knowest that I would fly with thee to the end of the world, if I were but

sure of thy love;—that all sacrifice of womanhood's repute were sweet to me, if regarded as the proof and seal of affection. But to be bound beneath the weight of a cold obligation—to be the beggar on the eyes of Indifference—to throw myself on one who loves me not—*that* were indeed the vilest sin of my sex. Ah! Zicci, rather let me die.'

She had thrown back her clustering hair from her face as she spoke; and as she now stood with her arms drooping mournfully, and her hands clasped together with the proud bitterness of her wayward spirit, giving new zest and charm to her singular beauty; it was impossible to conceive a sight more irresistible to the senses and the heart.

'Tempt me not to thine own danger—perhaps destruction,' exclaimed Zicci, in faltering accents. 'Thou canst not dream of what thou wouldest demand—come;' and advancing, he wound his arm round her waist,—'come, Isabel; believe at least in my friendship—my protection—'

'And not thy love,' said the Italian, turning on him her hurried and reproachful eyes. Those eyes met his, and he could not withdraw from the charm of their gaze. He felt her heart throbbing beneath his own—her breath came warm upon his cheek. He trembled—*he!*—the lofty—the mysterious Zicci—who seemed to stand aloof from his race. With a deep and burning sigh, he murmured 'Isabel, I love thee!'

That beautiful face, bathed in blushes, drooped upon his bosom; and as he bent down, his lips sought the rosy mouth:—a long and burning kiss—danger—life—the world was forgotten! Suddenly Zicci tore himself from her.

'Oh, what have I said?—It is gone,—my power to preserve thee—to guard thee—to foresee the storm in thy skies—is gone forever. No matter. Haste—haste; and may love supply the loss of prophecy and power!'

Isabel hesitated no more. She threw her mantle over her shoulders, and gathered up her dishevelled hair;—a moment—and she was prepared—when a sudden crash was heard in the inner room.

'Too late!—fool that I was—too late!' cried Zicci, in a sharp tone of agony, as he hurried to the outer door. He opened it, only to be borne back by the press of armed men: behind—before—escape was cut off! The room literally swarmed with the followers of the ravisher, masked—mailed—armed to the teeth.

Isabel was already in the grasp of two of the myrmidons: her shriek smote the ear of Zicci. He sprang forward; and Isabel heard his wild cry in a foreign tongue!—the gleam—the clash of swords. She lost her senses; and when she recovered, she found herself gagged, and in a carriage that was driven rapidly, by the side of a masked and motionless figure. The carriage stopped at the portals of a gloomy mansion.

The gates opened noiselessly:—a broad flight of steps, brilliantly illumined, was before her:—she was in the palace of the Prince di —.

CHAPTER XIV.

The young actress was led to, and left alone in, a chamber adorned with all the luxurious and half-Eastern taste that, at one time, characterized the palaces of the great seigneurs of Italy. Her first thought was for Zicci: was he yet living—had he escaped unscathed the blades of the foe: her new treasure—the new light of her life—her lord, at least her lover?

She had short time for reflection. She heard steps approaching the chamber: she drew back. She placed her hand on the dagger that at all hours she wore concealed in her bosom. Living, or dead, she would be faithful still to Zicci! There was a new motive to the preservation of honour. The door opened, and the prince entered in a dress that sparkled with jewels.

'Fair and cruel one,' said he, advancing, with a half-sneer upon his lip, 'thou wilt not too harshly blame the violence of love.' He attempted to take her hand as he spoke.

'Nay,' said he, as she recoiled, 'reflect that thou art now in the power of one that never faltered in the pursuit of an object less dear to him than thou art. Thy lover, presumptuous though he be, is not by to save thee. Mine thou art; but instead of thy master, suffer me to be thy slave.'

'My lord,' said Isabel, with a stern gravity, which perhaps the Stage had conspired with Nature to bestow upon her, 'your boast is in vain:—Your power I am *not* in your power. Life and death are in my own hands. I will not defy—but I do not fear you. I feel—and in some feelings,' added Isabel, with solemnity almost thrilling, 'there is all the strength and all the divinity of knowledge—I feel that I am safe even here: but you—you Prince di —, have brought danger to your home and hearth!'

The Neapolitan seemed startled by an earnestness and a boldness he was but little prepared for. He was not, however, a man easily intimidated or deterred from any purpose he had formed; and approaching Isabel, he was about to reply with much warmth, more or affected, when a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. The sound was repeated, and the prince, chafed at the interruption, opened the door, and demanded, impatiently, who had ventured to disobey his orders, and invade his leisure. Mascari presented himself, pale and agitated: 'My lord,' said he, in a whisper, 'pardon me; but a stranger is below, who insists on seeing you; and from some words he let fall I judged it advisable even to infringe your commands.'

'A stranger—and at this hour! What business can he pretend? why was he even admitted?'

'He asserts that your life is in imminent danger. The source whence it proceeds he will relate to your Excellency alone.'

The prince frowned; but his colour changed. He mused a moment, and then re-entering the chamber, and advancing towards Isabel, he said,—

'Believe me, fair creature, I have no wish to take advantage of my power. I would fain trust alone to the gentler authorities of affection. Hold yourself queen within these walls more absolutely than you have ever enacted that part on the stage. To-night—farewell! May your sleep be calm, and your dreams propitious to my hopes!'

With these words he retired, and in a few moments Isabel was surrounded by officious attendants, whom she at length with some difficulty, dismissed; and refusing to retire to rest, she spent the night in examining the chamber, which she found was secured, and in thoughts of Zicci, in whose power she felt an almost preternatural confidence.

Meanwhile, the Prince descended the stairs, and sought the room into which the stranger had been shown.

He found him wrapt from head to foot in a long robe—half gown, half mantle—such as was sometimes worn by ecclesiastics. The face of this stranger was remarkable: so sun-burnt and swarthy were his hues, that he must, apparently, have derived his origin amongst the races of the farthest East. His forehead was lofty, and his eyes so penetrating, yet so calm in their gaze, that the prince shrunk from them as we shrink from a questioner who is drawing forth the guiltiest secrets of our hearts.

'What would you with me?' asked the Prince, motioning his visiter to a seat.

'Prince of —,' said the stranger in a voice deep and sweet, but foreign in its accent, 'son of the most energetic and masculine race that ever applied god-like genius to the service of Human Will, with its winding wickedness and its stubborn grandeur—descendant of the great Visconti, in whose chronicles lies the History of Italy in her palmy day, and in whose rise was the developement of the mightiest intellect ripened by the most relentless ambition—I come to gaze upon the last star in a darkening firmament. By this hour to-morrow space shall know it not. Man! thy days are numbered.'

'What means this jargon!' said the Prince, in visible astonishment and secret awe. 'Comest thou to menace me in my own halls, or wouldest thou warn me of a danger? Art thou some itinerant mountebank, or some unguest-of friend? Speak out, and plainly. What danger threatens me?'

'Zicci!' replied the stranger.

'Ha! ha!' said the Prince, laughing scornfully, 'I have suspected thee from the first. Thou art then the

accomplice or the tool of that most dexterous, but, at present, defeated charlatan. And I suppose thou wilt tell me that, if I were to release a certain captive I have made, the danger would vanish, and the hand of the dial would be put back.'

'Judge of me as thou wilt, Prince di —. I confess my knowledge of Zicci, a knowledge shared but by a few, who—but this touches thee not.—I would save—therefore I warn thee. Dost thou ask me why? I will tell thee. Canst thou remember to have heard wild tales of thy grandsire? of his desire for a knowledge that passes that of the Schools and Cloisters? of a strange man from the East who was his familiar and master in lore, against which the Vatican has, from age to age, launched its mimic thunder? Dost thou call to mind the fortunes of thy ancestor? how he succeeded in youth to little but a name? how, after a career wild and dissolute as thine, he disappeared from Milan, a pauper and a self-exile? how, after years spent—none knew in what climes or in what pursuits—he again revisited the city where his progenitors had reigned? how with him came this wise man of the East—the mystic Mejnour? how they who beheld him, beheld with amaze and fear that time had ploughed no furrow on his brow—that youth seemed fixed as by a spell upon his face and form? Dost thou not know that from that hour his fortunes rose? Kinsmen the most remote died; estate upon estate fell into the hands of the ruined noble. He allied himself with the royalty of Austria,—he became the guide of princes, the first magnate of Italy. He founded anew the house of which thou art the last lineal upholder, and transferred its splendour from Milan to the Sicilian Realms. Visions of high ambition were then present with him nightly and daily. Had he lived, Italy would have known a new dynasty, and the Visconti would have reigned over Magna-Græcia. He was a man, such as the world rarely sees; he was worthy to be of us, worthy to be the pupil of Mejnour:—whom you now see before you.'

The Prince who had listened with deep and breathless attention to the words of his singular guest, started from his seat at his last words. 'Impostor!' he cried, 'can you dare thus to play with my credulity? Sixty years have passed since my grandsire died, and you, a man younger apparently than myself, have the assurance to pretend to have been his contemporary! But you have imperfectly learned your tale. You know not, it seems, that my grandsire—wise and illustrious indeed, in all save his faith in a charlatan—was found dead in his bed, in the very hour when his colossal plans were ripe for execution, and that Mejnour was guilty of his murder.'

'Alas!' answered the stranger in a voice of great sadness, 'had he but listened to Mejnour, had he but delayed the last and most perilous ordeal of daring

wisdom until the requisite training and initiation had been completed, your ancestor would have stood with me upon an eminence which the waters of Death itself wash everlastingly, but cannot overflow. Your grandsire resisted my fervent prayers, disobeyed my most absolute commands, and in the sublime rashness of a soul that panted for the last secrets perished—the victim of his own frenzy.'

'He was poisoned, and Mejnour fled.'

'Mejnour fled not,' answered the stranger, quickly and proudly. 'Mejnour could not fly from danger, for, to him, danger is a thing long left behind. It was the day before the duke took the fatal draught which he believed was to confer on the mortal the immortal boon, that finding my power over him was gone, I abandoned him to his doom. On the night on which your grandsire breathed his last, I was standing alone at moonlight amidst the ruins of Persepolis,—for my wanderings space hath no obstacle. But a truce with this:—I loved your grandsire;—I would save the last of his race. Oppose not thyself to Zicci. Oppose not thy soul to thine evil passions. Draw back from the precipice while there is yet time. In thy front, and in thine eyes, I detect some of that diviner glory which belonged to thy race. Thou hast in thee some germs of their hereditary genius, but they are choked up by worse than thy hereditary vices. Recollect that by genius thy house rose—by vice it ever failed to perpetuate its power. In the laws which regulate the Universe it is decreed, that nothing wicked can long endure. Be wise, and let history warn thee. Thou standest on the verge of two worlds, the Past and the Future; and voices from either shriek omen in thy ear. I have done. I bid thee farewell.'

'Not so;—thou shalt not quit these walls. I will make experiment of thy boasted power. What, ho there! ho!'

The prince shouted; the room was filled with his minions.

'Seize that man!' he cried, pointing to the spot which had been filled by the form of Mejnour. To his inconceivable amaze and horror, the spot was vacant. The mysterious stranger had vanished like a dream!

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the internal economy of Dotheboys Hall.

A ride of two hundred and odd miles in severe weather is one of the best softeners of a hard bed that ingenuity can devise. Perhaps it is even a sweetener

of dreams, for those which hovered over the rough couch of Nicholas, and whispered their airy nothings in his ear, were of an agreeable and happy kind. He was making his fortune very fast indeed, when the faint glimmer of an expiring candle shone before his eyes, and a voice he had no difficulty in recognising as part and parcel of Mr. Squeers, admonished him that it was time to rise.

'Past seven, Nickleby,' said Mr. Squeers.

'Has morning come already?' asked Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

'Ah! that has it,' replied Squeers, 'and ready is too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you!'

Nicholas needed no further admonition but 'tumbled up' at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand.

'Here's a pretty go,' said that gentleman; 'the pump's froze.'

'Indeed!' said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

'Yes,' replied Squeers. 'You can't wash yourself this morning.'

'Not wash myself!' exclaimed Nicholas.

'No, not a bit of it,' rejoined Squeers tartly. 'So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys. Don't stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?'

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes, and Squeers meanwhile opened the shutters and blew the candle out, when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage, demanding admittance.

'Come in my love,' said Squeers.

Mrs. Squeers came in, still habited in the primitive night-jacket which had displayed the symmetry of her figure on the previous night, and further ornamented with a beaver bonnet of some antiquity, which she wore with much ease and lightness upon the top of the nightcap before mentioned.

'Drat the things,' said the lady, opening the cupboard; 'I can't find the school spoon anywhere.'

'Never mind it, my dear,' observed Squeers in a soothing manner; 'it's of no consequence.'

'No consequence, why how you talk!' retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply; 'isn't it brimstone morning?'

'I forgot, my dear,' rejoined Squeers; 'yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby.'

'Purify fiddlesticks' ends,' said his lady. 'Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flowers of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly.'

'My dear,' said Squeers frowning. 'Hem!'

'Oh! nonsense,' rejoined Mrs. Squeers. 'If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them good and us good at the same time, and that's fair enough I'm sure.'

Having giving this explanation, Mrs. Squeers put her head into the closet and instituted a stricter search after the spoon, in which Mr. Squeers assisted. A few words passed between them while they were thus engaged, but as their voices were partially stifled by the cupboard all that Nicholas could distinguish was, that Mr. Squeers said what Mrs. Squeers had said was injudicious, and that Mrs. Squeers said what Mr. Squeers said was 'stuff.'

A vast deal of searching and rummaging succeeded, and it proving fruitless, Smike was called in, and pushed by Mrs. Squeers and boxed by Mr. Squeers, which course of treatment brightening his intellects, enabled him to suggest that possibly Mrs. Squeers might have the spoon in her pocket, as indeed turned out to be the case. As Mrs. Squeers had previously protested, however, that she was quite certain she had not got it, Smike received another box on the ear for presuming to contradict his mistress, together with a promise of a sound threshing if he were not more respectful in future; so that he took nothing very advantageous by his motion.

'A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby,' said Squeers when his consort had hurried away, pushing the drudge before her.

'Indeed, Sir!' observed Nicholas.

'I don't know her equal,' said Squeers; 'I don't know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creature that you see her now.'

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflections to perceive it.

'It's my way to say, when I am up in London,' continued Squeers, 'that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them, ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons.'

'I should think they would not, Sir,' answered Nicholas.

Now, the fact was, that both Mr. and Mrs. Squeers viewed the boys in the light of their proper and natural enemies; or, in other words, they held and con-

sidered that their business and profession was to get as much from every boy as could by possibility be screwed out of him. On this point they were both agreed, and behaved in unison accordingly. The only difference between them was, that Mrs. Squeers waged war against the enemy openly and fearlessly, and that Squeers covered his rascality, even at home, with a spice of his habitual deceit, as if he really had a notion of some day or other being able to take himself in, and persuaded his own mind that he was a very good fellow.

'But come,' said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, 'let's go to the school-room; and lend me a hand with my school-coat, will you?'

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting-jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

'There,' said the schoolmaster as they stepped in together; 'this is our shop, Nickleby.'

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy-books and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged, in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discoloured, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils—the young noblemen! How the last faint traces of hope, the remotest glimmering of any good to be derived from his efforts in this den, faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together; there were the bleared eye, the hare-lip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its

helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding there!

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers, a something tighter fit than drawers are usually worn; at no great distance from them was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking with great vigour under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down, as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treaced, and another file who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of any thing but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

'Now,' said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, 'is that physicking over?'

'Just over,' said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. 'Here, you Smike; take away now. Look sharp.'

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire

and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eat their porridge by means of the bread, the boys eat the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, 'For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!'—and went away to his own.

Nicholas distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat. Having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, he sat himself down to wait for school-time.

He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys all seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamour of a school-room, none of its boisterous play or hearty mirth. The children sat crouching and shivering together, and seemed to lack the spirit to move about. The only pupil who evinced the slightest tendency towards locomotion or playfulness was Master Squeers, and as his chief amusement was to tread upon the other boy's toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

'This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby,' said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. 'We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?'

'Please, Sir, he's cleaning the back parlour window,' said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

'So he is, to be sure,' rejoined Squeers. 'We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, a casement. When the boy knows this out of

book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?

'Please, Sir, he's weeding the garden,' replied a small voice.

'To be sure,' said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. 'So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?'

'It's a very useful one, at any rate,' answered Nicholas significantly.

'I believe you,' rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. 'Third boy, what's a horse?'

'A beast, Sir,' replied the boy.

'So it is,' said Squeers. 'Ain't it, Nickleby?'

'I believe there is no doubt of that, Sir,' answered Nicholas.

'Of course there isn't,' said Squeers. 'A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as every body that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?'

'Where, indeed!' said Nicholas abstractedly.

'As you're perfect in that,' resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, 'go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled.'

So saying he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by his time.

'That's the way we do it, Nickleby,' he said, after a long pause.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible, and said he saw it was.

'And a very good way it is, too,' said Squeers. Now, just take those fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because you know you must begin to be useful, and idling about here won't do.'

Mr. Squeers said this as if it had suddenly occurred to him, either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were arranged in a semicircle round the new master, and he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of those stories of engrossing interest which are to be found in the more antiquated spelling books.

In this exciting occupation the morning lagged heavily on. At one o'clock, the boys having previously had their appetites thoroughly taken away by stir-about and potatoes, sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt beef, of which Nicholas was graciously permitted to

take his portion to his own solitary desk, and to eat there in peace. After this there was another hour of crouching in the school-room and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. This solemn proceeding always took place in the afternoon of the day succeeding his return; perhaps because the boys acquired strength of mind from the suspense of the morning, or possibly because Mr. Squeers himself acquired greater sternness and inflexibility from certain warm potations in which he was wont to indulge after his early dinner. Be this as it may, the boys were recalled from house-window, garden, stable, and cow-yard, and the school were assembled in full conclave, when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S. following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

'Let any boy speak a word without leave,' said Mr. Squeers, mildly, 'and I'll take the skin off his back.'

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a deathlike silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say—

'Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you, as strong and well as ever.'

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

'I have seen the parents of some boys,' continued Squeers, turning over his papers, 'and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which of course is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties.'

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes when Squeers said this, but the greater part of the young gentlemen having no particular parents to speak of, were wholly uninterested in the thing one way or other.

'I have had disappointments to contend against,' said Squeers, looking very grim, 'Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?'

'Here he is, please Sir,' rejoined twenty officious voices. Boys are very like men to be sure.

'Come here, Bolder,' said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers's face; his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

'Bolder,' said Squeers, speaking very slowly, for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him. 'Bolder, if your father thinks that because—why what's this, Sir?'

As Squeers spoke, he caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket, and surveyed it with an edifying aspect of horror and disgust.

'What do you call this, Sir?' demanded the schoolmaster, administering a cut with the cane to expedite the reply.

'I can't help it, indeed, Sir,' rejoined the boy, crying. 'They will come; it's the dirty work I think, Sir—at least I don't know what it is, Sir, but it's not my fault.'

'Bolder,' said Squeers, tucking up his wristbands and moistening the palm of his right hand to get a good grip of the cane, 'you're an incorrigible young scoundrel, and as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you.'

With this, and wholly disregarding a piteous cry for mercy, Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy and caned him soundly: not leaving off indeed, until his arm was tired out.

'There,' said Squeers, when he had quite done; 'rub away as hard as you like, you won't rub that off in a hurry. Oh! you won't hold that noise, won't you? Put him out, Smike.'

The drudge knew better from long experience, than to hesitate about obeying, so he bundled the victim out by a side door, and Mr. Squeers perched himself again on his own stool, supported by Mrs. Squeers, who occupied another at his side.

'Now let us see,' said Squeers. 'A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey.'

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

'Oh!' said Squeers: 'Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?'

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most business-like air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy as coolly as possible.

'Graymarsh,' said Squeers, 'he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh.'

Another boy stood up, and the schoolmaster looked over the letter as before.

'Graymarsh's maternal aunt,' said Squeers when he had possessed himself of the contents, 'is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in Providence. Hopes above all, that he will study in everything to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers,

and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers, and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah!' said Squeers, folding it up, 'a delightful letter. Very affecting, indeed.'

It was affecting in one sense, for Graymarsh's maternal aunt was strongly supposed, by her more intimate friends, to be no other than his maternal parent; Squeers however, without alluding to this part of the story (which would have sounded immoral before boys), proceeded with the business by calling out 'Mobbs,' whereupon another boy rose, and Graymarsh resumed his seat.

'Mobbs's mother-in-law,' said Squeers, 'took to her bed on hearing that he would not eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know by an early post where he expects to go to, if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow's liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers—not by Mr. Squeers, for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody—and it has vexed her so much, Mobbs can't think. She is sorry to find he is discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; with which view she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money, and given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him.

'A sulky state of feeling,' said Squeers, after a terrible pause, during which he had moistened the palm of his right hand again, 'won't do; cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me.'

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and he soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters, some enclosing money, which Mr. Squeers 'took care of;' and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

This business despatched, a few slovenly lessons were performed, and Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the school-room, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it:

Nicholas sat down, so depressed and self-degraded by the consciousness of his position, that if death could have come upon him at that time he would have been almost happy to meet it. The cruelty of which he had been an unwilling witness, the coarse and ruffianly behaviour of Squeers even in his best moods, the filthy place, the sights and sounds about him, all contributed to this state of feeling; but when he recollected that being there as an assistant, he actually seemed—no matter what unhappy train of circumstances had led him to that pass—to be the aider and abettor of a system which filled him with honest disgust and indignation, he loathed himself, and felt for the moment as though the mere consciousness of his present situation must, through all time to come, prevent his raising his head in society again.

But for the present his resolve was taken, and the resolution he had formed on the preceding night remained undisturbed. He had written to his mother and sister, announcing the safe conclusion of his journey, and saying as little about Dotheboys Hall, and saying that little as cheerfully, as he possibly could. He hoped that by remaining where he was, he might do some good, even there, and at all events others depended too much on his uncle's favour to admit of his awakening his wrath just then.

One reflection disturbed him far more than any selfish considerations arising out of his own position. This was the probable destination of his sister Kate. His uncle had deceived him, and might he not consign her to some miserable place where her youth and beauty would prove a far greater curse than ugliness and decrepitude? To a caged man, bound hand and foot, this was a terrible idea;—but no, he thought, his mother was by; there was the portrait-painter, too—simple enough, but still living in the world, and of it. He was willing to believe that Ralph Nickleby had conceived a personal dislike to himself. Having pretty good reason by this time to reciprocate it, he had no great difficulty in arriving at that conclusion, and tried to persuade himself that the feeling extended no farther than between them.

As he was absorbed in these meditations he all at once encountered the upturned face of Smike, who was on his knees before the stove, picking a few stray cinders from the hearth and planting them on the fire. He had paused to steal a look at Nicholas, and when he saw that he was observed, shrunk back as if expecting a blow.

'You need not fear me,' said Nicholas kindly. 'Are you cold?'

'N-n-o.'

'You are shivering.'

'I am not cold,' replied Smike quickly. 'I am used to it.'

There was such an obvious fear of giving offence in his manner, and he was such a timid, broken-spirited creature, that Nicholas could not help exclaiming, 'Poor fellow!'

If he had struck the drudge, he would have slunk away without a word. But now he burst into tears.

'Oh dear, oh dear!' he cried, covering his face with his cracked and horny hands. 'My heart will break. It will, it will.'

'Hush!' said Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder. 'Be a man; you are nearly one by years, God help you.'

'By years!' cried Smike. 'Oh dear, dear, how many of them! How many of them since I was a little child, younger than any that are here now! Where are they all!'

'Whom do you speak of?' inquired Nicholas, wishing to rouse the poor half-witted creature to reason. 'Tell me.'

'My friends,' he replied, 'myself—my—oh! what sufferings mine have been!'

'There is always hope,' said Nicholas; he knew not what to say.

'No,' rejoined the other, 'no; none for me. Do you remember the boy that died here?'

'I was not here you know,' said Nicholas gently; 'but what of him?'

'Why,' replied the youth, drawing closer to his questioner's side, 'I was with him at night, and when it was all silent he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces round his bed that came from home; he said they smiled, and talked to him, and died at last lifting his head to kiss them. Do you hear?'

'Yes, yes,' rejoined Nicholas.

'What faces will smile on me when I die!' said his companion, shivering. 'Who will talk to me in those long nights? They cannot come from home; they would frighten me if they did, for I don't know what it is, and shouldn't know them. Pain and fear, pain and fear for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope.'

The bell rang to bed, and the boy subsiding at the sound into his usual listless state, crept away as if anxious to avoid notice. It was with a heavy heart that Nicholas soon afterwards—no, not retired; there was no retirement there—followed—to his dirty and crowded dormitory.

CHAPTER IX.

Of Miss Squeers, Mrs. Squeers, Master Squeers, and Mr. Squeers; and various matters and persons connected no less with the Squeerses than with Nicholas Nickleby.

When Mr. Squeers left the school-room for the night, he betook himself, as has been before remark-

ed, to his own fire-side, which was situated—not in the room in which Nicholas had supped on the night of his arrival, but in a smaller apartment in the rear of the premises, where his lady wife, his amiable son, and accomplished daughter, were in the full enjoyment of each other's society: Mrs. Squeers being engaged in the matronly pursuit of stocking-darning, and the young lady and gentleman occupied in the adjustment of some youthful differences by means of a pugilistic contest across the table, which, on the approach of their honoured parent, subsided into a noiseless exchange of kicks beneath it.

And in this place it may be as well to apprise the reader, that Miss Fanny Squeers was in her three-and-twentieth year. If there be any one grace or loveliness inseparable from that particular period of life, Miss Squeers may be presumed to have been possessed of it, as there is no reason to suppose that she was a solitary exception to a universal rule. She was not tall like her mother, but short like her father; from the former she inherited a voice of harsh quality, and from the latter a remarkable expression of the right eye, something akin to having none at all.

Miss Squeers had been spending a few days with a neighbouring friend, and had only just returned to the parental roof. To this circumstance may be referred her having heard nothing of Nicholas, until Mr. Squeers himself now made him the subject of conversation.

'Well, my dear,' said Squeers, drawing up his chair, 'what do you think of him by this time?'

'Think of who?' inquired Mrs. Squeers; who (as she often remarked) was no grammarian, thank God.

'Of the young man—the new teacher—who else could I mean?'

'Oh! that Knuckleboy,' said Mrs. Squeers impatiently; 'I hate him.'

'What do you hate him for, my dear?' asked Squeers.

'What's that to you?' retorted Mrs. Squeers. 'If I hate him that's enough, ain't it?'

'Quite enough for him, my dear, and a great deal too much I dare say, if he knew it,' replied Squeers in a pacific tone. 'I only asked from curiosity, my dear.'

'Well, then, if you want to know,' rejoined Mrs. Squeers, 'I'll tell you. Because he's a proud, haughty, consequential, turned-up-nosed peacock.'

Mrs. Squeers when excited was accustomed to use strong language, and moreover to make use of a plurality of epithets, some of which were of a figurative kind, as the word peacock, and furthermore the allusion to Nicholas's nose, which was not intended to be taken in its literal sense, but rather to bear a latitude of construction according to the fancy of the hearers. Neither were they meant to bear reference to each other, so much as to the object on whom they were bestowed, as will be seen in the present case: a pea-

cock with a turned-up-nose being a novelty in ornithology, and a thing not commonly seen.

'Hem!' said Squeers, as if in mild deprecation of this outbreak. 'He is cheap, my dear; the young man is very cheap.'

'Not a bit of it,' retorted Mrs. Squeers.

'Five pound a year,' said Squeers.

'What of that; it's dear if you don't want him, isn't it?' replied his wife.

'But we *do* want him,' urged Squeers.

'I don't see that you want him any more than the dead,' said Mrs. Squeers. 'Don't tell me. You can put on the cards and in the advertisements, 'Education by Mr. Wackford Squeers and able assistants,' without having any assistants, can't you? Isn't it done every day by all the masters about? I've no patience with you.'

'Haven't you?' said Squeers, sternly. Now I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squeers. In this matter of having a teacher, I'll take my own way, if you please. A slave driver in the West Indies is allowed a man under him, to see that his blacks don't run away, or get up a rebellion; and I'll have a man under me to do the same with *our* blacks, till such time as little Wackford is able to take charge of the school.'

'Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man, father?' said Wackford, junior, suspending, in the excess of his delight, a vicious kick which he was administering to his sister.

'You are, my son,' replied Mr. Squeers, in a sentimental voice.

'Oh my eye, won't I give it to the boys!' exclaimed the interesting child, grasping his father's cane. 'Oh father, won't I make 'em squeak again!'

It was a proud moment in Mr. Squeers's life to witness that burst of enthusiasm in the young child's mind, and to see in it a foreshadowing of his future eminence. He pressed a penny into his hand, and gave vent to his feelings (as did his exemplary wife also), in a shout of approving laughter. The infantine appeal to their common sympathies at once restored cheerfulness to the conversation, and harmony to the company.

'He's a nasty stuck-up monkey, that's what I consider him,' said Mrs. Squeers, reverting to Nicholas.

'Supposing he is,' said Squeers, 'he is as well stuck up in our school-room as anywhere else, isn't he?—especially as he don't like it.'

'Well,' observed Mrs. Squeers, 'there's something in that. I hope it'll bring his pride down, and it shall be no fault of mine if it don't.'

Now, a proud usher in a Yorkshire school was such a very extraordinary and unaccountable thing to hear of,—any usher at all being a novelty, but a proud one—a being of whose existence the wildest imagination could never have dreamt—that Miss Squeers, who

seldom troubled herself with scholastic matters, inquired with much curiosity who this Knuckleboy was that gave himself such airs.

'Nickleby,' said Squeers, spelling the name according to some eccentric system which prevailed in his own mind, 'your mother always calls things and people by their wrong names.'

'No matter for that,' said Mrs. Squeers, 'I see them with right eyes, and that's quite enough for me. I watched him when you were laying on to little Bolder this afternoon. He looked as black as thunder all the while, and one time started up as if he had more than got it in his mind to make a rush at you; I saw him, though he thought I didn't.'

'Never mind that, father,' said Miss Squeers, as the head of the family was about to reply. 'Who is the man?'

'Why, your father has got some nonsense in his head that he's the son of a poor gentleman that died the other day,' said Mrs. Squeers.

'The son of a gentleman!'

'Yes; but I don't believe a word of it. If he's a gentleman's son at all he's a fondling, that's my opinion.'

Mrs. Squeers intended to say 'foundling,' but, as she frequently remarked when she made any such mistake, it would be all the same a hundred years hence; with which axiom of philosophy indeed she was in the constant habit of consoling the boys when they laboured under more than ordinary ill usage.

'He's nothing of the kind' said Squeers in answer to the above remark, 'for his father was married to his mother, years before he was born, and she is alive now. If he was it would be no business of ours, for we make a very good friend by having him here, and if he likes to learn the boys anything besides minding them, I have no objection I am sure.'

'I say again I hate him worse than poison,' said Mrs. Squeers vehemently.

'If you dislike him, my dear,' returned Squeers, 'I don't know anybody who can show dislike better than you, and of course there's no occasion, with him, to take the trouble to hide it.'

'I don't intend to, I assure you,' interposed Mrs. S.

'That's right,' said Squeers; 'and if he has a touch of pride about him, as I think he has, I don't believe there's a woman in all England that can bring anybody's spirit down as quick as you can, my love.'

Mrs. Squeers chuckled vastly on the receipt of these flattering compliments, and said, she hoped she had tamed a high spirit or two in her day. It is but due to her character to say, that in conjunction with her estimable husband, she had broken many and many a one.

Miss Fanny Squeers carefully treasured up this and much more conversation on the same subject until she

retired for the night, when she questioned the hungry servant minutely regarding the outward appearance and demeanour of Nicholas; to which queries the girl returned such enthusiastic replies, coupled with so many laudatory remarks touching his beautiful dark eyes, and his sweet smile, and his straight legs—upon which last-named articles she laid particular stress, the general run of legs at Dotheboys Hall being crooked—that Miss Squeers was not long in arriving at the conclusion that the new usher must be a very remarkable person, or as she herself significantly phrased it, 'something quite out of the common.' And so Miss Squeers made up her mind that she would take a personal observation of Nicholas the very next day.

In pursuance of this design, the young lady watched the opportunity of her mother being engaged and her father absent, and went accidentally into the school-room to get a pen mended, where, seeing nobody but Nicholas presiding over the boys, she blushed very deeply, and exhibited great confusion.

'I beg your pardon,' faltered Miss Squeers; 'I thought my father was—or might be—dear me, how very awkward!'

'Mr. Squeers is out,' said Nicholas, by no means overcome by the apparition, unexpected though it was.

'Do you know will he be long, Sir?' asked Miss Squeers, with bashful hesitation.

'He said about an hour,' replied Nicholas—politely of course, but without any indication of being stricken to the heart by Miss Squeers's charms.

'I never knew any thing happen so cross,' exclaimed the young lady. 'Thank you; I am very sorry I intruded I am sure. If I hadn't thought my father was here, I wouldn't upon any account have—it is very provoking—must look so very strange,' murmured Miss Squeers, blushing once more, and glancing from the pen in her hand, to Nicholas at his desk, and back again.

'If that is all you want,' said Nicholas, pointing to the pen, and smiling, in spite of himself, at the affected embarrassment of the school-master's daughter, 'perhaps I can supply his place.'

Miss Squeers glanced at the door as if dubious of the propriety of advancing any nearer to an utter stranger, then round the school-room as though in some measure reassured by the presence of forty boys, and finally sidled up to Nicholas, and delivered the pen into his hand with a most winning mixture of reserve and condescension.

'Shall it be a hard or a soft nib?' inquired Nicholas, smiling to prevent himself from laughing outright.

'He *has* a beautiful smile,' thought Miss Squeers.

'Which did you say?' asked Nicholas.

'Dear me, I was thinking of something else for the moment, I declare,' replied Miss Squeers—'Oh! as soft

as possible, if you please.' With which words Miss Squeers sighed; it might be to give Nicholas to understand that her heart was soft, and that the pen was wanted to match.

Upon these instructions Nicholas made the pen; when he gave it to Miss Squeers, Miss Squeers dropped it, and when he stooped to pick it up, Miss Squeers stooped also, and they knocked their heads together, whereat five-and-twenty little boys laughed aloud, being positively for the first and only time that half year.

'Very awkward of me,' said Nicholas, opening the door for the young lady's retreat.

'Not at all, Sir,' replied Miss Squeers; 'it was my fault. It was all my foolish—a—a—good morning.'

'Good bye,' said Nicholas. 'The next I make for you, I hope will be made less clumsily. Take care, you are biting the nib off now.'

'Really,' said Miss Squeers; so embarrassing that I can scarcely know what I—very sorry to give you so much trouble.'

'Not the least trouble in the world,' replied Nicholas, closing the school-room door.

'I never saw such legs in the whole 'course of my life! said Miss Squeers, as she walked away.

In fact, Miss Squeers was in love with Nicholas Nickleby.

To account for the rapidity with which this young lady had conceived a passion for Nicholas, it may be necessary to state that the friend from whom she had so recently returned was a miller's daughter of only eighteen, who had contracted herself unto the son of a small corn-factor resident in the nearest market town. Miss Squeers and the miller's daughter being fast friends, had covenanted together some two years before, according to a custom prevalent among young ladies, that whoever was first engaged to be married should straightway confide the mighty secret to the bosom of the other, before communicating it to any living soul, and bespeak her as bridesmaid without loss of time; in fulfilment of which pledge the miller's daughter, when her engagement was formed, came out express at eleven o'clock at night as the corn-factor's son made an offer of his hand and heart at twenty-five minutes past ten by the Dutch clock in the kitchen, and rushed into Miss Squeers's bed-room with the gratifying intelligence. Now, Miss Squeers being five years older, and out of her teens (which is also a great matter,) had since been more than commonly anxious to return the compliment and possess her friend with a similar secret; but either in consequence of finding it hard to please herself, or harder still to please any body else, had never had an opportunity so to do, inasmuch as she had no secret to disclose. The little interview with Nicholas had no sooner passed as above described, however, than Miss Squeers

putting on her bonnet, made her way with great precipitation to her friend's house, and upon a solemn renewal of divers old vows of secrecy, revealed how that she was—not exactly engaged, but going to be—to a gentleman's son—(none of your corn-factors, but a gentleman's son of high descent)—who had come down as teacher to Dotheboys Hall under most mysterious and remarkable circumstances—indeed, as Miss Squeers more than once hinted she had good reason to believe—induced by the fame of her many charms to seek her out, and woo and win her.

'Isn't it an extraordinary thing?' said Miss Squeers, emphasising the adjective strongly.

'Most extraordinary,' replied the friend. 'But what has he said to you?'

'Don't ask me what he said, my dear,' rejoined Miss Squeers. 'If you had only seen his looks and smiles! I never was so overcome in all my life.'

'Did he look in this way?' inquired the miller's daughter, counterfeiting as near as she could a favourite leer of her corn-factor.

'Very like that—only more genteel,' replied Miss Squeers.

'Ah!' said the friend, 'then he means something depend on it.'

Miss Squeers having slight misgivings on the subject, was by no means ill pleased to be confirmed by a competent authority; and discovering, on further conversation and comparison of notes, a great many points of resemblance between the behaviour of Nicholas and that of the corn-factor, grew so exceedingly confidential, that she intrusted her friend with a vast number of things Nicholas had *not* said, which were all so very complimentary as to be quite conclusive. Then she dilated on the fearful hardship of having a father and mother strenuously opposed to her intended husband, on which unhappy circumstance she dwelt at great length; for the friend's father and mother were quite agreeable to her being married, and the whole courtship was in consequence so flat and commonplace an affair as it was possible to imagine.

'How I should like to see him!' exclaimed the friend.

'So you shall, 'Tilda,' replied Miss Squeers. 'I should consider myself one of the most ungrateful creatures alive, if I denied you. I think mother's going away for two days to fetch some boys, and when she does, I'll ask you and John up to tea, and have him to meet you.'

This was a charming idea, and having fully discussed it, the friends parted.

It so fell out that Mrs. Squeers's journey to some distance, to fetch three new boys, and dun the relations of two old ones for the balance of a small account, was fixed that very afternoon for the next day but one; and on the next day but one Mrs. Squeers got up out-

side the coach as it stopped to change at Greta Bridge, taking with her a small bundle containing something in a bottle and some sandwiches, and carrying besides a large white top coat to wear in the night-time; with which baggage she went her way.

Whenever such opportunities as these occurred, it was Squeers's custom to drive over to the market town every evening on pretence of urgent business, and stop till ten or eleven o'clock at a tavern he much frequented. As the party was not in his way therefore, but rather afforded a means of compromise with Miss Squeers, he readily yielded his full assent thereunto, and willingly communicated to Nicholas that he was expected to take his tea in the parlour that evening at five o'clock.

To be sure Miss Squeers was in a desperate flutter as the time approached, and to be sure she was dressed out to the best advantage: with her hair—it had more than a tinge of red, and she wore it in a crop—curled in five distinct rows up to the very top of her head, and arranged dexterously over the doubtful eye; to say nothing of the blue sash which floated down her back, or the worked apron, or the long gloves, or the green gauze scarf worn over one shoulder and under the other, or any of the numerous devices which were to be as so many arrows to the heart of Nicholas. She had scarcely completed these arrangements to her entire satisfaction when the friend arrived with a whitey-brown parcel—flat and three-cornered—containing sundry small adornments which were to be put on up stairs, and which the friend put on, talking incessantly. When Miss Squeers had 'done' the friend's hair, the friend 'did' Miss Squeers's hair, throwing in some striking improvements in the way of ringlets down the neck; and then, when they were both touched up to their entire satisfaction, they went down stairs in full state with the long gloves on, all ready for company.

'Where's John, 'Tilda?' said Miss Squeers.

'Only gone home to clean himself,' replied the friend. 'He will be here by the time the tea's drawn.'

'I do so palpitate,' observed Miss Squeers.

'Ah! I know what it is,' replied the friend.

'I have not been used to it, you know, 'Tilda,' said Miss Squeers; applying her hand to the left side of her sash.

'You'll soon get the better of it, dear,' rejoined the friend. While they were talking thus the hungry servant brought in the tea things, and soon afterwards somebody tapped at the room door.

'There he is!' cried Miss Squeers. 'Oh 'Tilda!'

'Hush!' said 'Tilda. 'Hem! Say, come in.'

'Come in,' cried Miss Squeers faintly. And in walked Nicholas.

'Good evening,' said that young gentleman, all unconscious of his conquest. 'I understood from Mr. Squeers that'—

'Oh yes;' it's all right interposed Miss Squeers. 'Father don't tea with us, but you won't mind that I dare say.' (This was said archly.)

Nicholas opened his eyes at this, but he turned the matter off very coolly—not caring particularly about any thing just then—and went through the ceremony of introduction to the miller's daughter with so much grace, that that young lady was lost in admiration.

'We are only waiting for one more gentleman,' said Miss Squeers, taking off the tea-pot lid, and looking in, to see how the tea was getting on.

It was matter of equal moment to Nicholas whether they were waiting for one gentleman or twenty, so he received the intelligence with perfect unconcern; and being out of spirits, and not seeing any especial reason why he should make himself agreeable, looked out of the window and sighed involuntarily.

As luck would have it, Miss Squeers's friend was of a playful turn, and hearing Nicholas sigh, she took it into her head to rally the lovers on their lowness of spirits.

'But if it's caused by my being here,' said the young lady, 'don't mind me a bit, for I'm quite as bad. You may go on just as you would if you were alone.'

'Tilda,' said Miss Squeers, colouring up to the top row of curls, 'I am ashamed of you;' and here the two friends burst into a variety of giggles, and glanced from time to time over the tops of their pocket-handkerchiefs at Nicholas, who, from a state of unmixed astonishment, gradually fell into one of irrepressible laughter—occasioned partly by the bare notion of his being in love with Miss Squeers, and partly by the preposterous appearance and behaviour of the two girls; the two causes of merriment taken together, struck him as being so keenly ridiculous, that despite his miserable condition, he laughed till he was thoroughly exhausted.

'Well,' thought Nicholas, 'as I am here, and seem expected for some reason or other to be amiable, it's of no use looking like a goose. I may as well accommodate myself to the company.'

We blush to tell it, but his youthful spirits and vivacity getting for a time the better of his sad thoughts, he no sooner formed this resolution than he saluted Miss Squeers and the friend with great gallantry, and drawing a chair to the tea-table, began to make himself more at home than in all probability an usher has ever done in his employer's house since ushers were first invented.

The ladies were in full delight of this altered behaviour on the part of Mr. Nickleby, when the expected swain arrived with his hair very damp from recent washing; and a clean shirt, whereof the collar might

have belonged to some giant ancestor, forming, together with a white waistcoat of similar dimensions, the chief ornament of his person.

'Well, John,' said Miss Matilda Price (which, by-the-bye, was the name of the miller's daughter).

'Weel,' said John, with a grin that even the collar could not conceal.

'I beg your pardon,' interposed Miss Squeers, hastening to do the honours, 'Mr. Nickleby—Mr. John Browdie.'

'Servant, Sir,' said John, who was something over six feet high, with a face and body rather above the due proportion than below it.

'Yours to command, Sir,' replied Nicholas, making fearful ravages on the bread and butter.

Mr. Browdie was not a gentleman of great conversational powers, so he grinned twice more, and having now bestowed his customary mark of recognition on every person in company, grinned at nothing particular and helped himself to food.

'Old wooman awa, 'beant she?' said Mr. Browdie, with his mouth full.

Miss Squeers nodded assent.

Mr. Browdie gave a grin of special width, as if he thought that really was something to laugh at, and went to work at the bread and butter with increased vigour. It was quite a sight to behold how he and Nicholas emptied the plate between them.

'Ye weant get bread and butther ev'ry neight I expect, mun,' said Mr. Browdie, after he had sat staring at Nicholas a long time over the empty plate.

Nicholas bit his lip and coloured, but affected not to hear the remark.

'Ecod,' said Mr. Browdie, laughing boisterously, 'they dean't put too much intiv 'em. Ye'll be nowt but skeen and boans if you stop here long eneaf. Ho! ho! ho!'

'You are facetious, Sir,' said Nicholas, scornfully.

'Na; I deant know,' replied Mr. Browdie, 'butt'ooother teacher, 'cod he wur a learn 'un, he wur.' The recollection of the last teacher's leanness seemed to afford Mr. Browdie the most exquisite delight, for he laughed until he found it necessary to apply his coat-cuffs to his eyes.

'I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen enough, Mr. Browdie, to enable you to understand that your remarks are very offensive,' said Nicholas in a towering passion, 'but if they are, have the goodness to——'

'If you say another word, John,' shrieked Miss Price, stopping her admirer's mouth as he was about to interrupt, 'only half a word, I'll never forgive you, or speak to you again.'

'Weel, my lass, I deant care about 'un,' said the corn-factor, bestowing a hearty kiss on Miss Matilda; 'let 'un gang on, let 'un gang on.'

It now became Miss Squeers's turn to intercede with Nicholas, which she did with many symptoms of alarm and horror; the effect of the double intercession was that he and John Browdie shook hands across the table with much gravity, and such was the imposing nature of the ceremonial, that Miss Squeers was overcome and shed tears.

'What's the matter, Fanny?' said Miss Price.

'Nothing, 'Tilda,' replied Miss Squeers, sobbing.

'There never was any danger,' said Miss Price 'was there, Mr. Nickleby?'

'None at all,' replied Nicholas. 'Absurd.'

'That's right,' whispered Miss Price, 'say something kind to her, and she'll soon come round. Here, shall John and I go into the little kitchen, and come back presently?'

'Not on any account,' rejoined Nicholas, quite alarmed at the proposition. 'What on earth should you do that for?'

'Well,' said Miss Price, beckoning him aside, and speaking with some degree of contempt—'you are one to keep company.'

'What do you mean?' said Nicholas; 'I am not to keep company at all—here at all events. I can make this out.'

'No, nor I neither,' rejoined Miss Price; 'but we are always fickle, and always were, and always will be; that I can make out, very easily.'

'Fickle!' cried Nicholas; 'what do you suppose? You don't mean to say that you think——'

'Oh no, I think nothing at all,' retorted Miss Price pettishly. 'Look at her, dressed so beautiful and looking so well—really *almost* handsome. I am ashamed at you.'

'My dear girl, what have I got to do with her dressing beautifully or looking well?' inquired Nicholas.

'Come, don't call me a dear girl,' said Miss Price—smiling a little though, for she was pretty, and a coquette too in her small way, and Nicholas was good-looking, and she supposed him the property of somebody else, which were all reasons why she should be gratified to think she had made an impression on him. 'or Fanny will be saying it's my fault. Come, we're going to have a game at cards.' Pronouncing these last words aloud, she tripped away and rejoined the big Yorkshireman.

This was wholly unintelligible to Nicholas, who had no other distinct impression on his mind at the moment, than that Miss Squeers was an ordinary-looking girl, and her friend Miss Price a pretty one; but he had not time to enlighten himself by reflection, for the hearth being by this time swept up, and the candle snuffed, they sat down to play speculation.

'There are only four of us, 'Tilda,' said Miss Squeers, looking slyly at Nicholas; 'so we had better go partners, two against two.'

'What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?' inquired Miss Price.

'With all the pleasure in 'life,' replied Nicholas. And so saying, quite unconscious of his heinous offence, he amalgamated into one common heap those portions of a Dotheboys Hall card of terms, which represented his own counters, and those allotted to Miss Price, respectively.

'Mr. Browdie,' said Miss Squeers hysterically, 'shall we make a bank against them?'

The Yorkshireman assented—apparently quite overwhelmed by the new usher's impudence—and Miss Squeers darted a spiteful look at her friend, and giggled convulsively.

The deal fell to Nicholas, and the hand prospered.

'We intend to win every thing,' said he.

'Tilda *has* won something she didn't expect I think, haven't you, dear?' said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

'Only a dozen and eight, love,' replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

'How dull you are to-night!' sneered Miss Squeers.

'No, indeed,' replied Miss Price, 'I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking *you* seemed out of sorts.'

'Me,' cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy; 'Oh no!'

'That's well,' remarked Miss Price. 'Your hair's coming out of curl, dear.'

'Never mind me,' tittered Miss Squeers; 'you had better attend to your partner.'

'Thank you for reminding her,' said Nicholas. 'So he had.'

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in, till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman; and Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised the multitudinous curls in motion, nearly blew the candle out.

'I never had such luck, really,' exclaimed coquettish Miss Price, after another hand or two. 'It's all along you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always.'

'I wish you had.'

'You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win cards,' said Miss Price.

'Not if your wish is gratified,' replied Nicholas. 'I am sure I shall have a good one in that case.'

To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head, and the corn-factor flattened his nose, while this conversation was carrying on! It would have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that; let alone Miss Price's identical joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody comfortable.

'We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems,'

said Nicholas, looking good-humouredly round the table as he took up the cards for a fresh deal.

'You do it so well,' tittered Miss Squeers, 'that it would be a pity to interrupt, wouldn't it, Mr. Browdie? He! he! he!'

'Nay,' said Nicholas, 'we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to.'

'We'll talk to you, you know, if you'll say anything,' said Miss Price.

'Thank you, Tilda, dear,' retorted Miss Squeers, majestically.

'Or you can talk to each other, if you don't choose to talk to us,' said Miss Price, rallying her dear friend. 'John, why don't you say something?'

'Say summat?' repeated the Yorkshireman.

'Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum.'

'Weel, then!' said the Yorkshireman, striking the table heavily with his fist, 'what I say's this—Dang my boans and boddy, if I stan' this ony longer. Dey gang whoam wi' me; and do yon loight an' toight young whipster, look sharp out for a brokken head next time he cums under my hond.'

'Mercy on us, what's all this?' cried Miss Price, in affected astonishment.

'Cum whoam, tell'e, cum whoam,' replied the Yorkshireman, sternly. And as he delivered the reply Miss Squeers burst into a shower of tears; arising in part from desperate vexation, and in part from an impotent desire to lacerate somebody's countenance with her fair finger-nails.

This state of things had been brought about by divers means and workings. Miss Squeers had brought it about by aspiring to the high state and condition of being matrimonially engaged without good grounds for so doing; Miss Price had brought it about by indulging in three motives of action; first, a desire to punish her friend for laying claim to a rivalry in in dignity, having no good title; secondly, the gratification of her own vanity in receiving the compliments of a smart young man; and thirdly, a wish to convince the corn-factor of the great danger he ran, in deferring the celebration of their expected nuptials: while Nicholas had brought it about by half an hour's gaiety and thoughtlessness, and a very sincere desire to avoid the imputation of inclining at all to Miss Squeers. So, that the means employed, and the end produced, were alike the most natural in the world: for young ladies will look forward to being married, and will jostle each other in the race to the altar, and will avail themselves of all opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage, down to the very end of time as they have done from its beginning.

'Why, and here's Fanny in tears now!' exclaimed Miss Price, as if in fresh amazement. 'What can be the matter?'

'Oh! you don't know, Miss, of course you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself to inquire,' said Miss Squeers, producing that change of countenance which children call making a face.

'Well, I'm sure,' exclaimed Miss Price.

'And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?' retorted Miss Squeers, making another face.

'You are monstrous polite, ma'am,' said Miss Price.

'I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am, retorted Miss Squeers.

'You needn't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are, ma'am, however,' rejoined Miss Price, 'because that's quite unnecessary.'

Miss Squeers in reply turned very red, and thanked God that she hadn't got the bold faces of some people, and Miss Price in rejoinder congratulated herself upon not being possessed of the envious feeling of other people; whereupon Miss Squeers made some general remark touching the danger of associating with low persons, in which Miss Price entirely coincided, observing that it was very true indeed, and she had thought so a long time.

'Tilda,' exclaimed Miss Squeers with dignity, 'I hate you.'

'Ah! There's no love lost between us I assure you,' said Miss Price, tying her bonnet strings with a jerk. 'You'll cry your eyes out when I'm gone, you know you will.'

'I scorn your words. Minx,' said Miss Squeers.

'You pay me a great compliment when you say so,' answered the miller's daughter, curtsying very low. 'Wish you a very good night, ma'am, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep.'

With this parting benediction Miss Price swept from the room, followed by the huge Yorkshireman, who exchanged with Nicholas at parting, that peculiarly expressive scowl with which the cut-and-thrust counts in melo-dramatic performances inform each other they will meet again.

They were no sooner gone than Miss Squeers fulfilled the prediction of her quondam friend by giving vent to a most copious burst of tears, and uttering various dismal lamentations and incoherent words. Nicholas stood looking on for a few seconds, rather doubtful what to do, but feeling uncertain whether the fit would end in his being embraced or scratched, and considering that either infliction would be equally agreeable, he walked off very quietly while Miss Squeers was moaning in her pocket-handkerchief.

'This is one consequence,' thought Nicholas, when he had groped his way to the dark sleeping-room, 'of my cursed readiness to adapt myself to any society into which chance carries me. If I had sat mute and motionless, as I might have done, this would not have happened.'

He listened for a few minutes, but all was quiet.

'I was glad,' he murmured, 'to grasp at any relief from the sight of this dreadful place, or the presence of its vile master. I have set these people by the ears and made two new enemies, where, Heaven knows, I needed none. Well, it is a just punishment for having forgotten, even for an hour, what is around me now.'

So saying, he felt his way among the throng of weary-hearted sleepers, and crept into his poor bed.

CHAPTER X.

How Mr. Ralph Nickleby provided for his niece and sister-in-law.

On the second morning after the departure of Nicholas for Yorkshire, Kate Nickleby sat in a very faded chair raised upon a very dusty throne in Miss La Creevy's room, giving that lady a sitting for the portrait upon which she was engaged; and towards the full perfection of which, Miss La Creevy had had the street-door case brought up stairs, in order that she might be the better able to infuse into the counterfeit countenance of Miss Nickleby a bright salmon flesh-tint which she had originally hit upon while executing the miniature of a young officer therein contained, in which bright salmon flesh-tint was considered by Miss La Creevy's chief friends and patrons, to be quite a novelty in art: as indeed it was.

'I think I have caught it now,' said Miss La Creevy. 'The very shade. This will be the sweetest portrait I have ever done, certainly.'

'It will be your genius that makes it so, then, I'm sure,' replied Kate, smiling.

'No, no, I won't allow that, my dear,' rejoined Miss La Creevy. 'It's a very nice subject—a very nice subject, indeed—though of course, something depends upon the mode of treatment.'

'And not a little,' observed Kate.

'Why, my dear, you are right there,' said Miss La Creevy, 'in the main you are right there; though I don't allow that it is of such very great importance in the present case. Ah! The difficulties of art my dear are great.'

'They must be, I have no doubt,' said Kate, humoring her good-natured little friend.

'They are beyond anything you can form the faintest conception of,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'What with bringing out eyes with all one's power, and keeping down noses with all one's force, and adding to heads and taking away teeth altogether, you have no idea of the trouble one little miniature is.'

'The remuneration can scarcely repay you,' said Kate.

'Why, it does not, and that's the truth,' answered Miss La Creevy; 'and then people are so dissatisfied and unreasonable, that nine times out of ten there's no pleasure in painting them. Sometimes they say, "Oh, how very serious you have made me look, Miss

La Creevy!' and at others, 'La, Miss La Creevy, how very smirking!' when the very essence of a good portrait is, that it must be either serious or smirking, or it's no portrait at all.'

'Indeed!' said Kate, laughing.

'Certainly, my dear; because the sitters are always either the one or the other,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'Look at the Royal Academy. All those beautiful shiny portraits of gentlemen in black velvet waist-coats, with their fists doubled up on round tables or marble slabs, are serious, you know; and all the ladies who are playing with little parasols, or little dogs, or little children—it's the same rule in art, only varying the objects—are smirking. In fact,' said Miss La Creevy, sinking her voice to a confidential whisper, 'there are only two styles of portrait painting, the serious and the smirk; and we always use the serious for professional people (except actors sometimes,) and the smirk for private ladies and gentlemen who don't care so much about looking clever.'

Kate seemed highly amused by this information, and Miss La Creevy went on painting and talking with immovable complacency.

'What a number of officers you seem to paint!' said Kate, availing herself of a pause in the discourse, and glancing round the room.

'Number of what, child?' inquired Miss La Creevy, looking up from her work. 'Character portraits, oh yes—they're not real military men, you know.'

'No!'

'Bless your heart, of course not; only clerks and hat, who hire a uniform coat to be painted in and send it here in a carpet bag. Some artists,' said Miss La Creevy, 'keep a red coat, and charge seven-and-six-pence extra for hire and carmine; but I don't do that myself, for I don't consider it legitimate.'

Drawing herself up as though she plumed herself really upon not resorting to these lures to catch sitters, Miss La Creevy applied herself more intently to her task, only raising her head occasionally to look with unspeakable satisfaction at some touch she had just put in, and now and then giving Miss Nickleby to understand what particular feature she was at work upon at the moment; 'not,' she expressly observed, 'that you should make it up for painting, my dear, but because it's our custom sometimes, to tell sitters what part we are upon, in order that if there's any particular expression they want introduced, they may show it in at the time, you know.'

'And when,' said Miss La Creevy, after a long silence, to wit, an interval of full a minute and a half, 'when do you expect to see your uncle again?'

'I scarcely know; I had expected to have seen him before now,' replied Kate. 'Soon I hope, for this state of uncertainty is worse than anything.'

'I suppose he has money, hasn't he?' inquired Miss La Creevy.

'He is very rich I have heard,' rejoined Kate. 'I don't know that he is, but I believe so.'

'Ah, you may depend upon it he is, or he wouldn't be so surly,' remarked Miss La Creevy, who was an odd little mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. 'When a man's a bear he is generally pretty independent.'

'His manner is rough,' said Kate.

'Rough!' cried Miss La Creevy, 'a porcupine's a feather-bed to him. I never met with such a cross-grained old savage.'

'It is only his manner, I believe,' observed Kate, timidly, 'he was disappointed in early life I think I have heard, or has had his temper soured by some calamity. I should be sorry to think ill of him until I knew he deserved it.'

'Well, that's very right and proper,' observed the miniature painter, 'and Heaven forbid that I should be the cause of your doing so. But now mightn't he, without feeling it himself, make you and your mama some nice little allowance that would keep you both comfortable until you were well married, and be a little fortune to her afterwards? What would a hundred a year, for instance, be to him?'

'I don't know what it would be to him,' said Kate, with great energy, 'but it would be that to me I would rather die than take.'

'Heyday!' cried Miss La Creevy.

'A dependence upon him,' said Kate, 'would embitter my whole life. I should feel begging a far less degradation.'

'Well!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy. 'This of a relation whom you will not hear an indifferent person speak ill of, my dear, sounds oddly enough, I confess.'

'I dare say it does, replied Kate, speaking more gently, 'indeed I am sure it must. I—I—only mean that with the feelings and recollection of better times upon me, I could not bear to live on anybody's bounty—not his particularly, but anybody's.'

'Miss La Creevy looked slyly at her companion, as if she doubted whether Ralph himself were not the subject of dislike, but seeing that her young friend was distressed, made no remark.'

'I only ask of him,' continued Kate, whose tears fell while she spoke, 'that he will move so little out of his way in my behalf, as to enable me by his recommendation—only by his recommendation—to earn, literally, my bread and remain with my mother. Whether we shall ever taste happiness again, depends upon the fortunes of my dear brother; but if he will do this, and Nicholas only tells us that he is well and cheerful, I shall be contented.'

As she ceased to speak there was a rustling behind the screen which stood between her and the door, and some person knocked at the wainscot.

'Come in whoever it is,' cried Miss La Creevy.

The person complied, and coming forward at once, gave to view the form and features of no less an individual than Mr. Ralph Nickleby himself.

'Your servant, ladies,' said Ralph, looking sharply at them by turns. 'You were talking so loud that I was unable to make you hear.'

When the man of business had a more than commonly vicious snarl lurking at his heart, and had a trick of almost concealing his eyes under their thick and protruding brows for an instant, and then displaying them in their full keenness. As he did so now, and tried to keep down the smile which parted his thin compressed lips, and puckered up the bad lines about his mouth, they both felt certain that some part, if not the whole, of their recent conversation had been overheard.

'I called in on my way up stairs, more than half expecting to find you here,' said Ralph, addressing his niece, and looking contemptuously at the portrait. 'Is that my niece's portrait, ma'am?'

'Yes, it is, Mr. Nickleby,' said Miss La Creevy, with a very sprightly air, 'and between you and me and the post, Sir, it will be a very nice portrait too, though I say it who am the painter.'

'Don't trouble yourself to show it to me, ma'am,' cried Ralph, moving away, 'I have no eye for likenesses. Is it nearly finished?'

'Why, yes,' replied Miss La Creevy, considering with the pencil-end of her brush in her mouth. 'Two sittings more will'—

'Have them at once, ma'am,' said Ralph. 'She'll have no time to idle over fooleries after to-morrow. Work, ma'am, work; we must all work. Have you let your lodgings, ma'am?'

'I have not put a bill up yet, Sir.'

'Put it up at once, ma'am; they won't want the rooms after this week, or if they do, can't pay for them. Now, my dear, if you're ready, we'll lose no more time.'

With an assumption of kindness which sat worse upon him, even than his usual manner, Mr. Ralph Nickleby motioned to the young lady to precede him, and bowing gravely to Miss La Creevy, closed the door and followed up stairs, where Mrs. Nickleby received him with many expressions of regard. Stopping them somewhat abruptly, Ralph waved his hand with an impatient gesture, and proceeded to the object of his visit.

'I have found a situation for your daughter, ma'am,' said Ralph.

'Well,' replied Mrs. Nickleby. 'Now, I will say that that is only just what I have expected of you.'

'Depend upon it,' I said to Kate only yesterday morning at breakfast, 'that after your uncle has provided in that most ready manner for Nicholas, he will not leave us until he has done at least the same for you.' These were my very words as near as I remember. Kate, my dear, why don't you thank your' —

'Let me proceed, ma'am, pray,' said Ralph, interrupting his sister-in-law in the full torrent of her discourse.

'Kate, my love, let your uncle proceed,' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'I am most anxious that he should, mama,' rejoined Kate.

'Well, my dear, if you are anxious that he should, you had better allow your uncle to say what he has to say, without interruption,' observed Mrs. Nickleby, with many small nods and frowns. 'Your uncle's time is very valuable, my dear; and however desirous you may be—and naturally desirous, as I am sure my affectionate relations who have seen so little of your uncle as we have, must naturally be—to protract the pleasure of having him among us, still we are bound not to be selfish, but to take into consideration the important nature of his occupations in the city.'

'I am very much obliged to you, ma'am,' said Ralph with a perceptible sneer. 'An absence of business habits in this family leads apparently to a great waste of words before business—when it does come under consideration—is arrived at, at all.'

'I fear it is so indeed,' replied Mrs. Nickleby with a sigh. 'Your poor brother—'

'My poor brother, ma'am,' interposed Ralph, 'had no idea what business was—was unacquainted. I verily believe, with the very meaning of the word.'

'I fear he was,' said Mrs. Nickleby, with her handkerchief to her eyes. 'If it hadn't been for me, I don't know what would have become of him.'

What strange creatures we are! The slight bait skilfully thrown out by Ralph on their first interview was dangling on the hook yet. At every small deprivation or discomfort which presented itself in the course of the four-and-twenty hours to remind her of her straitened and altered circumstances, peevish visions of her dower of one thousand pounds had arisen before Mrs. Nickleby's mind, until at last she had come to persuade herself that of all her late husband's creditors she was the worst used and the most to be pitied. And yet she had loved him dearly for many years, and had no greater share of selfishness than is the usual lot of mortals. Such is the irritability of scolders in poverty. A decent annuity would have restored her thoughts to their old train at once.

'Repining is of no use, ma'am,' said Ralph. 'All fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a dear that is gone is the most fruitless.'

'So it is,' sobbed Mrs. Nickleby. 'So it is.'

'As you feel so keenly in your own purse and person the consequences of inattention to business, ma'am,' said Ralph, 'I am sure you will impress upon your children the necessity of attaching themselves to it early in life.'

'Of course I must see that,' rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. 'Sad experience, you know, brother-in-law—. Kate, my dear, put that down in the next letter to Nicholas, or remind me to do it if I write.'

Ralph paused for a few moments, and seeing that he had now made pretty sure of the mother in case the daughter objected to his proposition, went on to say—

'The situation that I have made interest to procure, ma'am, is with—with a milliner and dress-maker, in short.'

'A milliner!' cried Mrs. Nickleby.

'A milliner and dress-maker, ma'am,' replied Ralph. 'Dress-makers in London, as I need not remind you, ma'am, who are so well acquainted with all matters in the ordinary routine of life, make large fortunes, keep equipages, and become persons of great wealth and fortune.'

Now, the first ideas called up in Mrs. Nickleby's mind by the words milliner and dress-maker were connected with certain wicker baskets lined with black silkskin, which she remembered to have seen carried to and fro in the streets, but as Ralph proceeded these disappeared, and were replaced by visions of large houses at the West End, neat private carriages, and a banker's book, all of which images succeeded each other with such rapidity, that he had no sooner finished speaking than she nodded her head and said, 'Very true,' with great appearance of satisfaction.

'What your uncle says is very true, Kate, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'I recollect when your poor papa and I came to town after we were married, that a young lady brought me home a chip cottage bonnet, with white and green trimming, and green Persian lining, in her own carriage, which drove up to the door full of allop,—at least, I am not quite certain whether it was her own carriage or a hackney chariot, but I remember very well that the horse dropped down dead as he was turning round, and that your poor papa said he hadn't had any corn for a fortnight.'

This anecdote, so strikingly illustrative of the opulence of milliners, was not received with any great demonstration of feeling, inasmuch as Kate hung down her head while it was relating, and Ralph manifested very intelligible symptoms of extreme impatience.

'The lady's name,' said Ralph, hastily striking in, 'is Mantalini—Madame Mantalini. I know her. She lives near Cavendish Square. If your daughter is disposed to try after the situation, I'll take her there directly.'

'Have you nothing to say to your uncle, my love?' inquired Mrs. Nickleby.

'A great deal,' replied Kate; 'but not now. I would rather speak to him when we are alone:—it will save his time if I thank him and say what I wish to say to him as we walk along.'

With these words Kate hurried away, to hide the traces of emotion that were stealing down her face, and to prepare herself for the walk, while Mrs. Nickleby amused her brother-in-law by giving him, with many tears, a detailed account of the dimensions of a rosewood cabinet piano they had possessed in their days of affluence, together with a minute description of eight drawing-room chairs with turned legs and green chintz squabs to match the curtains, which had cost two pounds fifteen shillings a-piece, and went at the sale for a mere nothing.

The reminiscences were at length cut short by Kate's return in her walking dress, when Ralph, who had been fretting and fuming during the whole time of her absence, lost no time, and used very little ceremony, in descending into the street.

'Now,' he said, taking her arm, 'walk as fast as you can, and you'll get into the step that you'll have to walk to business with every morning.' So saying, he led Kate off at a good round pace towards Cavendish Square.

'I am very much obliged to you, uncle,' said the young lady, after they had hurried on in silence for some time; 'very.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Ralph. 'I hope you'll do your duty.'

'I will try to please, uncle,' replied Kate; 'indeed I—'

'Don't begin to cry,' growled Ralph; 'I hate crying.'

'It's very foolish, I know, uncle,' began poor Kate.

'It is,' replied Ralph; stopping her short, 'and very affected besides. Let me see no more of it.'

Perhaps this was not the best way to dry the tears of a young and sensitive female about to make her first entry on an entirely new scene of life, among cold and uninterested strangers; but it had its effect notwithstanding. Kate coloured deeply, breathed quickly for a few moments, and then walked on with a firmer and more determined step.

It was a curious contrast to see how the timid country girl shrunk through the crowd that hurried up and down the streets, giving way to the press of people, and clinging closely to Ralph as though she feared to lose him in the throng; and how the stern and hard-featured man of business went doggedly on, elbowing the passengers aside, and now and then exchanging a gruff salutation with some passing acquaintance, who turned to look back upon his pretty charge with looks

expressive of surprise, and seemed to wonder at the ill-assorted companionship. But it would have been a stranger contrast still, to have read the hearts that were beating side by side; to have had laid bare the gentle innocence of the one, and the rugged villany of the other; to have hung upon the guileless thoughts of the affectionate girl, and been amazed that among all the wily plots and calculations of the old man, there should not be one word or figure denoting thought of death or of the grave. But so it was; and stranger still—though this is a thing of every day—the warm young heart palpitated with a thousand anxieties and apprehensions, while that of the old worldly man lay rusting in its cell, beating only as a piece of cunning mechanism, and yielding no one throb of hope, or fear, or love, or care, for any living thing.

‘Uncle,’ said Kate, when she judged they must be near their destination, ‘I must ask one question of you. I am to live at home?’

‘At home!’ replied Ralph; ‘where’s that?’

‘I mean with my mother—the *widow*,’ said Kate, emphatically.

‘You will live, to all intents and purposes, here,’ rejoined Ralph; ‘for here you will take your meals, and here you will be from morning till night; occasionally perhaps till morning again.’

‘But at night, I mean,’ said Kate; ‘I cannot leave her, uncle. I must have some place that I can call a home; it will be wherever she is, you know, and may be a very humble one.’

‘May be!’ said Ralph, walking faster in the impatience provoked by the remark, ‘must be, you mean. May be a humble one! Is the girl mad?’

‘The word slipped from my lips, I did not mean it indeed,’ urged Kate.

‘I hope not,’ said Ralph.

‘But my question, uncle; you have not answered it.’

‘Why, I anticipated something of the kind,’ said Ralph; ‘and—though I object very strongly, mind—have provided against it. I spoke of you as an out-of-door worker; so you will go to this home that may be humble, every night.’

There was comfort in this. Kate poured forth many thanks for her uncle’s consideration, which Ralph received as if he had deserved them all, and they arrived without any further conversation at the dress-maker’s door, which displayed a very large plate, with Madame Mantalini’s name and occupation, and was approached by a handsome flight of steps. There was a shop to the house, but it was let off to an importer of otto of roses. Madame Mantalini’s show-rooms were on the first floor, a fact which was notified to the nobility and gentry by the casual exhibition near the handsomely curtained windows of two or three elegant

bonnets of the newest fashion, and some costly garments in the most approved taste.

A liveried footman opened the door, and in reply to Ralph’s inquiry whether Madame Mantalini was at home, ushered them through a handsome hall, and up a spacious staircase, into the show saloon, which comprised two spacious drawing-rooms, and exhibited an immense variety of superb dresses and materials for dresses, some arranged on stands, others laid carelessly on sofas, and others again scattered over the carpet, hanging upon the cheval glasses, or mingling in some other way with the rich furniture of various descriptions, which was profusely displayed.

They waited here a much longer time than was agreeable to Mr. Ralph Nickleby, who eyed the gandy trippery about him with very little concern, and was at length about to pull the bell, when a gentleman suddenly popped his head into the room, and seeing somebody there as suddenly popped it out again.

‘Here. Hollo!’ cried Ralph. ‘Who’s that?’

At the sound of Ralph’s voice the head re-appeared, and the mouth displaying a very long row of very white teeth, uttered in a mincing tone the words, ‘Demmit. What, Nickleby! oh, demmit!’ Having uttered which ejaculations, the gentleman advanced, and shook hands with Ralph with great warmth. He was dressed in a gorgeous morning gown, with a waistcoat and Turkish trousers of the same pattern, a pink silk neckerchief, and bright green slippers, and had a very copious watch-chain wound round his body. Moreover, he had whiskers and a moustache, both dyed black and gracefully curled.

‘Demmit, you don’t mean to say you want me, do you, demmit?’ said this gentleman, smiting Ralph on the shoulder.

‘Not yet,’ said Ralph, sarcastically.

‘Ha! ha! demmit,’ cried the gentleman; when wheeling round to laugh with greater elegance, he encountered Kate Nickleby, who was standing near.

‘My niece,’ said Ralph.

‘I remember,’ said the gentleman, striking his nose with the knuckle of his forefinger as a chastening for his forgetfulness. ‘Demmit, I remember what you come for. Step this way, Nickleby; my dear, will you follow me? Ha! ha! They all follow me, Nickleby; always did, demmit, always.’

Giving loose to the playfulness of his imagination after this fashion, the gentleman led the way to a private sitting-room on the second floor scarcely less elegantly furnished than the apartment below, where the presence of a silver coffee-pot, an egg-shell, and sloppy china for one, seemed to show that he had just breakfasted.

‘Sit down, my dear,’ said the gentleman: first staring Miss Nickleby out of countenance, and then grinning

in delight at the achievement. 'This cursed high room takes one's breath away. These infernal sky parlours—I'm afraid I must move, Nickleby.'

'I would, by all means,' replied Ralph, looking bitterly round.

'What a demd rum fellow you are, Nickleby,' said the gentleman, 'the demdest, longest-headed, queerest-tempered old coiner of gold and silver ever was—demmit.'

Having complimented Ralph to this effect, the gentleman rang the bell, and stared at Miss Nickleby till it was answered, when he left off to bid the man desire his mistress to come directly; after which he began again, and left off no more till Madame Mantalini appeared.

The dress-maker was a buxom person, handsomely dressed and rather good-looking, but much older than the gentleman in the Turkish trousers, whom she had wedded some six months before. His name was originally Muntle; but had been converted, by an easy transition, into Mantalini: the lady rightly considering that an English appellation would be of serious injury to the business. He had married on his whiskers, upon which property he had previously subsisted in a genteel manner for some years, and which he had recently improved after patient cultivation by the addition of a moustache, which promised to secure him an easy independence: his share in the labours of the business being at present confined to spending the money, and occasionally when that ran short, driving to Mr. Ralph Nickleby to procure discount—at a per centage—for the customers' bills.

'My life,' said Mr. Mantalini, 'what a demd devil of a time you have been!'

'I didn't even know Mr. Nickleby was here, my love,' said Madame Mantalini.

'Then what a doubly demd infernal rascal that footman must be, my soul,' remonstrated Mr. Mantalini.

'My dear,' said Madame, 'that is entirely your fault.'

'My fault, my heart's joy?'

'Certainly,' returned the lady; 'what can you expect, arrest, if you will not correct the man?'

'Correct the man, my soul's delight!'

'Yes; I am sure he wants speaking to, badly enough,' said Madame, pouting.

'Then do not vex itself,' said Mr. Mantalini; 'he shall be horse-whipped till he cries out demnebly.' With this promise Mr. Mantalini kissed Madame Mantalini, and after that performance Madame Mantalini pulled Mr. Mantalini playfully by the ear, which done they descended to business.

'Now, ma'am,' said Ralph, who looked on at all this, with such scorn as few men can express in looks, 'this is my niece.'

'Just so, Mr. Nickleby,' replied Madame Mantalini,

surveying Kate from head to foot and back again. 'Can you speak French, child?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Kate, not daring to look up; for she felt that the eyes of the odious man in the dressing-gown were directed towards her.

'Like a demd native?' asked the husband.

Miss Nickleby offered no reply to this inquiry, but turned her back upon the questioner, as if addressing herself to make answer to what his wife might demand.

'We keep twenty young women constantly employed in the establishment,' said Madame.

'Indeed, ma'am!' replied Kate, timidly.

'Yes; and some of 'em demd handsome, too,' said the master.

'Mantalini!' exclaimed his wife, in an awful voice.

'My senses' idol!' said Mantalini.

'Do you wish to break my heart?'

'Not for twenty thousand hemispheres populated with—with—little ballet-dancers,' replied Mantalini in a poetical strain.

'Then you will, if you persevere in that mode of speaking,' said his wife. 'What can Mr. Nickleby think when he hears you?'

'Oh! Nothing, ma'am, nothing,' replied Ralph. 'I know his amiable nature, and yours,—mere little remarks that give a zest to your daily intercourse; lovers' quarrels that add sweetness to those domestic joys which promise to last so long—that's all; that's all.'

If an iron door could be supposed to quarrel with its hinges, and to make a firm resolution to open with slow obstinacy, and grind them to powder in the process, it would emit a pleasanter sound in so doing, than did these words in the rough and bitter voice in which they were uttered by Ralph. Even Mr. Mantalini felt their influence, and turning affrighted round, exclaimed—'What a demd horrid croaking!'

'You will pay no attention, if you please, to what Mr. Mantalini says,' observed his wife, addressing Miss Nickleby.

'I do not, ma'am,' said Kate, with quiet contempt.

'Mr. Mantalini knows nothing whatever about any of the young women,' continued Madame, looking at her husband, and speaking to Kate. 'If he has seen any of them, he must have seen them in the street going to, or returning from, their work, and not here. He was never even in the room. I do not allow it. What hours of work have you been accustomed to?'

'I have never yet been accustomed to work at all, ma'am,' replied Kate, in a low voice.

'For which reason she'll work all the better now,' said Ralph, putting in a word, lest this confession should injure the negotiation.

'I hope so, returned Madame Mantalini; 'our hours

are from nine to nine, with extra work when we're very full of business, for which I allow payment as over-time.'

Kate bowed her head to intimate that she heard, and was satisfied.

'Your meals,' continued Madame Mantalini, 'that is, dinner and tea, you will take here. I should think your wages would average from five to seven shillings a-week; but I can't give you any certain information on that point until I see what you can do.'

Kate bowed her head again.

'If you're ready to come,' said Madame Mantalini, 'you had better begin on Monday morning at nine exactly, and Miss Knag the forewoman shall then have directions to try you with some easy work at first. Is there anything more, Mr. Nickleby?'

'Nothing more, ma'am,' replied Ralph, rising.

'Then I believe that's all,' said the lady. Having arrived at this natural conclusion, she looked at the door, as if she wished to be gone, but hesitated notwithstanding, as though unwilling to leave to Mr. Mantalini the sole honour of showing them down stairs. Ralph relieved her from her perplexity by taking his departure without delay: Madame Mantalini making many gracious inquiries why he never came to see them, and Mr. Mantalini anathematizing the stairs with great volubility as he followed them down, in the hope of inducing Kate to look round,—a hope, however, which was destined to remain ungratified.

'There!' said Ralph when they got into the street; 'now you're provided for.'

Kate was about to thank him again, but he stopped her.

'I had some idea,' he said, 'of providing for your mother in a pleasant part of the country—(he had a presentation to some alms-houses on the borders of Cornwall, which had occurred to him more than once)—but as you want to be together, I must do something else for her. She has a little money?'

'A very little,' replied Kate.

'A little will go a long way if it's used sparingly,' said Ralph. 'She must see how long she can make it last, living rent free. You leave your lodgings on Saturday?'

'You told us to do so, uncle.'

'Yes; there is a house empty that belongs to me, which I can put you into till it is let, and then, if nothing else turns up, perhaps I shall have another. You must live there.'

'Is it far from here, Sir?' inquired Kate.

'Pretty well,' said Ralph; 'in another quarter of the town—at the East end; but I'll send my clerk down to you at five o'clock on Saturday to take you there. Good bye. You know your way? Straight on.'

Coldly shaking his niece's hand, Ralph left her at

the top of Regent Street, and turned down a bye thoroughfare, intent on schemes of money-getting. Kate walked sadly back to their lodgings in the Strand.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

As I do not intend that any human being shall read this narrative until after my decease, I feel no desire to suppress or to falsify any occurrence or event of my life, which I may at the moment deem of sufficient importance to communicate. I am aware how common a feeling, even amongst those who have committed the most atrocious crimes, this dread of entailing obloquy upon their memories is; but I cannot say that I participate in it. Perhaps I wish to offer some atonement to society for my many and grievous misdeeds; and, it may be, the disclosures I am about to make will be considered an insufficient expiation. I cannot help this, now. There is One from whom no secrets are hid, by whom I am already judged.

I regret that I did not execute this wretched task long ago. Should I live to complete it, I shall be out longer than I expect; for I was never ready at my pen, and words sometimes will not come at my bidding. Besides, so many years have elapsed since the chief events I am about to relate took place, that even *they* no longer come before me with that distinctness which they did formerly. They do not torture me now, as of old times. The caustic has almost burnt them out of my soul. I will, however, give a plain, and, as nearly as I am able, a faithful statement. I will offer no palliation of my offences, which I do as from my soul believe should be extended to me.

I was born on the 23d of October, 1787. My father was a watch-case maker, and resided in a street in the parish of Clerkenwell. I went a few months ago to look at the house, but it was taken down; indeed, the neighbourhood had undergone an entire change. I was somewhat altered since then. I wondered at the time which of the two was the more so.

My earliest recollection recalls two rooms on a second floor, meanly furnished; my father, a tall, dark man, with a harsh unpleasing voice; and my mother, the same gentle, quiet being whom I afterwards knew her.

My father was a man who could, and sometimes did, earn what people in his station of life call a great deal of money; and yet he was constantly in debt, and frequently without the means of subsistence. The cause of this, I need hardly say, was his addiction to drinking. Naturally of a violent and brutal temper, intoxication inflamed his evil passions to a pitch—not

f madness, for he had not that excuse—but of frenzy. It is well known that gentleness and forbearance do not allay, but stimulate a nature like this; and scenes of violence and unmanly outrage are almost the sole reminiscences of my childhood. Perhaps, the circumstance of my having been a sufferer in one of these bullitions, served to impress them more strongly upon my mind.

One evening I had been permitted to sit up to supper. My father had recently made promises of amendment, and had given an earnest of his intention by keeping tolerably sober during three entire days; and upon this festive occasion,—for it was the anniversary of my mother's marriage,—he had engaged to come home the instant he quitted his work. He returned, however, about one o'clock in the morning, and in his accustomed state. The very preparations for his comfort, which he saw upon the table, served as fuel to his savage and intractable passions. It was in vain that my mother endeavoured to soothe and pacify him. He seized a stool on which I was accustomed to sit, and delivered a blow at her. She either evaded it, or the aim was not rightly directed, for the stool descended upon my head, and fractured my skull.

The doctor said it was a miracle that I recovered; and indeed it was many months before I did so. The sneaking repulse I experienced from my father when, on the first occasion of my leaving my bed, I tottered towards him, I can never forget. It is impossible to describe the mingled terror and hatred which entered my bosom at that moment, and which never departed from it. It may appear incredible to some that a child so young could conceive so intense a loathing against its own parent. It is true, nevertheless; and, as I grew, it strengthened.

I will not dwell upon this wretched period of my life; for even to me, at this moment, and after all that I have done and suffered, the memory of that time is wretchedness.

One night, about two years afterwards, my father was brought home on a shutter by two watchmen. He had fallen into the New River on his return from a public-house in the vicinity of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and was dragged out just in time to preserve for the present a worthless and degraded life. A violent cold supervened, which settled upon his lungs; and, in about a month, the doctor informed my mother that her husband was in a rapid decline. The six months that ensued were miserable enough. My mother was out all day, toiling for the means of subsistence for a man who was not only ungrateful for her attentions, but who repelled them with the coarsest abuse.

I was glad when he died, nor am I ashamed to avow it; and I almost felt contempt for my mother when the poor creature threw herself upon the body in a paroxysm of grief, calling it by those endearing names

which indicated a love he had neither requited nor deserved. Had I been so blest as to have met with one to love me as that woman loved my father, I had been a different, and a better, and, perhaps, a good man!

'Will you not kiss your poor father, John, and see him for the last time?' said my mother on the morning of the funeral, as she took me by the hand.

No; I would not. I was no hypocrite then. It is true I was terrified at the sight of death, but that was not the cause. The manner in which he had repulsed me nearly three years before, had never for a moment departed from my mind. There was not a day on which I did not brood upon it. I have often since recalled it, and with bitterness. I remember it now.

My mother had but one relation in the world,—an uncle, possessed of considerable property, who resided near Luton, in Bedfordshire. She applied to him for some small assistance to enable her to pay the funeral expenses of her husband. Mr. Adams—for that was her uncle's name—sent her two guineas, accompanied by a request that she should never apply to, or trouble him again. There was, however, one person who stepped forward in this extremity,—Mr. Ward, a tradesman, with whom my mother had formerly lived as a servant, but who had now retired from business. He offered my mother an asylum in his house. She was to be his housekeeper; and he promised to take care of, and one day to provide for, me. It was not long before we were comfortably settled in a small private house in Coppice-row, where, for the first time in my life, I was permitted to ascertain that existence was not altogether made up of sorrow.

The old gentleman even conceived a strong liking, it may be called an affection, for me. He had stood godfather to me at my birth; and I believe, had I been his own son, he could not have treated me with more tenderness. He sent me to school, and was delighted at the progress I made, or appeared to make, which he protested was scarcely less than wonderful; a notion which the tutor was, of course, not slow to encourage and confirm. He predicted that I should inevitably make a bright man, and become a worthy member of society; the highest distinction, in the old gentleman's opinion, at which any human being could arrive. Alas! woe to the child of whom favourable predictions are hazarded! There never yet, I think, was an instance in which they were not falsified.

We had been residing with Mr. Ward about three years, when a slight incident occurred which has impressed itself so strongly upon my memory that I cannot forbear relating it. Mr. Ward had sent me with a message into the City, where, in consequence of the person being from home, I was detained several hours. When I returned, it appeared that Mr. Ward had gone out shortly after me, and had not mentioned the circumstance of his having despatched me into the City.

I found my mother in a state of violent agitation. She inquired where I had been, and I told her.

'I can hardly believe you, John,' she said; 'are you sure you are telling me the truth?'

I was silent. She repeated the question. I would not answer; and she bestowed upon me a sound beating.

I bore my punishment with dogged sullenness, and retired into the back kitchen; in a corner of which I sat down, and, with my head between my hands, began to brood over the treatment I had received. Gradually there crept into my heart the same feeling I remembered to have conceived against my father,—a feeling of bitter malignity revived by a fresh object. I endeavoured to quell it, to subdue it, but I could not. I recalled all my mother's former kindness to me, her present affection for me; and I reminded myself that this was the first time she had ever raised her hand against me. This thought only nourished the feeling, till the aching of my brain caused it to subside into moody stupefaction.

I became calmer in about an hour, and arose, and went into the front kitchen. My mother was seated at the window, employed at her needle; and, as she raised her eyes, I perceived they were red with weeping. I walked slowly towards her, and stood by her side.

'Mother!' I said, in a low and tremulous voice.

'Well, John; I hope you are a good boy now?'

'Mother!' I repeated, 'you don't know how you have hurt me.'

'I am sorry I struck you so hard, child; I did not mean to do it;' and she averted her head.

'Not that—not that!' I cried passionately, beating my bosom with my clenched hands. 'It's here, mother—here. I told you the truth, and you would not believe me.'

'Mr. Ward has returned now,' said my mother; 'I will go and ask him;' and she arose.

I caught her by the gown. 'Oh, mother!' I said, 'this is the second time you would not believe me. You shall not go to Mr. Ward yet!' and I drew her into the seat. 'Say first that you are sorry for it—only a word. Oh, do say it!'

As I looked up, I saw the tears gathering in her eyes. I fell upon my knees, and hid my face in her lap. 'No, no; don't say anything now to me—don't—don't!' A spasm rose from my chest into my throat, and I fell senseless at her feet.

My mother afterwards told me that it was the day of the year on which my father died, and she feared from my lengthened stay that I had come to harm. Dear, good woman! Oh! that I might hope to see her once more, even were it but for one moment,—for we shall not meet in heaven!

It was a cruel blow that deprived us of our kind protector! Mr. Ward died suddenly, and without a

will; and my mother and I were left entirely unprovided with means. The old gentleman had often declared his intention of leaving my mother enough to render her comfortable during the remainder of her days, and had expressed his determination of setting me on in the world immediately I became of a proper age. It could hardly be expected that the heir-at-law would have fulfilled these intentions, even had he been cognisant of them. He was a low attorney, living somewhere in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane; and when he attended the funeral, and during the hour or two he remained in the house after it, it was quite clear that he had no wish to retain anything that belonged to his late relative except his property, and his valuable and available effects. He however paid my mother a month's wages in advance, presented me a dollar to commence the world with, shook hands with us, and wished us well.

It was not long before my mother obtained a situation as servant in a small respectable family in King-street, Holborn; and, as I was now nearly eleven years of age, it was deemed by her friends high time that I should begin to get my own living. Such small influence, therefore, as my mother could command, was set on foot in my behalf; and I at length got a place as errand-boy to a picture-dealer in Wardour-street, Oxford-street. The duties required of me in this situation, if not of a valuable description, were at least, various. I went with messages, I attended sales, I kept the shop, I cleaned the knives and shavers, and, indeed, performed all those services which it is the province of boys to render, some of which are often created because there happens to be boys to do them.

This routine was, for a time, irksome. When I recalled the happy days I had spent under the roof of Mr. Ward, and the hopes and expectations he had excited within me of a more prosperous commencement of life,—hopes which his death had so suddenly destroyed,—it is not surprising that I should have felt a degree of discontent of my condition, for which I had no other cause. As I sat by the kitchen fire of an evening when my day's work was done, I often pictured to myself the old man lying where we had left him in the church-yard, mouldering insensibly away, unconscious of rain, or wind, or sunshine, or the coming of night, or the approach of day, wrapped in a shroud which would outlast its wearer, and silently waiting for oblivion. These thoughts became less frequent as time wore on; but I have never been able to dissociate the idea of death from those hideous conditions of mortality.

My master, Mr. Bromley, when I first entered his service, was a man of about the middle age, and of a rather grave and formal manner. He had not a bad heart; but I have since discovered that what appeared to my boyish fancy a hard and cold selfishness was

but the exterior of those narrow prejudices which too many of that class, if not of all classes, indulge, or rather inherit. He felt that a distance ought to be preserved between himself and his servant; and what he thought he ought to do, he always did; so that I had been with him a considerable period before he even addressed a word to me which business did not constrain him to utter.

He had a daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age. What a human being was Louisa Bromley! She was no beauty; but she had a face whose sweetness was never surpassed. I saw something like it afterwards in the faces of some of Raffaele's angels. The broad and serene forehead, the widely-parted eyebrow, the inexplicable mouth, the soul that pervaded the whole countenance! I can never forget that face; and, when I call it back to memory now, I admire it the more because, to use the modern jargon, there was no *intellect* in it. There was no thought, no meditation or premeditation; but there was nature, and it was good-nature.

Her gentleness and kindness soon won upon me. To be kind to me was at all times the way to win me, and the only way. I cannot express the happiness I felt at receiving and obeying any command from her. A smile, or the common courtesy of thanks from her lips, repaid me a hundred-fold for the performance of the most menial office.

I had now been with Mr. Bromley about four years. I employed my leisure, of which I had a great deal, in reading. All the books I could contrive to borrow, or that fell in my way, I devoured greedily. Nor did I confine myself exclusively to one branch of reading,—I cannot call it study. But my chief delight was to peruse the lives of the great masters of painting, to make myself acquainted with the history and the comparative merits of their several performances, and to endeavour to ascertain how many and what specimens existed in this country. I had, also, a natural taste for painting, and sometimes surprised my master by the remarks I ventured to make upon productions he might happen to purchase, or which had been consigned to him for sale.

Meanwhile, I was permitted to go out in the afternoon of each alternate Sunday. Upon these occasions invariably went to see my mother. How well can I remember the gloomy underground kitchen in which I always found her, with her Bible before her on a small round table! With what pleased attention did she listen to me when I descanted on the one subject upon which I constantly dwelt,—the determination I felt, as soon as I had saved money enough, and could see a little more clearly into my future prospects, to take her from service, that she might come and live with me! This was, in truth, the one absorbing thought—it might almost be termed the one passion—

of my existence at that time. I had no other hope, no other feeling, than that of making her latter years a compensation for the misery she must have endured during my father's life.

One Sunday when I called, as usual, an old woman answered the door. She speedily satisfied my inquiries after my mother. She had been very ill for some days, and was compelled to keep her bed. My heart sank within me. I had seen her frequently in former years disfigured by her husband's brutality; I had seen her in pain, in anguish, which she strove to conceal; but I had never known her to be confined to her room. When I saw her now, young as I was, and unaccustomed to the sight of disease, I involuntarily shrunk back with horror. She was asleep. I watched her for a few minutes, and then stole softly from the room, and returned to my master's house.

He was gone to church with his daughter. I followed thither, and waited under the portico till they came forth. I quickly singled them out from the concourse issuing from the church-doors. I drew my master aside, and besought him to spare me for a few days, that I might go and attend my mother, who was very ill.

'Is she dying?' he inquired.

I started. 'No, not dying. Oh, no!'

'Well, John, I can't spare you: we are very busy now, you know.'

And what was that to me? It is only on occasions like these, that the value of one's services is recognised. I thought of this at the time. I turned, in perplexity, to Louisa Bromley. She understood the silent appeal, and interceded for me. I loved her for that; I could have fallen down at her feet, and kissed them for it. She prevailed upon the old man to let me go.

The people of the house at which my mother was a servant were kind, and even friendly. They permitted me to remain with her.

I never left her side for more than half an hour at a time. She grew worse rapidly, but I would not believe it. My mother, however, was fully aware of her situation. She told me frequently, with a smile, which I could not bear to see upon her face, it was so unlike joy, but it was to comfort me,—she told me that she knew she was about to die, and she endeavoured to impress upon me those simple maxims of conduct for my future life which she had herself derived from her parents. She must not die—must not; and I heard with impatience, and heedlessly, the advice she endeavoured to bestow upon me.

She died. The old nurse told me she was dead. It could not be,—she was asleep. My mother had told me not an hour before, that she felt much better, and wanted a little sleep; and at that moment her hand was clasped in mine. The lady of the house took me gently by the arm, and, leading me into an adjoining

room, began to talk to me in a strain, I suppose, usually adopted upon such occasions,—for I knew not what she said to me.

In about two hours I was permitted to see my mother again. There was a change—a frightful change! The nurse, I remember, said something about her looking like one asleep. I burst into a loud laugh. Asleep! that blank, passive, impenetrable face like sleep—petrified sleep! I enjoined them to leave me, and they let me have my own way; for, boy as I was, they were frightened at me.

I took my mother's hand, and wrung it violently. I implored her to speak to me once more, to repeat that she still loved me, to tell me that she forgave all my faults, all my omissions, all my sins towards her. And then I knew she *was* dead, and fell down upon my knees to pray; but I could not. Something told me that I ought not—something whispered that I ought rather to—; but I was struck senseless upon the floor.

The mistress of my mother, who was a good and worthy woman, offered to pay her funeral expenses; but I would not permit it. Not a farthing would I receive from her; out of my own savings I buried her.

If I could have wept—but I never could weep—when this calamity befell me, I think that impious thought would never have entered my brain. That thought was, that the Almighty was unjust to deprive me of the only being in the world who loved me, who understood me, who knew that I had a heart, and that, when it was hurt and outraged, my head was not safe—not to be trusted. That thought remained with me for years.

CHAPTER II.

Five years elapsed. The grief occasioned by my mother's death having in some measure subsided, my thoughts became concentrated upon myself with an intensity scarcely to be conceived. A new passion took possession of my soul: I would distinguish myself, if possible, and present to the world another instance of friendless poverty overcoming and defying the obstacles and impediments to its career. With this view constantly before me, I read even more diligently than heretofore. I made myself a proficient in the principles of mathematics; I acquired some knowledge of mechanical science; but above all, I took every opportunity of improving my taste in the fine arts. This last accomplishment was soon of infinite service to me; many gentlemen who frequented our shop were pleased to take much notice of me; my master was frequently rallied upon having a servant who knew infinitely more of his business than himself; and my opinion on one or two remarkable occasions was taken in preference to that of my employer.

Mr. Bromley naturally and excusably might have conceived no slight envy of my acquirements; but he was not envious. Shall I be far wrong when I venture to say, that few men are so, where pecuniary interest points out the impolicy of their encouraging that feeling? Be this as it may, he treated me with great kindness; and I was grateful for it, really and strongly so. I had been long since absolved from the performance of those menial duties which had been required of me when I first entered his service; my wages were increased to an extent which justified me in calling them by the more respectable term, salary. I was permitted to live out of the house; and in all respects the apparent difference and distance between my master and myself were sensibly diminished.

During this period of five years I never received one unkind word or look from Louisa Bromley: and the affection I bore towards this young woman, which was the affection a brother might have felt, caused me to strive by every means at my command to advance the fortunes of her father. And, indeed, the old man had become so attached to me,—partly, and I doubt not unconsciously, because my talents were of value to him,—that I should not have had the heart, even had my inclinations prompted me, to desert him. It is certain that I might have improved my own position by doing so.

At this time Frederick Steiner became acquainted with Mr. Bromley. He was a young man about thirty years of age, of German descent, and possessed of some property. The manners of Steiner were plausible; he was apparently candid, his address indicated frankness and entire absence of guile, and he was handsome; yet I never liked the man. It is commonly supposed that women are gifted with the power of detecting the worst points of the characters of men at the first glance. This gift is withheld when they first behold the man they are disposed to love. This, in any rate, was the case with Louisa Bromley.

Not to dwell upon this part of my narrative, in a few months Bromley's daughter was married to Steiner, who was taken into partnership.

I must confess I was deeply mortified at this. I myself had conceived hopes of one day becoming Bromley's partner: and my anxiety for the happiness of his daughter led me to doubt whether she had not made a choice which she might have occasion afterwards to deplore. However, things went on smoothly for a time. Steiner was civil, nay, even friendly to me; and the affection he evinced towards his little boy, who was born about a year after the marriage, displayed him in so amiable a light, that I almost began to like the man.

It was not very long, however, before Steiner and I came to understand each other more perfectly. He was possessed with an overweening conceit of his

taste in pictures, and I on my part obstinately adhered to my own opinion, whenever I was called upon to pronounce one. This led to frequent differences, which commonly ended in a dispute, which Bromley was in most cases called upon to decide. The old man, doubtless, felt the awkwardness of his position; but, as his interest was inseparable from a right view of the question at issue, he commonly decided with me.

Upon these occasions Steiner vented his mortification in sneers at my youth, and ironical compliments to me upon my cleverness and extraordinary genius; for both of which requisites, as he was signally deficient in them, he especially hated me. I could have repaid his hatred with interest, for I kept it by me in my own bosom, and it accumulated daily.

I know not how it happened that the child wound itself round my heart, but it was so. It seemed as though there were a necessity that, in proportion as I detested Steiner, I must love his child. But the boy, from the earliest moment he could take notice of anything, or could recognise anybody, had attached himself to me; and I loved him, perhaps for that cause, with a passionate fondness which I can scarcely imagine to be the feeling even of a parent towards his child.

If I were not slow by nature to detect the first indications of incipient estrangement, I think I should have perceived in less than two years after Steiner had been taken into partnership by Mr. Bromley, a growing reserve, an uneasy constraint in the manners of the latter, and a studied, an almost formal civility on the part of his daughter. I now think there must have been something of the kind, although it was not at the time apparent to me. I am certain, at all events, there was less cordiality, less friendship, in the deportment of Mrs. Steiner towards me: a circumstance which I remember to have considered the result of her altered situation. The terms of almost social equality, however, were no longer observed.

One Mr. Taylor, a very extensive picture-dealer, who lived in the Haymarket, made several overtures to me about this time. He had heard many gentlemen of acknowledged taste speak of me in the highest terms; and, in truth, I was now pretty generally recognised throughout the trade as one of the best judges of pictures in London. I had more than one interview, of his own seeking, with this gentleman. He made me a most flattering and advantageous offer: he would have engaged my services for a certain number of years, and at the expiration of the period he would have bound himself to take me into partnership. I had received many similar offers before, although none that could be for a moment compared, on the score of emolument and stability, with this. I rejected those for the sake of Bromley: I rejected this for my own.

Shall I be weak enough to confess it? The respect

I bore for the old man even now; my affection for his daughter, my love for the child, went some part of the way towards a reason for declining Taylor's proposal; but it did not go all the way. I hated Steiner so intensely, so mortally, and he supplied me daily with such additional cause of hatred, that I felt a species of excitement, of delight, in renewing from time to time my altercations with him: a delight which was considerably increased by the fact that he was quite incapable of competing with me in argument. There was another reason, which added a zest, if anything could do so, to the exquisite pleasure I derived from tormenting him,—the belief I entertained that Bromley and himself dared not part with me: they knew my value too well. Bromley, at least, I was well aware, was conscious enough of that.

I had been attending one day a sale of pictures, the property of a certain nobleman whose collection, thirty years ago, was the admiration of connoisseurs. Mr. — (I need not give his name, but he is still living,) had employed me to bid for several amongst the collection; and had requested my opinion of a few, the merit of which, although strongly insisted upon, he was disposed to doubt. When I returned in the evening, I saw Steiner in the shop waiting for me, and—for hate is quick at these matters, quicker than love—I knew that he meditated a quarrel. I was not mistaken. He looked rather pale, and his lip quivered slightly.

'And so,' said he, 'you have been holding several conversations, with Mr. Taylor lately; haven't you, Mr. Gibson?'

'Who told you that I had been holding conversations with him?'

'No matter: you have done so. Pray, may I ask the tenor of them?'

'Mr. Taylor wished to engage my services,' I replied, 'and I declined to leave Mr. Bromley.'

'That's not very likely,' said Steiner with a sneer. Steiner was right there; it was not very likely. He might with justice consider me a fool for not having embraced the offer.

'I suppose,' pursued Steiner in the same tone, 'Mr. — would follow you to your new situation. You would select his pictures for him as usual, doubtless.'

'Doubtless I should,' said I with a cool smile that enraged him. 'Mr. — would follow *me* certainly, and many others would follow *him*, Mr. Steiner.'

'I'll tell you what it is,' cried Steiner, and a flush overspread his face; 'Taylor has been using you for his own purposes. You have been endeavouring to undermine our connection, and have been serving him at the same time that you have been taking our wages.'

It was not a difficult matter at any time to move me

to anger. I approached him, and with a glance of supreme scorn replied, 'It is false!—nay, I don't fear you—it's a lie,—an infamous lie!'

Steiner was a very powerful man, and in the prime of manhood; I was young, and my limbs were not yet fixed,—not set. He struck me a violent blow on the face. I resisted as well as I was able; but what can weakness do against strength, even though it have justice on its side? He seized me by the cravat, and, forcing his knuckles against my throat, dealt me with the other hand a violent blow on the temple, and felled me to the earth. O that I had never risen from it! It had been better.

When I came to my senses, for the blow had for a while stunned me, I arose slowly, and with difficulty. Steiner was still standing over me in malignant triumph, and I could see in the expression of his eyes the gratified conviction he felt of having repaid the long score of ancient grudges in which he was indebted to me. His wife was clinging to his arm, and as I looked into her face I perceived terror in it, certainly; but there was no sympathy,—nay, that is not the word,—I could not have borne that; there was no sorrow, no interest, no concern about me. My heart sickened at this. Bromley was there also. He appeared slightly perplexed; and, misconceiving the meaning of my glance, said coldly, but hurriedly, 'You brought it entirely upon yourself, Mr. Gibson.'

I turned away, and walked to the other end of the shop for my hat. I had put it on, and was about leaving them. As I moved towards the door, I was near throwing down the little boy, who had followed me, and was now clinging to the skirt of my coat, uttering in imperfect accents my name. I looked down. The little thing wanted to come to me to kiss me. Sweet innocent! there was one yet in the world to love me. I would have taken the child in my arms; but Mrs. Steiner exclaimed abruptly, 'Come away, Fred,—do; I insist upon it, sir.' From that time, and for a long time, I hated the woman for it.

I retreated to my lodging, and slunk to my own room with a sense of abasement, of degradation, of infamy, I had never felt before. Mrs. Matthews, the woman of the house, who had answered the door to me, and had perceived my agitation, followed me up stairs. She inquired the cause, and was greatly shocked at the frightful contusion upon my temple. I told her all, for my heart was nigh bursting, and would be relieved. She hastened down stairs for an embrocation, which the good woman had always by her, and, returning with it, began to bathe my forehead.

'Wouldn't I trounce the villain for it,' she said, as she continued to apply the lotion.

'What did you say, Mrs. Matthews?' and I suddenly looked up.

'Why, that I'd have the rascal punished,—that's what I said. Hanging's too good for such a villain.'

The kind creature—I was a favourite of hers—talked a great deal more to the same effect, and at last left me to procure a bottle of rum, which, much to her surprise, for I was no drinker, I requested her to fetch me.

How exquisite it was,—what a luxury to be left alone all to myself! Punished!—the woman had said truly, he must be punished. They, too, must not escape. The ingratitude of the old man,—his insolence of ingratitude was almost as bad as the conduct of Steiner. After what I had done for him!—an old servant who had indeed served him!—who had refused a certainty, a respectable station in society, perhaps a fortune, for his sake! And he must escape,—he must go unpunished,—he must revel in the consciousness of the impunity of his insult? *No*. I swore that deeply; and, lest it should be possible that I could falter, or perhaps renounce my intention, I confirmed that oath with another, which I shudder to think of, and must not here set down.

I emptied the bottle of rum, but I was not drunk. When I went to bed I was as sober as I am at this moment. I did not go to bed to sleep. My senses were in a strange ferment. The roof of my head seemed to open and shut, and I fancied I could hear the seething of my brain below. I presently fell into a kind of stupor.

It was past midnight when I recovered from this swoon, and I started from the bed to my feet. Something had been whispering in my ear, and I listened for a moment in hideous expectation that the words—for I did hear words—would be repeated; but all was silent. I struck a light, and after a time became more composed. Even the furniture of the room was company to me. Before morning I had shaped my plan of revenge, and it was in accordance with the words that had been spoken to me. Oh, my God! what weak creatures we are! This fantasy possessed me, pervaded me; it did not grow,—it did not increase from day to day,—it came, and it overcame me.

I returned the next morning to Bromley's house, and requested to see Steiner. I apologised to him for the words I had used on the previous day, and requested to be permitted to remain in my situation, if Mr. Bromley would consent to it, until I could turn myself round; and I hoped, in the mean time, that what had taken place would be overlooked and forgotten. Steiner received me with a kind of civil arrogance, and went to confer with his partner. They presently returned together, and at my request, after an admonitory lecture, rather confusedly delivered, from Bromley, was acceded to; Steiner warning me at the same time to conduct myself with more humility for the future, under pain of similar punishment.

I did do so, and for six months nothing could exceed the attention I paid to business, the zeal I evinced upon every occasion, the forbearance I exercised under every provocation. And I had need of forbearance. Bromley had been entirely perverted by his son-in-law; and the kind old man of former years was changed into a morose and almost brutal blackguard—to me, only to me. Mrs. Steiner had likewise suffered the influence of her husband to undermine, and for the time to destroy her better feelings; and she treated me upon all occasions, not merely with marked coldness, but with positive insult. I need hardly say that Steiner enjoyed almost to satiety the advantage he had gained over me. Even the very servants of the house took the cue from their superiors, and looked upon me with contempt and disdain. The little boy alone, who had received express commands never to speak to me, sometimes found his way into the shop, and as he lunged round my neck, and bestowed unasked kisses upon my cheek, my hatred of the rest swelled in my bosom almost to bursting.

The persecution I endured thus long was intense torment to me; the reader, whoever he may be, will probably think so. He will be mistaken. It was a source of inconceivable, of exquisite pleasure. It was a justification to me; it almost made the delay of my vengeance appear sinful.

It was now the 22nd of December, 1808. I cannot refrain from recording the date. Steiner had been during the last six weeks at Antwerp, and was expected to return in a day or two. He had purchased at a sale in that city a great quantity of pictures, which had just arrived, and were now in the shop. They were generally of no great value, but the purchase had brought Bromley's account at the banker's to a very low ebb. Mrs. Steiner and the child were going to spend the Christmas holidays with some relatives residing at Canterbury. She passed through the shop silently and without even noticing me, and hurried the boy along lest he should wish—and he did make an effort to do so—to take his farewell of me. It was evening at the time, and Bromley was in his back parlour. I was busy in the shop that evening; it was business of my own, which I transacted secretly. Having completed it, I did what was rather unusual with me; I opened the door of the parlour, and bade Bromley good night.

All that evening I hovered about the neighbourhood. I had not resolution to go from it. Now that the time was come when I should be enabled, in all human probability, to fulfil, to glut my vengeance, my heart led me. The feeling which had supported me during the last six months, which had been more necessary to my soul than daily sustenance to my body, had deserted me then, but that by a powerful effort I contrived to retain it. While I deplored having return-

ed to Bromley's employment, and the abject apology I had made to Steiner, that very step and its consequences made it impossible for me to recede. It must be. It was my fate to do it, and it was theirs that it should be done.

What trivial incidents cling to the memory sometimes, when they are linked by association to greater events! I was, I remember, standing at the door of a small chandler's shop in Dean-street, almost lost to myself, and to all that was passing about me.

The woman of the house tapped me on the shoulder.

'Will you be so good,' she said, 'as to move on; you are preventing my customers from entering the shop.'

'My good woman,' I said, 'I hope there is no harm in my standing here?'

'Not much harm,' replied the woman, good-humouredly. 'I hope you have been doing nothing worse to-day?'

I started, and gazed at the woman earnestly. She smiled.

'Why, bless the man! you look quite flurried. I haven't offended you, I hope?'

'No, no!' I muttered hastily, and moved away. The agony I endured for the next hour I cannot describe.

I passed Bromley's house several times from the hour of nine till half-past. All was silent, all still. What if my design should not take effect! I almost hoped that it would not; and yet the boy who cleaned out the shop must inevitably discover it in the morning. I trembled at the contemplation of that, and my limbs were overspread with a clammy dew. It was too late to make a pretext of business in the shop at that time of night. Bromley was at home, and might, nay would, suspect me. I resolved to be on the premises the first thing in the morning, and retired in a state of mind to which no subsequent occurrence of my life was ever capable of reducing me.

It was about half-past eleven o'clock, or nearer to twelve, that the landlord of the Green Man, in Oxford-street, entered the parlour where I was sitting, gazing listlessly upon two men who were playing a game of dominos.

'There is a dreadful fire,' said he, 'somewhere on the other side of the street;—in Berwick or Wardour-street, I think.'

I sprang to my feet, and rushed out of the house, and, turning into Hanway-yard, ran down Tottenham-court road, crossed the fields, (they are now built upon,) and never stopped till I reached Pancras Church.

As I leaned against the wall of the churchyard some men came along.

'Don't you see the fire master?' said one, as they passed me.

'Then, for the first time, I did see the fire, tinged the clouds with a lurid and dusky red, and at intervals casting a shower of broken flame into the

air, which expanded itself in wide-spreading scintillations.

God of Heaven! what had I done? Why was I here? I lived in the neighbourhood of Bromley's house, and they would be sending for me. The landlord, too, would afterwards remember having seen me in his parlour, and informing me of the fire in the neighbourhood, and I should be discovered. These thoughts were the duration of a moment, but they decided me. I ran back again in a frenzy of remorse and terror, and in a few minutes was in Wardour-street.

The tumult and confusion were at their height. The noise of the engines, the outcries of the firemen, the uproar of the crowd, faintly shadowed forth the tumult in my mind at that moment. I made my way through the dense mass in advance of me, and at length reached the house.

Bromley had just issued from it, and was wringing his hands, and stamping his naked feet upon the pavement. He recognised me, and seized me wildly by the arms.

'Oh! my good God! Gibson,' said he, 'my child!'

'What child—what child?' cried I, eagerly.

'Mine—mine! and the infant! they are in there!'

'They are gone out of town; don't you remember?' I thought the sudden fright had deprived him of his senses.

'No, no, no! they were too late! the coach was gone!'

With a loud scream I dashed the old man from me, and flew to the door, which was open. I made my way through the stifling smoke that seemed almost to block up the passage, and sprang up stairs. The bedroom door was locked. With a violent effort I wrenched off the lock, and rushed into the room.

All was darkness; but presently a huge tongue of flame swept the doorway, and, running up the wall, expanded upon the ceiling; and then I saw a figure in white darting about the room with angular dodgings like a terrified bird in a cage.

'Where is the child?' I exclaimed, in a voice of frenzy.

Mrs. Steiner knew me, and ran towards me, clasping me with both arms. She shook her head wildly, and pointed she knew not where.

'Here, Gibson,—here,' cried the child, who had recognised my voice.

I threw off my coat immediately, and, seizing the boy, wrapt him closely in it.

'This way, madam,—this way; at once, for Heaven's sake!' and I dragged her to the landing.

There was hell about me then! The flames, the smoke, the fire, the howlings; it was a living hell! But there was a shriek at that moment! Mrs. Steiner had left my side. Gracious Heavens! she had been precipitated below! A sickness came upon me then,—a sensation of being turned sharply round by some

invisible power; and, with the child tightly clasped in my arms, I was thrown violently forward into the flames, that seemed howling and yearning to devour me.

CHAPTER III.

When I recall to memory the circumstances of that terrible night, I wonder that I did not, either by word or action, betray myself. I do not know—for I am not adept at the solution of moral questions—whether men are equally provided by nature with what is termed conscience; but I am certain that there are some who can not only conceal it, but suppress it. It was not until many years afterwards, that I was made fully conscious of the enormity of my crime; and then conscience came too late, as it always does.

The child and myself were rescued from the burning ruins without having sustained any very serious injury; but Mrs. Steiner was so frightfully disfigured as to leave small hope of her recovery, and none of her ever regaining her former appearance. She was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to the house of a neighbour, who had offered Bromley and his family a temporary asylum; and, when the fire was at length got under, I returned to my own lodging with the gratifying conviction that the chief portion of the most valuable property was destroyed.

It is indeed true, that far from feeling any compunction for the sin I had committed, I gloried in its consummation. They who had so often sneered at my dependent condition, who had made their superiority of circumstances a ground for the assumption of superiority in all other points,—to have brought them at last to my own level, it was something. Whilst I confess this, I must, in justice to myself, mention that I was not at the time aware of the dangerous condition of Mrs. Steiner, but concluded that in a few days she would be restored. I was, at least, willing to believe so.

But when the sense of satisfied vengeance began to abate, a feeling of considerable anxiety with regard to myself, and the conduct I ought to pursue, occupied its place. Was it likely—was it possible that they would suspect me? there was no evidence—or rather, was there any?—that could convict me. It now occurred to me that I had not taken all such precautions against detection as, the act once committed, my fears pointed out as necessary. And yet, hitherto, I had shown myself a proficient in the duplicity which they had taught me to practise. But now, a comfortable reflection presented itself; I was even man enough to imagine that I saw the immediate agency of Providence in the accident which had prevented Mrs. Steiner and the child from leaving London on that evening. The exertions I had made to save them must furnish at once, conclusive testimony of my innocence: I had

nothing to fear from calumny or malicious conjecture. In that certainty I hugged myself, and towards day-break fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake until noon.

And yet, notwithstanding the state of composure to which I had succeeded in bringing myself, I felt that it would be necessary to attach myself to Bromley as closely as possible; lest, during my absence, his own thoughts, or the whispered surmises of others, should breed suspicion against me. I arose, therefore, and proceeded to his temporary lodging.

I found him, as I expected, surrounded by his neighbours and friends, the majority of whom very liberally offered the old man such assistance as is to be extracted from advice. Far from seizing the opportunity, when we were alone, of indulging a vulgar triumph at his expense, I endeavoured to soothe and to console him, to cheer him and to raise his spirits; reminding him (I could not forbear that one luxury) that there was no situation in life that honest industry could not render respectable; that although this calamity had befallen him, he might yet, late as it was, recover himself, and eventually raise up for himself kind and attached friends—as *I had done*.

I uttered these last words in a sufficiently marked and emphatic manner; and yet Bromley felt them not, or did not appear to heed them. Indeed, he seemed, as yet, hardly conscious of the extent of his misfortune; merely expressing great anxiety for Steiner's return, as though that event were the only matter to be thought about. His manner to me was as cold, distant, and supercilious as before. I knew, however, that this apathy could not last long,—that the truth must soon find its level; and I was perfectly content to wait till it did do so.

If I had not, long ago, acquired an ingenuity in forging palliations and excuses upon my own heart, I should have been overwhelmed with remorse and horror when the dreadful situation of Mrs. Steiner was made known to me. As it was, I felt deeply shocked; but not more so, I endeavoured to make myself believe, than I should have been, had she suffered in other circumstances: I was innocent of this—I strove to think so; because I had not contemplated it. I argued the case too much with my own mind to have been right.

However this might be, I was much relieved to hear, about a month afterwards, that she was out of anger; but it was added, she was so shockingly altered that I should not recognise her. I was not much concerned at this: I had no wish to perpetuate the memory of a face that had so often looked upon me with undeserved contempt and scorn; and I had ceased to feel the slightest interest in the fate of a person who, owing probably her own life and that of

the child to my exertions, had not even repaid me by the common gratitude of acknowledgment. But to return.

During three days that succeeded the fire, I was almost constantly employed in Bromley's business; by which time, a tolerable estimate was completed of the extent of his misfortune. The intervals of my leisure were occupied with the old man; and many occasions were afforded me of watching the gradual operation of the truth, as it silently and surely made its way to his heart. At first the melancholy state of his daughter was his chief, if not sole affliction; next, the absence of Steiner was deplored; until, at length, the one calamity, the irreparable loss, extending over the future, lay clearly before him. I, too, could see as clearly that my vengeance had been amply fulfilled; and I was satisfied.

Oh! it was a humiliating spectacle to witness the abject creature lamenting the downfall of the base image he had set up, and craving pity on a plea whose validity he had so often denied. He was once more to become one of those who 'prey upon the middle classes,'—it was his favourite expression,—for he had no longer 'a capital;' something which, in his opinion, included all the cardinal virtues, and religion into the bargain. I suspect there is a very large sect in this country, holding the same faith.

I had been too much occupied with Bromley's affairs, on the fourth day, to call upon him before the afternoon. As I entered the room, he arose and met me halfway.

'Gibson,' said he hurriedly, and in some agitation, 'you had better come again in an hour or two: but, stay; I don't know what to say—' he paused; 'what is best to be done?'

'What is the matter?' I inquired.

'Mr. Steiner is returned;' and he pointed to a door which communicated with an adjoining chamber.

'Well, sir, I am glad of it, for your sake. You have been anxious for his return.'

Bromley looked perplexed, but presently motioned me to take a seat. 'You may as well see him at once, perhaps,' he remarked.

I bowed. 'I shall be very glad to see him.'

At this moment Steiner, who, I think, had been listening, opened the door, and, flinging it after him, strode into the middle of the room. There was a kind of white calmness in his face, which I knew well how to interpret.

'Well, this is a very pretty piece of business; indeed, is it!' said he; 'what do you think, Mr. Gibson?'

'It is a very sad one,' I answered.

'Have you no conception how it originated?' he inquired.

'None whatever.'

'Do you mean to say,' he resumed with quickness, 'that you do not know how the fire was caused,—by what—by whom?'

'I do.'

Steiner took Bromley aside, and began to talk to him in a low tone. It was a relief to me, his doing so at that moment. A sudden faintness, a desertion of the vital powers, had in an instant reduced me to the helplessness of a child; I dreaded the interview which I foresaw was about to take place. He suspected me, that was certain; perhaps had obtained some clue—some witness against me. I felt that I could not confront him like an innocent man, I had not even strength to endeavour to do so.

'Had you not better be seated?' said Steiner, turning towards me, for I had remained standing motionless.

Steiner sat for a while absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed up the ground; but, at length, I could perceive his glance slowly stealing upward from my feet, until it settled itself upon my face. I could not bear the immovable gaze with which he regarded me: in vain did I attempt to withdraw my eyes from his, some horrible fascination constrained me; I could feel that there was not a thought of my soul hidden from him,—that my crime was legibly written on my countenance,—and I was almost tempted to shriek out the confession which was struggling in my throat.

'As there is a God in heaven!' cried Steiner, striking his knee with one hand, and pointing towards me with triumphant malignity, 'that man set fire to the premises. Look at him!' he added, seizing Bromley by the arm; 'would not that face alone convict him in a court of justice?'

Bromley, I think, arose, and laid hold upon Steiner.

'For Heaven's sake!' said he; 'do not be so violent. You don't know that,—we don't know it yet. Speak, Gibson; what do you say? You shall be heard; what answer have you to make to this?'

"None." I made an effort to speak,—to say I know not what,—but I could not utter a syllable. How I got out of the room I cannot remember. I must have slunk out, like a beaten hound.

When I recovered myself, I found that I had sunk upon a window-seat on the first landing of the stairs. There was a slight noise above. Steiner had attempted to follow me, but was prevented by Bromley. My presence of mind returned to me of a sudden, and I sprang from the seat. Of what unmanly, paltry weakness had I been guilty! what cause could they have of suspicion? what *right* had they to suspect me? Yes; they knew their persecution of me: they felt that they had earned this reprisal at my hands,—that I was justified in returning evil for evil. And they had extorted a tacit confession, at least, of the justice of their accusation. No—no, I was not to be over-reached quite so easily; that must not be. The blood boiled through

my veins, and pressed upon my brain with a dreadful weight. I rushed up stairs, and flung open the door.

I cannot describe the feelings that possessed me at the moment. I had almost brought myself to the belief that I was an injured man, and yet I was aware of the necessity of counterfeiting a violence of resentment which should satisfy my accusers that I was so. At all events, there was that in my face, as I slowly approached Steiner, which appalled him; for he retreated some paces. I flung my open hand from me, and seized him by the collar. I trembled violently, but my words came clearly and distinctly from me.

'Steiner!' said I, 'you have said that I set fire to the house; you have accused me of it; you shall prove it—I will make you attempt to prove it!'

Here Bromley rushed between, and besought me to 'exercise more temper.' I cast him violently from me.

'And you,' I said, turning towards him,—'you, who in conjunction, leagued with this villain, have been diligent, have set your poor wits to work, to make my life, after it has been devoted to you, a curse to myself; you wish, at length, to compass my death: but I shall baffle you; I defy you both, as much—I can say no more—as I despise you.'

Steiner, as I said this, released himself from my grasp, and endeavoured to assume a threatening aspect, which, however, failed of its intended effect.

'I have accused you, Gibson,' said he; and I will prove it.'

I smiled scornfully at him. He was perplexed, and would have appealed to Bromley.

'Did you not see him when I said so?' he exclaimed.

Bromley made no reply, but raised his hands, though unwilling to take further part in the business.

'Is it not strange,' resumed Steiner, addressing me, 'that the fire should have commenced in the shop—that it should have made such progress before it was discovered—that nothing whatever of value should have been preserved?'

I turned from him and approached Bromley.

'Tell him,' I said calmly, 'for you know it, the first he has this moment uttered; your daughter, and her child, were preserved by me, and at the hazard of my life: the thanks you owe me, you may pay—when you pay your other debts.'

Bromley was distressed: I could see that, but I was in no humour to bate a jot of the advantage I had gained. 'You and your accomplice,' I continued, 'know where I am to be found: I shall be forthcoming, I promise you. Good morning to you!'

It was now no time for supineness, or fruitless meditation. I took advantage of the opportunity they had afforded me, and informed the neighbourhood of the accusation they had launched against me, and of the steps they intended to take. That was wisely done. Who could believe me guilty of this act, who was the

first to promulgate the charge? I suborned a favourable verdict before my enemies commenced operations.

Steiner was as good as his word. He obtained a warrant against me, and I was brought before a magistrate. But what could this avail? He had no evidence: not the slightest symptom of guilt was observable upon my face. My worst enemy, even Steiner himself, could extract—could infer nothing unfavourable from my manners or demeanour. I was conscious of innocence; and when I collectedly, and with a manifest desire that the circumstances should be minutely related, constrained Bromley to testify to the efforts I had made—the successful efforts to preserve his daughter and her child, a murmur of indignant horror at the baseness of Steiner and himself pervaded the justice-room. I was discharged, not only without a stain upon my character, but with many compliments upon my heroic conduct; and, as I left the office, the admiring plaudits of the multitude, and the yells without with which they assailed my persecutors, sanctioned the justice of the magistrate's decision.

I need hardly say that I went on my way rejoicing. I had not proceeded far, however, before Steiner overtook me. He tapped me on the shoulder; I was not sorry that he had followed me: I was glad of the opportunity of enjoying my triumph to the full.

'You have escaped,' said he, 'for the present; but you shall not escape me. We shall yet,' and he shook his fist in my face—'we shall yet be too much for you.'

How exquisitely I enjoyed the empty menace! Steiner,' I replied, 'do you intend me a personal outrage? if you do, I'll have you taken into custody forthwith. Here!' and I beckoned to some men who were already collected on the other side of the street.

He was daunted. 'I shall not lose sight of you,' he muttered. 'I mean what I have said—I shall see you again!'

'You shall, indeed,' I said calmly; 'and that very shortly. You owe me, I recollect, six months' salary—nearly a hundred pounds: I hope, when I call upon you, it will be convenient to you to pay it.'

Steiner had not expected this. He was dumb. It was an inconvenient circumstance.

'Ho! ho!' I said, with a smile of contempt; 'I have, it seems, escaped your malice, and this had escaped your memory. You may keep it. I hope, Steiner, you may live to want it. This one hope of mine I think likely to be fulfilled.'

CHAPTER IV.

When moralists purpose to deter you from vice, they tell you how insidious it is; how it strengthens by encouragement; how impossible it is, when it has once taken root, to eradicate it: when they desire to

reclaim you from it, they say how easy it is to fulfil a good resolution: 'throw but a stone, the giant dies; one conquest gained makes way for another, &c. Convenient moralists!

Perhaps I was not originally formed of such stuff as saints are made of; or, perhaps the deed I had done, and its results, threw me into a frame of mind in which vice commends itself most easily to one's adoption: for no sooner had I left Bromley and his partner, as I believed, for ever, than I changed my lodging, and, neglecting the opportunities which had been presented to me, surrendered myself to a course of the lowest and most depraved dissipation, until the money I had been years in saving was expended, and the peremptory conditions of existence were once more offered to my acceptance. At this time, the thought of committing suicide entered my mind; but, although I did not encourage it, I take no credit for any religious scruples that withheld me. It is no less true, that the habitual practice of vice unfits a man for death, than that it renders him afraid to die. We all look forward to some amendment of our condition; many place their faith in the world to come, many rely upon their chances in this. I was one of the latter class.

At length, in the last extremity, I applied to Mr. Taylor, of whom I have before spoken. He received me kindly enough, sympathised with my misfortunes, was indignant at the treatment I had experienced from my former masters. But it is one thing to sue, and another to be sought. He would by no means renew the flattering offers he had previously made me. 'What a pity it was,' he said, 'that I had not come to him immediately I left Bromley. And then, although the accusation against me had so entirely fallen to the ground, the world was so censorious—so uncharitable! In a word, however base the world might be, I found Mr. Taylor thoroughly a man of it; and accordingly, like others who drive hard bargains, he thought the most likely way of getting me cheaply, was to depreciate me.'

During the two years I remained with Mr. Taylor, I saw neither Bromley nor Steiner. I was aware that they had left the neighbourhood shortly after their parting with me, and I knew that neither of them had resumed business. I concluded, therefore, that, having settled their involved affairs, they had proceeded to Germany, where, I had often heard him say, Steiner had many rich and influential connections. I endeavoured to exclude the remembrance of them; and had begun to look back upon the fire as a calamity which, morally considered, had probably operated with salutary efficacy upon all the parties concerned, except myself. And yet the memory would intrude itself upon me sometimes, nor was I able to dismiss it.

Taylor and myself were mutually disappointed in each other. I found him a low grovelling person, who

had originally sought to procure my services, not more to forward his own interest than to pursue an old enmity between himself and Bromley, of whom, conceiving that he had secured a ready listener when I first entered his service, he was always speaking in terms of bitter hostility. On the other hand, I believe he had some reason to complain of me. I had lost all alacrity, I evinced no zeal for business. It had not only become irksome to me, but I began to wonder how I could possibly have taken an interest in it at any time.

I had been with Taylor two years, when an event fell out that, in a moment, entirely changed the whole aspect of my future life. I was, one evening, reading the newspaper, when an advertisement caught my eye. It was to this effect:—‘That if any relation of Luke Adams, of Luton in Bedfordshire, were in existence, and he would apply to certain solicitors in Austin Friars, he would hear of something greatly to his advantage.’ I remembered instantly, that Adams was my mother’s uncle, to whom she had written, at my father’s death, requesting some trifling assistance. Not to dwell upon this part of my narrative: I waited upon these gentlemen in the city, and after considerable delay, and no small difficulty in proving my own identity, was acknowledged sole heir to his very considerable property, and I took possession accordingly.

I do not think that this sudden change of my condition produced any great moral alteration in me, whether for better or worse. It must be remembered that a man may be virtuous, as the world goes, at a very cheap rate, but vice is an expensive luxury; and to expend money liberally is of itself considered a species of virtue, especially by those who receive it. Without any love of vice for its own sake, or for the sake of any delight it afforded, I plunged once more into dissipation, and pursued the same idle and profitless pleasures with which most men, without other resources than money, are fain to content themselves. That I was not happy, perhaps I need not say; I became more and more conscious every day (I had not felt it so much when I was poor, and compelled to earn my living,) of the grievous wrong I had done to Bromley. Bitterly to repent an injury inflicted upon another is a torment that knows no alleviation—that no time will mitigate. But, although conscious of the wrong, I could not repent it until reparation was made to me: that reparation came at last, and repentance followed, and misery henceforward abided with me for ever.

One day I had taken shelter, under a gateway, from a heavy shower of rain. I had not been standing there many minutes, when a woman, meanly clad, entered hastily, and perceiving me, started back, and involuntarily pronounced my name. I should not have remembered the face—the ravage of *that night* had made

a fearful, a hideous change,—but the voice was familiar to me.

‘Mrs. Steiner!’ I exclaimed: but she had turned from me. The tone in which she had uttered my name was the tone of former years, and my heart was touched. I approached her.

‘Will you not speak to your servant, madam!’ I said.

‘Oh! do not say so, sir,’ she answered; ‘I am very glad to see you.’ She trembled, but offered me her hand.

There is no sight in nature more pitiable, more humiliating than that of self-abased poverty. I could not witness it unmoved; I took her hand and pressed it warmly; I inquired after Bromley, whether he was yet living; and asked if *they* still resided with him.

‘I live with him,’ she answered, ‘Mr. Steiner is not with us at present.’

‘I should very much wish to see Mr. Bromley again,’ I said earnestly.

Her eyes brightened for a moment. ‘Should you?’ she replied, ‘but perhaps—’ she paused.

‘He would not care to see me. Did you mean that?’ I know his prejudice against me.

‘That, Mr. Gibson, has been long ago dispelled. It would make him happy to see you once more, before he dies. He has said so often, but he is ashamed and afraid to meet you.’

I prevailed upon her to allow me to conduct her home. She made many excuses, and at length, with a faltering voice murmured something about the meanness of the lodging. Drawing her arm between mine, we proceeded on our way in silence, (my heart was too full to speak,) towards a narrow street in Westminster.

‘We live here,’ she said, with a deprecating blush, as she knocked at the door of a miserable dwelling. ‘If you will wait below for a moment, I will prepare my father to receive you.’

I was shown into a small room, scantily furnished, on the second floor. When I entered, Bromley came forward to meet me,—but very feebly; and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, he gazed long and earnestly at me, whilst the tears rolled down his face.

‘And you have come at last to see me, Mr. Gibson,’ he said tremulously; ‘I do not deserve this kindness from you. Oh! boy, I have wronged you,—but, listen,—that villain!’ he looked around, but Mrs. Steiner had left the room, ‘that villain, Steiner, set us against you—both of us; he did—he did!’

I placed the old man in his chair, and sat down by his side. He was verging upon second childhood, but I gathered from him enough to know that I had been the instrument of ruin, of misery, of destitution, and of

his present helpless and piteous condition. Steiner had long ago abandoned his wife and child, having converted into money everything he could lay his hands upon, and they had neither seen nor heard from him for years.

I could wish to avoid this part of my confession—I can hardly bear to think upon it even now. More awful circumstances do not so disturb me, as the remembrance of that day. I stayed with them for some hours. We talked of by-gone days—my days of happiness,—but we spoke of them sadly, mournfully, and with regret. At length I informed them of my unexpected possession of a fortune, and abruptly—for I could do it in no other way, expressed my determination of providing for Bromley and his daughter, and of taking the child, who was now a fine grown boy, under my protection.

I can never recall to memory, without agony, the old man, as he tottered from the room, chuckling as he went, to tell the woman of the house, below, that he was made a man again, and that Gibson had brought him back his property; and I groaned in very anguish when Mrs. Steiner fell at my feet, bathing my hand with her tears, and called upon the child to kneel before me, and bless their benefactor. They could not have devised a more dreadful vengeance upon me.

I, too, when I returned home on that night, went upon my knees, not for forgiveness of my crime, but that He would direct me how to atone for it in this world. And I arose, perhaps, a better, if not a happier man.

Peace is, however, preferable to happiness; if it be not in its best sense the same thing, and if an exemption from external influences may be called peace, I enjoyed it for six years after my interview with Bromley and his daughter.

What I had promised to do for them was done, and done promptly. I settled an annuity upon them, which was continued to Mrs. Steiner after the death of her father, and I sent the boy to a boarding-school in the vicinity of London, intending to realise for him the prospects which had been designed for me by my early protector, Mr. Ward.

The world finds it very difficult in many cases to draw the line, and in some even to distinguish, between crime and misfortune. I am about to enter upon a circumstance in my life which chiefly partakes of the latter. I cannot bring myself to think otherwise. But it will be necessary to state in a few words how matters stood when this circumstance occurred.

I had been living for the space of six years a secluded and an inoffensive life. I occupied a small detached house at Chelsea, and resided alone; the woman who attended upon me coming every morning, and returning to her own home at night. The boy spent the chief portion of his holidays with me; but at other

times, with the exception of an occasional visit to and from Mrs. Steiner, I neither went to see nor received into my house any human being. I had no friends.

My early attachment for the boy had been renewed, and he returned my affection. He was now thirteen years of age; and, at the time of which I am about to speak, at school.

CHAPTER V.

I had been expecting a letter from Mrs. Steiner, which she had promised to send me in the evening. It was a letter for her son, to which I wished to add a few lines. It was growing late; my servant had left me, and I was about to retire to bed, when a knock summoned me to the door. Late as it was I concluded that some person had brought the letter. On opening the door a tall, muscular man, with a fur cap on his head, and enveloped in a rough great coat, stood before me.

‘Is Mr. Gibson within?’ he inquired.

‘He is: my name is Gibson.’

‘You don’t remember me, I perceive,’ said the man. ‘I do not.’

‘Ay!’ he continued; ‘times are changed since we last met: with you for the better; for the worse with me. My name is Steiner.’

I stepped back in astonishment.

‘You won’t know me now, I suppose?’ resumed Steiner, ‘and I believe you have no reason to care much about me; but I have suffered misfortunes since then.’

This was spoken in a tone of humility, which almost affected me.

‘Nay, Steiner,’ said I, ‘I have long ago forgotten and forgiven the past.’

‘Have you?’ he replied quickly. ‘Mr. Gibson, you have a good heart, and I always thought so; though I didn’t always act as if I thought so. But, won’t you let me step in? I have a favour to beg of you; and I won’t detain you long.’

I led the way into the parlour, and he sat down. As he took off his cap, and threw back his great-coat, I at once recognised my old enemy. Time had contributed his usual share to the alteration I detected in him; but sordid wants, and recourse to miserable shifts and expedients, will breed care, even in the most callous bosom; and its effects were observable upon his face. He looked ill, also, and exhausted.

‘Will you not take some refreshment?’ I said: ‘you appear faint.’

‘I am so,’ he replied. ‘You are very kind. I will take something. I have not touched a morsel to-day.’

I went down stairs, and procured what the pantry contained; which I laid before him.

‘You had better take some wine,’ I said, placing it upon the table.

I watched him in silence as he despatched his meal, wondering inwardly how he had obtained a clue to my place of abode, and what request he was about to make to me. He thrust the tray from him, and helped himself to a glass of wine, which was presently followed by another.

'You seem to have a pleasant place here, Gibson,' said he. 'Well, this is a strange world! Who could have supposed fifteen years ago that you and I would have been situated as we are now;—but you don't drink.'

I took a glass of wine. 'It has pleased fortune to bestow her favours upon me,' said I; 'but, after all, fortune——'

'Ah! well; I'm glad of it!' he cried, interrupting me. 'I'm glad of it; you deserve it. Here's your health, old boy!'

I was somewhat startled at this sudden familiarity. I had never admired Steiner in his gayer mood, especially when it had been induced by drink. I knew it of old as the prelude to an ebullition of a totally opposite nature.

'Will you let me know how I can be of service to you, Mr. Steiner,' I said abruptly; 'it is growing late.'

'So late? not so very late!' returned Steiner. 'Why, the truth is, I am poor, very poor, and I want money!'

'You are in want, you say? Well, I can, perhaps,——'

'Perhaps!' said he. 'Certainly, I should think. Come, more wine: I see you have some on the side-board.'

'Another glass,' I answered, producing with reluctance a second bottle, 'and we part. Do you mean to say, sir, you are in positive distress?'

'I do,' he returned; 'I have nothing left in the world,——nothing? Yes, this. Do you remember it?' and he produced from his pocket a dagger, the sheath of which was curiously chased, and which had ornamented Bromley's shop from my earliest remembrance. 'I have kept it by me for years,' he continued, 'in case it might be wanted.' He threw it upon the table, and seized the decanter.

I could see in his eye at that moment the man I had lost sight of for years; the man who had threatened me when I last saw him. But I had no wish to quarrel with him.

'Have you seen Mrs. Steiner since your return from England?' I inquired.

'No. I have not seen Mrs. Steiner since my return to England,' said he. 'I called at my former lodgings, and they informed me of everything. They told me where I might find you, and I preferred calling upon you first.'

'Well, Steiner,' said I, rising, 'I am sorry to hasten you, but it grows very late.'

'Ha! ha!' cried he, not heeding me; 'I hear you have

done something for the boy, and provided for Louisa. Well, it's generous of you; I will say that. She's altered, eh! not quite so handsome? But you always liked her, you dog! I knew that.'

I sat down in utter and mute surprise at the man's baseness.

'And old Bromley's gone too,' he resumed. 'Well, we must all go! The law of nature they call it.'

'I must beg you to defer your business till to-morrow morning,' said I in disgust. 'I will not be kept up any longer!'

'No, no,' returned he decisively; 'I can't do that. If Bromley could have deferred his death till to-morrow he would have done so, I dare say; but he couldn't. I can't defer my business!'

'What do you want?' cried I peremptorily.

'Money!' answered Steiner. 'Come, Gibson; I know you're a good-natured fellow. I want a hundred pounds.'

'A hundred pounds!' and I drew back in surprise.

'No nonsense, my gentleman!' cried Steiner, tapping the table with the hilt of the dagger. 'You know, and I know that you set fire to that house in Wardoc-street. You ruined us. You reduced us to beggary. I must have this money!—I must—must!'

The old feeling entered into me which I had years ago encouraged, and by whose power I had successfully wrought out my vengeance.

'Must?' said I; 'must, Mr. Steiner? that is a word I never obeyed in my life!'

'Time you began!' said Steiner with a sneer. 'Come, Gibson, you are no match for me; you know it. You tried me once, and you were wanting. You are alone in the house. I have you in my power!'

'What do you mean?' said I, but I was not alarmed. 'What do you purpose?'

'This!' cried he, and he unsheathed the dagger.

'Your life,' said I promptly, 'your life, Steiner, will answer it!'

'What is it to me?' he returned. 'What is yours to you is the question! Will you let me have the money?'

'No!'

'You will not?'

'No!' I thundered. 'Steiner, I shall sell my life dearly! Never shall a beast like yourself extort money from me by force—by intimidation!'

I said more, but I know not what; and grappled with him. He was a powerful man, but had become enervated by excess. I learnt that afterwards. And the wine he had taken, although it had stimulated his brutal nature, had deprived him of that advantage which is deprived from quickness of eye and directness of aim. I, too, had grown stronger since we were last opposed to each other.

He had wounded me in the arm before I closed with

him, and wrested the dagger from his hand. The struggle was then short, compressed, and deadly. We fell to the earth together. Steiner's hold upon me seemed to relax,—a faintness overcame me,—the room appeared to go round rapidly,—and I sank into insensibility.

When I recovered my senses, and arose,—which I did with difficulty, I found the candles burnt out, and the daylight streaming through the shutters. Why was I here? What had happened? It was a hideous dream! I made an effort to approach the window, but I stumbled over something on the floor. It was Steiner,—the lifeless body,—the corpse of Steiner! I had killed him! His neckcloth told me that I had strangled him!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

It was on one of those nights in August, when the moon and stars shine through an atmosphere clear and cloudless, with a mildness of lustre almost continental, that a horseman, advancing at a rapid pace, turned off a remote branch of road up a narrow lane, and, dismounting before a neat whitewashed cottage, gave a quick and impatient knock at the door. Almost instantly, out of a small window that opened on hinges, was protruded a broad female face, surrounded, by way of nightcap, with several folds of flannel, that had originally been white.

'Is Mary Moan at home?' said the horseman.

'For a maricle—ay!' replied the female; 'who's down in the name o' goodness?'

'Why, thin, I'm thinkin' you'll be smilin' whin you hear it,' replied the messenger. 'The sorra one else than Honor Donovan, that's now marrid upon Fardorougha Donovan to the tune of thirteen years. Be dad, time for her, any how—but, sure it 'ill be good whin it comes, we're thinkin'.'

'Well, betther late than never—the Lord be praised for all his gifts, any how. Put your horse down to the mountin' stone, and I'll be wid you in half a jiffy, acushla.'

She immediately drew in her head, and ere the messenger had well placed his horse at the aforesaid stirrup, or mounting stone, which is an indispensable adjunct to the midwife's cottage, she issued out, cloaked and bonneted; for, in point of fact, her practice was so extensive, and the demands upon her attendance so incessant, that she seldom, if ever, slept, or went to bed, unless partially dressed. And such was her habit of vigilance, that she ultimately became an illustration

of the old Roman proverb, *Non dormio omnibus*; that is to say, she could sleep as sound as a top to every possible noise except a knock at the door, to which she might be said, during the greater part of her professional life, to have been instinctively awake.

Having ascended the mounting-stone, and placed herself on the crupper, the guide and she, while passing down the narrow and difficult lane, along which they could proceed but slowly and with caution, entered into the following dialogue, she having first turned up the hood of her cloak over her bonnet, and tied a spotted cotton kerchief round her neck.

'This,' said the guide, who was Fardorougha Donovan's servant-man, 'is a quare enough business, as some o' the nabours do be sayin'—marrid upon one another beyant thirteen year, an' ne'er a sign of a haporth. Why then begad it is quare.'

'Whisht, whisht,' replied Molly, with an expression of mysterious and superior knowledge; 'dont be spakin' about what you dont understand—sure, nuttin's impossible to God, avick—dont you know that?'

'Oh, bedad, sure enough—that we must allow, whether or not, still'—

'Very well; seein' that, what more have we to say, barrin' to hould our tongues. Childre sent late always come either for great good or great sarra to their paa-rents—an' God grant that this may be for good to the honest people—for indeed honest people they are, by all accounts. But what myself wonders at is, that Honor Donovan never once opened her lips to me about it. However, God's will be done! The Lord send her safe over all her throubles, poor woman! And, now that we're out o' this thief of a lane, lay an for the bare life, and never heed me. I'm as good a horseman as yourself; and, indeed, I've a good right, for I'm an ould hand at it.'

'I'm thinkin',' she added, after a short silence, 'it's odd I never was much acquainted with the Donovans. I'm tould they're a hard pack, that loves the money.'

'Faix,' replied her companion, 'let Fardorougha alone for knowin' the value of a shillin'!—they're not in Europe can hould a harder grip o' one.'

His master, in fact, was a hard frugal man, and his mistress a woman of somewhat a similar character; both were strictly honest, but, like many persons to whom God has denied offspring, their hearts had for a considerable time before been placed upon money as their idol; for, in truth, the affections must be fixed upon something, and we generally find that where children are denied, the world comes in and hardens by its influence the best and tenderest sympathies of humanity.

After a journey of two miles they came out on a hay-track, that skirted an extensive and level sweep of meadow, along which they proceeded with as much speed as a pillionless midwife was capable of bearing.

At length, on a gentle declivity facing the south, they espied in the distance the low, long whitewashed farmhouse of Fardorougha Donovan. There was little of artificial ornament about the place, but much of the rough heart-stirring wildness of nature, as it appeared in a strong vigorous district, well cultivated, but without being tamed down by those finer and more graceful touches, which now-a-days mark the skilful hand of the scientific agriculturist.

To the left waved a beautiful hazel glen, which gradually softened away into the meadows above mentioned. Up behind the house stood an ancient plantation of whitethorn, which, during the month of May, diffused its fragrance, its beauty, and its melody, over the whole farm. The plain garden was hedged round by the graceful poplar, whilst here and there were studded over the fields either single trees or small groups of mountain ash, a tree still more beautiful than the former. The small dells about the farm were closely covered with blackthorn and holly, with an occasional oak shooting up from some little cliff, and towering sturdily over its lowly companions. Here grew a thick interwoven mass of dog-tree, and upon a wild hedgerow, leaning like a beautiful wife upon a rugged husband, might be seen supported by clumps of blackthorn that most fragrant and exquisite of creepers, the delicious honey-suckle. Add to this the neat appearance of the farm itself, with its meadows and cornfields waving to the soft sunny breeze of summer, and the reader may admit, that without possessing any striking features of pictorial effect, it would, nevertheless, be difficult to find an uplying farm upon which the eye could rest with greater satisfaction.

Ere arriving at the house they were met by Fardorougha himself, a small man, with dark, but well-set features, which being at no time very placid, appeared now to be absolutely gloomy, yet marked by strong and profound anxiety.

'Thank God!' he exclaimed on meeting them; 'Is this Mary Moan?'

'It is—it is,' she exclaimed: 'how are all within?—Am I in time?'

'Only poorly,' he returned; 'you are, I hope.'

The midwife, when they reached the door, got herself dismounted in all haste, and was about entering the house, when Fardorougha, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said in a tone of voice full of deep feeling—

'I need say nothing to you: what you can do, you will do—but one thing I expect—if you see danger, call in assistance.'

'It's all in the hands o' God, Fardorougha, acushla: be as aisy in your mind as you can; if there's need for more help you'll hear it; so keep the man an' horse both ready.'

She then blessed herself, and entered the house, re-

peating a short prayer, or charm, which was supposed to possess uncommon efficacy in relieving cases of the nature she was then called upon to attend.

Fardorougha Donovan was a man of great good sense, and of strong, but not obvious or flexible feeling; that is to say, on strong occasions he felt accordingly, but exhibited no remarkable symptoms of emotion. In matters of a less important character, he was either deficient in sensibility altogether, or it affected him so slightly as not to be perceptible. What his dispositions and feelings might have been, had his parental affections and domestic sympathies been cultivated by the tender intercourse which subsists between a parent and his children, it is not easy to say. On such occasions many a new and delightful sensation—many a sweet trait of affection previously unknown—and, oh! many, many a fresh impulse of rapturous emotion never before felt gushes out of the heart all of which, were it not for the existence of ties so delightful, might have there lain, sealed up for ever. Where is the man who does not remember the strange impression of tumultuous delight which he experienced on finding himself a husband? And who does not recollect that nameless charm, amounting almost to a new sense, which pervaded his whole being with tenderness and transport on kissing the rose-bud lips of his first-born babe? It is indeed by the ties of domestic life that the purity and affection and the general character of the human heart are best tried. What is there more beautiful than to see that fountain of tenderness multiplying its affections instead of diminishing them, according as claim after claim arises, to make fresh demands upon its love. Love, and especially parental love, like jealousy, increases by what it feeds on. But oh! from what an unknown world of exquisite enjoyment are they shut out, to whom Providence has not vouchsafed those beloved beings on whom the heart lavishes the whole fulness of its rapture! No wonder that their own affections should wither in the gloom of disappointed hope, or their hearts harden into that moody spirit of worldly-mindedness which adapts for its offspring the miser's idol.

Whether Fardorougha felt the want of children acutely or otherwise, could not be inferred from any visible indication of regret on his part by those who knew him. His own wife, whose facilities of observation were so great and so frequent, was only able to suspect in the affirmative. For himself he neither murmured nor repined, but she could perceive that after a few years had passed, a slight degree of gloom began to settle on him, and an anxiety about his crops and his few cattle, and the produce of his farm. He also began to calculate the amount of what might be saved from the fruits of their united industry. Sometimes, but indeed upon rare occasions, his temper appeared inclining to be irascible or impatient; but in

eneral it was grave, cold, and inflexible, without any outbreaks of passion, or the slightest disposition to mirth. His wife's mind, however, was by no means so firm as his, nor so free from the traces of that secret regret which preyed upon it. She both murmured and repined, and often in terms which drew from Fardoroughha a cool rebuke for her want of resignation to the will of God. As years advanced, however, her disappointment became harassing even to herself, and now that hope began to die away, her heart gradually partook of the cool worldly spirit which had seized upon the disposition of her husband. Though cultivating but a small farm, which they held at a high rent, yet by the dint of frugality and incessant diligence they were able to add a little each year to the small stock of money which they had contrived to put together. Still would the unhappy reflection that they were childless steal painfully and heavily over them; the wife would sometimes murmur, and the husband remove her, but in a tone so cool and indifferent that she could not avoid concluding that his own want of resignation, though not expressed, was at heart equal to her own. Each also became somewhat religious, and both remarkable for a punctual attendance upon the rites of their church, and that in proportion as the love of temporal things overcame them. In this manner they lived upwards of thirteen years, when Mrs. Donovan declared herself to be in that situation which in due time rendered the services of Mary Moan necessary.

From the moment this intimation was given, and the truth confirmed, a faint light, not greater than the dim and trembling lustre of a single star, broke in upon the darkened affections and worldly spirit of Fardoroughha Donovan. Had the announcement taken place within any reasonable period after his marriage, before he had become sick of disappointment, or had surrendered his heart from absolute despair to an insipient spirit of avarice, it would no doubt have been hailed with all the eager delight of unblighted hope and vivid affection; but now a new and subtle habit had been superinduced, after the last cherished expectation of the heart had departed; a spirit of foresight and severe calculation descended on him, and had so early saturated his whole being, that he could not for some time actually determine whether the knowledge of his wife's situation was more agreeable to his affection, or repugnant to the parsimonious disposition which had quickened his heart into an energy incompatible with natural benevolence, and the perception of those tender ties which spring up from the relations of domestic life. For a considerable time this struggle between the two principles went on; sometimes a new hope would spring up, attended in the back-ground by a thousand affecting circumstances—on the other hand

some gloomy and undefinable dread of exigency, distress, and ruin, would ring his heart and sink his spirits down to positive misery. Notwithstanding this conflict between growing avarice and affection, the star of the father's love had risen, and though, as we have already said, its light was dim and unsteady, yet the moment a single opening occurred in the clouded mind, there it was to be seen serene and pure, a beautiful emblem of undying and solitary affection struggling with the cares and angry passions of life. By degrees, however, the husband's heart became touched by the hopes of his younger years, former associations revived, and remembrances of past tenderness, though blunted in a heart so much changed, came over him like the breath of fragrance that has nearly passed away. He began, therefore, to contemplate the event without foreboding, and by the time the looked-for period arrived, if the world and its debasing influences were not utterly overcome, yet nature and the quickening tenderness of a father's feelings had made a considerable progress in a heart from which they had been long banished. Far different from all this was the history of his wife since her perception of an event so delightful. In her was no bitter and obstinate principle subversive of affection to be overcome. For although she had in latter years sunk into the painful apathy of a hopeless spirit, and given herself somewhat to the world, yet no sooner did the unexpected light dawn upon her, than her whole soul was filled with exultation and delight. The world and its influence passed away like a dream, and her heart melted into a habit of tenderness at once so novel and exquisite, that she often assured her husband she had never felt happiness before.

Such are the respective states of feeling in which our readers find Fardoroughha Donovan and his wife, upon an occasion whose consequences run too far into futurity for us to determine at present whether they are to end in happiness or misery. For a considerable time that evening, before the arrival of Mary Moan, the males of the family had taken up their residence in an inside kiln, where, after having kindled a fire in the draught hole, or what the Scotch call the 'logie,' they sat and chatted in that kind of festive spirit which such an event uniformly produces among the servants of a family. Fardoroughha himself remained for the most part with them, that is to say, except while ascertaining from time to time the situation of his wife. His presence, however, was only a restraint upon their good humour, and his niggardly habits raised some rather uncomplimentary epithets during his short visits of enquiry. It is customary upon such occasions, as soon as the mistress of the family is taken ill, to ask the servants to drink 'an aisy bout to the mistress, sir, an' a speedy recovery, not forgettin' a safe landin'

to the youngster, and, like a Christmas compliment, many of them to you both. Whoo! death alive, but that's fine stuff—Oh, begorra, the mistress can't but thrive wid that in the house. Thank you, sir, an' wishin' her once more safe over her troubles!—divil a betther mistress ever,' &c. &c. &c.

Here, however, there was nothing of the kind. Fardorougha's heart in the first instance was against the expense, and besides, its present broodings resembled the throes of pain which break out from the stupor that presses so heavily upon the exhausted functions of life in the crisis of a severe fever. He could not, in fact, rest nor remain for any length of time in the same spot. With a slow but troubled step he walked backward and forward, sometimes uttering indistinct ejaculations and broken sentences, such as no one could understand. At length he approached his own servants, and addressed the messenger whose name was Nogher M'Cormick.

'Nogher,' said he, 'I'm troubled.'

'Troubled! dad, Fardorougha, you ought to be a happy and a thankful man this night, that is, if God sinds the mistress safe over it, as I hope he will, plase goodness.'

'I'm poor, Nogher, I'm poor, an' here's a family comin'.'

'Faith take care it's not sin you're committin' by spakin' as you're doin'.'

'But you know I'm poor, Nogher.'

'But I know you're *not*, Fardorougha; but I'm afraid, if God has'nt sed it, that your heart's too much fix'd upon the world. Be my faix it's on your knees you ought to be this same night, thankin' the Almighty for his goodness, and not grumblin' an' sthreelin' about the place, flyin' in the face of God for sendin' you an' your wife a blessin'—for sure I hear the Scripthur says that all childres a blessin' if they're resaved as sich; an' vo be to the man says scripthur dat's born wid a millstone about his neck, espishally if he's cast into the *say*. I know you pray enough, but be my sowl, it hasn't improv'd your morals, or it's the mistress's health we'd be drinkin' in a good bottle o' whiskey at the present time. Faix myself wouldn't be much surprised if she had a hard twist in quensequence, an' if she does, the fau't 's your own an' not ours, for we're willin' as the flowers o' May to drink all sorts o' good luck to her.'

'Nogher,' said the other, 'it's truth a grate dale of what you've sed—may be all of it.'

'Faith, I know, returned Nogher, that about the whiskey it's parfit gospel.'

'In one thing I'll be advised by you, an' that is, I'll go to my knees and pray to God to set my heart right if it's wrong—I feel strange—strange Nogher—happy, an' not happy.'

'You needn't go to your knees at all,' replied Nogher,

'if you give us the whiskey; or if you do pray, be in arnest, that your heart may be inclined to do it.'

'You deserve none for them words,' said Fardorougha, who felt that Nogher's buffoonery jarred upon the better feelings that were rising within him,—'you deserve none an' you'll get none—for the present at least, an' I'm only a fool for spakin' to you.'

He then retired to the upper part of the kiln, where in a dark corner he knelt with a troubled heart, and prayed to God.

We doubt not but such readers as possess feeling will perceive that Fardorougha was not only an object at this particutar period of much interest, but also entitled to sincere sympathy. Few men in his circumstances could or probably would so earnestly struggle with a predominant passion as he did, though without education, or such a knowledge of the world as might enable him, by any observation of the human heart in others, to understand the workings of his own. He had not been ten minutes at prayer when the voice of his female servant was heard in loud and exulting tones, calling out ere she approached the kiln itself—

'Fardorougha, ca woul thu!—Where's my footin' mather? Where's my arles?—Come in—come in you're a wantin' to kiss your son—the mistress is dyin' till you kiss our son.'

The last words were uttered as she entered the kiln.

'Dyin'!' he repeated—'the mistress dyin'—oh Sost let a thousand childre go before *her*—dyin'! did you say dyin'?'

'Ay did I, an' it's truth too, but it's wid joy she's dyin' to see you kiss one of the purtiest young boys in all the barony of Lisnamona—myself's over head and ears in love wid him in ready.'

He gave a rapid glance upwards, so much so, that it was scarcely perceptible, and immediately accompanied her into the house. The child in the meantime had been dressed, and lay on its mother's arm in the bed when it's father entered. He approached the bedside and glanced at it—then at the mother who lay smiling beside it—she extended her hand to him whilst the soft sweet tears of delight ran quietly down her cheeks. When he seized her hand he stooped to kiss her, but she put her other hand up and said—

'No, no, you must kiss *him* first.'

He instantly stooped over the babe, took it in his arms, looked long and earnestly upon it, put it up near him, again gave in a long intense gaze, after which he raised his little mouth to his own, and then imprinted the father's first kiss upon the fragrant lips of his beloved first-born. Having gently deposited the precious babe upon its mother's arm, he caught her hand and imprinted upon her lips a kiss;—but to those who understand it we need not describe it—to those who cannot, we could give no adequate notion of that which we are able in no other way to describe than by saying that

it would seem as if the condensed enjoyment of a whole life were concentrated into that embrace of the child and mother.

When this tender scene was over, the midwife commenced—

‘Well, if ever a man had rason to be thank——’

‘Silence woman,’ he exclaimed in a voice which hushed her almost into terror.

‘Let him alone,’ said the wife, addressing her, ‘let him alone, I know what he feels.’

‘No,’ he replied, ‘even you Honora don’t know it—my heart, my heart went astray, and there, undher God and my Saviour, is the being that will be the salvation of his father.’

His wife understood him and was touched; the tears fell fast from her eyes, and extending her hand to him, she said as he clasped it:

‘Sure, Fardorougha, the world wont be as much in your heart now, nor your temper so dark as it was.’

He made no reply; but placing his other hand over his eyes, he sat in that posture for some minutes. On raising his head the tears were running as if involuntarily down his cheeks.

‘Honora,’ said he, ‘I’ll go out for a little—you can tell Mary Moan where any thing’s to be had—let them all be trated so as that they don’t take too much—an’ Mary Moan you won’t be forgotten.’

He then passed out, and did not appear for upwards of an hour, nor could any one of them tell where he had been.

‘Well,’ said Honora, after he had left the room, ‘we’re now married near fourteen years; and until this night I never see him shed a tear.’

‘But sure, acushla, if anything can touch a father’s heart, the sight of his first child will. Now keep yourself asy, avourneen, and tell me where the whiskey an’ any thing else that may be a wantin’ is, till I give these crathurs of sarvints a dhrop of something to comfort them.’

At this time, however, Mrs. Donovan’s mother and two sisters, who had for some hours previously been sent for, just arrived, a circumstance which once more touched the newly awakened chord of the mother’s heart, and gave her that confidence which the presence of ‘one’s own blood,’ as the people express it, always communicates upon such occasions. After having kissed and admired the babe, and bedewed its face with the warm tears of affection, they piously knelt down, as is the custom among most Irish families, and offered up a short but fervent prayer of gratitude as well for an event so happy, as for her safe delivery, and the future welfare of the mother and child. When this was performed, they set themselves to the distribution of the blythe meat or groaning malt, a duty which the midwife transferred to them with much pleasure, this

being a matter which, except in cases of necessity, she considers beneath the dignity of her profession. The servants were accordingly summoned in due time, and headed by Nogher, soon made their appearance. In events of this nature, servants in Ireland, and we believe every where else, are always allowed a considerable stretch of good-humoured license in those observations which they are in the habit of making. Indeed this is not so much an extemporaneous indulgence of wit on their part, as a mere repetition of the set phrases and traditionary apothegms which have been long established among the peasantry, and as they are in general expressive of present satisfaction and good wishes for the future, so would it be looked upon as churlishness, and in some cases on the part of the servants, a sign of ill-luck to neglect them.

‘Now,’ said Honora’s mother to the servants of both sexes, ‘now childre, that you’ve aite a trifle, you must taste something in the way of dhrink. It would be too bad on *this* night above all nights we’ve seen yet, not to have a glass to the stranger’s health at all evints. Here Nogher, thry this, avick—you never got a glass wid a warmer heart.’

Nogher took the liquor, his grave face charged with suppressed humour, and first looking upon his fellow-servants with a countenance so droll yet dry, that none but themselves understood it, he then directed a very sober glance at the good woman.

‘Thank you, ma’am,’ he exclaimed; ‘be goxty, sure enough if our hearts wouldn’t get warm now, they’d never warm. A happy night it is for Fardorougha and the misthress, at any rate. I’ll engage the stranger was worth waitin’ for, too. I’ll hould a thrifle, he’s the beauty o’ the world this minnit—an’ I’ll engage its breeches we’ll have to be gettin’ for him some o’ these days, the darlin’. Well, here’s his health, any way; an’ may he’—

‘Husth arogorah!’ exclaimed the midwife; ‘stop, I say—the tree afore the fruit, all the world over; don’t you know, an’ bad win to you, that if the sthranger was to go to-morrow, as good might come after him, while the paarent stocks are to the fore. The mother an’ father first, acushla, an’ *thin* the sthranger.’

‘Many thanks to you, Mrs. Moan,’ replied Nogher, ‘for settin’ me right—sure we’ll know something ourselves whin it comes our turn, plase goodness. If the misthress isn’t asleep, by goxty, I’d call in to her, that I’m dhrinkin’ her health.’

‘She’s not asleep,’ said her mother; ‘an’ proud she’ll be, poor thing, to hear you, Nogher.’

‘Misthress!’ he said in a loud voice, ‘are you asleep, ma’am?’

‘No, indeed, Nogher,’ she replied, in a good-humoured tone of voice.

‘Well ma’am,’ said Nogher, still in a loud voice, and scratching his head, ‘here’s your health: an’ now

that the ice is bruk—be goxty, an' so it is sure,' said he in an undertone to the rest—'Peggy, behave yourself,' he continued to one of the servant-maids, 'mockin's catchin': faix, you dunna what's afore yourself yet—beg pardon—I'm forgettin' myself—an' now that the ice is *bruk*, ma'am,' he resumed, 'you must be dacent for the futher. Many a bottle, plase goodness, we'll have this way yet. Your health, ma'am, an' a speedy recovery to you—an' a sudden uprise—not forgettin' the masther—long life to him!'

'What!' said the midwife, 'are you forgettin' the sthranger?'

Nogher looked her full in the face, and opening his mouth, without saying a word, literally pitched the glass of spirits to the very bottom of his throat.

'Beggin' your pardon, ma'am,' he replied, 'is it three healths you'd have me dhrink wid the one glassful?—not myself indeed; faix, I'd be long sorry to make so little of him—if he was a bit of a *girsha* I'd not scruple to give him a corner o' the glass, but, bein' a young man, althers the case intirely—he must have a bumper for himself.'

'A girsha!' said Peggy, his fellow-servant, feeling the indignity just offered to her sex—'Why, thin, bad manners to your assurance for that same: a girsha's as well intitled to a full glass as a gorsoon, any day.'

'Husth a colleen,' said Nogher good-humouredly, 'sure, it's takin' patthern by sich a fine example you ought to be. This, Mrs. Moan, is the purty crature I was mintionin' as we came along, that intinds to get spanshelled wid myself some o' these days—that is, if she can bring me into good humour, the thief.'

'And if it does happen,' said Peggy, 'you'll have to look sharp afther him, Mrs. Moan. He's pleasant enough now, but I'll be bound no man 'ill know betther how to hang his fiddle behind the door whin he comes home to us.'

'Well, acushla, sure he may, if he likes, but if he does he knows what's afore him—not sayin' that he ever will, I hope, for it's a woful case whin it comes to that, ahagur.'

'Faix, it's a happy story for half the poor wives of the parish that you're in it,' said Peggy, 'sure, only for'—

'*Be dhe husth Vread, agus glak sho*—ould your tongue, Peggy, and taste this,' said the mother of her misthress, handing her a glass: 'If you intind to go together, in the name o' goodness fear God more than the midwife, if you want to have luck an' grace.'

'Oh, is it all this?' exclaimed the sly girl! 'faix, it 'ill make me *hearty* if I dhrink so much—bedeed it will. Well, misthress, your health, an' a speedy uprise to you—an' the same to the masther, not forgettin' the sthranger—long life an' good health to him.'

She then put the glass to her lips, and after several small sips, appearing to be so many unsuccessful at-

tempts at overcoming her reluctance to drink it, she at length took courage, and bolting it down, immediately applied her apron to her mouth, making at the same time two or three wry faces, gasping, as if to recover the breath which it did *not* take from her.

The midwife, in the mean time, felt that the advice just given to Nogher and Peggy contained a clause somewhat more detrimental to her importance than was altogether agreeable to her; and to sit calmly under any imputation that involved a diminution of her authority, was not within the code of her practice.

'If they go together,' she observed, 'it's right to fear God, no doubt; but that's no rason why they shouldn't pay respect to thim that can sarve thim *or otherwise*.'

'Nobody says against that, Mrs. Moan,' replied the other; 'it's all fair, an' nothin' else.'

'A midwife's nuttin' in your eyes, we suppose,' rejoined Mrs. Moan; 'but maybe there's thim belongin' to you could tell to the contrary.'

'Oblaged to you, we suppose, for your sarvices—an' we're not denyin' that aither.'

'For me sarvices—maybe thim same sarvices wan' very sweet or treaclesome to some o' thim,' she rejoined, with a mysterious and somewhat indignant toss of the head.

'Well, well,' said the other in a friendly tone, 'that makes no maxims one way or the other, only dhrink this—sure we're not goin' to quarrel about it, any how.'

'God forbid, Honora More; but sure it ad ill become me to hear my own corree—no, no, avourneen,' she exclaimed, putting back the glass; 'I cant take it this-a-away; it doesn't agree wid me; you must put a grain o' shugar an' a dhrop o' bilin' wather to it. It may do very well *hard* for the sarvints, but I'm not used to it.'

'I hird that myself afore,' observed Nogher, 'that she never dhrinks hard whiskey. Well, myself never tasted punch but wanst, an' be goxty its great dhrink. Death alive, Honora More,' he continued, in his most insinuating manner, 'make us all a sup. Sure, blood alive, this is not a common night, afther what God has sint us; Fardorougha himself would allow you, if he was here; deed, be dad, he as good as promised me he would; an' you know we have the young customer's health to dhrink yet.'

'Throth, an' you ought,' said the midwife; 'the boy says nuttin' but the thruth—it's not a common night; an' if God has given Fardorougha substance, he shouldn't begridge a little, if it was only to show a grateful heart.'

'Well, well,' said Honora More—which means great Honora, in opposition to her daughter, Fardorougha's wife; this being an epithet adopted for the purpose of contra-distinguishing the members of a family who called by the same name—'Well,' said she, 'I suppose

it's as good. My own heart, dear knows, is not in a thrifle, only I have my doubts about Fardorougha. However, what's done can't be undone; so, once we mix it, he'll be too late to spake if he comes in, any way.'

The punch was accordingly mixed, and they were in the act of sitting down to enjoy themselves with more comfort when Fardorougha entered. As before, he was silent and disturbed, neither calm nor stern, but labouring, one would suppose, under strong feelings of a decidedly opposite character. On seeing the punch made, his brow gathered into something like severity; he looked quickly at his mother-in-law, and was about to speak, but, pausing a moment, he sat down, and after a little time said in a kind voice—

'It's right, it's right—for *his* sake, an' on his account, have it; but, Honora, let there be no waste.'

'Sure we had to make it for Mrs. Moan whether or not,' said his mother-in-law—'she can't drink it hard, poor woman.'

Mrs. Moan, who had gone to see her patient, having heard his voice again, made her appearance with the child in her arms, and with all the importance which such a burthen usually bestows upon persons of her calling,

'Here,' said she, presenting him the infant, 'take a proper look at this fellow. That I may never, if a finer swaddy ever cross'd my hands. Throth if you wor dead to-morrow he'd be mistaken for you—your born image—the sorra thing else—eh alanna—the Lord love my son—faix you've daddy's nose upon you any how—an' his chin to a turn. Oh thin, Fardorougha, but there's many a couple rowlin' in wealth that 'ud be proud to have the like's of him; an' that must die an' let it all go to strangers, or to them that doesn't care about them, 'ceptin' to get grabbin' at what they have, an' that think every day a year that they're above the sod. What! manim-an—kiss your child, man alive. That I may never, but he looks at the darlin' as if it was a sod of turf. Throth you're not worthy of havin' such a bully.'

Fardorougha, during this dialogne, held the child in his arms and looked upon it earnestly as before, but without betraying any visible indication of countenance that could enable a spectator to estimate the nature of what passed within him. At length there appeared in his eye a barely perceptible expression of benignity, which, however, soon passed away, and was replaced by a shadow of gloom and anxiety. Nevertheless, in compliance with the commands of the midwife, he kissed its lips, after which the servants all gathered round it, each lavishing upon the little urchin those hyperbolical expressions of flattery, which after all most parents are willing to receive as something approximating to Gospel truth.

'Be dad,' said Nogher, 'that fellow 'ill be the flower o' the Donovans, if God spares him—be goxy I'll

engage he'll give the purty girls many a sore heart yet—he'll play the dickins wid 'em or I'm not here—a wough! do you hear how the young rogue gives tongue at that; the sorra one o' the shaver but knows what I'm sayin'.'

Nogher always had an eye to his own comfort, no matter under what circumstances he might be placed. Having received the full glass, he grasped his master's hand, and in the usual set phrases, to which, however, was added much *extempore* matter of his own, he drank the baby's health, congratulating the parents in his own blunt way, upon this accession to their happiness. The other servants continued to pour out their praises in terms of delight and astonishment at his accomplishments and beauty, each, in imitation of Nogher, concluding with a toast in nearly the same words.

How sweet from all other lips is the praise of those we love! Fardorougha who, a moment before, looked upon his infant's face with an unmoved countenance, felt incapable of withstanding the flattery of his own servants when uttered in favour of the child. His eye became complacent, and while Nogher held his hand, a slight pressure in return was proof sufficient that his heart beat in accordance with the hopes they expressed of all that the undeveloped future might bestow upon him.

When their little treat was over the servants withdrew for the night, and Fardorougha himself, still labouring under an excitement so complicated and novel, retired rather to shape his mind to some definite tone of feeling than to seek repose.

How strange is life, and how mysteriously connected is the woe or the weal of a single family with the great mass of human society. We beg the reader to stand with us upon a low, sloping hill, a little to the left of Fardorougha's house, and, after having solemnized his heart by a glance at the starry gospel of the skies, to cast his eye upon the long whitewashed dwelling, as it shines faintly in the visionary distance of a moonlight night. How full of tranquil beauty is the hour, and how deep the silence, except when it is broken by the loud baying of the watch-dog, as he barks in sullen fierceness at his own echo; or perhaps there is nothing heard but the *sugh* of the mountain river, as with booming sound it rises and falls in the distance, filling the ear of midnight with its wild and continuous melody. Look around and observe the spirit of repose which sleeps on the face of nature; think upon the dream of human life, and of all the inexplicable wonders which are read from day to day in that miraculous page—the heart of man. Neither your eye nor imagination need pass beyond that humble roof before you, in which it is easy to perceive by the lights passing at this unusual hour across the windows, that there is something added either to their joy or to their sorrow. There is the mother, in whose

heart was accumulated the unwasted tenderness of years, forgetting all the past in the first intoxicating influence of an unknown ecstasy, and looking to the future with the eager aspirations of affection. There is the husband too, whose heart the lank devil of the avaricious—the famine-struck god of the miser, is even now contending with the almost extinguished love which springs up in a father's bosom on the sight of his first-born.

Reader, who can tell whether the entrancing visions of the happy mother, or the gloomy anticipations of her apprehensive husband, are more prophetic of the destiny which is before their child. Many indeed and various are the hopes and fears felt under that roof, and deeply will their lights and shadows be blended in the life of the being whose claims are so strong upon their love. There; for some time past the lights in the window have appeared less frequently, one by one we presume the inmates have gone to repose, no other is now visible, the last candle is extinguished, and this humble section of the great family of man is now at rest with the veil of a dark and fearful future unlifted before them.

There is not perhaps in the series of human passions any one so difficult to be eradicated out of the bosom as avarice, no matter with what seeming moderation it puts itself forth, or under what disguise it may appear. And among all its cold-blooded characteristics there is none so utterly unaccountable as that frightful dread of famine and ultimate starvation which is also strong in proportion to the impossibility of its ever being realized. Indeed when it arrives to this we should not term it a passion but a malady, and in our opinion the narrow-hearted patient should be prudently separated from society, and treated as one labouring under an incurable species of monomania.

During the few days that intervened between our hero's birth and his christening, Fardorougha's mind was engaged in forming some fixed principle by which to guide his heart in the conflict that still went on between avarice and affection. In this task he imagined that the father predominated over the miser almost without a struggle, whereas, the fact was, that the subtle passion, ever more ingenious than the simple one, changed its external character, and came out in the shape of affectionate forecast and provident regard for the wants and prospects of his child. This gross deception of his own heart he felt as a relief, for, though smitten with the world, it did not escape him that the birth of his little one, all its circumstances considered, ought to have caused him to feel an enjoyment unalloyed by the care and regret which checked his sympathies as a parent. Neither was conscience itself altogether silent, nor the blunt remonstrances of his servants wholly without effect. Nay, so completely was his judgment over-reached

that he himself attributed to this anomalous state of feeling to a virtuous effort of Christian duty, and looked upon the encroachments which a desire of saving wealth had made on his heart as a manifest proof of much parental attachment. He consequently loved his wealth through the medium of his son, and laid it down as a fixed principle that every act of parsimony on his part was merely one of prudence, and had the love of a father and an affectionate consideration for his child's future welfare to justify it.

The first striking instance of this close and gripping spirit appeared upon an occasion which seldom fails to open, in Ireland at least, all the warm and generous impulses of our nature. When his wife deemed it necessary to make those hospitable preparations for their child's christening, which are so usual in the country, he treated her intention of complying with this old custom as a direct proof of unjustifiable folly and extravagance—nay, his remonstrance with her exhibited such remarkable good sense and prudence, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to controvert it, or to perceive that it originated from any other motive than a strong interest in the true welfare of their child.

'Will our wasting meat and money, an' for the matthur health and time on his christenin', aither give him more health or make us love him better? It's not the first time, Honora, that I've heard yourself make little of some of our nabours for goin' beyant their ability in gittin' up big christenin's. Dont be foolish now thin when it comes to your own turn.'

The wife took the babe up, and after having gazed affectionately on its innocent features, replied to him in a voice of tenderness and reproof—

'God knows, Fardorougha, an' if I do act wid folly as you call it in gettin' ready his christenin', surely, surely you oughtn't to blame the mother for that—like I thought, acushla oge, that your own father 'ud be grudge you as good a christenin' as is put over any other nabour's child. I'm afraid, Fardorougha, he's not as much in your heart as he ought to be.'

'It's a bad proof of love for him, Honora, to put in the bad what may an' would be sarviceable to him hereafter. You only think for the present, but I can't forget that he's to be settled in the world, an' you know yourself what poor means we have of doin' that an' that if we begin to be extravagant an' wasteful because God has sent him, we may beg wid him afore long.'

'There's no danger of us beggin' wid him. No,' she continued, the pride of the mother having been touched, 'my boy will never beg—no avourneen—you never will—nor shame or disgrace will never come upon him aither. Have you no trust in God, Fardorougha?'

'God never helps them that neglect themselves, Honora.'

'But if it was plasing to his will to remove him from us, would you ever forgive yourself not lettin' him have a christenin' like another child?' rejoined the persevering mother.

'The priest,' replied the good man, 'will do as much for the poor child as the rich—there's but one sacrament for both—anything else is waste, as I said, an' I won't give in to it. You don't consider that your way of it 'ud spend as much in one day as 'ud clothe him for three years.'

'May I never sin this day, Fardorougha, but one 'ud think you're tired of him already. By not givin' him what's decent you know you'll only fret me—a thing that no man wid half a heart 'ud do to any poor man supportin' a babby as I am—a fretted nurse makes a child sick, as Molly Moan told you before she went, so that it's not on my own account I'm spakin', but on his—poor weeny pet—the Lord love him! Look at his innocent purty little face, an' how can you leave the heart, Fardorougha? Come avourneen—give my baby to me this wanst—throth if you do, you'll see how I'll nurse him—an what a darlin lump o' sugar 'll I have him for you in no time!'

He paused a little at this delicate and affecting appeal of the mother, but except by a quick glance that passed from her to their child, it was impossible to say whether or not it made any impression on his heart, or in the slightest degree changed his resolution.

'Well, well,' said he, 'let me alone now—I'll think of it—I'll turn it over an' see what's best to be done;—you the same, Honora, an' may be your own sinse 'll bring you to my side of the question at last.'

The next day, his wife renewed the subject with unabated anxiety, but instead of expressing any change in her favour, Fardorougha declined even to enter into it at all. An evasive reply was all she could extort from him, with an assurance that he would in a day or two communicate the resolution to which he had finally come.

She perceived at once, that the case was hopeless, and after one last ineffectual attempt to bring him round, she felt herself forced to abandon it. The child, therefore, much to the mother's mortification, was baptised without a christening, unless the mere presence of the godfather and godmother, in addition to Fardorougha's own family, could be said to constitute one.

Our readers, perhaps, are not aware that a cause of deep anxiety hitherto unnoticed by us, operated with potent power upon Fardorougha's heart. But so strong is Ireland is the beautiful superstition—if it can with truth be termed so—that children are a blessing, only when received as such, that even though supported by the hardest and most shameless of all vices—avarice, Fardorougha had not nerve to avow this most unnatural source of his distress. The fact, however, was, that a mind so constituted, the apprehension of a large family, was in itself a consideration, which he thought

might at a future period of their lives, reduce both him and his to starvation and death. Our readers may remember Nogher M'Cormick's rebuke to him, when he heard Fardorougha allude to this, and so accessible was he *then* to the feeling, that on finding his heart at variance with it, he absolutely admitted his error, and prayed to God that he might be enabled to overcome it.

It was therefore on the day after the baptism of young Connor, for so had the child been called after his paternal grandfather, that as a justification for his own conduct in the matter of the christening, he disclosed to his wife with much reluctance and embarrassment, this undivulged source of his fears for the future, alleging it as a just argument for his declining to be guided by her opinion.

The indignant sympathies of the mother abashed, on this occasion, the miserable and calculating impiety of the husband—her reproaches were open and unshrinking, and her moral sense of his conduct just and beautiful.

'Fardorougha,' said she, 'I thought up to this time—to this day, that there was nothing in your heart but too much of the world—but now I'd afeard if God hasn't sed it, that the devil himself's there. You're frettin for fraid of a family, but has God sent us any but this one yit? No—an I wouldn't be surprised, if the Almighty would punish your guilty heart, by making the child he gave you, a curse, instead of a blessin'—I think as it is, he has brought little pleasure to you for so far, and if your heart hardens as he grows up, it's more unhappy you'll get every day you live.'

'That's very fine talk, Honora, but to people in our condition, I can't see any very great blessin' in a houseful of childre. If we're able to provide for this one, we'll have rason to be thankful widout wishin' for more.'

It's my opinion, Fardorougha, you don't love the child.'

'Change that opinion then, Honora, I *do* love the child—but there's no needcessity for blowin' it about to every one I meet. If I didn't love him, I wouldn't feel as I do about all the hardships that may be before him. Think of what a bad sason, or a failure of the crops, might bring us all to, God grant that we mayn't come to the bag and staff before he's settled in the world at all, poor thing.'

'Oh very well, Fardorougha, you may make yourself as unhappy as you like; for me, I'll put my trust in the Saviour of the world for my child. If you can trust in any one better than God do so.'

'Honora, there's no use in this talk—it'll do nothing either for him or us—besides, I have no more time to discourse about it.'

He then left her, but as she viewed his dark inflexible features ere he went, an oppressive sense of some-

thing not far removed from affliction, weighed her down. The child had been asleep in her arms during the foregoing dialogue, and after his father had departed, she placed him in the cradle, and throwing the corner of her blue apron over her shoulder, she rocked him into a sounder sleep, swaying herself at the same time to and fro, with that inward sorrow, of which among the lower classes of Irish females, this motion is uniformly expressive.

It is not to be supposed, however, that as the early graces of childhood gradually expanded (as they did) into more than ordinary beauty, the avarice of the father was not occasionally encountered in its progress by sudden gushes of love for his son. It was impossible for any parent, no matter how strongly the hideous idol of mammon might sway his heart, to look upon a creature so fair and beautiful, without being frequently touched into something like affection. The fact was, that as the child advanced towards youth, the two principles we are describing nearly kept pace one with the other. That the bad and formidable passion made rapid strides, must be admitted, but that it engrossed the whole spirit of the father, is not true. The mild and gentle character of the boy—his affectionate disposition, and the extraordinary advantages of his person, could not fail sometimes, to surprise his father into sudden bursts of affection. But these, when they occurred, were looked upon by Fardorougha, as so many proofs that he still entertained for the boy love sufficient to justify a more intense desire of accumulating wealth for his sake. Indeed, ere the lad had numbered thirteen summers, Fardorougha's character as a miser had not only gone far abroad through the neighbourhood, but was felt by the members of his own family, with almost merciless severity. From habits of honesty, and a decent sense of independence, he was now degraded to rapacity and meanness; what had been prudence, by degrees degenerated into cunning; and he who when commencing life, was looked upon only as a saving man, had now become notorious for extortion and usury.

A character such as this, among a people of generous and lively feeling like the Irish, is in every state of life the object of intense and undisguised abhorrence. It was with difficulty, he could succeed in engaging servants, either for domestic or agricultural purposes, and perhaps, no consideration, except the general kindness which was felt for his wife and son, would have induced any person whatsoever to enter into his employment. Honora and Connor, did what in them lay to make the dependents of the family experience as little of Fardorougha's griping tyranny as possible. Yet with all their kind-hearted ingenuity and secret bounty, they were scarcely able to render their situation barely tolerable.

It would be difficult to find any language, no matter

what pen might wield it, capable of portraying the love which Honora O'Donovan bore to her gentle, her beautiful and her *only* son. Ah! there, in that last epithet, lay the charm which wrapped her soul in him, and in all that related to his welfare. The moment she saw that it was not the will of God to bless them with other offspring, her heart gathered about him with a jealous tenderness which trembled into agony at the idea of his loss.

Her love for him, *then* multiplied itself into many hues, for he was in truth the prism, on which when it fell, all the varied beauty of its colours, became visible. Her heart gave not forth the music of a single instrument, but breathed the concord of sweet sounds, as heard from the blended melody of many. Fearfully different from this were the feelings of Fardorougha, on finding that he was to be the first and the last witness to their union. A single regret, however, scarcely felt, touched even him, when he reflected that if Connor were to be removed from them, their hearth must become desolate. But then came the fictitious conscience, with its nefarious calculations, to prove that in their present circumstances, the dispensation which withheld others was a blessing to him that was given. Even Connor himself, argued the miser, will be the gainer by it, for what would my five loaves and three fishes be among so many. The pleasure, however, that is derived from the violation of natural affection, is never either full or satisfactory. The gratification felt by Fardorougha, upon reflecting that no further addition was to be made to their family, resembled that which a hungry man feels who dreams he is partaking of a luxurious banquet. Avarice, it is true, like fancy, was gratified, but the enjoyment, though rich in that particular passion, left behind it a sense of unconscious remorse, which gnawed his heart with a slow and heavy pain, that operated like a smothered fire, wasting what it preys upon, in secrecy and darkness. In plainer terms, he was not happy, but so absorbed in the ruling passion—the pursuit of wealth, that he felt afraid to analyze his anxiety, or trace to its true source the cause of his own misery.

In the meantime, his boy grew up the pride and ornament of the parish, idolized by his mother, and beloved by all that knew him. Limited and scanty was the education which his father could be prevailed upon to bestow upon him; but there was nothing that could deprive him of his natural good sense, nor of the affections which his mother's love had drawn out and cultivated. One thing was remarkable in him, which we mention with reluctance, as it places his father's character in a frightful point of view; it is this, that his love for that father, was such as is rarely witnessed even in the purest and most affectionate circles of domestic life. But let not our readers infer either from what we have written, or from any thing we may write.

hat Fardorougha hated this lovely and delightful boy; on the contrary, earth contained not an object, except his money, which he loved *so well*. His affection for him, however, was only such as could proceed from the dregs of a defiled and perverted heart. This is not saying much, but it is saying all. What in him was parental attachment, would in another man, to such a son, be unfeeling and detestable indifference. His heart sank on contemplating the pittance he allowed for Connor's education; and no remonstrance could prevail on him to clothe the boy with common decency. Pocket-money was out of the question, as were all those considerate indulgences to youth, that blunt when time is afforded, the edge of early anxiety to know those amusements of life, which if not innocently gratified before passion gets strong, are apt to produce at a later period, that giddy intoxication, which has been the destruction of thousands. When Connor, however, grew up, and began to think for himself, he could not help feeling, that from a man so absolutely devoted to wealth as his father was, to receive even the slenderest proof of affection, was in this case no common manifestation of the attachment he bore him. There was still a higher and nobler motive. He could not close his ears to the character which had gone abroad of his father, and from that principle of generosity, which induces a man, even when ignorant of the quarrel, to take the weaker side, he fought his battles, until in the end, he began to believe them just. But the most obvious cause of the son's attachment we have not mentioned, and it is useless to travel into vain disquisitions, for that truth which may be found in the instinctive impulses of nature. He was Connor's father, and though penurious in every thing that regarded even his son's common comfort, he had never uttered a harsh word to him during his life, or denied him any gratification which could be had without money. Nay, a kind word, or a kind glance, from Fardorougha, fired the son's resentment against the world which traduced him; for how could it be otherwise, when the habitual offence made by him, when arraigned for his penury, was an anxiety to provide for the future welfare and independence of his son.

Many characters in life, appear difficult to be understood, but if those who wish to analyze them only consulted human nature, instead of rushing into farfetched theories, and traced with patience the effect which interest, or habit, or inclination is apt to produce on men of a peculiar temperament, when placed in certain situations, there would be much less difficulty in avoiding those preposterous exhibitions which run into caricature, or outrage the wildest combinations that can be formed from the common elements of humanity.

Having said thus much, we will beg our readers to suppose that young Connor is now twenty-two years

of age, and request them besides, to prepare for the gloom which is about to overshadow our story.

We have already stated that Fardorougha was not only an extortioner but a usurer. Now, as some of our readers may be surprised that a man in his station of life could practise usury or even extortion to any considerable extent, we feel it necessary to inform them that there exists among Irish farmers a class of men who stand, with respect to the surrounding poor and improvident, in a position precisely analogous to that which is occupied by a Jew or money-lender among those in the higher classes who borrow, and are extravagant upon a larger scale. If, for instance, a struggling small farmer have to do with a needy landlord or an unfeeling agent, who threatens to seize or eject if the rent be not paid to the day, perhaps this small farmer is forced to borrow from one of those rustic Jews the full amount of the gale; for this he gives him at a valuation, dictated to the lender's avarice and his own distress, the oats, or potatoes, or hay, which he is not able to dispose of in sufficient time to meet the demand that is upon him. This property, the miser draws home, and stacks or houses it until the markets are high, when he disposes of it at a price which often secures for him a profit amounting to one-third, and occasionally one-half above the sum lent, upon which in the meantime, interest is accumulating. For instance, if the accommodation be twenty pounds, property to that amount at a ruinous valuation is brought home by the accommodator. This perhaps sells for thirty, thirty-five, or forty pounds, so that deducting the labour of preparing it for market, there is a gain of fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred per cent., besides, probably, ten per cent. interest, which is altogether distinct from the former. This class of persons will also take a joint bond, or joint promissory note, or, in fact, any collateral security they know to be valid, and if the contract be not fulfilled, they immediately pounce upon the guarantee. They will, in fact, as a mark of their anxiety to assist a neighbour in distress, receive a pig from a widow, or a cow from a struggling small farmer, at thirty or forty per cent. beneath its value, and claim the merit of being a friend into the bargain. Such men are bitter enemies to paper money, especially to notes issued by private bankers, which they never take in payment. It is amusing, if a person could forget the distress which occasions the scene, to observe one of these men producing an old stocking, or a long black leathern purse—or a calf-skin pocket-book with the hair on, and counting down, as if he gave out his heart's blood drop by drop, the specific sum, uttering at the same time, a most lugubrious history of his own poverty, and assuring the poor wretch he is fleecing, that if he (the miser) gives way to his good nature, he must ultimate-

ly become the victim of his own benevolence. In no case, however, do they ever put more in the purse or stocking than is just then wanted, and sometimes they will be short a guinea or ten shillings, which they borrow from a neighbour, or remit to the unfortunate dupe in the course of the day. This they do in order to enhance the obligation, and give a distinct proof of their poverty. Let not, therefore, the gentlemen of the Minorities, nor our P——s and our M——s nearer home, imagine for a moment that they engross the spirit of rapacity and extortion to themselves. To the credit of the class, however, to which they belong, such persons are not so numerous as formerly, and to the still greater honour of the peasantry be it said, the devil himself is not hated with half the detestation which is borne them. In order that the reader may understand our motive for introducing such a description as that we have now given, it will be necessary for us to request him to accompany a stout well-set young man, named Bartle Flanagan, along a green ditch, which, planted with osiers, leads to a small meadow belonging to Fardorougha Donovan. In this meadow, his son Connor is now making hay, and on seeing Flanagan approach, he rests upon the top of his rake, and exclaims in a soliloquy:—

‘God help you and yours, Bartle—if it was in my power, I take God to witness, I’d make up wid a willin’ heart, for all the hardship and misfortune my father brought upon you all.’

He then resumed his labour, in order that the meeting between him and Bartle might take place with less embarrassment, for he saw at once that the former was about to speak to him.

‘Isn’t the weather too hot, Connor, to work bare-headed. I think you ought to keep on your hat.

‘Bartle, how are you—off or on, it’s the same thing; hat or no hat, it’s broilin’ weather, the Lord be praised; what news, Bartle?’

‘Not much, Connor, but what you know—a family that was strugglin’, but honest, brought to dissolution. We’re broken up; my father and mother’s both livin’ in a cabin they tuck from Billy Nuthy; Mary and Alick’s gone to sarvice, and myself’s just on my way to hire wid the last man I ought to go to—your father, that is, supposin’ we can agree.’

‘As heaven’s above me, Bartle, there’s not a man in the county this day sorrier for what has happened than myself. But the truth is, that when my father heard of Tom Grehan, that was your security, havin’ gone to America, he thought every day a month till the note was due. My mother an’ I did all we could, but you know his temper; ’twas no use. God knows, as I said before, I’m heart sorry for it.’

‘Every one knows, Connor, that if your mother an’ you had your way an’ will, your father wouldn’t be sich a screw as he is.’

‘In the meantime, don’t forget that he is my father,

Bartle, an’ above all things, remimber that I’ll allow no man to speak disparaginly of him in my presence.’

‘I believe you’ll allow, Connor, that he was a scourge an’ a curse to us, an’ that none of us ought to like a bone in his skin.’

‘It couldn’t be expected you would, Bartle, but you must grant, after all, that he was only recoverin’ his own. Still, when you know what my feeling is upon the business, I don’t think it’s generous in you to bring it up between us.’

‘I could bear his harrishin’ us out of house an’ home,’ proceeded the other, ‘only for one thought that still crasses in an me.’

‘What is that, Bartle!—God knows I can’t bear feelin’ for you,’ he added, smote with the desolation which his father had brought upon the family.

‘He lent us forty pounds,’ proceeded the young man, ‘and when he found that Tom Grehan, our security, went to America, he came down upon us the minute the note was due, canted all we had at half price, an’ turned us to starve upon the world; now, I could bear that, but there’s one thing——’

‘That’s twice you spoke about that one thing,’ said Connor, somewhat sharply, for he felt hurt at the obstinacy of the other, in continuing a subject so distressing to him; ‘but,’ he continued, in a milder tone, ‘tell me, Bartle, for goodness’ sake, what it is, an’ let us put an end to the discourse. I’m sure it must be unpleasant to both of us.’

‘It does’nt signify,’ replied the young man, in a desponding voice—*she’s gone*; it’s all over wid me there; I’m a beggar—I’m a beggar.’

‘Bartle,’ said Connor, taking his hand, ‘you’re too much down-hearted, come to us, but first go to my father; I know you’ll find it hard to deal with him. Never mind that, whatever he offers you, close to him, an’ take my word for it that my mother an’ I between us, will make you up decent wages; an’ sure I am that it’s come to this with you, poor fellow.’

Bartle’s cheek grew pale as ashes; he wrung Connor’s hand with all his force, and fixed an unshrinking eye on him as he replied—

‘Thank you, Connor, *now*—but I hope I’ll live to thank you better *yet*, and if I do, you need’nt thank me for any return I may make you or yours. I will close wid your father, an’ take whatsoever he’ll order me; for Connor,’ and he wrung his hand again—‘Connor O’Donovan I hav’nt a house or home to-day, nor a place under God’s canopy where to lay my head, except upon the damp floor of my father’s naked cabin. Think of that, Connor, an’ think if I can forget it; still,’ he added, ‘you’ll see Connor—Connor you’ll see how I’ll forgive it.’

‘It’s a credit to yourself to spake as you do,’ replied Connor; ‘call this way, an’ let me know what’s done, an’ I hope, Bartle, you an’ I will have some pleasant days together.’

'Ay, an' pleasant nights too, I hope,' replied the other; 'to be sure I'll call; but if you take my advice, you'd tie a handkerchy about your head: it's mad hot, an' enough to give one a faver bareheaded.'

Having made this last observation, he leaped across a small drain that bounded the meadow, and proceeded up the fields to Fardorougha's house.

Bartle Flanagan was a young man, about five feet six in height, but of a remarkably compact and athletic form. His complexion was dark, but his countenance open, and his features well set and regular. Indeed, his whole appearance might be termed bland and prepossessing. If he ever appeared to disadvantage it was whilst under the influence of resentment, during which his face became pale as death, nay, almost livid, and, as his brows were strong and black, the contrast between them and his complexion, changed the whole expression of his countenance into that of a person whose enmity a prudent man would avoid. He was not quarrelsome, however, nor subject to any impetuous bursts of passion;—his resentments, if he retained any, were either dead or silent, or at all events, so well regulated that his acquaintances looked upon him as a young fellow of a good-humoured and friendly disposition. It is true, a hint had gone abroad that on one or two occasions he was found deficient in courage, but, as the circumstances referred to were rather unimportant, his conduct by many was attributed rather to good sense and a disinclination to quarrel on frivolous grounds, than to positive cowardice. Such he was, and such he is, now that he has entered upon the rumble drama of our story.

On arriving at Fardorougha's house, he found that worthy man at dinner, upon a cold bone of bacon and potatoes. He had only a few minutes before returned from the residence of the County Treasurer, with whom he went to lodge, among other sums, that which was so iniquitously wrung from the ruin of the Flanagans. It would be wrong to say that he felt in any degree embarrassed on looking into the face of one whom he had so oppressively injured. The recovery of his usurious debts, no matter how merciless the process, he considered only as an act of strict justice to himself, for his conscience having long ago outgrown the perception of his own inhumanity, now only felt compunction when death or the occasional insolvency of a security defeated his rapacity.

When Bartle entered, Fardorougha and he surveyed each other with perfect coolness for nearly half a minute, during which time neither uttered a word. The silence was first broken by Honora, who put forward a chair, and asked Flanagan to sit down.

'Sit down, Bartle,' said she, 'sit down, boy; an' how all the family?'

'Deed, can't complain,' replied Bartle, 'as time goes;

an' how are you, Fardorougha? although I needn't ax, you're takin' care of number one, any how.'

'I'm middlin', Bartle, middlin'; as well as a man can be that has his heart broke every day in the year strivin' to come by his own, an' can't do it; but I'm a fool, an' ever was—sarvin' others an' ruinin' myself.'

'Bartle,' said Mrs. Donovan, 'are you unwell, dear; you look as pale as death. Let me get you a drink of fresh milk.'

'If he's weak,' said Fardorougha, 'an' he looks weak, a drink of fresh wather 'ud be better for him; ever an' always a drink of wather for a weak man, or a weak woman aither; it recovers them sooner.'

'Thank you, kindly, Mrs. Donovan, an' I'm obliged to you, Fardorougha, for the wather; but I'm not a bit weak; it's only the heat o' the day ails me—for sure enough it's broilin' weather.'

'Deed it is,' replied Honora, 'killin' weather to them that has to be out undher it.'

'If it's good for nothin' else, it's good for the hay-makin',' observed Fardorougha.

'I'm tould, Misther Donovan,' said Bartle, 'that you want a sarvint man; now, if you do, I want a place, an' you see I'm comin' to you to look for one.'

'Heaven above, Bartle,' exclaimed Honora, 'what do you mane? is it one of Dan Flanagan's sons goin' to sarvice?'

'Not one, but all o' them,' replied the other, coolly, 'an' his daughters, too, Mrs. Donovan; but it's all the way o' the world. If Misther Donovan 'll hire me, I'll thank him.'

'Don't be *Mistherin* me, Bartle; Misther them that has manes an' substance,' returned Donovan.

'Oh God forgive you, Fardorougha,' exclaimed his honest and humane wife, 'God forgive you! Bartle, from my heart, from the core o' my heart I pity you, my poor boy. An' is it to this Fardorougha you've brought them?—Oh Saviour o' the world!'

She fixed her eyes upon the victim of her husband's extortion, and in an instant they were filled with tears.

'What did I do,' said the latter, 'but strive to recover my own. How could I afford to lose forty pounds? An' I was tould for sartin that your father knew Grehan was goin' to Ameriky when he got him to go security. Whisht Honora, you're as foolish a woman as riz this day; hav'nt you your sins to cry for?'

'God knows I have, Fardorougha, an' more than my own to cry for.'

'I dar say you did hear as much,' said Bartle, quietly replying to the observation of Fardorougha respecting his father; 'but you know it's a folly to talk about spilt milk. If you want a sarvint I'll hire; for, as I said a while ago, I want a place, an' except wid you I dont know where to get one.'

'If you come to me,' observed the other, 'you must

go to your duty, an' observe the fast days—but not the holydays.'

'Sarvints isn't obliged to observe them,' replied Bartle.'

'But I always put it in the bargain,' returned the other.'

'As to that,' said Bartle, 'I dont much mind it. Sure it'll be for the good o' my sowl, any way. But, what wages will you be givin'?''

'Thirty shillins every half year;—that's three pounds, —sixty shillins a-year. A great deal o' money.—I'm sure I dunna where it's to come from.'

'It's very little for a year's hard labour,' replied Bartle; 'but little as it is, Fardorougha, owin' to what has happened betwixt us, believe me—I'm right glad to take it.'

'Well, but Bartle, you know there's fifteen shillins of the ould account still due, and you must allow it out o' your wages; if you dont, it's no bargain.'

Bartle's face became livid; but he was perfectly cool;—indeed so much so that he smiled at this last condition of Fardorougha. It was a smile, however, at once so ghastly, dark, and frightful, that, by any person capable of tracing the secret workings of some deadly passion on the countenance, its purport could not have been mistaken.

'God knows, Fardorougha, you might let *that* pass,—consider that you've been hard enough upon us.'

'God knows I say the same,' observed Honora. 'Is it the last drop o' the heart's blood you want to squeeze out, Fardorougha?'

'The last drop! What is it but my right? Am I robbin' him? Isn't it due? Will he, or can he deny *that*? An' if it's due isn't it but honest in him to pay it? They're not livin' can say I ever defrauded them of a penny. I never broke a bargain; an' yet you open on me, Honora, as if I was a rogue! If I hadn't that boy below to provide for, an' settle in the world, what 'ud I care about money? It's for *his* sake I look afther my right.'

'I'll allow the money,' said Bartle. 'Fardorougha's right; it's due, an' I'll pay him—ay will I, Fardorougha, settle wid you to the last farden, or beyant it, if you like.'

'I wouldn't take a farden beyant it, in the shape of debt. Them that's decent enough to make a present—may,—for that's a horse of another colour.'

'When will I come home?' enquired Bartle.

'You may stay at home, now that you're here,' said the other. 'An' in the mane time, go an' help Connor to put that hay in lap-cocks. Anything you want to bring here you can bring afther your day's work to-night.'

'Did you ate your dinner, Bartle,' said Honora; becase if you didn't I'll get you something.'

'It's not to this time o' day he'd be widout his dinner, I suppose,' observed his new master.

'You're very right, Fardorougha,' rejoined Bartle; 'I'm thankful to you, ma'am, I did ate my dinner.'

'Well, you'll get a rake in the barn, Bartle,' said his master; 'an' now tramp down to Connor, an' I'll see how you'll handle yourselves, both o' you, from this till night.'

Bartle accordingly proceeded towards the meadow, and Fardorougha, as was his custom, throwing his great coat loosely about his shoulders, the arms dangling on each side of him, proceeded to another part of his farm.

Flanagan's step, on his way to join Connor, was slow and meditative. The kindness of the son and mother touched him; for the line between their disposition and Fardorougha's was too strong and clear to allow the slightest suspicion of their participation in the spirit which regulated his life. The father, however, had just declared that his anxiety to accumulate money arose from a wish to settle his son independently in life; and Flanagan was too slightly acquainted with human character to see through this flimsy apology for extortion. He took it for granted that Fardorougha spoke truth, and his resolution received a bias from the impression, which, however, his better nature determined to subdue. In this uncertain state of mind he turned about almost instinctively, to look in the direction which Fardorougha had taken, and as he observed his diminutive figure creeping along with his great coat about him, he felt that the very sight of the man who had broken up their hearth and scattered them on the world, filled his heart with a deep and deadly animosity that occasioned him to pause as a person would do who finds himself unexpectedly upon the brink of a precipice.

Connor, on seeing him enter the meadow with the rake, knew at once that the terms had been concluded between them; and the excellent young man's heart was deeply moved at the destitution which forced Flanagan to seek for service with the very individual who had occasioned it.

'I see, Bartle,' said he, 'you have agreed.'

'We have,' replied Bartle. 'But if there had been any other place to be got in the parish—(an' indeed only for the state I'm in)—I wouldn't have hired myself to him for nothing, or next to nothing, as I have done.'

'Why, what did he promise?'

'Three pounds a year, an' out o' that I'm to pay him fifteen shillins that my father owes him still.'

'Close enough, Bartle, but dont be cast down; I'll undertake that my mother an' I will double it,—an' as for the fifteen shillins I'll pay them out o' my own pocket—when I get money. I needn't tell you that we're all kept upon the tight crib, and that little cast

goes far with us; for all that we'll do what I promise, go as it may.'

'It's more than I ought to expect, Connor; but yourself and your mother, all the cuntry would put their hands undher both your feets.'

'I would give a great dale, Bartle, that my poor father had a little of the feelin' that's in my mother's heart; but it's his way, Bartle, an' you know he's my father, an' has been kinder to me than to any livin' creature on this earth. I never got a harsh word from him yet. An' if he kept me stinted in many things that I was entitled to as well as other persons like me, still, Bartle, he loves me, an' I cant but feel great affection for him, love the money as he may.'

This was spoken with much seriousness of manner, not unmingled with somewhat of regret, if not of sorrow. Bartle fixed his eye upon the fine face of his companion, with a look in which there was a character of compassion. His countenance, however, while he gazed on him, maintained its natural colour,—it was not pale.'

'I am sorry, Connor,' said he slowly, 'I am sorry that I hired wid your father.'

'An' I'm glad of it,' replied the other: 'why should you be sorry?'

Bartle made no answer for some time, but looked into the ground, as if he had not heard him.

'Why should you be sorry, Bartle?'

Nearly a minute elapsed before his abstraction was broken. 'What's that?' said he at length: 'What were you asking me?'

'You said you were sorry?'

'Oh ay!' returned the other, interrupting him; 'but I didn't mind what I was sayin': 'twas thinkin' o' somethin' else I was—of home, Bartle, an' what we're brought to; but the best way's to dhrop all discourse about that for ever.'

'You'll be my friend if you do,' said Connor.

'I will, then,' replied Bartle: 'we'll change it. Connor, were you ever in love?'

O'Donovan turned quickly about, and, with a keen glance at Bartle, replied,

'Why, I dont know: I believe I might, once or so.'

'*I am*,' said Flanagan bitterly; '*I am*, Connor.'

'An' who's the happy crature, will you tell us?'

'No,' returned the other; 'but if there's a wish that I'd make against my worst enemy, 'twould be, that he might love a girl above his manes; or if he was her aquil, or even near her aquil, that he might be brought'—he paused, but immediately proceeded, 'Well, no matter; I am indeed, Connor.'

'An' is the girl fond o' you?'

'I dont know; my mind was made up to tell her; but it's past that now; I know she's wealthy and proud both, and so is all her family.'

'How do you know she's proud when you never put the subject to her?'

'I'm not sayin' she's proud, in one sinse; wid respect to herself, I believe, she's humble enough; I mane, she doesn't give herself many airs, but her people's as proud as the very sarra, an' never match below them; still, if I'd opportunities of bein' often in her company, I'd not fear to trust to a sweet tongue for comin' round her.'

'Never despair, Bartle,' said Connor; 'you know the ould proverb, 'a faint heart;' however, settin' the purty crature aside, whoever she is, I think if we divid'd ourselves—you to that side, an' me to this—we'd get this hay lapp'd in half the time; or do you take which side you plase.'

'It's a bargain,' said Bartle; 'I don't care a trawneen: I'll stay where I am, thin, an' do you go beyant: let us hurry, too, for, if I'm not mistaken, its too sultry to be long without rain, the sky, too, is gettin' dark.'

'I obsarved as much myself,' said Connor; 'an' that was what made me spake.'

Both then continued their labour with redoubled energy, nor ceased for a moment until the task was executed, and the business of the day concluded.

Flanagan's observation was indeed correct, as to the change in the day and the appearance of the sky. From the hour of five o'clock the darkness gradually deepened, until a dead black shadow, fearfully still and solemn, wrapped the whole horizon. The sun had altogether disappeared, and nothing was visible in the sky but one unbroken mass of darkness, unrelieved even by a single pile of clouds. The animals, where they could, had betaken themselves to shelter; the fowls of the air sought the covert of the hedges, and ceased their songs; the larks fled from the mid heaven; and occasionally might be seen a straggling bee hurrying homewards, careless of the flowers which tempted him in his path, and only anxious to reach his hive before the deluge should overtake him. The stillness indeed was awful, as was the gloomy veil which darkened the face of nature, and filled the mind with that ominous terror which presses upon the heart like a consciousness of guilt. In such a time, and under the aspect of a sky so much resembling the pall of death, there is neither mirth nor laughter, but that individuality of apprehension, which, whilst it throws the conscience in upon its own records, and suspends conversation, yet draws man to his fellows, as if mere contiguity were a safeguard against danger.

The conversation between the two young men, as they returned from their labour, was short but expressive.

'Bartle,' said Connor, 'are you afeard of thundher? The rason I ax,' he added, 'is, bekase your face is as white as a sheet.'

'I have it from my mother,' replied Flanagan; 'but

at all evints such an evenin' as this is enough to make the heart of any man quake.'

'I feel my spirits low, by rason of the darkness, but I'm not afraid. It's well for them that have a clear conscience: they say, that a stormy sky is the face of an angry God'—

'An' the thundher his voice,' added Bartle: 'but why are the brute bastes an' the birds afraid, that commit no sin?'

'That's thrue,' said his companion; 'it must be natural to be afraid, or why would *they* indeed?—but some people are naturally more timersome than others.'

'I intinded to go home for my other clo'es an' linen this evenin',' observed Bartle, 'but I wont go out to-night.'

'I must, thin,' said Connor; 'an', with the blessin' o' God, will too; come what may.'

'Why, what is there to bring you out, if it's a fair question to ax?' enquired the other.

'A promise, for one thing; an' my own inclination—my own heart—that's nearer the thruth—for another. Its the first meetin' that I an' her I'm goin' to ever had.'

'*Thighum, Thighum*, I undherstand,' said Flanagan: 'well, I'll stay at home; but, sure it's no harm to wish you success—an' that, Connor is more than I'll ever have where I wish for it most.'

This closed their dialogue, and both entered Fardorough's house in silence.

Up until twilight the darkness of the dull and heavy sky was unbroken; but towards the west there was seen a streak whose colour could not be determined as that of blood or fire. By its angry look, it seemed as if the sky in that quarter were about to burst forth in one awful sweep of conflagration. Connor observed it, and very correctly anticipated the nature and consequences of its appearance; but what will not youthful love dare and overcome? With an undismayed heart he set forward on his journey, which we leave him to pursue, and beg permission, meanwhile, to transport the reader to a scene distant about two miles farther towards the inland part of the country.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

But I warnt safe yet; and so I claps a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and, being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sails all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw hurricane-house of a bonnet as big as a Guinea-man's caboose over all, with a black wail hanging in

the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, that I made a good-looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good-bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love you! we'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance, (else, mayhap, I should never have got stowed away under her hatches,) and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off-hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might get grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach; but the fellow wouldn't heave to directly, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, giving him a hail.—'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, throwing all aback, and coming ashore from his craft.—'To be sure I am,' says I. 'What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d— to you!—is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I.—'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he, opening the gangway port.—'Not a bit of it,' says I: 'stow your damaged slops below, but give me a berth 'pon deck.'—'Werry good, ma'am,' says he, shutting the gangway port again; 'will you allow me to assist you up?'—'Not by no manner o' means,' says I. 'Why, what the devil do you take me for! to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft?'—'You mean the captain of the maintop's wife,' says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her.—'Ay, ay, my precious,' says I; 'so I do, to be sure. God bless you! good-b'ye! Here I go like seven bells half struck!—carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way!' And so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving-to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we go safe through the barrier and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street afore they reached the inn,—for I thinks I to myself, I'd better get berthed for the night and go aboard in the morning. Well, shipmates! I parts company with the craft, and shapes my course for Pint,—'cause I knew a snug corner in Capsta-square, and I was determined to cut with all skylarks in regard o' Suke. Well, just as I was getting to start with a small helm, up ranges a tall man who had seen me come ashore from the coach, and 'My dear,' says he, 'what! just fresh from the country?' But I hould's my tongue, shipmates, and he pulls up alongside and grabs my arm. 'Come, don't be cross,' says he; 'let me take you in tow; I want to talk with you, my love.' I knew the voice well; and though he had a pea-jacket over his uniform-coat, and, take him 'half way up a hatchway,' he was a d— good-looking fellow, yet nobody as ever had seen him could forget them 'trap-stick legs;' and so, thinks I to myself, Jack, you'd better shove your boat off without delay: for, d'ye see, shipmates, I'd sailed with him when I was a mixer-up

man in the ould Stag, and I well remembered Sir Joseph Y—ke. But I'm blessed if he didn't stretch out arter me, and sailed two foot to my one; and 'Come, come, my darling,' says he, 'take an honest tar for your sweetheart. Let's look at that beautiful face;' and he catches hould o' the wail and hauls it up chock ablock; but I pulls down my bonnet so as he couldn't see my figure-head, and I carries on a tant press to part company. But, Lord love yer hearts! it warn't no manner o' use whatsoever—he more than held his own; and 'A pretty innocent country wench indeed!' says he. 'What! have you lost your tongue?'—'No, I'm d— if I have!' says I; for I forgot myself, shipmates, through vexation at not being able to get away. 'Hallo!' says he, gripping me tight by the shoulder; 'who have we here? I'm blessed, shipmates, if, what with his pulling at my shawl, and my struggling to sheer off, my spanker boom didn't at that very moment get adrift, and he caught sight of it in a jiffy. 'Hallo!' says he, catching tight hold of the pig-tail, and slueing me right round by it. 'Hallo!' says he, 'I never see an innocent country wench dress her hair in this way afore;—rather a masc'line sort o' female,' he says. 'Who the devil are you?' 'It's Jack Sheavehole, your honour,' says I, bringing up all standing; and, knowing his generous heart, thinks I, now's your time, Jack; overhaul the whole consarn to him, and ten to one but he pulls you through the scrape somehow or other. So I ups and tells him the long and the short on it, and he laughs one minute, and d—ns me for a deserting willun the next; and 'Come along!' says he; 'I must see what Captain B—n will think of all this.' So he takes me in tow, and we went into one of the grand houses in High-street; and 'Follow me,' says he, as he walked up stairs into a large room all lighted up for a sheave-o; and there wur ladies all togged out in white, and silver and gold, and feathers, and navy officers and sodger officers,—a grand dinner-party. 'B—n,' hails Sir Joseph, 'here's a lady wants you;' and he takes me by the hand, all complimentary like, and the captain of the frigate comes towards us, and I'm blessed if every soul fore and aft didn't fix their eyes on me like a marine looking out for a squall. 'I've not the pleasure of knowing the lady,' says the skipper; 'I fear, Sir Joseph, you're coming York over me. Pray, ma'am, may I be allowed the happiness of seeing your countenance and hearing your name?'—'I'm Jack Sheavehole, yer honour,' says I, 'captain o' the Tap-sickorees maintop, as yer honour well knows.'—'I do, my man,' says he with a gravedigger's grin on his countenance: 'and so you want to desert?'—'Never, yer honour,' says I, 'in the regard o' my liking my ship and my captain too well.'—'No, no, B—n,' says Sir Joseph, 'I must do him justice. It appears that he had long leave, and onknowingly overstayed his time; so

he rigged himself out in angel's gear to cheat them devils of sodgers. 'I'll vouch for the fact, B—n,' says he, 'for I saw him myself get down from the coach.'—'All fresh from the country, yer honour,' says I.—'Ay, all fresh from the country,' chimes in Sir Joseph. 'He's an ould shipmate o' mine, B—n, and I want you, as a personal favour to myself, to back his liberty-ticket for to-morrow. Such a lad as this, would never desert the sarvice.'—'If I would, then I'm d—! saving yer honour's presence,' says I. Well, shipmates, there I stood in the broad light, and all the ladies and gentlemen staring at me like fun; and 'Come, B—n,' says Sir Joseph, 'extend his liberty till to-morrow.'—'Where's your ticket?' axes the skipper: and so, in regard of its being in my trousers pocket, I hauls up my petticoats to get at it; and, my eyes! but the women set up a screeching, and the officers burst out in a broadside o' laughing, and you never heard such a bobbery as they kicked up,—it was a downright reg'lar squall.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

At last I spies outside one of the booths 'The Battle of the Nile to be seen here!' with some more lingo about machinical figures and tommytons; but 'Blow me tight, Sal!' says I, 'that 'ere's just what I must see, in regard o' the owld Goliath and Lord Nelson.' So I tips the blunt to a fellow in a box and walks in, with Sal alongside of me, and a woman comes round with a basket of oranges, and axes me to buy. Well, shipmates, seeing I had plenty o' dumps, I buys the whole cargo, and sarves 'em out to all hands, young and old, whilst the fiddles struck up 'Jack's alive!' and presently they mans the fore-clew garnets, buntlings and leech-lins, and up went the foresel in a crack, and the music changed to 'Come, cheer up, my lads!' and says I to Sal, 'Then I'm — if I don't, owld gal, and so here goes!' and I took a precious nip from a bottle o' rum she'd stowed away in her ridicule. And there was the sea all pretty and picter-like, and the shore beyond; but the devil a bit could I see of the French fleet at anchor, or a craft of any build or rig, till there was a flash o' priming, and then in sails a ship under British colours, and fires a gun; and then, in comes another, and another, till there wur the whole of Nelson's squadron, though they were no more like line o'battlers than Mungo Pearl is like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, shipmates, I says nothing; for, 'Mayhap,' thinks I to myself, 'it may do all very well for them know-nothings as never seed a seventy-four in their lives.'

But, presently, when they'd all hove in sight, in comes the French fleet arter them, just as if for all the world Nelson had run away, and owld Brewy was in chase. 'D— my precious limbs!' says I to myself, 'but that's coming it pretty strong!' and I shies an orange at the French admiral and capsizes him, so that he went down directly. 'Who threw that 'ere?' shouts a man, poking his head up right in the middle of the sea, like a grampus coming up to blow. 'It was I, and be d—d to you!' says I, shieing another at him, that took him right in his bridle port. 'You lubberly son of a sea-coote!' says I, 'when did Nelson ever run from the enemy, you wagabone? And here goes again!' says I; for, shipmates, my blood was up, and I slaps another shot at a Frenchman, and sunk him in an instant. Sal hailed me to sit still, and every body shouted, and the fellow bobs his head down under the sea again; 'Battle of the Nile!' says I, 'and me one of the owld Goliahs, as had young Muster Davies killed alongside o' me! Make the French run, and be d—d to you!' says I; 'heave about, and strike your colours! That arn't the battle of the Nile, yer tinkering tailors!' But, finding that they were slack in stays, and that the French fleet were pursuing the English, I couldn't bear it any longer, shipmates; so up I jumps, and boards the stage, and puts two or three of the French liners into my pocket, when the same fellow rouses out again right through the water, and pitches into me right and left; and I lets fly at him again, till a parcel of pollis-officers came in, and there I was grabbed, and brought up all standing. Howsomever, as they axed me very purlitely to go with 'm, why in course I did, carrying my prizes and Sal along with me, afore some of the big-wigs, and 'Yo-hoy, yer honours!' says I, making my salaams in all due civility, 'I'm come to have justice done me on that 'ere gander-faced chap as pretends to fight the battle o' the Nile, and me one of the owld Goliahs!'—'Your worships,' says the man, 'he 'salted me, and 'salted my ships.'—'And pretty pickle you've made of it, you lubber!' says I. And then the big-wigs axed what it was all about, and the man ups and tells 'em about the fleets, and my shieing the oranges, and hitting him in the eye, and the whole consarn, even to my having the Frenchmen stowed away in my lockers. And the big-wigs laughed; and one on 'em says to me, says he, 'Now, sailor, let us hear what you've got to say for the *defence*.'—'The Defence, yer honours?' says I, glad to find they know'd som'ut about the squadron; 'the Defence,' says I; 'why, yer honours, she came up a-starn o' the Minnytaw, though she arterwards took her station a-head of her, and engaged the Franklin French eighty—'—'All very good,' says the gentleman: 'but we want to know what you've got to say for yourself?'—'Well, yer honour,' says I, 'it arn't altogether ship-shape for a fellow to

blow his own trumpet, but I was stationed the fifth gun from chock aft on the lower-deck, and I hopes I did my duty.'—'We've no donbt on it, my man,' says another of 'em; 'but how come you to attack this man's *expedition*?'—Oh, yer honours, if it's ownly an expedition,' says I, 'then I got nothing to say again it, ownly he'd chalked up that it was the battle o' the Nile, and there warn't one of the French fleet at anchor, but all under way, and giving chase to the English.'—'He mistakes yer worship,' says the man; 'I brought the English fleet on first, out of compliment to 'em.'—'And a pretty compliment, too, ye lubber, to make 'em be running away!' says I.—'But you have done wrong; sailor, in mislesting him,' says one of the big-wigs. 'Let us see the vessels you have taken.' So shipmates, I hauls 'em out of my pocket; and I'm blessed if they wur anything more nor painted paste-board as went upon wheels, and 'Here's the prizes, yer honours!' says I, handing 'em over, 'it's easy enough to see the wagabone's a cheat.'—'Still he's entitled to his expedition,' says the mag'strate; 'and I'm sure one of Nelson's tars wouldn't wish to injure a fellow-countryman!'—'Lord love yer honour's heart! no, to be sure I wouldn't says I, 'and so he may have the prizes back again.'—'But you have done him some damage, my man; and you're too honest not to pay for it,' says he.—'All right yer honor!' says I, 'in course I'll pay. What's the damages, owld chap?' So the fellow pulled a long face; and at last the big-wigs axed him whether ten shillings would satisfy him? and he makes a low bow, as much as to say 'Yes.'—'All square,' says I, and I pitches a guinea on the table. 'Take it out o' that!' says I; 'and, yer honours, he may keep the whole on it if he'll let me go and have another shy at the French.' But the genelmen laughed me out of it, and the lubber had his ten shillings; and Sal and I made sail for a tavern, where we got all happy, and then bowled home in the cabin of a coach, singing 'Rule Britannia.'

'Ah, you man-handled 'em like a Briton!' said old Jack Sheavehole. 'There's nothing like a shot or two to bring the lubbers to reason.'

From the *Sunbeam*.

DEDICATION HYMN.

The perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God,
His fiat laid the corner-stone
And heav'd its pillars one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtain'd it with morning light.

